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TO ALL WHO GRIEVE THE LOSS OF LOVED ONES—
“THE DEAD, WHO ARE NOT DEAD BUT LIVING”—
AND TO ALL WHO FEAR OR DOUBT THE HEREAFTER
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

“There is no death, the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—There are no dead.”

—LORD LYTTON.

17th October, 1917.

The following Spirit-poem, received by us (by automatic writing) from a well-known poet of the seventeenth century, was written by him for the purposes of this book. The spelling, which is in old English style, I have not attempted to alter.

"I herde a Voyce abuv the noysie worlde
Ring oute, triumphant over lande and sea,
Amid the whirle of Lyfe and Flaymynge war,
I knewe the messenger brawte newes for mee.

I herde hym saye, sweete Pitie in hys tones:
'I beare a mandayte from the Kyng of kynges;
The cloudes wylle brayke, the shadowes flee awaye
Befor the sunshyne thatte Hys mercie brynges. .

'O men hoo groane beneath the Hande of War,
O wyves and mothers weepyng harde to-day!
You count them dedde within som lonelie grayve,
And curse the God thatte beckon'd them awaye.

Theyre erthlie forms are crumblyng into duste—
Dedde thynges thatte once enwrapp'd the human "I,"
The Soule lyves on, the Soule beluv'd by yu,
God gave Itte Lyfe: God sayd, "*Yu shalle notte die.*"

'Yette more than thys, the Veil thatte hangs betweene
Theyre worlde and youres is lifting to the vewe,
Halfe way they com, theyre armes with luv outstretch'd,
And ling'ryng thus, expecttant wayte for yu.

'Join handes with them, they are the Holie "Dedde"
Who watch your lyves and troolie understande.
O! chyl dren, com, as Providence decrees,
And meete youre Kyn withyn the Promys'd Lande.' '

I HEARD A VOICE

CHAPTER I

WHEN this "Giant War of the Nations" is over it will be a very different world from the one we all knew before August, 1914; and in no respect will the change be more marked than in the view taken of "death" and the future life. "What becomes of the thousands of young lives daily removed from this earth?" "Is there any after-life, and, if so, what is its nature?" "Is it true that when life in this world ends there is a sleep for thousands or millions of years, until a Judgment Day arrives; or is life in this world followed immediately by an active existence in another plane?"

Such questions as these are frequently in men's minds; but the difficulties raised by them have, in the main, been solved by persons having the power of communicating with those who have left this life, or who are willing to learn from others possessing such powers.

The experiences in Spirit-intercourse of my family and myself since the beginning of April, 1916, have been so striking that I have felt it my duty to give some account of them, which I trust may be of assistance to those seeking after the truth. I am a member of the legal profession, and neither by nature nor by training am I unduly credulous. I had a prejudice against "Spiritualism" rather than a leaning in its favour, being disposed to doubt both the genuineness and the utility of Spirit-communication. But the evidence which has been thrust upon me from my personal experiences since April, 1916, has been so overwhelming that I find it impossible to doubt the power of Spirit-intercourse, or its immense utility, in the highest sense of that term.

I must point out, as a matter of first importance, that my experiences have not been through any paid or professional medium, but have been entirely through my two daughters, who possess, as I quite unexpectedly discovered, very exceptional psychic gifts.

It should be mentioned that neither my wife nor I nor any of my children had read any psychic book or studied Occultism in any way, until some time

after many of the messages set out below had been received.

In the early part of the year 1916 my daughters (then aged fourteen and eleven) not infrequently amused themselves for a short time of an evening with Planchette. They had not, prior to April, 1916, regarded it seriously, but rather as a sort of game, and they had not usually obtained much more than "yes" or "no" to questions asked. Early in April, 1916, however (at which time my children had never heard of "Spiritualism" or "Occultism") serious messages began to be received, and (with one or two breaks during which no messages were received, as mentioned later) they have continued ever since. In the following pages a number of these messages, or extracts from them, have been set out. In most cases I have altered the names and initials. Except where otherwise stated, every message was signed.

Having regard to the terms of many of the messages, it is material to point out that my wife, and all our relations (except one of my wife's sisters, who lives at some distance, and has had no connection with any of the messages) are members of the Church of England, and the parents of each

of us when on earth were members of that Church.

It should be observed that all the messages from the 3rd of April to the 21st of August, 1916, were obtained by my two daughters sitting at Planchette, one on either side. The messages from the 23rd to the 26th of August were received when my elder daughter was sitting alone at Planchette; and all the subsequent messages were obtained by one or other of my daughters sitting with a pencil, without Planchette. In a few cases, when the daughter writing has found her hand becoming tired in transmitting a long message, her sister has taken up the pencil and continued with the same message.

Where italics occur in the messages set out below, the passage, excepting where otherwise stated, was underlined in the original.

I may mention that since the first serious messages were received the psychic power of my daughters has (without effort on their part) very greatly increased, and they have both for some time past possessed, not merely great facility in automatic writing, but the power of producing Spirit-drawings and paintings, and also powers of clairvoyance and clair-audience in a very remarkable degree.

In considering the weight of the evidence contained in the following pages I particularly desire to draw attention to the fact that my children, when exercising their psychic powers, are never in a state of trance, but are always in a perfectly normal condition.

Spiritualism is repudiated by large numbers of people upon the ground that in some way or other it is in conflict with Religion; and, in particular, the Clergy of the Established Church (with a few distinguished exceptions), and also those of the Church of Rome, have set their face against it. But this attitude is adopted without real investigation, the subject being approached with the settled conviction that Spirit-intercourse is impossible, and that those who purport to practise it are either fools or knaves.

All this prejudice will disappear at no distant date, the accumulated evidences of the power of Spirit-intercourse being too strong to be brushed aside, and the idea that any conflict exists between Religion and Spiritualism being without foundation. In fact, the study of Spirit-intercourse strongly confirms the essential doctrines of religion in general, and of the Christian faith in particular;

and illustrations of this are contained in many of the messages set out below. Spiritualism is, in reality, the enemy of Atheism and Agnosticism.

One of the most vital articles of the Christian faith is the belief in a future life, and that such belief is well founded Spirit-intercourse affords conclusive proof. What a comfort this is can only be realised by those who have doubted and have had their doubts removed.

The doctrine of Eternal Punishment certainly receives no support from Spiritualism; but this doctrine cannot be called an essential article of Christian faith. Spirit-intercourse teaches us that although punishment, appropriate in character and proportionate to the offence, is met with in the after-life, happiness is in store for all, even the most depraved, although it may be a long time before such happiness is reached.

A study of Spiritualism, moreover, removes the difficulties usually experienced in believing in the miracles of the Bible. Take, for example, the doctrine of Inspiration. To those who have had experience of Spirit-messages, in whatever form conveyed, there is nothing unreasonable in the belief that the writings of Scripture were inspired.

Consider, again, the great central miracle of the Resurrection. Those who have been present at the exercise of genuine powers of clairvoyance and clair-audience can have no real difficulty in believing that, shortly after the Crucifixion, Christ made Himself apparent to His disciples and others, and communed with them; or in believing in the Ascension.

So, also, to those who have studied Spiritualism there is nothing incredible in the teaching of Scripture that when Our Lord took St. Peter, St. James, and St. John up on to a mountain apart, these Apostles were given the power of seeing Moses and Elias communing with Christ; or in believing that they heard a Voice saying: "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." In like manner, there is no difficulty in believing that when St. Paul was travelling to Damascus he saw a Vision and heard a Voice speaking to him.

Similar observations apply to the miracles recorded in the Old Testament. Old Testament teaching is based upon the belief that the Jews were a chosen people, and continued for a long period in close touch with God; and, no doubt, divine messages reached them by means of clairvoyant

and clair-audient powers given to their leaders in those times.

Take the beautiful story of Samuel and Eli (1 *Samuel*, ch. iii.). We are taught that Samuel heard a voice calling to him which he thought was the voice of Eli, and it was not until he had been to Eli three times that he realised the voice he heard was the voice of God, or of a spirit sent by God. There is nothing extravagant in this to those who have had any experience in Spirit-intercourse.

Similar reasoning applies to the miracle of Balaam and the ass. Animals are believed to be usually psychic, and are frequently able to see spirits hidden from the eyes of men. There is nothing unreasonable in believing that a spirit stood in Balaam's way and was visible to the ass, although not at first to Balaam, and that on Balaam punishing the ass for refusing to proceed he should have heard a voice, which he believed came from the ass, but more probably came from a spirit sent by God.

A like explanation applies to the Bible record of the great prophet Moses, who, we are taught, was privileged to receive communications from God, by means of which the Ten Commandments and a long series of ordinances were given to the Israelites.

This creates no difficulty to the minds of those who realise what wonderful clairvoyant and clairaudient powers some persons possess. The question whether the voice from time to time heard by Moses was (as he thought) the voice of God, or of a spirit sent by God, is not, for this purpose, material.

It is stated not infrequently that communications from the unseen world must proceed from evil spirits, and that any such intercourse must be injurious and demoralising. But this wholesale condemnation appears to rest on nothing more substantial than prejudice and the dislike of having old convictions upset. It is to be observed, moreover, that the contention assumes the power of Spirit-communication; and except on that assumption it has no meaning. The admission that Spirit-communications of any nature take place really gives away the whole case of the anti-Spiritualists. The great bulk of the prosecutions for alleged "fortune-telling" (to use the technical phrase of the Police Courts), would have to be dropped, as the magistrates proceed on the footing that Spirit-intercourse is impossible, and that accordingly the supposed medium must be fraudulent.

It is reasonable to suppose that those who have "passed over" retain, in their spirit form, their interest in those dear to them on earth, and should wish to communicate with them and explain that "Death" is not the dread monster most people imagine it to be. It does not seem very credible that an All-powerful and All-merciful God should confer the power of communicating with those on earth as a special and peculiar privilege upon evil spirits alone (that is, upon those who least deserve it), with the result that poor creatures on earth are deceived.

Speaking of the personal experiences of my own family, not one single message out of the enormous number we have received has been other than wholesome, and very many of them have been religious, and filled with pure and noble thoughts. In a few cases (see pp. 60, 100, 121) we have been permitted to hear the words of some spirit on a low plane in distress, but in each of these cases we have been allowed shortly afterwards to receive from the same spirit words of sincere repentance, and of deep gratitude, on reaching a somewhat higher plane. I would ask any reader of this volume to judge for himself whether it is a tenable theory that the

messages set out below are the production of evil spirits.

Amongst many other facts that we have learned from direct Spirit-communications—partly written and partly received clair-audiently—the following may be mentioned.

“Death” is followed by a sleep, which may be brief or may be prolonged for several weeks. The passing from this world into the next is assisted by the willing services of sympathetic spirits; and, when the sleep is over, there is often difficulty in making the person who has “died” realise that the life on earth is not still continuing.

There are various “planes” in the next world, and the one to which a person first goes depends upon his conduct in the earth-life. The lowest plane, according to the messages we have received, is inhabited by those who have passed a very wicked life on earth, particularly persons who have indulged in cruelty and grossness; and its occupants whilst they remain on this plane assume almost an animal appearance. Some of the persons well known to history who have sent us messages have admitted that they remained on this plane for many years after “death.”

The inhabitants of the next plane, although not possessing such a gross form as those in the lowest plane, are in a very unhappy condition. They dwell in dark, cavernous places, surrounded by rocky heights (see pp. 123, 126), and are in a state of misery and wretchedness.

Next to this there seems to be the dull or grey plane, where, although there is some light, the conditions generally are gloomy. Its occupants are not in a state of misery, like those on the two lower planes, but they are certainly not very happy.

The next plane (which, for purposes of reference, I will call the fourth, although what I have termed the two lowest planes are, perhaps, different parts of the same plane) appears to be the first of the really happy planes. Here there is much light and beauty, and those who dwell there are bright and happy.

Each plane, apparently, has subdivisions; and beyond the planes I have mentioned there are others far more beautiful. How many, we have not been told; nor does the number seem material.

The length of time that a person remains on an unhappy plane and the degree of suffering he endures there will depend largely upon the extent of his

guilt in the earth-life. But no one is kept on an unhappy plane for all time. There is a constant state of progression, although in some cases it is extremely slow. There is no advance from a low plane to a happier one until disgust is felt at the sinfulness and grossness of the life passed on earth; and there is no advance from a happy plane to one still higher until a sincere desire arises to move nearer to God.

Nearly all who pass from this life undergo in the next a certain amount of purgation, varying greatly with different persons in degree and character. Messages we have received, however, indicate that in the case of our soldiers, who in this war make the great sacrifice for their country, there is no purgatory to endure.

In the fourth plane (referred to above as the first happy plane) life resembles in many respects the life on earth, and the differences are all in favour of the spirit-life. To use the words of the message set out on page 155, they are "living, breathing, sympathising, praying, thinking, talking, wishing, desiring, working; enjoying freedom, happiness, and peace—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

Those who have "passed over" have bodies

and wear clothes; but the bodies are much lighter than, and have not the coarseness or the weaknesses of the earth-body, and the clothes correspond with the altered nature of the body.

There is no "getting old" in the after-life. A child who "dies," apparently, grows up in the Spirit-world, although much more slowly than on earth. But those persons who have ceased to be children can assume the appearance of any age they prefer, and most of them naturally prefer to be young. The age they select they retain so long as they please, although they become more refined and spiritual as they advance higher.

The occupants of this plane live in houses, and very commonly have beautiful gardens. Those who desire it can eat and drink, but they have not the same need for refreshment as in the earth-life. It is an interesting and remarkable fact (which Spirit-messages have taught us) that the need for refreshment is felt when a spirit is engaged in some earthly occupation or amusement. For example, when a game is being played fatigue ensues, as on earth; but when spiritual work is being carried out no fatigue or exhaustion arises, nor is hunger experienced.

They have, we are told, churches, lecture-halls, schools and libraries, in the Spirit-world; and there are also receptions and entertainments, and various other forms of recreation. They are able to enjoy much of our literature, as well as literature not known to people on earth.

For each spirit there is, it seems, some other spirit of the opposite sex, generally called his "twin-soul," to whom in course of time he is drawn. The twin-soul will usually be someone known to the other spirit on earth, but this is far from invariably the case. Although where a man has had several wives his twin-soul would generally be one of such wives, it would not necessarily be the first, but would be the one for whom he has felt most attraction and sympathy.

According to messages we have received, each plane for the purposes of government is divided into a number of provinces or districts, over each of which a "Governor" (or sometimes two joint Governors) is placed. The Governors are selected by higher spirits acting under the directions of those of still greater authority. In each district there are Courts, corresponding to our Courts of Law on earth over which the Governor or his deputy presides.

Another interesting fact we have learned from Spirit-messages is that in each district there are "Books of Record," entrusted to the Governor, containing the life story, when on earth, of each person in the district, and showing the future awaiting him. The portion relating to the future is closed, excepting to very high spirits. The portion relating to the past is open, not merely to high spirits, but to the person concerned and to the Governor; not, however, to other parties.

It is brought out clearly by messages we have received that Spirit-intercourse is a source of pleasure and a benefit on both sides. Those who have passed over enjoy speaking to persons on earth in whom they are interested as much as, if not more than, those who receive their messages. It is part of their duty, moreover, to guide and assist those on earth, and in the absence of direct communications such guidance and assistance can only be given by thought-waves and prayers.

When "Spiritualism" comes to be more generally studied it must have a powerful restraining influence on those who are disposed to evil, or who, although not generally disposed to evil, may be tempted on an occasion to do or say something mean or wrong.

The knowledge that spirits are always near, watching our movements—usually the spirits of those we loved on earth—would often stay the hand or the tongue before the mischief is committed. I may refer in this connection to the message from the young officer, Bertram O—— (see p. 20): “I often work to put good thoughts in your hearts, and it pains me when you do not listen.” This message expresses, no doubt, the attitude of one or more good spirits near each individual, and it will be well for the race when this comes to be generally recognised.

In concluding this introductory chapter I may observe that I was personally present when the great majority of the messages set out below were received. The messages form only a fraction of those which (by automatic writing or by clair-audience) have reached us since the beginning of April, 1916. All the messages in this volume were received by automatic writing.* Most of the original writings of the messages received by automatic writing are still in my possession.

* Except the message of 2nd December, 1916, and Amra's story (chap. xxiii.), both of which were received by my elder daughter clair-audiently and taken down at her dictation.

CHAPTER II

3rd April, 1916.

"I WHO write this am one who wishes you all the best of good fortune in your present world."

This was followed by separate messages, addressed individually to my wife, myself, and my two daughters. None of these messages was signed, but we ascertained later that they were written by the spirit "Hector," referred to in subsequent pages of this volume.

5th April, 1916.

"Oh, how I wish I could visit you all in the flesh!"

My wife, who was present, asked what spirit was writing, and the reply came—

"Nelly S——."

This was the maiden name of an elder sister of my wife who died some years before my marriage, and my children were practically unaware that she had ever existed.

My wife then inquired whether it was wrong

to communicate in this way, and the reply came—

“I love to think you remember; it is such a comfort to me that I can see you all. . . . Darlings, I am fond of you all. Will you remember me in your prayers?

“NELLY.”

In reply to the question what she was doing—

“I am putting thoughts of mercy in a human soul.”

This was followed by a short message from my wife’s mother, and upon my wife asking for some sign from which she could be assured it was really her mother, the following was written—

“Have you still got my brown comb?”

My wife had a fancy comb of brown colour which belonged to her mother. It had been packed away for many years; my wife had forgotten its existence, and my children and I had never heard of it. Messages from my wife’s mother followed; and my wife then inquired whether a young officer friend of ours,

Bertram O——, who had been killed early in the war, could speak to us and give a sign by which we could know him. Upon this was written—

“Do you remember my hoop outside our house?”

My wife and I had stayed at the house of Bertram O——’s parents, on the wall of which his mother had hung on a nail the hoop he used as a boy. My wife and I had entirely forgotten this hoop, and our children had never heard of it. There then followed—

“I love to communicate with you all. . . . I have stood beside you as you slept, and prayed. *I often work to put good thoughts in your hearts, and it pains me when you do not listen.*”*

“BERTRAM.”

Later, on the same day, a message came through for me from my wife’s mother, whom I did not know on earth, followed by one from my own mother, which contained the following passage—

“We come every night to kiss and bless your pillow.

* My italics.

"Be always of good courage. Trust in God: be sure His ways are best. Hope on. Travel through life as if you were on a journey, for you approach a better land.

"Pray well: work well: live well."

8th April, 1916.

A long message was received for my wife from her mother on patience and forgiveness, from which I give a few extracts—

". . . Patience and mercy are the first duties of a Christian. . . .

"Forgive, forgive; be never weary of forgiving. You can never err on the side of mercy. Count each forgiveness not as a virtue, but as a duty to your fellow-beings.

"Always pardon offences against yourself: do not count the sinner too wretched.

"MOTHER."

9th April, 1916.

My wife's mother and both my parents died before I met my wife, and my wife's father died a few years after our marriage. Although our parents never met on earth it has been very interesting to us to learn from

messages received that they have been drawn together in the Spirit-world, and have become close friends.

On this date a message for me was received from my mother—

“I have been talking with Miriam S——” (my wife’s mother), “and she tells me of the message she sent dear Margaret” (my wife).

“Have faith in God. Pray earnestly. There are few things so beautiful as prayer. . . .

“God sees, God notes your every action. How much better it is for Him to mark good than evil!

“Pray always; make your faith a sacred thing, your prayers talks with God.

“Bless you all.

‘MOTHER.’”

On the same day, B——, a sister of my wife, called and received a message from her mother. B—— at this time was very unsettled in her religious views, and had become more or less an Agnostic. But she was so much impressed by this message (in which incidents known to B—— but unknown to my wife and children were mentioned), and by a further message

received on the following day, that she became a convinced believer in Christianity and in an after-life. B——'s whole outlook on life was changed, and the comfort it has been to her to learn of the power of Spirit-intercourse is beyond words to express.

10th April, 1916.

A message came—

“Your friend L—— McC—— is here.”

This was a complete surprise. We had known L—— McC—— but slightly, and had met him for the first time on a steamer going down the Caledonian Canal, when he had been very attracted by my children and had chatted with them most of the journey, especially on historical subjects. We saw an announcement of his death in 1915.

The writing proceeded—

“Do you remember converting me on the boat? You dears tried to convert me over history. I wish you all every possible good fortune. Have trust in God. Bless you all.

“L—— McC——.”

There followed on this a message—

“T—— B—— C—— is here. Think of dear little Ellen” (my elder daughter) “on the pony.”

T—— B—— C—— was an uncle of mine who died in 1907, and my daughter Ellen had not seen him since she was three and a half years old, when she was taken to see him and was allowed to sit on a pony whilst it walked a few yards in the garden—an incident entirely forgotten by her.

A beautiful message to all of us was then received.

11th April, 1916.

A message came—

“T—— P—— R—— is here.”

T—— P—— R—— was a friend of mine who had been killed at the Front in 1915. On our inquiring how he had been killed, the reply came—

“By bayonet, in fighting.”

A message followed, signed by him in full, although his Christian names were entirely unknown to my children.

Upon my asking whether anyone else would write, the following was received—

“I am a soldier, John H——, and I was killed in the Boer war. . . . I was shot at Spion Kop. . . . I must go now to help the other soldiers at Verdun. Remember me always—Bless you all.”

We never knew John H—— on earth, and the Boer war was nearly over before even the elder of my two daughters was born, and neither of them had ever heard of Spion Kop.

CHAPTER III

12th April, 1916.

ON this date we had a message from a lady we never knew on earth, but whom later messages connect with Brenda and Lucie, two spirits mentioned in later pages of this volume—

“Maud E—— will write. . . .

“I was a lady of good position, but lost all my money and I had to work as a governess to some people in Scotland. . . .

“I was a Catholic on earth, but I did not pay much real heed to the loveliest thing in life. religion. . . .

“MAUD E——.”

13th April, 1916.

“I wish you all good luck and I counsel you keep on in your present path. . . .

“God bless you all.

“R—— R——.”

R—— R—— was husband of my wife's sister Clara, and died when my elder daughter

was less than a year old. I do not think either of my children had ever heard his Christian name. R—— R—— and his wife were very attached, but she married again some years after his death. Being asked whether he would like to communicate with his wife, R—— R—— wrote—

“I do not wish to communicate with dear Clara. I think she would be too distressed. Bless her, and bless E——” (her second husband) “and my dear, dear C——” (his daughter).

On the same evening my children received a message for themselves from my mother—

“MY SWEET CHILDREN—I love you both well. Keep steadily on in your way. Persevere, Lilian” (my younger daughter); “do not, as you love me, be stubborn. Ellen, be strong, be resolute, be sure of yourself. . . . Be painstaking. Work well when you work; play well when you play. God will watch over you. Grand-dad and I bless and pray for you. We only wish we had known you. . . . Tell your governess I watch her work for you. . . .

“Be honourable, be truthful. God has been good to you mentally and physically; it remains

for you to cultivate His gifts. Do not be misled by flattery. Be modest, now as ever.

“Ellen, my sweet, do not pay too much heed to outward things of the world. Lilian, my sweet, you must pay heed to me. Do not be wilful: do not be stubborn: curb your high will. Bear rebukes patiently. Remember, God loves patience. Do not love your own way too much.

“Be strong: be good children: be good Christians. Hope, trust, pray.

“Bless you, my sweet darlings.

“GRANNY,

“E—— X——.”

18th April, 1916.

A message for me was received from my brother Robert, who had died a year before.

“My dear brother, just this. If you are ever put in the way of showing any kindness to Leonard, do so, I pray you, if only for my sake.

“Pray for me. I wish I had lived a better life, though God has been very merciful to a poor sinner. Help my poor Leonard if you can: he is

a good boy. . . . Remember his conditions. I know you will be kind to my poor boy. Bless you always.

"ROBERT."

In reference to the above message I may point out that my children had never met Leonard, and were wholly unacquainted with "his conditions."

25th April, 1916.

My wife's sister Nelly wrote—

"MY DEAREST MARGARET, . . . I have been with the widows in France, trying to comfort them and charm away their tears with whispers of the story that always lives, that of the Cross. Ah, the tragedy of it all! Poor aching souls, how they suffer! What they have endured, brave, brave women of France!

"NELLY."

Then followed this message—

"Bless you all. May you all be happy. Pray much to God and to Our Blessed Lady, who watches you from heaven.

"+ JEAN OLIVERT,
"A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST."

We did not know Jean Olivert on earth. We have ascertained from later messages that he is generally known in the Spirit-world as "the beloved Padre," and that he was on a high plane at the date of this message and is a Governor (see p. 15) on one still higher now.

For some days after the 25th of April we were unable to obtain any messages, in spite of repeated attempts, and on the 4th of May my mother wrote—

". . . You must not be disappointed if we cannot often come. We are working out the salvation that takes us higher.

"MOTHER."

5th May, 1916.

Maud E—— (see p. 26) wrote, warning us—

". . . Be careful how you approach the spirits. Do not be impatient if they cannot come often, now they have spoken to you. They cannot always find time. Do not agitate when they are unwilling or unable. There will be good reason, do not doubt. We come when we can, but there is our salvation to be procured.

"MAUD E——."

CHAPTER IV

AFTER the 5th of May we received no messages until the 19th of July. In the interval my two children frequently sat at Planchette, but without any success. On the 19th of July, however, the messages recommenced, and there has been no substantial break in their flow ever since.

26th July, 1916.

On this date two messages were received for my sister Elsie, who was present and had never before witnessed Spirit-messages; one from my mother and the other from my brother Robert. The latter message ran—

“. . . Remember me with affection if you can. I am afraid I misused my life on earth. God forgive me! . . . He is very good.

“Oh, Elsie, as you love me, remember my poor Leonard, my dear boy. Do not let him be punished for his father’s sins. . . . God bless him. Pray for me and please, please help him.

“ROBERT.”

30th July, 1916.

Messages were received from my father and mother for my sister Elsie. My father's message said—

“MY DEAR SWEET GIRL, . . . Think often of God and heavenly matters, yet do not let that prevent the performance of those worldly duties a Christian must have. Love your friends, yet do not look on a temporary parting with them with fear. Pray for us.

“God have you all in His keeping.

“PATER.

“GRAND-DAD.”

Referring to the signature to the above message I may observe that my father when on earth was usually called by his children “Pater,” but my children were not aware of this.

3rd August, 1916.

“Robert is here.”

‘I thank you for your thought of my dear boy. . . . God bless him. God keep him a little while longer on your earth, that he may do his work and

win him a way to heaven. Write to him; he is lonely, though I am with him often.

“Good-bye, my dear brother.

“ROBERT.”

“MY DEAR, DEAR CHILDREN—You have not forgotten it is grand-dad’s birthday.

“Ah well, to think of those old happy days together at . . . Thank God, we are happier here, though.

“Good-bye, my darlings.

“GRANNY.”

6th August, 1916.

Several messages were received for my sister Elsie, who was present—

“Turn your thoughts on God, and search after Him in your deeds. Keep the lamp alight for when the Bridegroom comes.

“DAVID ATHELSTON.”

David Athelston was a friend of my sister who had died about a year previously, and it is worthy of notice that my children did not know him or even his name.

My sister asked whether an officer, Fred Watson, who had been killed in Gallipoli, could write, whereupon came—

“He is with the troops on the Somme front.”

Then followed a message from my mother—

“MY DEAR, DEAR GIRL—I stand beside you whispering my fond thoughts and dropping kisses on your dear mouth, the mouth whose sweet smile gladdened my eyes in the old happy days on earth. God in His tender love be with ye. Mary, our Blessed Lady, aid you by her intercession at the Throne of God. Amen.

“E—— X——.

“MOTHER.”

After this came a message from my mother to my wife—

“. . . I murmur my love and my devoted faith in God, in Our Lord Jesus, in the Holy Ghost, in the Blessed Mother.

“Think often of her; Christ, Our Saviour, heeds the intercession of His Divine Mother. Pray much to her, the Mystic Rose; the Tower of David; the Refuge of the Afflicted; the Morning Star; the

Gate of Heaven; the Health of the Sick; the Daughter of David; Mary the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of Jesus.

“Farewell! Trust in Heaven. Seek God.

“MOTHER.

“E—— X——.”

Referring to the above message, I may mention that my mother was a strict member of the Church of England. And it is material I should also point out that the expressions applied to the Virgin Mary in the last paragraph (excepting that of “the Mother of Jesus”), were unknown to my children, and also to my wife and sister, who were the only persons present when the message was written.

7th August, 1916.

The mother of Fred Watson (see p. 34) was present, and desired to obtain a message from her son; whereupon the following was received—

“Yes, my dear mother, God be with you. . . .

“Ah, my dear mother, do not be distressed that I am gone from the physical world. I am far

happier than I ever was, for which I thank the Ever Blessed God.

“FRED.”

This was followed by messages for Mrs. Watson from another son and a daughter who had died many years ago. The daughter's message contained the following passage—

“For one brief moment I may write, my dear, dear mother, then I must go on with Fred. My work is to help the noble nurses who aid the wounded at the Front.”

And the son's message commenced as follows—

“Mother, my own dear mother, is there any tie so lovely in all the world as that which unites a mother and her child!”

8th August, 1916.

We conversed for a short time on some points of difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, after which my mother wrote—

“My dears, your faith is a matter for you to ponder over a great deal. Judge according to the

dictates of your soul. Do not let worldly things stand in competition with your religion. . . . Let *each soul* have perfect liberty to judge. You see, it is a matter of the first and *greatest* importance, and *no one* must interfere. God be with you in your resolution. Farewell.

“E—— X——.”

In reply to a further question—

“Yes, a message from ‘the dead,’ the dead who are not dead but living.”

11th August, 1916.

My mother wrote—

“Only a word, my dears. We in the Spirit-world have much to do, and we cannot always talk to those on earth, however dear.

“Now I am here I once more assure you of the old, old fact that dates back to my days with my little brood of children, when I wondered about their futures; with my dim but loving eyes—the eyes of a fond mother—I strove to pierce the distant clouds and read their fate for the coming years; the old, old fact, my dears, the fact of my undying love. Weary not of listening to this, but

bear with me. I love you very well, but I shall not always be able to come.

"Bless you, my children. I may be a foolish mother, but, believe me, dears, I am a fond one.

"Ever your devoted

"MOTHER.

"GRANNY."

A little later we received our first introduction to a most entertaining and lovable spirit signing by the name "Jack," who has since been with us a great deal. We have learned that Jack and Hector (see p. 18) were close friends on earth, and are inseparable companions in the Spirit-world. Both of them do an immense deal of good amongst those who have passed over, as well as amongst those still on earth. One of their important duties in the Spirit-world is to help less fortunate spirits on lower planes, and in this work their cheery way and extraordinary tact enable them to meet with great success. On earth their chief work appears to be to encourage the disheartened, and, in particular at this time, to cheer our soldiers at the Front under their most trying

conditions, and to help the dying in their passage from this world into the next.

After certain messages, upon asking for further writing—

“Gone, my good friends.”

Asked who was writing—

“Jack, at your service.

“God bless you all. I have led a gay life and a frivolous, but not altogether a wicked one. I make those I am with merry.”

CHAPTER V

12th *August*, 1916.

FROM my wife's sister (see p. 18)—

“. . . Be mirthful; mirth of a holy kind is far more acceptable to your Father in Heaven than the gloom and sourness that are but too prevalent on your plane.

“God wishes His children to be happy, and not ever contemplating the miseries and trials of existence. Too often such conditions are self-made.

“Good-bye, my dears, my dears.

“Your sister,

“NELL.”

14th *August*, 1916.

My sister was present, and asked my children to try and obtain a message for the widow of David Athelston (see p. 33), who had been very depressed since her husband's death. No message was received from her husband on this occasion, but the following from her mother—

"MY DEAR, DEAR BEATRICE,

"Thank God we are able to communicate. . . . Remember you have in you a spark of the Divine Father. It is the duty of a Christian to bring out—to develop—that spark, and to crush all tendency to things other than Godlike.

"My heart bleeds for you now, but do not forget, Beatrice, that you are as much a daughter of God in sorrow as in joy. Remember, David and I are far happier here than ever on earth.

"God bless you all. Do not mourn for us. You will hinder our advancing higher.

"MOTHER."

It is to be observed with reference to the above message that at the time it was written neither of my children were aware of Mrs. Athelston's Christian name.

A message then came from my brother Robert for my sister—

"Elsie, you love me still? Forgive me all my faults. God has been *very good*; thank His Grace for allowing me to be with my mother and father.

"Oh, my Leonard, remember him. . . . My dear son, how shall I forgive myself?

"Your very loving

"ROBERT."

Later, Mrs. Watson (see p. 36) was present, and desired to obtain a message from her husband. No message was obtained from her husband on this occasion, but a signed message came from her deceased brother. It is to be noted that my children had never heard of this brother, nor had my wife or sister.

16th August, 1916.

Mrs. Athelston was present, and on asking for a message from her husband, the following was received—

"Beatrice, my dear, darling Beatrice, God have you in His tender keeping.

"From where He has placed me in the realms of that death, *which is not death but the real living life of ego**—of the soul—from here I watch over thee, blessing thy way, praying the Lord Jesus to have mercy on you, to guide you through the weary physical world to the Harbour of God.

* My italics.

"My sweet, pray for me, but *mourn not, for it may hinder my salvation.**

"God help me; God help us all.

"I am very happy.

"DAVID."

Mrs. Athelston asked for a further message from her husband, but instead the following was received from an unknown spirit—

"You are not forgotten, you are not forlorn! God watches over lonely children. . . . Gaze on the starlit skies, and gazing think that he whom you love is at work in distant spaces; soon, mayhap, he will rest in the Bosom of God. He works, your husband, whether in distant climes or at home in his native land. But rest: God wills ye to be in peace.

"A STRANGER, BUT ONE WHO HAS
SUFFERED AS YOU."

21st August, 1916.

My wife's sister wrote—

"Prayer is the staircase by which angel-thoughts ascend to the throne of your Father which is on High.

"NELLY."

* My italics.

23rd August, 1916.

On this date, when, as stated before (p. 4), my elder daughter was sitting alone at Planchette, the following messages were received, the pencil moving so rapidly that she had difficulty in keeping her hand on the board—

“Even as the dew of evening-tide droppeth upon the fainting flower, even so cometh the word of the Lord unto every soul that hungereth after Him.

“E—— X——.

“GRANNY.”

“Have faith, O ye sons of men! Verily, verily, I say, prepare, for the day cometh like a thief in the night.

“In the morning, say the children of men, ‘Lo! it behoves us to do such a thing by the morrow,’ and behold, when the evening cometh, their bodies are cold in death, and God hath called them unto His Kingdom.

.

“O sad world; O world where there is so much that crieth aloud and is answered not! O busy, thoughtless, wonderful world, wherefore fritter

away the hours? For lo! they come like the foam on the waters, and even as the foam they are gone.

“Have faith, ye that walk towards your Eternal Home. . . . Say not unto your soul—which is starved, mayhap, and crieth for heavenly food—say not, ‘Have peace, my soul; live the earth-life while we may; there is much time yet for the study of God, and God His things.’ Nay, child of earth, . . . the time cometh soon or late, to-day or to-morrow—even as decreeth His inscrutable Will—the time cometh when ye join those ye love who have gone before.

“Clothe your soul with the garments of Faith and Hope and Holy Love, so that it goeth not naked into the Presence of God Almighty.

“I go—they call! they call! Farewell, ye children of men. I will work in my sphere for you and yours.”

On our asking that the message might be signed the following was written—

“A SPIRIT WHO WALKETH THROUGH LOWER SPHERES, BUT RETURNS FROM WHENCE HE HATH COME.

“PAX VOBISCUM.”

The above message (as we subsequently ascertained) came from Danby's friend (a high spirit), referred to by him in his message of the 6th of November, 1916 (p. 127).

There followed a message (some extracts from which are set out below) from another high spirit we have since learned to be the mother of Geoffrey and Daisy (see pp. 135, 137)—

"Be at peace, O ye sons of men. . . . Quell the fires in your heart that are fed with things ungodly.

"Sink down, O ye stormy seas! Be still, ye panting heart! Fold your pinions, O ye little bird of the air! Behold, the storm is too heavy for such a little thing. . . . Sail gently on, frail bark, on troubled waters! God your Father holdeth the waves as a drop of water in His Hand: He keepeth them so that ye shall pass them untouched. . . .

"O men! O men! Why wish ye to linger on in your world? Wherefore? Hath not God prepared for them that love Him things that the eye hath not seen nor the ear heard? Will ye to be long parted from the Father, from whom ye hath birth and life?

"What is this world of yours that ye love so

much ye could wish to be never absent from it? If there are things lovely, things beautiful on your plane, are there not ten thousand times more wonderful things near unto the Throne of Awful Grace?

“Ah! Jesus, beautiful Son of God, . . . Jesus, I come.”

We asked for a signature, but the following was written—

“Ask not for that; I am a spirit come from a higher plane.”

24th August, 1916.

A message came from a highly-placed spirit.

It was unsigned, but we have since ascertained it was written by Jack's mother, Marian—

“Purge ye of vain desires; purge ye of fleshly longings; purge ye, O sons of mankind, of all that hindereth your advance towards God.

“Pray well, O mortals who would pass the Golden Gate, which, when once ye have entered, ye shall stay to witness the glory of the Father. Prune yourselves of those things that cause ye to dread departure from your plane.

“I say not this as a warning to bid you prepare; nay, God has work for you to do; ye must prepare verily, but your day is not yet.

"Nothing evil can enter into the Presence of the Holy One. Therefore, I bid ye, my earthly brothers, cleanse your hearts in the Sacred Blood that hath redeemed the world.

"Your little world! What is it? Shall ye not be happy in the Presence of God Almighty? Rejoice, children of earth; you work, and then ye shall be called away to rest in the Blessed Bosom of your Saviour Christ.

"Farewell! I go! Jesus, I come, I come."

On our requesting a signature the following was written—

"A SPIRIT FROM A BETTER WORLD WHO GOETH BACK TO HER PLANE.

"Benedicite!

"Ah! Ecce Agnus Dei!

"Behold the Lamb of God!"



"The Cross of Jesus. Amen."

There followed on this—

“Dominus tecum, the Lord be with thee. Maria, Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et hora nobis mortis. Amen.

“MATER.”

My mother when on earth was frequently called “Mater” by her children, but my daughters were not aware of this. It is to be observed, moreover, that my elder daughter (who was alone sitting at Planchette) had no knowledge whatever at this time of Latin, or of Latin prayers.

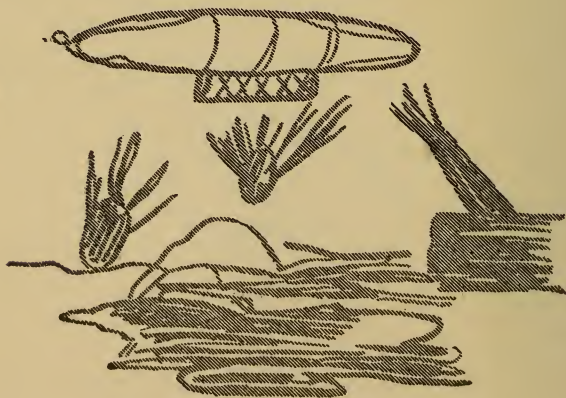
CHAPTER VI

2nd September, 1916.

As stated (p. 4), Planchette was not used after the 26th of August. On the 2nd of September we returned from the country to London.

About 9 p.m. my daughter Ellen, at our suggestion, took up a pencil to see if anyone would write; but instead of writing the pencil began to draw.

At first none of us could make out what was being drawn, but as it proceeded we found it represented a Zeppelin dropping bombs. The sketch below is a copy—



We asked whether this drawing was by Jack, to which came the reply "Yes"; and on our requesting further writing the word "Can't" was written. About three hours later we were aroused by anti-aircraft guns, and saw the flare from the falling Zeppelin destroyed on that occasion.

3rd September, 1916.

Jack (through my daughter) drew several clever and amusing sketches of us when aroused by the guns on the previous night—sketches that my daughter of herself was incapable of executing.

5th September, 1916.

This being my wife's birthday a number of messages came through for her. After several of these had been received she asked whether Jack had not a message, whereupon the following was written—

"Of course I am waiting!

"Dear lady, please let me wish you many, many hundreds of happy returns of the day. (I don't believe in Reincarnation!) But I do mean really for you to have my humble blessing (whatever

that's worth!) and I sincerely wish you all good things on your world, and all happiness in ours. . . .

"I am often with the 'Tommies': they must be kept merry, poor beggars. See what they have to go through! I saw a poor chap in one of our regiments at the Front to-day. His legs were blown off: he was suffering the most—O God!—the most dire agony, and all around him were the bodies of his comrades—somebody's husband, brother, or son. Poor souls, poor souls! Well, there is a lot for you to be thankful for.

"I am an idle fellow, but God be thanked, I have great love of Him and gratitude for His mercies."

"Greetings and Peace. Amen."

"JACK."

This was followed by a message from my wife's mother—

"I have been at the field hospitals to-day in France. Oh, my dear, what horrors there! I will not describe them—you will feel too much.

"They are so young, poor lads, so brave! Who can help loving them, if only for their dear, dear happy faces? God loves them very well; mayhap He wants them to be with Him sooner than others.

"Their sacrifice wipes out many, many sins. *There will be no purgatory for them.** 'Greater love than any man have those that lay down their lives for their friends.'

.

"My dear, whenever in your power, help and comfort those poor souls less fortunate than yourselves—whether they be the actual sufferers or the mourners. Think of the empty void, the lonely heart that hungers after a husband gone, the poor desolate homes, the stricken soul that crieth out in its despairing ignorance: 'I have endured too much! Can God be dead?' Alas, poor things! life for them is hard; what is there to live for? Where is their interest in this world? And their joy cut off in its prime. Sad, terribly sad!

"It is a fearful tragedy, this giant War of the Nations.

"Farewell, my dears.

"YOUR OWN MOTHER.

"GRANNY."

* My italics.

CHAPTER VII

21st September, 1916.

WE received a long, interesting message from Jack, giving some account of his life on earth, part of which is set out below, the rest being omitted from publication at Jack's request—

“. . . It is the anniversary of my death. I was *very* sorry to go, but there you are, *que voulez-vous?* We've all got to go some time or another, and that's a fact everyone should get hold of!

“Oh, I wish you had known my dear mother! She was so pretty: she had nice fluffy golden hair, though when I more clearly remember her the dear gold was touched with grey, and the dear eyes were dimmer, and the sweet little mouth that kissed me in my baby days was a little drooping.

“This sounds like your Marjorie Bowen, but it's quite true. . . . She was not grey because of age, but because of trouble. . . . My father was not all he should have been to my dear, dear Mummy.

“I found it hard to forgive, although she bid me

to. It seemed so hard it was *he* who put those lines in her blessed face and that silver in her hair!

"She was married when she was only seventeen. Poor girl! she was mistaken in her choice, but she loved him very well at the time. He was handsome, tall, and clever, but he was an unbeliever, and I fear me there were few of those qualities which could make him a good, steady helpmate.

"Sorrow is the order of the day, it seems to me: there's a deal of suffering in this world. I came across a fair share of it, although my life was merry, in its shallow sort of way. I think it was because I thought too little of my God and spiritual things that I was unwilling to meet Death when he came.

"I remember one night when I came home . . . and found no one at home but my mother ('my Queen,' as I called her). Dear little Mummy! she looked a sad little thing as she sat over the fire weeping to her poor lone self. I heard her murmur a prayer: 'O Jesus, my Jesus, sweet, sweet Jesus of the Sacred Heart, oh, help me, Jesus, help me! Give me strength! O God, I am so unhappy! God, what shall I do? What shall I do?'

"I came in and bent over her and tried to kiss

away her tears. I would rather have shed a drop of my heart's blood for every drop of my mother's tears. They were sacred to me; they were like the tears of an angel.

.

"Ah well, we never met again in this world, my father and I.

"She was a saint. I have never seen such an angel in womankind.

"Well, after that she gradually wept herself into her grave. . . . When she died, I cared no more for anything else. . . . I went on the stage, and lived a thoughtless sort of life, sometimes with money and sometimes without—more often without. I liked the stage well enough, but there were times when I felt terribly lonely.

"I got careless about religion; I did not go often to church. It seemed so cold, so hard. It was so difficult, all the religious teaching, so hard to follow. God seemed very mighty, but so far away. Now it is different. I know He cares for us all, each one individually.

"Well, I seldom said my prayers—I mean prayers in the real sense, not stereotyped sort of petitions to the Almighty. One day, when things

seemed even greyer than usual, I found myself saying: 'O God! why did you take her away? Couldn't you have spared her? I want her *so* badly.'

"Well, suddenly, as I thought of *her*, I saw her. She saved me. I thank God I was never the same since.

"She bid me love Him and believe in Him faithfully, and say my prayers and read the Bible she gave me on my confirmation.

"I remember the writing on the first page:

"'To my darling boy Jack, with love from his own Mother.'

.

"Well, I died, and I got here. It was awfully strange at first, and I didn't like it at all! But it got all right at last."

We asked whether he had seen his mother when he passed over, to which he replied—

"No, but she came on a visit some time later. She was glorified, but I knew her and she knew me, and she helped me; and many 'spirits' did, including Mrs. Carney" (my wife's sister Nelly), "Mrs. X——" (my mother), "and Mrs. S——"

(my wife's mother). "I like them all; they are so kind, and they bid me always 'look up.' I do look up, and I see my dear Queen waiting for me—so I shall try and go further *with the aid of thought-waves and prayers.**

.
 "This must read a crude but thoroughly 'human' document—merely the life-story of a poor actor.

"At your service,

"JACK."

22nd September, 1916.

Jack came again—

"Well, how are you kiddies getting on with those lessons of yours? I remember how I used to hate them myself.

"We had a nice room for study. . . . There was a large bookcase facing the door, which you two would have loved. There were many nice volumes there: Dickens and Scott, and Shakespeare and Spenser, Cervantes, Dryden, Lovelace, Dante, Clarendon's 'History,' and 'Histoire des Girondins,' Defoe and Addison and Jonathan Swift. . . .

"There was a bed in the garden called 'Mother's

* My italics.

land,' and in it she planted all her favourite flowers. . . . In this bed there was a bush—a sort of flowering thing—that she and my father had planted the day they had first come to the Manor. It withered the day they parted, curiously enough, and it never flourished again.

“Good-bye, my dear friends.

“Yours,

“JACK.”

Referring to the above message I may observe that some of the author's referred to in it were unknown at the time to my children, and also to my wife and myself.

23rd September, 1916.

On this date, when my daughter Ellen took up a pencil, we had a most remarkable and interesting experience. As the writing proceeded it became clear that two beings in the Spirit-world were communing—one a highly-placed spirit and the other a spirit on a low plane and in unhappy conditions. It also became apparent that what was being written was in the nature of a conversation

between them, which God in His wisdom and for His own reasons thought fit to allow us to overhear. For convenience I will put "M" against the sentences of the high spirit and "B" against those of the unhappy spirit—

M. "Confide ye in Jesus."

This was written in clear and neat writing; but immediately afterwards the pencil moved in an agitated way, and the following was written in large letters several inches high—

B. "There is no God, nought but Hell. There is no God, nought but Hell and Damnation."

This somewhat alarmed us, and our first inclination was to get my daughter to drop the pencil for the time being. But at my wife's suggestion we endeavoured by our words to calm the poor soul thus sunk in despair, and expressed belief he would rise higher before long. The next sentence was written to us.

M. "Ye have no cause to fear. Yes, he will."

B. "God—God, where is God? O God, leave me not alone, nor hide Thy face entirely from me.

"Help me, raise me! O Jesus, where art Thou that Thou canst so forsake a child of Thine?"

M. "He is here."

B. "Here? How so? Would He so desert me? Oh no, no, no! I am sore distressed. I long for light. Where is the light?"

"I struggle to leave the gloom. I wander through weary spaces. I long for my Eternal Home. Oh, is God dead? Can He so leave His own?"

M. "For shame, thou Erring Child of Man—for shame! Who art thou to question the Divine Wisdom?"

B. "I am His child; have I not a right to ask what he purposeth to do with me?"

M. "Peace, peace, ye poor earth-creature! Consider thine own nothingness and His immortal glory. O Trinity of Love and Power, aid Thy creatures through the merits of the Passion of Jesus."

B. "Pray for me, pray indeed, O thou high Angel of God! Thou who walkest in mighty places, leave me not alone! I wander through a desert wilderness: there is so little light, so little to give Hope."

M. "Yet believe, for in Belief rests thy Hope of Eternal Salvation.

"Man, man, work, pray, believe God is the God whose Name is Love. Thinkest thou He leavest

His creatures to perish everlastingly? For shame! Doubt not! Hope on——”

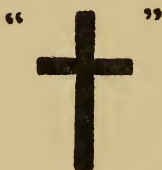
B. “Ah, but see how lone am I!”

M. “Lone? But is not your Father there? Pause, disobedient child! Pause in your way. Turn aside while there is time! Repent, repent.”

B. “O Mary, Clement Mother, to thee do I cry in my sorrow! Mary, most Pure, most Prudent, most Admirable Mother of God, hearken to me! Thou wast once on earth. Thou knowest its temptations.”

M. “Pour out thy prayers to Jesus. He is all merciful. He will heed you as tenderly as His Mother. Therefore, I bid ye pray.”

B. “I pray. . . .



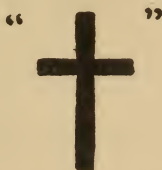
“In Thy name, O Most Beautiful Son of God, do I kneel and implore the mercy and forgiveness of God the Father. Hear me, I beseech ye! O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Merciful Jesus, who in Thy perfect Love laid down Thy Blessed Life to save mankind! Save me! save me from fiery wastes, from the terrors

that haunt those who have not believed! Save me! Save me! Jesus, I clasp at Thy Knees, I drag Thee down from Thy Almighty Throne, Thy Pinnacle of Greatness, to heed mine agony. Save me, O Jesus, my Jesus, merciful Son of God!"

M. "He will hearken, He will heed. Fear not! Have peace! Let no more terrors trouble thee.

"Man createst his Hell: thou shalt create thy Heaven. Farewell, farewell. I leave thee. Doubt no more! God will raise thee up."

B. "Ah, Jesus! Mary, Clement Mother! Holy Hosts! ye who enjoy in the Presence of God your Father! . . . Will ye not smile on me, poor sinner that I am? Ah God, my God, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. I will look up. Please God, I will find the Light. Amen."



After a few moments' interval the dialogue was resumed—

B. "Art thou there? O Marian, thou angel-one whom I didst so revile! Marian, thou

saintly spirit, thou forgivest, thou wilt say all is forgotten?"

M. "Poor soul, poor soul! I have not remembered the misery of bygone years. No, I have forgotten. Let not that trouble thee, O thou who wast my husband! I bear thee no malice: my heart is sorrowful for thee."

B. "Marian, angel-wife, what can I say? I kiss thy pure garments in beseeching Love. Thou wilt forget?"

M. "O my husband, dost thou doubt my pity? I forgive! there was so little to forgive. What is our earth-life compared to this Eternity? Can we nourish old loves that are unlawful, old hates that are vile, contemptible, ungodlike?"

B. "I adore thee, thou soul of lily whiteness!"

M. "Nay, adore only the Father—to Him look up."

B. "Look up, look up; I am so much more content, O Marian, thou injured one!"

M. "Nay, forget, forget!"

B. "God with us!"

M. "Jesus His Grace be with you, my comrade in the earth-life. My husband, my husband, God raise thee further; God preserve thine immortal

soul—thou who wast nearest to me in the morning of my days.”

B. “O Marian, how I doubted, how I scoffed at God and God His things!”

M. “Ah, dear soul, dost thou not recollect my words: ‘Thou wilt find my wisdom one day’?”

B. “I recollect indeed.”

M. “I must go—we must both to work. I will entreat the Father to spare me to aid you on, you and the other ones for whom I cared, for whom I often visit this world here. I will help you both—you all, please God Our Heavenly Father, please God!”

Then, suddenly, in a different hand, the following words, which evidently came from Jack, were written—

“My Queen, my Queen, I have found you, my Queen!”

M. “My dear one—my twin-soul! Ah, thank God!”

Upon this we asked whether it was between Jack’s father and mother that the above dialogue had taken place, to which came—

"Yes, and their son."

Then came—

"I believe.

"MARIAN'S HUSBAND."

"God bless them all.

"MARIAN."

We inquired whether Marian had been to us before, to which came—

"Yes, I have come to you."

My wife asked whether Marian wrote the unsigned message of the 24th of August (see pp. 47, 48), to which the following reply was made—

"Yes, dear earth-friend, I did.

"Care for my boys: I will care for yours. . . .

"Ah, my dear friends, now am I indeed almost in sublimest happiness. I wait for them; I have only them now to help on. I am so content, thank God, thank God again and again!

"Dear lady, help my dear ones; you are so kind, I know you will.

"I will come whenever I can, believe me."

We inquired whether Marian knew our people in the Spirit-world, to which she replied—

“I have seen them at prayer. God bless them and you, and my dear ones, and my dear sons in particular. . . . They were such splendid sons. . . .

“I am a soul in perfect happiness, I think.

“MARIAN.”

CHAPTER VIII

24th September, 1916.

ON the night of the 23rd-24th of September there was an air-raid on the outskirts of London. On the evening of the 24th a message was received from an unknown spirit—

“From behind the Veil.”

“DEAR FRIENDS OF THIS EARTH-LIFE,

“Thank God very devoutly, and with real faith and gratefulness, that He spared you from the swift judgment He meted out to some poor souls last night.

“Why should not God have called you as soon as they? Bow the knee; thankfully pour out your soul to Him; think to yourself how unprepared the Call would have found you had you been taken.

“Take this, out of the kindness of your heart, as a friendly message from a passing spirit.

“I pray your merciful Father in Heaven to preserve you and yours. God bless every poor

soul in this world and in yours: God bring everyone finally to His Bosom, in which we shall have Peace.

“Amen.”

On our asking for a signature—

“Yours, wishing you well.

“ONE WHO KEEPS THE VIGIL OF GOD.”

Later, on the same evening, Hector (see p. 38) drew a number of sketches of public men and others. They were such as my daughter, through whom they were executed, could not have done of herself.

We asked Hector if he thought the war would last long—

“I am afraid so. I see a good deal, you know, from this Astral Plane, as you call it.

“How’s Leadbeater—and Annie, Ellen?”

My daughter had been speaking about Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant earlier in the day.

“I share Jack’s belief in ‘Karma,’ *rather dis-*

belief! No, no reincarnation for me! One life is *quite* enough.

.

“When I was extra sad on earth I always thought, or tried to think, that although I was unhappy there were countless others in a far worse state. . . . Think of the soldiers at the Front. Think what a very little they find to cheer them. Our greatest discomfort is nothing to theirs, is it? . . .

“Oh, the War of the Nations; it is awful! Poor lads—poor maimed men—poor wounded heroes—poor women! I can realise what they suffer, too. Think of it: imagine what you would suffer in like case—husband, son, friends, menfolk, all gone! Yes, and *they* want to go, too, poor wretches!—but God wishes them to live it through. *Some have found the barrier dividing two worlds is not impassable except at death: some find consolation that way. . . . I mean, many folk have found out the barrier hitherto represented as impassable except at death is not impassable, but is open to all who are privileged to enter and who go forward with faith.*”*

* My italics.

30th September, 1916.

Jack came and drew some excellent sketches, including one of his mother, Marian, and one of his father, Basil. He gave the full Christian names of himself, his father and mother, his little sister (who had died in early childhood), and his brother, who had also died.

Then came—

“I greet you most humbly. I hardly dare to ask forbearance.

“Blessings on my boys, and her, the angel-one who came to lighten my darkness.

“BASIL.”

Later Jack wrote—

“I will try and come again when I’m more serious. I’ve been loading myself up with gaiety to go to the Tommies at the Front.”

1st October, 1916.

Jack’s father came again, and wrote—

“. . . I live in hope of seeing soon again my angel-one. Pray God to send her soon. I *feel* her; may I only *see* her, please God. . . . God is very good, bless His Holy Name.”

Basil then proceeded to give a fuller account of his life on earth than that given to us by Jack on the 21st of September; it was very interesting, but was not intended for publication.

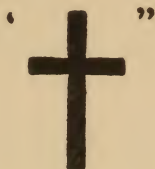
I may mention that we have learned from messages from time to time received that Jack's father has been advanced to a much higher plane than the one he occupied at the date of the interview of the 22nd of September, recorded above, and is now living under very happy conditions; and although he is not nearly so high as his wife Marian, he is not infrequently in her company.

3rd October, 1916.

On our inquiring of Jack how it was we were able to communicate so much with him and were unable for the time being to communicate with our own people, he wrote—

“I want to come to you because I love you, also because my duty is partly with you. God knows why, but I am ‘told off’ from the hosts of this other world who keep the Vigil of God to cheer and solace folk on the earth-side, and if any need my humble help to give it them.”

After further conversation, Jack wrote the following prayer—



“O my Lord God, God of Gods, Creator, Saviour, and Redeemer of all mankind, I do beseech Thee in Thy loving care to guard all those I love, to have mercy on me and on all men, and to bring us when our Day cometh to Eternal Light.

“God, my Heavenly Father, in Thy pitying love have mercy on the dying; grant them Thy Grace, and courage with faith to face the Passing Hour.

“Bring the Souls of our Departed Brothers to Thy Bosom; spare us, O Thou Most Holy and Most Righteous God. Be not angered with Thy People, neither turn Thy Face away from them.

“Help the living; help the dead. Help the distressed in body and in mind.

“Raise the fallen, encourage the faint-hearted, grant Thy Heavenly Manna to despairing Souls.

“Banish evil thoughts, defeat evil purposes,

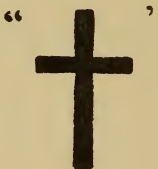
prosper Thine appointed Servants, and grant success to Holy Works.

"God, my Father, I most humbly and gratefully thank Thee for all Thy Blessings to me and all mankind.

"Continue them, I beseech Thee, as without Thy Countenance we are as dust.

"Lord, remember me. Mary, Clement Mother, thou most Holy of Women, grant us thy prayers.

"O Holy Souls in peace and rest, intercede for us all at the Throne of Heavenly Grace.



"Amen.

"I am not good at composition or grammar, but I only tried on the spur of the moment to put some of my thoughts into feeble, halting words. . . ."

CHAPTER IX

4th October, 1916.

JACK and his father Basil both came. In a message from Basil the following passages occurred—

“I think of all the instincts in human hearts, next to Love, Pity is the most near unto God. I do abhor the sort of cold doctrine, inculcated by some creeds, of a stern, harsh—well, I must express myself forcibly—a sort of Uhlan God, standing in judgment over helpless, cringing mortals. . . .

“I do think there is not enough pity and Godlike Love taught in religious doctrines.

“Good-bye, my dear friends; I leave you in Jesus’ Bosom.

“BASIL.”

5th October, 1916.

In answer to a question whether people have the same appearance in the Spirit-world as on earth, Jack said—

“Yes, only they get more refined, more heavenly, as they advance.”

6th October, 1916.

In reply to a question, Jack wrote—

“I caught a glimpse, as I sped on my rounds, of dear Mrs. X——” (my mother) “hand in hand with Mrs. S——” (my wife’s mother), “each of them at hospital work. They stood by the wounded soldiers, comforting, cheering, solacing. . . . They just gave me a ‘God-speed.’ We only interchanged the password, ‘God with us,’ then I went on.”

7th October, 1916.

Jack wrote—

“I go nearly every night to France. I saw Mrs. Carney with the Red Cross nurses; also Mrs. X——, praying side by side with the nuns in France.”

In reply to a question whether the Spirit-world was not disgusted with the Germans—

“Yes; they have only praying for them (in *my* experience) spirits of departed God-fearing countrymen who implore the mercy of the Father on their poor wicked souls—also praying for the mitigation, the softening of the hard Doom they fear is coming on Germany as a nation.”

On our referring to what had been said on

that afternoon by a curate in our house against having a crucifix in a church, he proceeded—

“That sort of thing disgusts me. I have seen such a tremendous ‘broadening’ after Death that I hold it is far better to be broad in one’s views before one passes.

“I always prayed to Our Lady: my father never minded my praying to Her.”

After this, Jack’s father wrote—

“I have hard work. . . . I try to bring to poor misguided souls a glimmer of the beautiful Light that cometh from the Lord.

“You see, I myself did not believe, and I am now in sympathy with all those who sin as I did. But God will not nourish anger against them.”

After a few more sentences the pencil became agitated, and in large letters the following was written—

“Marian, Marian, you are here! Oh, Marian, you are come again, beloved of my heart!”

Then, in a small, neat hand, the following sentence was written, and the subjoined conversation ensued—

M. "Yes, dear, dear soul, I am here."

B. "O Marian, say you love me! Just let me hear once again your dear voice. O Marian, beautiful white-spirit, speak!"

M. "Yes, my beloved, I do indeed remember you with tenderness."

B. "Thank God! He is very good.

"O Marian, do you know it was you and my friends on the physical plane that brought me to salvation?"

M. "Ah, my dear, I besought our loving Father, as He had guided me to Him, to bring my loved ones also Home."

B. "Dear soul! O Marian, I am indeed at the knees of the Lord Jesus!"

M. "I know it and I rejoice. I told you when in despair if you lifted up your voice to God He would bring the wanderer to His Breast."

.
B. "You will come again?"

M. "Yes, I will visit you again. O my dear, I have prayed so long, so hard, here and during the earth-life, for Him to bring us together again—and see, the husband and wife are one: their souls link up in perfect love."

B. "Yea, one. . . .

"Marian, I am triumphant! Sin flees—darkness fades—the way shortens before my longing sight."

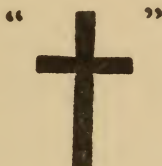
M. "My dear, dear soul, I must go."

B. "Leave me? O Marian, must you go?"

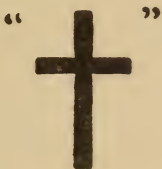
M. "My beloved, I am called; I go, but I will come again."

B. "Farewell, till next we meet."

M. "Until we meet."



"In Jesus His Bosom."



"In the Shadow of the Cross. Amen."

A little later Marian sent us this message—

"DEAR SOULS ON EARTH—Look not on me with fear. I am your friend. I pray for you: I

intercede with high angels that they carry unto the Father my entreaties for your welfare.

“God bless you all.”

Marian then wrote out a beautiful prayer, which I have still in my possession.

A little later Jack came, and on our asking whether he considered there was any truth in the suggestion that by Spirit-communication a person may fall under a spirit's control, he wrote—

“Not under *my* control. I love you all too well to harm you. The great thing is to go forward with faith and courage.

“Pray well: pray that God will keep you and yours from all evil of any kind; especially evil from the Spirit-world.

“You see, the Spirit-world is like yours in some ways. There is a mixed population—good, evil, and ordinary. *Pray*, that's the great thing—
PRAY.

“You want to devote those few minutes of soul-culture to pure communion with Him. Therefore, though your thoughts stray—all mortal minds are difficult to concentrate on God and God's things—

God is so merciful He takes your petitions in the spirit in which you offer them.

“Be charitable in thoughts as you are in deeds.

Thoughts are so important. . . . *

“Pause always before you speak. Reflect whether what you are going to say will hurt anyone. Will it make them suffer mentally? Will they be wounded? It is so unnecessary to give pain through a mere word.

“It is not strange, when one considers all things, that the Bible dwells so much on the evil that can be done by an unkind or thoughtless tongue. . . .

.

“I must depart on my work. Good-bye, dears. God bless you. . . .

“+ I commend you unto Christ the Lord.

.

“JACK—YOUR OWN JACK.”

* My italics.

CHAPTER X

9th October, 1916.

JACK's father, Basil, came, and in the course of a conversation about the earth-life of his wife, sons, and daughter, said—

"Jack was 'psychic,' as you call it. . . .

"I remember when he was only six or seven he was nervy about the dark. His mother said: 'For shame, my dear child; make the sign of the Cross, my darling, and Jesus will be there.' After this he was able to go alone into a room in the pitch darkness, and his mother said: 'I don't want you to go in there on purpose, if you are nervous,' but he replied: 'No, mother, my Queen' (as he called her), 'I'm not a bit frightened now. You see, Aunt C—— is there and says: "Courage, Jack, dear, Our Lady smiles on you."' "

"Even I myself had a vague sort of feeling about 'spirits' and 'ghosts,' as you call it. . . .

"Well, my dears, good-bye. . . .

"BASIL."

It may be mentioned that Jack's Aunt C—— had died about two years before the period referred to in the above message.

11th October, 1916.

Jean Olivert, "the Beloved Padre" (see pp. 29, 30), wrote a message of which some extracts are set out below—

"MY DEAR CHILDREN—I am glad to have been able to come to you again.

"Pray much to the Blessed Mother of Jesus. Mary, Mary, O thou most Holy Mother of God! pray for me; pray for us all.

"I am nearing a higher plane; I expect to go on nearer towards God.

"I will try and come again. . . .

" + JEAN OLIVERT.

"PADRE."

In reply to our inquiry whether he knew Jack, the Padre said—

"Oh yes, I know Jack, *your* Jack.

"I try and help him to the best of my humble power. He is fond of me, I think, and calls me

'Padre'—dear lad! He is so wise in his views, so moderate. . . ."

12th October, 1916.

Jack gave us a further history of some members of his family, particularly of his father's sister B—— and of his mother's sister C—— (referred to on p. 82).

Referring to his Aunt B——, he said—

"She is a highly-placed spirit. She dwells in happiness with mother, Aunt C——, and her own dear boy, *who is growing up with her.* . . . *

.
"Well, I will make place for my Aunt B——."

Then followed a message from Jack's Aunt B——, which commenced—



"In Jesus Christ I greet you, Children of Earth."

The message was a beautiful one, and concluded with the following passage—

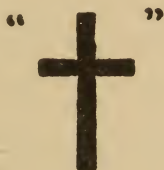
* My italics.

"Dear souls, I am inclined unto you by your charity to those I love. Therefore, I pray you, look up to God, and acclaim Him as your Father. His Blessings, His Infinite Grace, His Heavenly Hope be upon you all. In whom ye shall find Rest.

" + Amen. So be it.

"B——. A FRIEND."

This was followed by a message from Jack's Aunt C——,



"Greetings in Jesus the Lord. . . .

"Let no man put a limit to the loving-kindness of the God which is in Heaven. It is vain presumption in us, His creatures, the things He made from dust, that we should circumscribe His Greatness, and confine His wondrous Love. . . .

"I love you, for you love my dear ones.

" + In Jesus the Saviour.

" + In Mary, to whom we may fly when trouble comes and no man can comfort us.

"Amen. So be it.

"C——. A FRIEND."

CHAPTER XI

October 12th, 1916.

JACK told us a tale of his early childhood which followed on one he had told us three days previously. Both these tales are set out together below—

“Oh, I was sweet! I used to have a grubby little dirty ‘white’ (?) teddy-bear which I always carried about with me when I was four or five, and told mother it represented St. Peter, or my guardian-angel. I don’t know why I thought *that*, but I did.

“Mother’s favourite saint was St. Peter (and St. John), and so perhaps that put me in mind of him. This teddy-bear had one leg off from a fight a friend and I had over it. He said *he* wanted St. Peter, and I said as it was *my* guardian-angel it couldn’t leave me!

“Poor Mummy, she did laugh! . . .

“Mother one day missed her keys. They were the keys of her writing-desk, drawers, jewellery-case, etc. She hunted all over the house; everyone looked everywhere with no success.

"At last, seeing her really distressed (having said ten Aves, Ellen!), I called her to me, and said, 'Mummy, dear, if a very holy person, say a saint p'r'aps, wanted something that someone else had given him, and you wanted it too, would you give it up to him?' She laughed, kissed my dirty little face, and said: 'Bless you, my dear babe, if it belonged to him, of course I would.' I then said triumphantly: 'Well, Mummy, I've got your keys, but they belong to St. Peter. He was given the Keys of Heaven. So as they're his, you can't take 'em away!'

"Oh, dear, she laughed. You see, she had read to me the Bible story of St. Peter's charge, and I had become quite obsessed with the idea that *my* St. Peter without keys was no St. Peter at all."

October 14th, 1916.

When Jack visited us on this date we referred to the statement made by many soldiers of having seen angels at Mons.

Jack said he quite believed it, and proceeded—

"I see so often beautiful angel-visions myself that I can quite believe it.

"If you could go with me and see the White Spirits, the Angels, who receive their poor fainting bodies, and comfort their sorrowing, anxious, seething minds.

"O God! it is a strange experience. Young soldiers often tell me: 'Look! there is a lovely White Lady standing by me!'

"I hear and understand. Once there was a dear lad—a fine boy, clean, holy, pure within and without; nothing to shame the Saviour. He was mortally wounded. He lay there, though alone, yet not alone. For out of the mists there came a white radiance, a soft, beautiful light.

"He saw his mother with him. I could appreciate the glory of that first meeting since 'death.' She received his soul when it passed over. They were inexpressibly happy."

We had been told in messages that people frequently travel to the Astral Plane in their sleep. At the conclusion of the message set out above we asked Jack how it was that we were unable to recollect in the morning what we had seen on the Astral Plane during sleep. He said he thought we retained a "muddled

impression" of the Astral World; and then, referring to myself, he went on—

"I have met you once—going past. . . . I went quickly by. . . . I said 'God with us!' and I blessed you and yours, making the sign of the Cross."

We asked whether people ever remembered what they had seen on the Astral Plane, and he replied—

"Yes, oh yes, very psychic people.

"I am afraid I must go now, must indeed, dears. So sorry to leave you.

"JACK, YOUR OWN JACK."

15th October, 1916.

In the course of a conversation, Jack said—

"I *am* surprised people should still believe in the awful doctrine of Eternal Damnation."

16th October, 1916.

On our asking for a message, the following was written in a childish hand—

"No one is here to write now.

" + ONE WHO PASSES."

We inquired who was writing—

“A child—I am with Mummy.”

On our asking the name and age—

“Constant. I used to be seven when I ‘died.’ They say it is dying, but it isn’t. I had a nasty cold. Mummy was very sad, and she cried many tears, and she said she wanted to go too, as she had lost Daddy, and she was going to lose me.

“She was very lonely, she says, when I was called. But you needn’t be sorry now, as we’re both quite happy. My father was a very nice man, and he had a moostache [*sic*] and he was tall. Mother loved him very much. She cried as many tears when he went, too.”

In reply to a question—

“I am a boy-child. She” (referring to his mother) “has seen you. She came one day and wrote, sining [*sic*] her name ‘A passing Soul,’ I think. I will come again to you.”

He then proceeded to give in full his own Christian names and those of his father and mother; and went on—

"God is awfully kind to us all. We are in unisson [*sic*] Daddy says."

Asked when he died—

"Oh, I've been 'living' really four years. Daddy died 1910, and Mummy came to me and Daddy 1914.

"Good-bye, dears. . . . Mother sends me her wish to come back to her. She thinks I might not be safe away from her. So I am going, dears. But to-night I'll bring her with me, and then I can stay a long time.

" + In the Children's Jesus,

"In everybody's Jesus, the Saviour of all who love Him and repent,

"CONSTANT."

A few moments later Constant's mother, Mary A——, came, referred to the visit of her boy, and said she would come again and tell us something of her earth-life.

In the evening she came again—

"May I greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus? I am glad to come and communicate. Perhaps you will allow me to tell you some of my life-story. . . .

"I know Mrs. Carney" (my wife's sister), "who was 'introduced' to me by Jack."

Mary A—— then commenced her life-story.

17th October, 1916.

Mary A—— came again and completed her life-story, which was very interesting. She told, in pathetic language, of her extreme sadness and loneliness after her husband and child had both "died," and explained how she learned from a friend of the power of Spirit-intercourse; and proceeded—

"This made a vast difference to me. I no longer despaired. I hoped. I found for myself the truths of the Spiritual Science. The pencil brought me tender messages of love, of joy, of faith, from F——" (her husband), "and from my little Constant. 'Mummy,' he wrote, 'why are you so often crying? I saw you in church the other day, and you looked so sad—as sad as the pictures of Our Lady at the Crucifixion. Don't cry, Mummy, darling; we shall all be together soon.'"

"I 'died' quite suddenly. . . . I had a warning from Constant. 'Mummy,' he said, 'it will be strange if the same angel takes you as took me,

won't it, Mummy, darling?' I asked what it meant: it seemed too good to be true. 'Well,' he wrote, 'you are getting very near the end.' . . .

"That night I passed. Constant and F—— were there to help me through. We have been together ever since, very, very happy, thank God!"

19th October, 1916.

My mother came, and I asked whether I ever visited her during sleep—

"Oftentimes. . . . Yes, oh yes. And you, my dear Margaret. I have frequently met your dear spirit out on *the wonderful spaces where patrol the Sentinels of God.*" . . .*

On our asking whether she and my wife's mother, although they had not met on earth, were not very attached, my mother wrote—

"Ah, my dears, that is another thing among the countless things for which I have to thank God. She is my very dear and tender friend. . . . We were drawn together by the love of our young people: we have never since been parted."

* My italics.

Referring to Jack, my mother said—

“I love his dear heart. He is *so* happy—especially when his beautiful mother comes.”

She then proceeded to speak of love—

“There is nothing, in all the boundlessness of Heaven and Earth and Space, as Love. *God Himself is Love.* . . .

“I think in all the world there is somewhere a mate for everyone. No heart will be lonely, without love; if not in this life, then in the Greater Beyond.

“I love Our Lady so. It pains me so when people slight her. She is so beautiful, so pure. How can people treat with such scant respect, such indifference, the Holy Mother of God Himself, the very best of women? . . .

“E—— X——.

“MOTHER. GRANNY.”

My father then came, and conversed with us. Referring to my mother, he said—

“My own selfish fear is for her to go and leave poor me behind! Still, they tell me she won’t go until I do, as her love for me pulls her back to help me on.”

My wife's mother then sent a message, which contained the following passage—

“ . . . I am sure God hath His chosen among the gallant fighting men. . . . I found E——” (my mother) “bitterly grieving; her heart was sore for some young lad, carried into a field hospital in mortal agony. Oh, I must not talk of it! All this fearful stench of blood!

“ + In the Bosom of Jesus there is no Purgatory for them.

“They have deserved well of us—of you—those dear, brave fighting men. God bless them all!”

20th October, 1916.

My father came, and after conversing with us for some time, said—

“My dears, I should like to go on chatting all night, but I can't. I must go. I must not be unwilling to keep the Vigil of God. He has been so good to us all. I am so grateful, and bless His Holy Name.

“ + In the Blessed Bosom of Our Saviour Christ.

“In the Power and Glory of the Holy Trinity.

“In the Comforting Aroma which proceedeth from the Holy Mother—Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows. Pray to Her. She is so great, so good.

“I love to think of Her—first as the ‘lowly maid,’ suffering all to give Christ to the world; then as the Perfect Woman assumed into Heaven in the Arms of Her Blessed Son. She is happy now, the Glorious Queen of Angels.

“W—— X——.

“PATER. GRANDAD.”

CHAPTER XII

22nd October, 1916.

THE Padre (see pp. 29, 83) visited us, and on our referring to the subject of Spirit-communication, he said—

“Ah, my dears, I realise now I was mistaken in discountenancing this Great Science on earth. I did it for the best, as I thought; indeed I did. I thought it would only harm the flock of the Good Shepherd, and God Himself was against such communications. I was wrong. I was mistaken, with many others; and I realise my error. . . .”

Upon my saying that the theory of Reincarnation did not commend itself to my common sense—

“My dear son, I myself heard the Reincarnation theory with a strange mixture of credence and disbelief. But the more I see and hear the more I doubt it. It seems like putting back into earth gold that hath been purified.

"So many clever men and women have placed their faith in it. . . . You would come across them in these planes.

"Still, every man to his way of thinking. That is one thing I would alter in Religion—one blemish that seems to sully the fairness of my beloved Church. Ah, how I love it! It is a beautiful Mother, this Church of ours."

After some further observations—

"This war is a fearful thing. I hate it thoroughly—but the innocent, as usual, suffer for the guilty. Still, God is merciful. *They* (referring to our soldiers dying in the war) *have no purgatory to endure.**"

"I love you well, and you are not too prejudiced to listen to a padre!"

We asked where his work chiefly lay—

"Among the priests and the Catholic soldiery more especially, though I have been among the 'heretics' as well. . . . If you had seen what we see! They" (the soldiers) "have rosaries; they pray to Our Lady, they have saint-relics, blessed

* My italics.

palm—anything given them by a padre. . . . I have heard them—these men who were Low Church, Agnostics, or Dissenters—‘Mother of God,’ they say, ‘you are so beautiful; won’t you help a poor lad in peril? Mary, most tender Lady, I love you, I honour you. Hear me! Mary, Mother of Jesus, I want so much to go back again safely, and see again my wife and bairns.’ Poor lads!

“I am of French extraction myself, but I flatter myself I am English too, quite ‘ally.’ . . .

“France, dear France! Glorious France! Martyred France! She will benefit tremendously by her Purgatory of Suffering. The magnificent enthusiasm of France—the buoyant heart that has borne her through such ages of suffering!

“Splendid France! I love her so well. My ancestors were fine Frenchmen, thank God! They were soldiers from time immemorial, though they rigidly kept to the custom of sending one younger son into the Bosom of Mother Church. I went, you see, out of my little lot! . . .

“Good-bye, my dear children.

“JEAN OLIVERT.

“PADRE—YOUR FRIEND.”

25th October, 1916.

When the pencil was taken up the following was written in a large scrawling hand—

“I don’t know and I don’t care.”

On our asking who was writing—

“No one to do with you.”

Warned by previous experience (see p. 60), we spoke words of encouragement—

“No one can help me, I think. Ah, you don’t know my life of sin! Oh, I think God must be cruel! Why doesn’t Our Lady—as they call that happy Woman—why doesn’t She help me? She is tender-hearted, they say; surely she will have pity on a miserable sin-loaded woman? . . .

“Why did God make me, to condemn me to this torment of soul? I was young once, and beautiful, men said.

“Why does God turn His Face away from me? Why is there so much darkness? There are storms and many troubles, and the air is very clouded. The Sun is entirely hidden. Ah, God! Why was I ever born? Why was I not killed when yet a

sinless child—but was I ever sinless? Oh, guilty, sin-loaded soul! *Oh, heavy, heavy weight!*

“God help me—if there is a God to help such miserable creatures as myself. Such evil things must wither His Sight. . . .

“I will come back to-night and tell you something of my history.

“LUCIE.”

Later, a number of messages came through for one of my daughters, whose birthday it was. Little Constant (see p. 90) wrote in a large childish hand—

“I hope you will have many, many happy birfdais [*sic*]. Mummy says you are a ‘dear family,’ so God must love you, and I’m sure He will hear my prayers and bless you all.

“I hope you will all be happy now and always. Amen.

“CONSTANT.”

Beneath this was written in a different hand—
 (“My own little darling.

“MARY A——.”)

After further messages Lucie came again, and wrote—

“May I also wish you a happy birthday? . . .

I knew so well what unhappiness was that I wish you better fortune, with all my poor miserable heart.

“LUCIE.”

She then proceeded to give a short history of her life. It is still in my possession.

Her parents were cold and unsympathetic, and her mother was an atheist. Her first governess (who, we afterwards found, was the Maud E—— referred to above, p. 26), was dismissed because she included religion in her teaching. When Lucie grew up she married according to her parents' directions. The marriage was not a happy one, although she was fond of her husband, and after a few years she left him, and died not long afterwards.

Lucie's story was told partly on the 25th and partly on the 26th of October. In the course of her interview on the 25th she thanked my wife, and said—

“It is so long since I heard such words of sympathy from human lips. . . .

“I know there's a God. I don't know why I ever doubted. They tell me He will raise me soon. I want to be happy so much. Jack comforts me and I am content to-night. . . .


"Mrs. S——" (my wife's mother) "and Mrs. X——" (my mother) "have promised to help me. . . . I am so much happier.

"God bless you all.

"LUCIE."

26th October, 1916.

We had a remarkable experience. On putting the pencil to paper the following was written in the characters set out below. The original is still in my possession—



"Here Can be no writing."

We asked who wrote this message, and the reply came—

"A traveller. In the great
world"

We asked the name—

We inquired whether he believed, when on earth, in God and Jesus Christ—

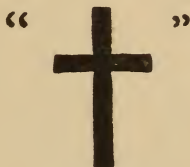
Yes I suppose so

We then requested him to repeat after us the following prayer, and he thereupon wrote it out, with the sign of the Cross.

"I do Believe

"My Jesus mercy!

"Mary help!"



We told him Christ died for him and all men—

*He died for Me ?
I Remember I had A
Mother — What else ”*

We asked whether his mother had passed from this life before him—

"No --- Did she ? No -
 I think She is Alive ---
 She Had grey hair I Think...
 but She Was sad once - I have
 forgotten why -
 MARY Mother most Holy
 have Pity - I think I
 must be mad -
 Mary - oh sweet Lady -
 my Mother used to tell
 me to pray to Her "
 " P "

" + Jesus & Mary "

I must go dear man & girls
P "
 you're like my Mother - you
 " W - " P "

The words, "You're like my mother, you," were addressed to my wife, and the pencil was moved and tapped her on the hand.

Later on the same day Lucie came again, and completed her story. Towards the end of the story she gave the name of her husband—

"His name was G—— W——. I called him 'P——.'"

She mentioned the reason why she so called him.

Upon this we told her that someone signing himself "W——" and "P——" had been to us, and appeared very distressed, and as if he were mad.

She then proceeded—

"O God, how awful! O darling! I must go to him! How wonderful the ways of God!"

My wife said she thought we had been able to help him a little.

"I am sure of it, dear. I know why, oh, why he is mad."

She then gave a reason, which I do not feel at liberty to disclose. She went on—

"Ah, he loves me? Do you think he does? I will make him remember. I will try—please God, I will succeed. He *must* forgive me; I forgive all he did to me. Thank you, my dears.

"I think God will help him and me."

.

"My father died a Christian; mother, poor soul, died in unbelief suddenly. I believe, too, she will come. I hope. Father died soon after I was married, so he is more advanced. . . .

"Good-bye, dears.

"Amen. + In Jesus.

"Your loving, grateful friend,

"LUCIE."

A little later the following was written—

"No one else can come, but to rest you take this to your comfort. Lucie and her husband are together, and he recovers apace. Thank God, yes!

"+ In Jesus and Our Lady, Amen.

"A PASSING SOUL."

CHAPTER XIII

28th October, 1916.

LUCIE'S mother came—

"I have met my daughter, and she tells me she has communicated with you.

"You know that on earth I did not believe: more than that, I tried to prevent others believing. I have been punished, but the God whom I denied hath seen fit to show me the right way after many and great tribulations. . . .

"Mary A—— (see p. 91) has had this 'surprise' in readiness for Lucie. She has worked so hard to help me, and bring us together.

"I have been miserable. I was in a set of similarly-thinking people—atheists and non-believers, Agnostics like myself. We had 'parties' where we all entered into brilliant conversation and worldly mockings. When others saw beautiful spirits coming down and working in lower planes we saw them not. 'Oh, the beautiful White Spirit!' one would exclaim, and others fall on their knees to hear the words of wisdom and heavenly

counsel. Some came from such lofty heights—almost in the Presence Itself. And we, what could we do? We saw them not.

“Bitterly troubled, we scoffed and said: ‘The God is no God who sends His angels to those who need them not.’ Oh, the wicked blasphemy surging all around us! Oh, the ghastly, sordid lot!”

We asked what happened to change her condition to a happier one.

“I will tell you in a moment.

“I went off by myself one day. I did not say where I was going; they would have jeered had they known, poor souls, I was going to a church!

“I went to an earthly church—the Church of St. Patrick’s, Soho. I saw a few devout worshippers kneeling in fervent, heartfelt prayer.

“I smiled bitterly. ‘Poor wretches,’ I thought, ‘if they only knew to what a hell their God and their Holy Mother sent the majority of His children!’

“As if she felt the presence of some unbeliever—some evil thing—a little widow woman in black next to me crossed herself, murmuring: ‘O Jesus,

sweet Son of God, help those who are departed, both the faithful and the erring.'

"Some irresistible impulse drove me to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. I had been to Our Lady's, too. I stood in wonderment before the marvellous beauty of the Lamb of God. I prayed.

"I had not done such a thing for many, many years—since my girlish days, when I prayed at my mother's side in our little oratory. I prayed; I saw the Hand move, extended to me. 'Daughter,' said the Statue, 'go in peace; thy sins be forgiven thee.'

"I had suffered chiefly in not being able to repent. I seemed sunk in a fearful morass from which there was no deliverance. I heard nothing but evil and blasphemy, till God took pity upon me, and sent me to that church.

.

"Ernest" (her husband) "will come to me soon, they tell me. Ah, how I laughed at his change of faith! But he was right, and I—ah, God!—I was so wrong. I remember what he said: 'Brenda, Brenda, you will repent it. You may not *live* to repent it, but you will repent it after death.'

.

"I will send you word *somehow* the first time I see him. . . .

"BRENDA."

A few moments after this message, the following fragment of a conversation between Brenda and her husband Ernest (who had apparently met for the first time since "death") was permitted to reach us. The two names were written in very large letters—

"ERNEST!"

"BRENDA!"

"God bless you! Jesus, O sweet Jesus of the Sacred Heart, blessings, and laud, and honour!"

"Ah! my dear, my dear, and who was right?"

"Ernest, you were right, and I, I was fearfully wrong——"

Then was written—

"They are very happy together, so take that to your comfort."

30th October, 1916.

Lucie's husband, G—— W—— (see p. 107)
came again.

“. . . My wife has been, has she not, to tell you all about our earth-life? We have both had a bad time, but, thank God! I think we have reached harbour at last. I remember such a lot now; not so much my early life, but since marriage. There were faults on both sides, I think.

“There was a ‘White Spirit,’ as I thought, guided me here, and I followed blindly. My reason came back more, though I was still mad; the glimmerings of a higher intelligence were coming.

“Perhaps Mary A—— (see p. 91) sent me; do you know?

“Yours always most gratefully,

“G—— W——.

“P——.”

2nd November, 1916.

Mrs. Watson (see p. 36) came and desired to obtain a message from her husband; but instead her son Fred (see p. 34) wrote—

“A moment—won't you have Fred for one

moment? Mother, darling, you are glad to talk to me again, aren't you, mother?

"My own darling Mummy, you must not be nervy about speaking to us—to your own Fred. I love you so well, my own dear, and it's because I know they love you too that I can bare my soul like this. My dear mother, think of me, but *not* with sadness. Pray for me, but *not* with regret. We are happy, we soldiers, only instead of being soldiers of King George, we are now the soldiers of Our King Jesus.

.
"Good-bye, mother dear, and dear friends. . . .

"FRED."

3rd November, 1916.

My wife and I, with our two children, called on some old friends—Mrs. Y—— and her daughter. Mrs. Y—— was anxious to obtain (through my children) a message from her husband, who "died" years ago. Instead of any such message, however, the following was received from a spirit who had not previously written for us, and whom we did not know on earth—

"I am wearing a lovely green dress. It is apple-coloured; don't you see? It is draped up at the right thigh, and caught with a golden ornament with dangling beads; don't you like it? Can't you see me in it? Do I look all right? Green used to be my colour in the old days. It suited my bright-coloured hair.

"Well, what have you got to say, all of you? You're none of you as pretty as I used to be."

We asked her name.

"I don't know. I think they used to call me 'Vi.' . . . But I have to go to a party this evening: I'm busy. I've got a prettier dress than Janet, that's true. . . . I wish you could see my smart gown. It's *chic*."

We spoke of God, and the writing proceeded—

"But is He God? Who is the Woman at His Right Hand? Must I pray to Her too? She looks nice; but Janet told me it wasn't wrong for me to go on as I used to do in the old days. She said even 'Our Lady' on earth must have done Her hair in a

pretty way! Jesus Himself had to look after His appearance; why shouldn't I?"

We urged her to pray, and she wrote—

"My Jesus, mercy! Mary, help! Ave Maria! They told me to say that in the old days. But I am—I was—only twenty-seven. I'm Ralph's wife, Ralph C——. He was so quiet, so reserved. He drove me to 'dress' and plays and the 'fashionable' world. Oh, the fashionable world is hollow! Prick the bubble, and what's left? Why did God make such silly frivolling women?"

At this point writing in another hand commenced, which we afterwards discovered was that of my mother, E—— X——, and the following dialogue took place. There was no difficulty in distinguishing which sentences came from Vi and which from E—— X——, as after each response a line was drawn—

E. "Pray to Our Lady, dear 'spirit.'"

V. "Ah, but will She listen? Do you think She'll listen?"

E. "My dear, think that out of Her agony came the Saviour of the world."

V. "Do you think She loves me?"

E. "Of course She loves you."

V. "But don't you see, She's happy in heaven; She's the Glorious Queen of Angels; She doesn't—She can't care about poor grovelling sinners."

E. "God loves you, GOD HIMSELF. Mary, Our Lady, Our Beautiful, Blessed Lady, loves you, prays for you, works for you in Her High Sphere."

V. "Why should some be perfect and some sinful?"

E. "Ask God to enlighten your soul. I am only a poor sinful soul myself."

V. "*You* sinful? You are beautiful and white!"

E. "God hath chosen to send me gleams of His Wonderful Radiance. I am so happy, I want others to be happy too."

V. "But I *am* happy—quite."

E. "Oh no, you cannot be. Such a shallow life: God did not mean you for it."

V. "Oh, but I was young, and I was pretty; and why should God take the young and beautiful and leave the old and ugly?"

E. "My dear, pause before you speak like that. Because God has been good to some in outward graces why should He keep them longer in the world?"

V. "I don't know, but it is sad. I loved the world. I am not afraid to say it. I loved the world, the glitter, the roses, the sunshine."

E. "And what of the dross, the thorns, and the rain? Where there is one there is the other; they are not to be separated."

V. "Some people are made for the sunshine: some are butterflies. Why does God drench their wings with rain?"

E. "God gives to every man that which he meriteth. If things seem unfair in an earthly life, reflect there is still the *heavenly* life, the life *Here*—in which God can smooth down rough places and make all things fair."

V. "Do you think so? Do you really?"

E. "Of course I do, and so will you when you have had better surroundings and better chances to gain a higher place."

V. "God grant it be so! My Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!"

E. "That is right. Pray well: pray earnestly."

V. "Ave Maria! Dominus tecum."

E. "Pray."

V. "I will remember. I am so tired of this miserable life. Give me something better, something deeper. God, send me something I can love!"

E. "Have you never loved?"

V. "God knows! I was friendless in the midst of 'friends'; alone in the midst of many."

E. "It is not too late for God to help you. The Holy Mother will help you too."

V. "Mary, help me! Mary, You were once a woman: *You* know what it is like. You realised the hollowness, the drabness. Help me! O God, send me light!"

E. "Pray thus every day. Pray to the Holy Paschal Lamb, whose Precious Blood hath redeemed all the world."

V. "All the world? All? Me? Sinful creatures like myself?"

E. "God hates the sin, but loves the sinner."

V. "Jésu! Ayez pitié de moi! . . . I want to live better. I suppose, after all, dresses are only dresses, and there is nothing stable, nothing sure but God Himself. I will try."

E. "I must go. Time rolls on, and every moment has to be accounted for to God."

V. "He will pity me. I have wasted *so* much time, my whole life one whirl of self. God, O God, You will forgive!"

E. "He will forgive if you *pray well*. Pray—always pray."

V. "I will. God reward you for your goodness. Thank God, oh, thank God!"

E. "God with you."

V. "In Jesus. Amen."

E. "+ Amen."

Beneath this, after a few moments, was written—

"Gone, on the work of the Lord. Amen."

CHAPTER XIV

4th November, 1916.

ON this date the first of a series of three interesting messages from a spirit then in very unhappy conditions reached us—

“LETTER I.”

“This is a strange place. I am feeling very lonely, and yet there are many with me. Do you think there can be a God to send us here? I wonder! What were we made for? There is always injustice, though; injustice everywhere. I suppose there always will be while there is God and sinners.

“Is God always to live? Are *we* always to live? Does He mean to keep us here for ever and ever? I don't want it. I am unhappy; there is such a way to go; such a long, long space, a pain-racked space, stretching between me and something I suppose is better than anybody here.

"They used to tell me there was a Merciful Being who watched over all His children. I wonder! They told me that, but they told me many things, many things that I have found to be wrong.

"Why does He not come to place us higher? Why are my feet like leaden weights and my soul heavy with pain and unbelief? There is no light; nothing to help me. I don't want to live; I want to die. I thought Death would end it all—all that foul sin and vileness that stained my life. But He kept me living that He might feast His eyes on my agony.

"Why is it thus? Why should I suffer? Angels—happy angels—see how they gather round a glorious throne! And I and others like me, see how sunk we are in filth and abomination and sin and unending torment! Is it unending? Are we to stay here for all the ages—for all Eternity? Is our life never to be with God? Is there a God? Can there be? Is there Jesus? Is there Our Lady?

"Oh, I am so weary! Oh, take me, save me from this! My Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!"

Then followed in very large letters—

“Mercy, have pity, O Lamb of God! You *are* there? You hear? There *is* a God, isn’t there?”

Then in smaller writing—

“Jesus, You came as a man in the flesh? Jesus, end this torment! As there is a God in Heaven, hear my anguish! There is no light! There is filth and all manner of vileness. I would not have treated the most wretched offender on earth as ‘Our Father’ has treated me.

“There are dizzy walls and rocky heights; there are foul caverns of devilish vileness. There is blasphemy all around me—surging seas of foul-mouthed wickedness.

.

“Where is the shelter of the angels’ wings? Where is the sweetness and the aroma that cometh from the breath of Mary, Mother of God? Ah! but the debt is so heavy: there is so much to pay. O God! God in whom I did not believe—the God I doubt even now, if You are in the Heaven of which I hear, send away the haunting vileness, the unbelief, the Terror that walketh by noonday.

“But I don’t believe: I *can’t* believe.”

We asked him to pray: "Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief," and he repeated these words, writing them on the paper, and proceeded—

"I am a miserable sinner, and a soul in the sorest agony."

After some further words a line was drawn across the page, and then was written—

"Was that the flutter of an angel's wing? Ah, minister of God, come to me! Come, O Jesus, come; do not pass me by. I am in misery—sunk in a morass of foulness, yet do not shun me! I clutch Thy pure robe in sore need, in the direst agony!

"Mary—*She* loves me? You think so? She is the Mother of God—the Holy One of Consolation?"

Then the pencil was raised and pointed to a small print of the well-known picture, "Our Lady of Consolation," and the writing proceeded—

"I am like the sinner in that picture, beautiful spirit! In the love that you say Jesus has for men

—in that precious love hearken to me. I need you so! I want you, O God, so badly!

“You say I am redeemed? Then why doesn’t He take me higher? Why? Why am I left here—I and others? . . . A soul in pain.”

We asked his name.

“I will give you a name by which to know me, a name they gave me, I suppose, in the earliest days of life, when I was pure and sinless. *Me!* Yes, and as sinless as the best of you.

“DANBY.

“(One name of mine.)”

We asked “Danby” to come to us again, and he wrote—

“I will come and write another letter soon. . . .”

We told him we were sure he would soon be happier, and asked him to pray to God.

“I will try. I hope—it is almost too much for me to do, even hoping—I will” (pray), “but they will laugh; they will jeer. . . . Poor souls! . . .”

Then beneath this was written in another hand—

“Gone.”

6th November, 1916.

Danby came again, and wrote—

“LETTER II.”

“The heights seem a little less impregnable; surely, surely their rocky frown is not quite so terrible as before! I believe—I believe there must really be a God. You think so too, don’t you? You don’t doubt?”

We said we had no doubt.

“Oh, I am glad; I think so too.

“God *cannot* have made human souls that *some* may joy in Paradise and the vast majority go evermore into the bottomless abyss of Hell. . . . It is such a long time since I prayed. Once when my mother talked to me as a little child I asked her: ‘Mother, is there anything worse than death?’ I shall never forget her seriousness as she replied: ‘My darling, there is something a great deal worse, and that is the punishment for unbelievers that comes after it.’ She was right.

“Who made God? You think He is both All-powerful and All-good? Yet why is there a God and a sinner? Why the difference, with the

Eternity that faces us? *They* ask me. They say: 'Is He a man or a woman? Does He wear a bonnet or a helmet?' . . .

"I didn't know what to say. I could only laugh with the rest of the crew. . . . Men are so astonishingly afraid of the ridicule of 'the world,' so terrified of jeers and scoffing. . . .

"I had a great friend on earth—a good man and holy without being 'churchy.' He used to warn me of the 'rocks ahead,' but I only laughed. . . . He said: 'Danby, if you don't see now, you will later.' He too was right."

We asked Danby how it was he came to us.

"I stumbled upon you; but really I don't believe there is such a thing as 'stumbling' upon a person, or that there is such a thing as 'accident' or 'chance.'"

Danby was in the middle of a further sentence when another spirit (who, we afterwards discovered, was a friend of Danby named Caryl) interrupted—

CARYL. "God? There is no God."

DANBY. "I believe. I tell you I believe."

CARYL. "You '*believe*'! Scorn on you. Superstition: slavery! I wish *I* could. I will come; I want to know. Is God the loving Father of *all* men, or only of a favoured portion? You love Him? You reverence Him? He *is* merciful? Danby, you believe?"

DANBY. "I do; yes, I do."

CARYL. "Then you will help me? You will?"

DANBY. "*Me?* Help you? A poor sinner, a miserable, grovelling wretch? Say this, Caryl: 'My Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!'"

Caryl apparently repeated this prayer, and proceeded—

CARYL. "I want to see my sister. She died in my arms. It seems ages, weary ages. She was a beautiful soul, if ever there was a beautiful soul."

DANBY. "Brenda sent me. I am her brother. She told me, and I came. . . . I saw a light guiding me. They tell me it was Brenda. Ah, we never forgot our lovely mother. I think, of all ties in the world, that of a mother and child is the most beautiful, the most sacred."

CARYL. "She must be very happy, if there *is*

Our Lady. She *did* live. She *did* suffer, didn't She?"

DANBY. "She gave Her only Child to save fellow-beings. She must be the Perfect Woman."

.

DANBY. "I believe."

CARYL. "I trust in God. I have been yearning so long for God, and pretending I did not know Him.

"Some spirits came to our part of this mighty world and they told us they had actually had a vision of the Wondrous Beauty of the Saviour and of the Queen who sat at His Right Hand. We did not believe, we were so envious. We scoffed. . . ."

" + God with us.

"DANBY."

" + God with us all.

"CARYL."

Under this was written by Jack's mother—

"They rest under the shadow of angels' wings.

"MARIAN."

8th November, 1916.

Danby came once more, and wrote—

“LETTER III.”

“I think God has taken pity upon us at last. At last, I say, but I suppose it was not unjust, all that we have suffered.

“Why did I ever doubt Him? There must be a God. Men have always seen the need of a God—some Superior Being to pray to, to trust, to hope in for Life Eternal. The Romans had their Jupiter, the Greeks their Zeus. . . .

“Wherever we place Him, on the heights of Olympus, or far away in the vaulted arch of the Heaven above us, wherever He be, men have found it an awful life without God. The dull, empty void of nothingness, the grey, grey drabness, the weariness, the hopelessness, the pain, the bitter scoffing mockery: ‘There is no God.’

“Every day, every hour, men and women are passing over. How many are in real communion with their God? How many really believe? Alas, how much of precious hope ebbs with the fleeting breath! How much terror shadows the soul as it is slipping, slipping away!

“I knew the terror of Death. I cried in agony. For the first time in my life I was in abject terror. They had told me Death was but a passing, but I saw Him as a Vengeful Angel that bringeth to every man just retribution. God knows how much cause I had to fear a just retribution! They had told me of Eternal Damnation—what else had I to expect?

“Many more would come into the Fold of Christ if they had not been told the Shepherd was also Slaughterer. God hath been slandered, and it is His own creatures who have done it. . . . That a just, All-powerful God, pre-eminently a God of Love, should sit on His Throne in glory, surrounded by a few chosen ones, and with calm equanimity contemplate the agony, the unending agony! The doctrine is a blot on Christian teachings. The idea is barbarous. . . .

“They will never convert mankind while they represent the Christ on the Cross as the triumphant Martinet who arbitrarily disposes of His creatures, some to Heaven, but the vast majority to a never-ending Hell. Christ should be placed before their eyes as the Suffering Christ, the All-loving Christ, the Saviour of Men. Jesus coming down from

perfect happiness to be the Man of Sorrows will soften the hardest heart; but most of those who are readiest to believe will turn in disgust from the Mighty Avenger, who is not sated but with the Eternal Torment of the children whom He made.

“Yours,

“DANBY.”

8th November, 1917.

Vi's husband, Ralph C——, who had been to us once, about a fortnight previously, came again. He told us that Vi was very grateful, and that she was sister to G—— W—— (see p. 107). He drew out a pedigree showing the relationship of a number of those in the Spirit-world who had communicated with us, and after other writing, he proceeded—

“... I have been worried about my wife, having to leave her behind while I got on a little. Never mind, we're together now. . . . She was so sad, my little wife, when the only child she ever had died at birth—a little boy. That is one great incentive to her to strive higher.

.

.
"Time presses. . . . I must try and come again soon. *She* will, too, please God.

"+ In Jesus and Our Lady.

"Amen.

"RALPH C——."

CHAPTER XV

SPIRITS on a happy plane are often engaged in "rescue" work, which consists in visiting low planes and attempting to awake in the unhappy beings there a real repentance for the sins of their earth-life and a desire to move nearer to God, such desire being a condition to any advance. Those occupied in this work usually go in bands, as they thus have more protection against the evil influences with which they come in contact.

11th November, 1916.

Jack wrote—

"I have been on a 'rescue party' to the dark kingdom. I have been working hard. . . . We went in a band of forty or fifty. Of these thirty were women. So many men are busy at the Front."

He mentioned the names of a number of those who have communicated with us who were members of the party, and proceeded—

"Some of them" (the spirits they went to rescue) "poor things, said they saw a vision of St. John the Divine (I believe they really did) while we were there, over and above them, in a glorious radiance."

He told us that about thirty unfortunate beings had been brought to a happier plane by the rescue party.

13th November, 1916.

A message was received in youthful writing, quite different from any we had had before—

"There is no one here to speak. Good luck to you all.

"GEOFFREY H——. A SCHOOLBOY."

We asked his age when he "died," and he said fifteen, and went on—

"I am here with my sister Daisy, eighteen. We have visits from mother and dad, higher up and onwards. You have heard of Caryl? He had a sister, and she's our mother. After mother's death we went to live with uncle. He was very kind, but of course he did not understand children. . . .

"Before we went my sister found out the wonderful

*use that can be made of Planchette**. . . . She obtained several messages from father and mother. Once mother said: 'My darlings, don't fear Death: there *is* no Death. You love us, dad and me, just as well as if we were on earth. This brings us near, but Death will bring us nearer still.'

"That was only a few nights before Daisy died. She slipped down some steep steps in an outhouse at uncle's country place. . . . She died, but she is happy now. I 'died' as they call it, from scarlet fever—after her; nine months after, I suppose.

"Yours,

"GEOFFREY."

After this, was written in quite a different hand—

"Daisy, if you'll have her. My brother has told you something of our lives? . . . You know, when I first went I didn't want to go at all. Life seemed to hold such a lot of nice things in store for me. I was at the age when you begin to dream of 'golden possibilities.'

.

"Picture Geoffrey and me bending over the

* My italics.

table and Planchette. *How* I loved Planchette! She was an angel to me—to us. . . . Uncle” (Caryl) “was not a believer in this. . . . He would have stopped us doing it. . . . He never married, but he treated some girl very badly, so that explains all you know about. He never forgave himself for it, though he tried hard to forget. Poor things, both of them! She went from bad to worse, poor wretched girl. . . .

“Did Danby mention his sister Brenda? I believe their mother died when they were at that important first stage of youth. He married at twenty, I believe. She (Danby’s wife) turned out a worthless shrew of a woman, and after leading him a miserable life she went off with another, I think. So Danby went from bad to worse. He fell in with uncle and influenced him. . . .

“DAISY.”

14th November, 1916.

A message came from Doris, the girl referred to in Daisy’s message as having been treated badly by Caryl—

“I am here. I have been unhappy, but I am all right now. I have made it up with Caryl, and we are quite happy—married, in fact.

"I have a dear house here. There is a lovely tree in front. I call it the Weeping Madonna tree. . . .

"There is a little child I now take care of; Caryl and I love it. I think we shall be very happy. . . I can't stay. I had to come, though, and tell you we were happy. Thank you, my dears; I am *so* happy.

"Yours,
"DORIS."

The following was then written—

"May I come? Vi. I have brought Ralph, and as he's impatient (like most men!) he will probably interrupt me once or twice. He came to fetch me. Oh, my dears, life is almost *too* happy—if you know what I mean.

.

"We have a lovely place. There is a pond, and lovely roses growing near."

Ralph then took up the conversation, and, after some observations, told us the following anecdote—

"If Vi took a fancy into her little head she'd never be happy till she had gratified it. One

year she saw a house in the country that she took a fancy to, because 'it was haunted and looked so old-fashioned.' I laughed, and said: 'Take it, my dear, for as long or as short as you like. In three months the damp will be in and you'll spoil your shoes and frocks.' . . .

"She took the house. Soon there were ominous signs all over the walls.

"I remember one night, after we'd said good-night to some friends who had been to dinner, and seen them off at the gate, 'Ralph,' said Vi, 'I've left my new tennis racquet out on the lawn.' . . . I said I'd go and fetch it. . . .

"When I was out I stopped, some mysterious second-sight telling me Vi wanted me. Then I heard a scream. I rushed back, and there stood poor Vi in the hall, cowering for dear life against the tapestry. She shrieked as I came in: 'Ralph, who's the man in white? Ralph, Ralph, I've seen the ghost!' I don't think I'm a coward, but I felt quite 'nervy' when I saw her genuine terror. I saw *nothing*.

"She told me all about it afterwards, though I had to tell her she was imagining it. I always

had an open mind about ghosts and such things. She had been chatting with a friend (a smart woman, 'Janet') at dinner, who said: 'Vi, don't be frightened if you see the ghost'; and Vi, who 'didn't want to look a fool,' as she said later, replied: 'Oh, I don't believe in ghosts: he'd better not come to *me*.' . . .

"When I left her (to fetch the racquet) she had no thought at all of the ghost, when suddenly she felt a creepy sensation over the head and hair, and absolutely couldn't move. . . . Then she distinctly heard steps in the wall nearest her; a shadowy shape passed *right through* and stood in front of her. She shrieked as soon as she could find voice. She was in such terror—mortal terror—she could do nothing but gasp and shiver.

"That night I couldn't get her to go to bed. It would have been sheer cruelty. So we sat up together all night, and I never left her for a minute.

"I had a revolver in a desk near me, because the neighbourhood was lonely. . . . When I told her of this (I had not mentioned it before for fear of frightening her), she only blanched and said: 'My dear, if "It" can come through a wall a revolver isn't much good.' What could I say? I only

laughed it off, or tried to, telling her it was through one of two possible causes—either too much worrying about the damp, or too much champagne.”

17th November, 1916.

For some days in November, 1916, we had difficulty in communicating with the Spirit-world; but we were to some extent prepared for this by receiving from Ralph C—— (see p. 132) the following message—

“It will be impossible for friends or relations to come for some little time: at least, not more than one or two a day. I *don't* know why. I can't say. Simply *wait*; don't worry; don't fret; don't cavil. *Have faith*. *Don't* lose that, or we shall never be able to commune properly. I am sorry to be the bearer of this unwelcome news, but God hath chosen me. . . . God *must* have many reasons for this; and, after all, you have been unusually privileged.

“Ever your friend,

“RALPH C——.”

19th November, 1916.

We attended a public lecture on “Spiritualism.” Most of it was interesting, but we were disappointed at the lecturer approaching

the subject from the standpoint of a Rationalist. On the same evening, after getting back, I wrote to the lecturer (although a stranger to me) pointing out the mistake I thought he made in attacking Christianity.

Whilst I was writing my letter my daughter Ellen, sitting at another table in the same room, took up a pencil to obtain for us an evening message. Writing came at once, and when it was finished we found the writing came from Jack, and took the form of a letter to the lecturer, some extracts from which are given below. I have omitted the lecturer's name.

“You doubt. You do not think God *is* Jesus, and Jesus God? . . .

“You are a good man: I wish you well. We all do here. Therefore, I say this most solemnly: DOUBT NO MORE. It is neither for your own good, nor for the good of the cause you have at heart.

“Pray to Our Lady. You think that strange? . . . I am no Catholic, but I say this: WORSHIP JESUS AS YOUR GOD, FOR GOD HE IS.

Pray to Our Lady, for She is His Mother, and the Pure Queen of Angels. I will pray for you and your cause. Do not spread your doubts, even if you are too weak or incredulous to conquer them. Let others joy in the Faith. Let them believe, if that is denied to you. Be not ashamed to pray. You are a good man; I like you much; but better men have prayed.

.

"Spiritualism and Religion are twin-sisters. *Neither exists perfectly without the other. One supports the other: one explains the other.*

.

"One who keeps the Vigil of Jesus.

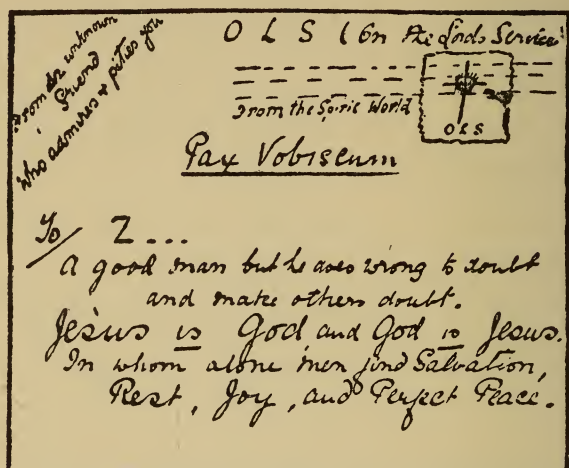
" + In whom there is Peace.

"Amen.

"JACK."

After completing this message Jack drew what was intended to represent the outside of an envelope. On p. 144 is set out a copy of this envelope, excepting that I have inserted the letter "Z" in place of the name of the lecturer to whom it was addressed.

With my letter I enclosed Jack's message (including the envelope), but I asked for its return, and I have it now in my possession.



CHAPTER XVI

As already stated (p. 4), both my children have developed powers of clairvoyance and clair-audience. One of the earliest of their clair-audient messages was received by my daughter, Ellen, on the 2nd of December, 1916, and taken down at her dictation. It concluded in the following terms—

“I must go now, dears. . . . There is a great Intercessory Service in our Church among those who sympathise with the Allies—with the poor and suffering ones in Roumania, and other invaded countries. We shall be very busy, so don't be disappointed if we can't come.

“This is *so* important. These three days, to-day, to-morrow, and Monday, are days of intercession. I believe they are sending down a messenger from the higher planes to take the message right up to the Father.

“God help the Roumanians: God help us all.

"It is a great work this, a necessary one, and one of mercy.

"JACK."

With the exception of the above message and those in chapter xxiii. all of the messages set out in this volume were received by automatic writing.

24th December, 1916.

A joint message was received from Jack and Hector—

"CHRISTMAS EVE

"Now, good-night, and before we go, just a few words on the wonderful birthday of Christ to-morrow. It is called among many here the 'Mass of Christ,' or the 'Rising' of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness which shall dispel all Evil.

"This form of exhortation is much used here, at this period especially—

"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way.

"I am the Door, the Means, and the Path.

"I am the Pitcher, the Well, and the Manna.

"I am the Fruit, the Tree, and the Cross.

"I am the Rock, the Water, and the Land.

"I am the Soul, the Spirit, and the Essence.

"I am the Sweet Savour, the Aroma of Goodness, the Odour of Sanctity.

"I have the fragrance of the Musk Rose, the Depth of the Chasm, and the Clearness of Spring-Water.

"I have the Softness of Dew, the Brightness of Crystal, and the Ripeness of Sweet Fruits.

"I have the Strength of the Oak, the Height of the Mountain, and the Grandeur of the Glaciers.

"I am Cold as Snow, and Breathing Warm as Fire.

"I am unchanged and unchanging. I am God the All-Mighty, God of your fathers, God of Battles, and God of Peace.

"I am the God of Yesterday, the God of To-day, and the God of To-morrow. I have endured for all Time, and before all Time was I not made, but did I make.

"I am for what is now, for what was, and for what will be.

"I am the Past, the Present, and the Future.

"I have Strength and Suppleness, and Age and Youth.

"Yet have I nothing of you.

"But yet have I all things.

“For you are Mine, and the World is Mine and I made It, and the Worlds above.

“And you did I make and fashion from dust after My Likeness, and into you did I breathe a Soul.

“I love you as a Mother loves the Child at her breast.

“I love you as the Shepherd loves his Sheep.

“I love you as the Sun loves the Stars, and as the Sky loves the Earth.

“I am yours, and you are Mine.

“Nothing can alter Me. I am for ever the same, Immutable, Unchanging.

“Lo, when men say unto you: ‘See, what is there in life, or in this world, or in any world that remaineth ever constantly the same? For see, even the hills are altered by the years, and the mountains we see to-day our children will see differently.’

“But answer you them: ‘God is My God, and Thy God. He is the same One, Indivisible, United, Inseparable, Unfathomable.’

“I am more to you than the Milk which thy Parent gave thee.

“I am more precious than gold, more rare than jewels, more hidden than precious stones.

"Yet I am here, for all Mankind to have.

"And they will have Me not.

"I am more valued than all the riches of all the Worlds in one man's keeping.

"I have given you powers of mind, My children, and you use them against Me.

"I have given you treasure, you place it in your Shrines instead of Me.

"I have given you Eyes, if you will open them, and you ask where am I?

"I have given you Hands to strive with, and you take them into Sin.

"I have given you Feet to lead you through the World, and they conduct you to Mine enemies.

"I give you My Name—you slander It.

"I give you My Prophets—you believe them not.

"I give you them to be a testimony unto you—and behold you laugh them to scorn.

"I gave you My Only Son, and you received Him not.

"But rather did you cast Him away, out of the Vineyard which I have given to others.

"You scourged Him, who left My Breast to come to you.

"You crowned Him with thorns, that renounced His Kingly Diadem that He might come to you.

"You judged Him, who came from Me that He might save you from Judgment.

"You spat on Him, that was the Godhead, that was the Christ, the Emmanuel, the Messiah I promised you long since.

"You took Him and Crucified Him, who came to save you from a fate to which crucifixion were no punishment at all.

"You mocked Him on His Cross of Pain, who came to help you bear your Cross.

"You pierced His Side, whose Heart was pierced by your Sin.

"You would have Him not for King of the Jews; yet see, He was King over all men.

"Yet He came and died, as some poor slave, upon the Cross of Shame.

"You slew My Son, and yet how well do I love you!

"I have opened unto ye a World of Light and Love, and see! how many are there among you that enter in, and see the beauties there?

"I gather weary Souls out of the fleshly sufferings even unto My Breast, and lo! do not men rail

at Me and Mine, and pour dishonour upon My Name?

“Out of the struggling world I take you, even unto My Kingdom; but My Mercy is repaid with tears, and My Loving-kindness with ingratitude.

“Revilings give ye unto Me for all I did for you.

“I that poured forth My Blood to free My Young.

“And do ye not turn and rend Me?

“Yet will I not reproach, for My Love is of all Times, and lasted before Time was.

“Turn unto Me, O Children of My Soul!

“I am a Fertile Place in a Barren Wilderness, and where all is dark, yet I am a Shining Light.

“As a Star to the wanderer, a Staff to the pilgrim, a Balm to broken hearts.

“Such have I been, and shall I be, for all the coming ages.

“Count each drop of blood that ye have shed for Me but as a gleaming step upon the Path which leads to Me.

“Count each tear that you have wept for Me but as the Nectar to refresh a fainting Soul.

“I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way.

"I am more Sure than Certainty, and in Me shall no man be deceived.

"For I am the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the World; if he will have Me, I am here.

.

"Yours ever and always,

"JACK."

"HECTOR, yours too."

CHAPTER XVII

20th January, 1916.

MRS. WATSON, who had obtained (through my daughters) a message from her husband some weeks previously to this date, desired to receive from him a further message. The first message received on this occasion was from her son Fred (see pp. 34, 35), and then came one from her husband. The husband's message is not set out below, but Fred wrote as follows—

“Mother, it's Fred—you said so, didn't you, Mrs. X——, dear lady?

“Oh, mother, dear, sweet little mother, I heard you discussing your plans in there” (pointing with the pencil to the dining-room). . . . “I think it would be very nice for you to get into the country. The peace and calm of the country quiets the soul and helps along your spiritual development; it does, indeed.

"I like my dear, dear mother to be very happy. It's lonely for you, I am afraid. I think you'd be happier if you could get a Planchette and communicate with us. I am sure we could come—after just a little time to prepare and calm down—and enter the 'Golden Gates' of Spirit-intercourse. Try you two together first, then my darling mother *alone*. I am sure you could manage it, dear."

Mrs. Watson referred to her son having met his father in the Spirit-world.

"Isn't it splendid, mother? I think you sort of opened the gates between us, and broke down anything in the way, don't you know?"

His mother spoke of the pleasure of being able to communicate.

"I am *so* glad for your sake, mother, dear pet. I know you appreciate so highly the lovely fact of Spirit-intercourse. We are all *so* happy. You know, mother, dear one, it's no empty talk when I say I'd rather go through ten times more trouble than we went through, to gain the glorious happi-

ness of meeting our earth-friends in Spirit-communion."

After Mrs. Watson had expressed regret that more people did not know of the power of Spirit-intercourse, the message proceeded—

"Yes—if only!!! Father says that, too. You know, mother, my own dear, you must look upon us as *quite naturally* (by all the laws of God and man!) living, breathing, sympathising, praying, thinking, talking, wishing, desiring, working; enjoying freedom, happiness and peace—that Peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Thank God! Yes, thank God!

"Mother, do you know, I appreciate so much more than ever I did on earth the real significance of those words, 'Whose service is perfect freedom.' Yes, that's it!

"Ah, mother, why do they look on us as 'dead'? Why do they think we are asleep—even the Churchmen?

"Why do the materialists look upon us as clods of clay—just bodies; no souls—no spirits—no essence—no divine fire from the Nostrils of God Himself?

“Mother, we are living; we are with you; we love you, oh, *so* much! We are happy, contented, peaceful; far more at rest (in ‘the Spirit,’ I mean) than we ever were on earth!”

In the course of conversation it had been mentioned to Mrs. Watson that it was proposed to bring out a book of the messages we had received, or some of them. After Fred Watson had proceeded in his message up to the point shown above, he went on, a little lower down the page, as set out below—

“Mrs. X——, I just want to say this: *Get out that Book*—Book of your Messages. Mother, don’t you agree? . . . And put in personal messages, too. They have about them a ‘ring of truth,’ and speak with ‘the voice of a clarion’ from the jaws of Death, and the Gates of the Other World.

“Mother, dear, don’t forget about that book. Call it the ‘Book of Easter Messages.’ Get it out for Easter—‘Easter’ is such an appropriate name. ‘Easter,’ the New Dawn, you see. . . .

“Good-bye, darling, darling mother. Why should they think love of our earth-people is dead directly we leave off our earthly casings? Why? Is it not strange? More refined, and thrice purified.

“Your loving son,
“FRED.”

March, 1917.

In the early months of 1917 my children did a considerable number of Spirit-drawings and paintings, many of which are still in my possession, and are such as they could not have done of themselves. The sketch below is a facsimile copy of a caricature which one of the spirits who has been to us (not one of those whose messages are set out in this volume) drew through one of my daughters of himself. I was present when it was done, and it only took a few moments.



Below is a copy of a sketch drawn immediately after the above caricature, by the same spirit, of a relative of his.



CHAPTER XVIII

WE have learned from messages received that spirits on a fairly high plane are taken occasionally to a still higher plane in order that they may enjoy the privilege of seeing what in the Spirit-world is called the vision of "The Sorrowful Visitation," or "The Seven Wondrous Ways." It is stated that in this vision Christ appears in His earth-form, with the wounds of the Cross in His Hands and Feet, and that He walks along followed by His Apostles (also in their earth-forms), and as He moves a drop of blood falls at each step, and instantaneously a flower grows up, and that these flowers remain until just before a further visitation, when they wither and die.

18th February, 1917.

Jack's mother, Marian, who had heard of the book of Spirit-messages we had intended publishing, wrote—

"Now, dears, I wonder if I can write anything for your book."

We asked whether she could tell us anything beyond what we had already been told of "The Sorrowful Visitation." Marian therefore said she would write, as far as she could recollect it, one of the chants used on those occasions, and she proceeded to write as follows—

"ONE OF THE CHANTS OF THE 'SORROWFUL VISITATION,' OR 'SEVEN WONDROUS WAYS'

"Come unto the fold of the Faithful Shepherd and unto the Arms of your Loving Lord.

"For who is there can unto Him compare, and what of joy is there on earth but what is transitory and passing away as a little breath of wind?

"What happiness holdeth the world but in His smile; and when He frowneth where is there comfort for the weary soul, that wandereth about like a wounded beast in some barren place?

"Why, O my soul, am I sorrowful; and why is my soul fainting within me?

"Why is the shadow of death upon me, and the gladness of all things gone?

"For, my Lord, did I not trust in Thee, and have I not always sought after Thy Word?

"Yet am I low at heart, and my soul exceeding sorrowful even unto Death.

"For, my Lord, I had thought I pleased Thee, and that my ways were fashioned after Thine.

"O Lord, leavest Thou Thy servant, and takest Thou Thy Loving Hand from me?

"Thou hast sheltered me, dear Lord, from bitter winds, and when the storm came hard, Thou didst deny me not.

"Wherefore, O my soul, art thou downcast, and lo! why is thy faith gone from thee?

"Lord, speak, and my soul is healed: touch, and my ill is cured.

"Jesus, my darling Saviour, be not offended at me.

"For I am but a sinful man, and mine eyes have not Thy sight.

"Nor is my way as Thine, nor my thoughts as Thou wouldst have them.

"Wherefore, I say, O Jesus, spare Thou me, and cease Thy chastening."

At this point a line was drawn, and the remainder of the chant appears to be in the nature of a Divine response to the above—

"My loved one, what sayest thou?

"Thine heart is weary and thy spirit faints.

"O My son! be not downcast, for after the night-time, lo! there cometh the dawn, and after every temptation withstood the joy of a victory won for Me.*

"With courage haste ye on; waste not a day, but journey on to Me.

"If I had faltered on the stony road, lo! where now would My children be?

"If I had not borne the Cross, and suffered with joy the pangs of Calvary, your Crown would have faded and your Peace delayed.

"But every Drop of Blood redeemed a million souls, and every Wound that pierced My Flesh paid off the debt of man.

"Every nail they struck in was building up the Bridge that leads to God.

"And of My heart ye made a stepping-stone that brought ye to My Father.

"Reject it not, O children, but give your souls to Me.

"I value them far above gold or rubies, and to

* The remainder of this chant, although for convenience set out here, was in fact written at Marian's next visit (11th May, 1917).

My Nostrils they scent with the Fragrance of Sweet Flowers.

"Guilt shall be washed away, and for your tears, lo, I say unto you, they are but as the Dew to refresh the Garden of the Soul.

"All shall be gathered unto Me: in My Arms will I collect the peoples of the world.

"Princes and peasants, beggars and kings, slaves and high-born rulers, those of the purple, and those clad in rough garments, *all and every one will I save and bless.*

"For am I not the Dayspring from on High which has visited you?

"Through the veil of the flesh, and *the mists of bigotry and dogma, My Light and Love shine out to be beheld of all men.*

"Come unto Me, ye weary ones, and coming lean on Me.

"In whom ye may find peace.

"Amen."

Beneath this a line was drawn, and then was written—

"To the Glory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"So be it.

"Pax Vobiscum.

"Benedicite.

"Amen."

11th May, 1917.

Marian came again. At this visit, after referring to a woman who, having lived a gross life when on earth many years ago, had been in an unhappy condition for a long period in the Spirit-world, but had since been raised to a happier plane, Marian wrote—

"People who live that sort of life on earth usually continue in the gratification of the same desires when they reach this world. In this they are abetted by men and women of the same instincts and inclinations, till the continual practice of this horrid sin brings them to an almost animal state. . . .

"When the sin is expiated, and the purging done, the spirit feels an inward sickening, and a repugnance to the frightful surroundings, and these same sentiments act as an impetus to the reborn and rejuvenated soul, which from that date springs forward as a plant towards the Light. Be sure, be absolutely certain that no punishment, chastening, or correction is given in this world in the same imperfect, light, and often incorrect or partial way

in which 'justice' is administered in your world of 'Injustice'—God knows, weighs, adjusts. He is supreme Lord, Ruler, Arbitrator, Judge.

"Take that as your creed. Nothing that comes from His Hands and into which He has breathed the Breath of Life can ever *die*. Nor can it be destroyed nor suffer eternally. All He does is just. He Himself is Love.

"But—be sure 'God is not mocked.' Those who have trespassed suffer: those who have knowingly caused pain, endure pain: those who have cheated and tricked are themselves cheated and tricked by their fellows here.

"The murderer bathes in blood. The usurper trembles for his possessions: the miser for his hoards.

"The righteous man gains the reward of righteousness, and he who on earth was a son of God is brought still nearer unto his Father. The man or woman or little child who honestly and fearlessly—though falteringly, maybe—tries to win for himself (or herself) a way to Heaven, here finds the Path he (or she) began on earth, opened out in renewed glory.

"But finally Evil is overcome. God has the

victory over sin, and to His loving Bosom He draws His sinners. Weakness is made strong and folly wise—by Him to whom all glory be, now, as was and shall be, world without end. Amen.

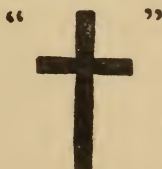
“MARIAN.”

We thanked Marian for the Spirit-chant which, as stated above (p. 163, note), she completed on the occasion of this visit, and Marian then wrote—

“ . . . I am glad you like that beautiful (‘glorious,’ as you say) chant.

“Would you like me to write down, if I can remember, one of our Spirit-creeds? I’ll put it on the next page, if I may, and leave this to be used for ordinary writing like this.”

We said we should greatly appreciate the privilege of being allowed to read a Spirit-creed—



“I believe in God the Father, who created the worlds and all they contain, the Giver of Life, the Judge of all things, and the Great Spirit.

“I believe in God the Son, Our Blessed Saviour, Christ, the Redeemer of all men, who entered into the womb of Our Blessed Lady, took unto Himself the shape of man, and bore for us the burden of the earthly body.

“I believe that He is the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, the Son of God, and the Brother of Man: that He preached the Faith of His Father to all men and for all times; that He was betrayed by Judas Iscariot, arraigned before Pontius Pilate, delivered unto His enemies, and scourged, mocked, and reviled by those He came to save.

“He hung on the Cross at Calvary, and yielded up His soul to God.

“His earthly body was buried, and in the Spiritual Form He passed into the place of departed Souls to teach the Gospel, revisited the earth, and was witnessed of His disciples, with whom He communed.

“At His own appointed time He returned to His other world, ascending into Heaven.

“I believe in the Holy Ghost, Third Person of the Trinity, who descended upon the Christ in the form of a dove, and who came with a message from God at the Pentecost.

“I believe in the Righteousness and Mightiness of the Trinity, in the boundless power and illimitable love of the Great Spirit, which no man can circumscribe.

“Also, in the Eternal Life, the Immortality of the Soul, and the death of the physical body, which formeth but a covering to the Spirit of man.

“Also, in the limitation of punishment for sins, the Salvation of all men, and the fulness of the saying of Jesus: ‘I, if I be lifted up, will draw *all* men unto Me.’

“I believe in the Communion of Saints, the Brotherhood of Man, the Infinity of the Spirit, and the powerlessness of ‘Death.’ It is but a Gate that leads to another world; merely an initiation into the Kingdom of God.

“And I also believe in the efficacy of prayer, and the intercession of the Holy Mother and the Saints.

“In whom we find perfect Peace as with all in the Bosom of the Father.

“Amen.”



CHAPTER XIX

13th May, 1917.

IN the afternoon of Sunday, the 13th of May, 1917, I was sitting in my garden with my daughter Ellen. I was looking at a book, whilst my daughter, who was sitting near me, took up a pencil and paper to try and obtain a message. Almost immediately writings came through in what appeared to be ancient characters and in several different languages. Some of the passages were written backwards, commencing at the right-hand corner of the bottom of the page.

I have not at present been able to obtain a translation of these writings, and accordingly I do not set them out in this volume, although they are still in my possession.

After this, however, there followed some writing in Greek and Latin, as set out below. To appreciate the importance of this, I ought to mention that my daughter at this time had only just begun to learn Latin, and had not got

to the end of the declensions. She had not begun to learn Greek, and indeed had never had a Greek book of any description in her hands.

The spirit who wrote was apparently an Italian, Lorenzo by name, who had "died" many years ago and had either to a large extent forgotten the Greek he knew on earth, or was unable to write, through my daughter, the Greek words and characters with complete accuracy. He made three attempts at this visit to write what we afterwards discovered to be a sentence from the Greek Testament.

The first of these writings was as follows—

"Ε"

"Και εισλθών διήρεχτο . . ."

Having got thus far, Lorenzo broke off and commenced again—

"Και εισλθών διήρεχτο τήν έριχω και ιδ . . ."

A line was then drawn and the following sentence was written in Latin—

"Multi habent cruces, perpauci habent coronas."

My daughter, I need hardly say, could not have written this sentence herself, and, indeed,

she had never heard of such a word as "per-paucus."

Beneath this was then written—

"Un bell' homo di giorni di Lorenzo Magnifico, estate in Milano anno dominini cuindici centi."

A few minutes later Lorenzo tried once more to write the Greek passage referred to above. Of this attempt a copy is set out below—

"ΕΥΑΓΓΕΛΙΟΝ."

"Κ Ε Φ."

"Ξ Ε Ι Θ."

"Καὶ εἰσελθὼν διήρεχτο τὴν Ἱερὶχω· καὶ ἰδοὺ ἀνὴρ ὀνοματι καλσόμενος Ζακχαῖος καὶ αὐτος ἦν ἀρχ— "

I had so completely forgotten the little Greek I ever knew that I was quite unable to make anything whatever of any of the Greek writings set out above. Some days later, however, with the assistance of other persons acquainted with Greek, I learned that, although there were errors in spelling, the writing formed the commencement of the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke.

It will be observed that Lorenzo's first and second attempts at the Greek were less success-

ful than his third and final attempt. The last writing terminates, it will be seen, with the first three letters of a word which will be found from the Greek text to be "*αρχιτελωνης*." The originals of the three Greek writings referred to above are still in my possession.

There are no doubt mistakes even in the third Greek writing; but small errors in spelling take away nothing from the overwhelming strength of the evidence which the writing affords of the power of Spirit-intercourse. My daughter could not of herself have written one word of the whole passage, or even a single Greek character.

In the circumstances, moreover, the theory of "thought transference" is inadmissible. I was not thinking of Latin when the Latin sentence was written, and I was not thinking of Greek when the Greek sentence was written. I was not looking over my daughter's shoulder as the pencil moved, and was not aware that Latin was being written until the Latin sentence was concluded and was then shown to me. And I was not aware that Greek was being written until some of the Greek had been writ-

ten and was shown to me. Further, I could not have recollected, even if I had tried to do so, any sentence, or part of any sentence, in the whole of the Greek Testament.

Moreover, as already stated, when the Greek writing was concluded I was wholly unable to interpret it; and as I had forgotten the Greek capital letters I was quite unable to make out what the letters were which formed the heading, "ΕΥΑΓΓΕΛΙΟΝ."

I would ask the readers of this volume to examine the last of the above Greek writings, and I would direct attention to the following points—

(1) The Greek characters formed are such as no child, wholly unacquainted with Greek, could possibly write of herself.

(2) The marks indicating the aspirate or its absence are correct, and could only be inserted by a person having some knowledge of the language.

(3) The letters "κεφ" at the top appear also in the Greek text. I had entirely forgotten what they signified.

(4) At the side of the number 19, at the top, "Ξ Ε" is written, and precisely the same occurs in the margin of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel in the copies of the Greek Testament to which I have referred.

(5) The punctuation at the end of the word "Ιέρω" should be noted. No one unacquainted with Greek would have put the stop in the position in which it appears (and appears correctly, according to the Greek text) in the passage set out above.

24th May, 1917.

Lorenzo came again and endeavoured to write some more Greek. He made two attempts. After the first he crossed out the words and wrote beneath—

"Je ne peux pas le faire avec facilité maintenant, voulez-vous attendre. Merci, je retournerai probablement bientôt."

We expressed regret that he should be disappointed, and he proceeded—

“Comment? Ce n'est pas assez propre pour moi. J'aime à faire bien.

“Votre toujours,

“LORENZO.”

He then made a second attempt at the Greek, of which the following is a facsimile copy—

“Κεφ. 19.”

“ΤΩΝ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ”

“ΚΗ' 19.”

“q' EΓΕΝΤΟ? δὲ ἐν τῷ τον Απολλῶ εἶναι Κορινθῶ Παυλον διελθονατι τὰ—”

I was present when this was written, but I did not look over my daughter as she wrote, and I did not know that Greek was being written until the pencil stopped and the above passage was shown to me.

Beneath this he wrote—

“Eh bien! je ne peux pas, mes chères.”

We expressed a hope he would come again.

“Comment? Oui, bientôt. J'espère.”

After referring to the Greek Testament I found that, although there were errors in spelling, the Greek writing set out above formed the commencement of the nineteenth

chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. As my daughter knows no Greek whatever, and has never learned to form a single Greek character, the fact that there are some errors in spelling is quite immaterial.

I would in particular direct attention to the following points—

(1) The heading “ΤΩΝ ΑΙΙΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ” could not be written by anyone unacquainted with Greek characters.

(2) The writing at the side, “Κεφ. 19,” is correct.

(3) The writing, “KH 19,” appears in the copies of the Greek Testament to which I have referred.

(4) In the first word an “E” is omitted, and it will be observed that at the end of the word a “?” is inserted, the writer being evidently conscious that there was some error in spelling.

(5) The little “q” before the first word of the sentence, relating to some cross-reference in the margin, occurs in different copies of the Greek Testament to which I have had access.

It would seem that Lorenzo had present to his mind the Greek passage, although imperfectly; and that one of the things seen by his mental vision was the little "q" at the commencement of the first word. At all events, such a mark could not be imagined by a person who had never seen the Greek text, and had never even had the Greek Testament in her hands.

CHAPTER XX

18th July, 1917.

MARIAN (see p. 66) wrote a message on the subject of "Prayer"—

"Prayer is the great comfort of souls in distress, and souls who are in happier conditions. Therefore, I bid ye all, souls of the earth-plane, never neglect to pray to your Father which is in Heaven.

"If ye sin, beg forgiveness, and the Father will have compassion on you, seeing as He does that ye are beset with so many and great temptations; and if ye are sick at heart, then will He that is the Light of the World bring comfort unto your soul.

.

"He shall be seen afar off in the planes where never yet have such as I ventured.

"He shall be seen as a great Luminous Star that increases in brightness as it comes nearer to the eyes of wondering mortals.

.

" 'Verily,' said the Lord, 'I that come thus have

suffered as a man on the earth-plane, as any of ye, and then did I count myself one of ye, though verily I am the Son of God and am come to call the erring to repentance.'

.

"And so He rises once more beyond the vision of even the brightest Spirits of gold, into His Own Kingdom.

"And when He hath gone, the Light leaveth the planes that before He came were in darkness, but were lighted to a golden radiance when He came near unto them. And the gladness drops from the hearts of the souls in the Dark Kingdom, the Gladness of Hope that had entered their hearts (as a sunbeam steals through a parting in the curtains of a window) at the approach of the Father.

"But though they seem to go further from the Light, yet in a brief while, maybe, after a visit from the Father, their souls are raised from the depths into lighter Kingdoms.

"And knowing these things as ye do, my children, I bid ye have care, lest ye at any time fall into the sins of those who in our world are forbidden from the joyous light of other planes.

"I bless you, my Children of Earth, and your

petitions to the Almighty; may they be heard and granted to you.

"In the Sweet Peace of the Sacred Heart of Jesus I leave ye.

"MARIAN.

"(Of Higher Planes)."

20th July, 1917.

We received a message very unusual in form and wording. This and the next message from the same hand are the only writings we have had from any Austrian or German—

"I lothe (*sic*) you all."

We were a little surprised at this, and said that the spirit who was writing might at all events spell "loathe" properly. The writing went on—

"I don't think so: no, don't."

We asked whether it was a man or woman writing, to which he replied "man"; and after a few more words, proceeded—

"I am going to the Padre's; you know, Father Jean Olivert. . . .

"KARL."

Karl stated he was an Austrian, and I may observe we never knew him on earth.

28th July, 1917.

We were at my sister's house. One of my daughters took up a pencil to try and obtain a message from a relation. But instead of this the following was received from "Karl." We did not know who was writing until the message was concluded and signed; although as it proceeded we thought it not unlikely it was from Karl—

"Here, where's the other woman? I want her."

At the time when the writing commenced my daughter and my sister were alone. Concluding that my wife was referred to by "the other woman" they fetched her from an adjoining room, and I also went into the room where the writing was taking place.

We asked who was writing, and Karl went on—

"I'll tell them. Ach! I will. I hate the lot of you. Your country is in for a bad time. There's a plot a-brewing of and all them chief persons in England as you think is inosent (*sic*) is not, so the devil tak (*sic*) the lot of you. theirs (*sic*) — in it, so you may well be alarmed. If I

could write in my own language through the instrument I hav (*sic*), I would. But I cannt (*sic*), and you may be prepared for treachery in the camp. — — is sayfe (*sic*) as far as intrigues are concerne (*sic*), but beware of — — and Madam Frau. She's the one primately (*sic*). . . .

"German gold is everywhere—and German powr (*sic*) everywher (*sic*). . . .

"You hav (*sic*) had a warning from one who hav (*sic*) been brawte (*sic*) up and elevate (*sic*) to hate you, so that is all.

"KARL."

We asked whether it was the same "Karl" who had written for us a few days before at our own house, to which he replied "Yes"; and on our asking him to tell us something of himself, he wrote—

"Killed in the war. I was in Engiand befor (*sic*) the war. Quit (*sic*) yung" (*sic*).

On my wife saying that before the war English people liked and were friendly with the Austrians, who had been dragged into the war by Germany, Karl continued—

“My mother was German. She hates Anglishe (*sic*). God be your help. I don’t hate you now. You are ‘no so badde’ (*sic*) as my Anglishe (*sic*) schoolfellow (*sic*) once said of the Austrians. He died her (*sic*) oute (*sic*) figting (*sic*). He fawte (*sic*) for France. He was a splendid man as an Anglisher (*sic*).

“God curse, say I, those who brawte (*sic*) about the horrible (*sic*) war. I must go now. I lik (*sic*) you now—be nice and frendes (*sic*). After all I only fawte (*sic*) for my countri (*sic*) and father-lande (*sic*).

“Your frend (*sic*) though one-time foe,

“KARL.”

CHAPTER XXI

31st July, 1917.

BEATRICE ATHELSTAN (see p. 41) called and desired to get a further message from her husband. She did not obtain, on this occasion, any communication from her husband, but a message came from her mother (Mrs. Godfrey), who told her that a friend, Katie Allen (who had died about six months previously and whose name my children had never heard of) desired her sister Agnes and the other members of her family to be informed that she (Katie Allen) was happy in the Spirit-world and did not wish them to be distressed at her "death."

Mrs. Athelstan conveyed this message to Agnes Allen, who wrote back expressing doubt of the existence of the power of Spirit-intercourse. Mrs. Athelstan then wrote to us desiring my children to try and obtain a further message from her mother or from Katie Allen.

15th August, 1917.

The following message was received from Mrs. Athelstan's mother—

“Tell my dear Beatrice that I love her unceasingly. . . . Tell her I have seen Katie often, and that Katie asks me to beg her for ‘auld lang syne’ to pass on to Agnes, and all, these few words of comfort. ‘Tell them,’ said Katie, ‘that I love them as much, even more, if that is possible, than I did on earth. I know they miss me very much, and that knowledge worries me. Tell them that I know the conviction they have to fight against, but that I, their own Katie, have learnt myself, oh! such a lot since I went through the trial of physical death.

“ ‘Tell them that these things I have learnt, these things I *know*—

“ ‘(1) There is no death—to the Soul.

“ ‘(2) In this world—the Spirit-world—there awaits *every* one (after a proper amount of purgation for sins committed in the earth-life) a life of light and love.

“ ‘(3) We spirits work for *Jesus*; we try our hardest to help and comfort our fellow-beings not

yet "dead," as you call it, especially those we love.

" (4) We are allowed, if the opportunity is given us, to communicate and inform them of these great truths.

" (5) We love them, pray for them, think of them unceasingly.

" (6) There is a great *inner* meaning to that lovely clause in the creed: "I believe in the Communion of Saints." For, as we know, the word "Saints" in the day when those words were written meant, not a perfect being, as in the modern sense, but merely a simple, humble disciple of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

" (7) This "new" teaching of "Spiritualism," or Spirit-intercourse, is really as old as the world, and not only in ancient days, before Christ, but in the times *after* Him, Intercourse with the Spirits was sanctioned and commonly practised. For who was a greater medium than Our Blessed Lord Himself? Was He not "clairvoyant" and "clair-audient"? . . . What a vast amount have I learned since physical death! . . . You would be quite safe in Spirit-intercourse if you put yourselves entirely into the hands of God. . . .

“ ‘(8) Those wonderful words of St. Paul’s are true: “There is a physical body and a *spiritual* body,” and he goes on to explain that *the first is corruptible* (as we all know it is), but that *the second is incorruptible* (as now *you* know it is). Our souls are immortal, St. Paul explains, and encased in a *spiritual body* they live on after the death of the *physical* and *corruptible* body.

“ ‘Our spiritual body is free from the imperfections and weaknesses of the old fleshly one. We joy here with no illness, no weariness, no pain. After our punishment is passed (for we all commit a certain amount of sins in the earth-life, and our punishment here is in perfect proportion to those sins and takes into account the misfortunes and trials we may have undergone in the old life), after our punishment there is happiness *for all*. That is a great thing to know. No one God’s loving Hands created is to suffer everlastingly; but *all*, *all* and *everyone* are to joy finally in the wonderful glory of His Presence.

“ ‘Oh, my dears! *Don’t* refuse me now that I have come to you. *Don’t* shut me out. I am knocking at the door; I have done my best to communicate with you, and you must not let old

prejudices stand in the way of our mystical (yet perfectly natural) reunion. I will be with you all as ever. Because you cannot *see* me, yet don't think I am not with you, that I do not love you, think of you, pray for you as lovingly as ever.

“ ‘Oh, my own dears! *Don't* weep for me any more. Here I am—*living, living, living!*”

“ ‘You must try to study the Bible in the light that has lately been cast over it. Read what Beatrice Athelstan has been reading—a book* written by a clergyman of the Established Church of England. He is a splendid man, so often talked about here. He has been given magnificent information to help him in giving to the world such a fine book. It is full of great truths. It would teach you *much*.

“ ‘I know, my dears, I know all that has to be overcome of old ideas. But those old ideas have really sprung up from a faulty explanation of the truths the Holy Bible contains.

“ ‘My tender love to all. . . . Remember me lovingly, but *not* with tears. You know I was

* This book, we have ascertained, is one written by the Rev. Arthur Chambers.

cheery on earth, and I love cheeriness and brightness now. And there is no need for tears: I am NOT DEAD but LIVING. I *live*. There is no death!! There are *no* dead!!'

"Now, my dear Beatrice, that is the message. . . . Pass it on, my darling. Do the good work and have no fear. . . .

"Your loving mother,

"A—— GODFREY."

CHAPTER XXII

AT various dates, mostly after parts of this book were already in the press, we received messages from a spirit, E——, who in her earth-life is well known to history, although she died in early youth. It appears from these messages that E—— is known in the Spirit-world as "Lily-white." She has given us a most interesting account of her passage into the Spirit-world and of her early experiences there; and at the end of most of her messages, "Lily-white" has made observations of a very interesting character, although they do not form part of her story.

The spelling in these messages, which was throughout in Old English style, has been altered, except in the case of the headings or "catchwords" (where these occur), the spelling of which has been left as received.

It is material to observe that the messages set out in this chapter are the only ones we have received in which the spirit writing has employed a "control."

FIRST MESSAGE

"I saw a vision as of great glory, and there came a voice from other worlds, saying: 'Behold! Now art thou initiate into the near Kingdom of God!' And mine ears were filled with sweet sounds of strange music, tender-light as the fairies, and seeming to breathe around me pure fragrance and holy thoughts, fresh from the Mind of Jesus.

"O Sweetest White Flower of Bethlehem—Sacred Branch of Jesse's Sacred Stem—so may Thou ever be with me, O Thou of the Lily Perfume! In life and in death—the higher life—abide with me!

"And I saw, as it were stretched out before me, all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. And there spake within my soul a voice saying: 'Would ye not forgo all these, yea, them all, to be brought nearer unto Me?' And swiftly as flies the eagle to his rocky home did I reply: 'Yea, Lord, all, them all.'

"And then from a mist of darkness rose a golden light, glorious like the morning in the first breaking. And a whisper sounded from all creation as of many voices crying aloud:

“ ‘Behold! He is the Lord of all, of Earth and Heaven, and Hades, the place of departed souls. Is He not more powerful far than Death? And hath He not obtained the victory over the grave?’ ”

“And before my dazzled vision there shone white radiance so that my sight could not bear the brightness thereof, and perforce I cried aloud, saying: ‘Lord, Lord, tell me! Wherefore am I here? What mystery holdest Thou as a little bird nestling in the Palm of Thy Hand? What say these fragrant lilies from Thy garden? What do they know of Death?’ ”

“And straightway the Light that had shone so glorious sank in the Heavens, like the sun at eventide, and the soft whisperings merged into one sound as of a sweetly murmuring sea: ‘Death! Death! There is no Death!’ ”

“LILY-WHITE.

“*Control*, DOROTHY MARTEN.

“I will finish when I am permitted to come again.

“+ In Jesus and Mary I leave you. For the nonce adieu. Call to me again very soon, O my sisters the other side of ‘Death.’ ”

SECOND MESSAGE

“Gently the soft glimmerings of that Mellow Light shone out over the world, and as the angel-voices swelled into a beauteous harmony, rising and falling in musical cadence, then did my heart leap within for very joy, and my soul sang blithely a pæan of thanksgiving. I fell on my knees in the ecstasy of my content, embracing the sweet-breath’d flowers at my feet. ‘These, O Lord, are they not the lowly handmaids of Thy Temple, are they not the expression in nature of Thine Own most lovely Thoughts?’

“As I spake thus there fell on a sudden a great silence, and the Wings of Sleep seemed to close over the busy Life that throbs throughout the worlds, fresh, sweet, and soothing, as though ’twould say, ‘Rest, rest, be at rest. . . .’

“In mighty wonderment I long lay pondering, dreaming over the marvels of God’s marvellous universe; and in the midst of this ‘soft-hued contemplation’ there came a voice from out of the pearly-greyness around me, saying: ‘Sleep, sleep, O busy Worlds! Sleep, sleep, O thoughtless, heedless, prayerless peoples of the Earth. Sleep,

be at rest. O world that God made from His Own Sweet Perfumed Breath; O World for which the Lord Jesus died, in what darkness art thou lying—yea, lost as though in the entrammelling mists of night. Dark when the Light shines out over thee; tired when the Life of all creation waits to be thy Staff; stumbling when Jesus is there to aid thee; moving swiftly, evilly wilful, towards the great abyss.

“ ‘O sinful World! Thinkest thou never of aught but thine own concerns? Petty concerns, petty cares, petty blessings, in comparison with God! O World God made! hast thou never a thought for thy Father? When darkness closes over thee, dost thou not reflect on the mightiness of God?

“ ‘Thou art the most beautiful, and verily the most hideous. Thou art the most pure, yet verily the most foul. Thou wert made for Sunshine and thou courttest Darkness. Thou wert made for Spirit, and the Flesh alone holdeth thee. Are there no ties to attract thee, O Babylon, but carnal ones, no union to be made but the wedding of Vice?

“ ‘Fall, fall, then from thine high estate! Fall, fall, fall! Drop, drop, wither, die! In thee the

Good is lost and Evil alone survives. Virtue succumbs, Vice is Queen of all. Empire of wickedness! O Home of Sin, O Plague-Spot in Creation! O Sore, that disfigures the Dazzling Body of the Godhead! Heaven cannot be thy Goal; Hell, to my thoughts, would close her gates against thee!

“ ‘Thou comest warm from the Heart of Jesus, and see how thou turnest from Him. Yea, rather wouldst thou lie in the Arms of Evil, tempting thy betters with thy comeliness, like a wanton woman with her evil beauty.’

“So poured forth these wondrous words hot from a bosom teeming with tumultuous thoughts. I looked around me and to my sight there appeared a vision as of a Spirit in radiance, standing afar off, on a great height, looking over the world.

“ ‘Spirit from God!’ I said, casting myself in wondering humility before him; ‘think not so evil of the world; all is not wicked, and Hope is far from lost!’

“He looked on me and his eyes pierced me with a curious light.

“ ‘Call me “Brother,” ’ he said; ‘be not afeard of me. I come from higher spheres, and in my

Light you see a dull reflection of the Glorious Brightness upon the Fringe of God His Throne. . . . You marvel I find in my soul such bitterness against the world? Alas, I was one of those who succumbed to the charms of beauteous Babylon. O loveliness incomparable! O ripe charms! O delightfulness knowing so evilly well how to tempt all that will not at once surrender!

“ ‘I fell. They dragged me down; my whiteness was bespattered with the foulness that pervades the Earth. My beauty withered, hope sank, life became dulled, heart and soul broke in the struggle to redeem my fallen virtue.’

“He paused, as once more he looked out over the world.

“ ‘O Enchantress!’ he said, sighing gently as he gazed. ‘O Siren, that lures a Soul into perdition, that wiles It into danger, that hushes It to fatal sleep. Sleep of the Soul! Alas, how numbed It grows! How soon the consciousness of Good and Evil grows dull; Light that God lit from His Kingdom among the stars, alas! how soon It flickers beneath thy balmy breath!’

“Entranced, I waited, and gently he drew me towards him, softly speaking the while.

“ ‘Lean on me, O child of God! Lean on me, and bear with my repinings a short span longer. . . .’

“For the nonce, dear ones, we must part. Call me again soon—this noontide an you will. Till then adieu.

“ + In Jesus and Mary, the Blessed Flowers of Palestine,

“Yours always lovingly,

“LILY-WHITE.

“DOROTHY MARTEN,

“*Control.*”

THIRD MESSAGE

“ ‘See,’ he continued, ‘the glory of God’s wonderful World. . . . Yet look at the mists that cling around her, enveloping, enwrapping, fast enclosing. . . . Look at the darkness hanging over her, like a velvet pall over Heaven’s lovely Bride. Hark to the cataracts of Evil that sweep over her in one wild, impulsive rush.’

“Thus did he speak, one arm about me the

while, the other outstretched towards the darkling world.

“ ‘Ah, but see,’ spake I very gently unto him; ‘see the gleams of light that illuminate the darkness, shining like stars out on to a lonely sea. Hark to the soft fall of soul-refreshing waters, somewhere in that great world. Hark to the silvery sound, how it strikes the ear, like the notes of a sweet-tongued bell.’

“He smiled as his gaze wandered sadly over the vast universe once more.

“ ‘Those little gleams,’ he said, ‘are they not lost, poor, feeble guides in the all-pervading gloom? . . . In that mighty Ocean of Life, who stops to heed those flickering monitors? Nay, the proud vessels of wilful souls spread gleaming sail, and boldly unheeding, pass along.’

“ ‘If some ships wander away from the houses of guidance,’ quoth I, ‘are there not yet a few that safely reach their goal?’

“ ‘Aye,’ he answered me gravely, but with a mellowing sweetness, ‘some there are, or the Mission of Jesus would have been in vain. Yet in the Marshes of Life how many sink, dragged unresisting down into the foul depths; how many

thoughtless ones, erring from weakness, are beguiled away into the dangerous swamps by flitting glories, earthly will-o'-the-wisps!

“ ‘Doth not even glory’s crown wither away? True glory alone can be found in the Sweet Bosom of the Christ-One, and in such things as He smiles upon.’ . . .

“ ‘If those poor souls falter and fail, is there not Jesus to lean upon? There is no place for despair in all God’s wide universe,’ quoth I. ‘Through the Spiritual Eyes, Christ is always to be seen, the same, unchanging, and unchanged.’

“ ‘He answered me not, but lifted his face to the pure and cloudless Heavens, raising his arms in invocation to their limpid heights.

“ ‘Twin-Soul of Jesus,’ he said, ‘Spirit of yon sweet-tinted skies! Look down on us here, and grant unto our wondering souls a gleam of the Sunshine that cometh from God!’

“ ‘And even as he spoke a beam of Light rent the crystal-clearness of the Heavens, spreading around us a holy beauty.

“ ‘How different is Thy loveliness, O Spirit of the Skies, to the wanton beauty of the Earth!

How greatly dost thou ennoble, how greatly cheer,
and lighten, and give heart!' "

" + My dears, call me again to-morrow. I
will come.

"I wish you all good fortune, and sweet contentment,
and spiritual and earthly blessings.

"Your sister in Jesus,

"LILY-WHITE.

"*Control*, DOROTHY MARTEN."

FOURTH MESSAGE

" 'What wouldst thou tell me, beautiful Twin-Soul of Jesus, by the gentle radiance thou dost disperse around? All on a sudden does it break upon our vision like a glance direct from the Eyes of God.'

"There fell a silence, and out of the mighty quietness, as from a deep well, arose a soft voice, speaking words of holy wisdom.

" 'Look towards the Earth, 'gainst whom thou dost hold such bitterness in thine heart. Dost see yon Lines of Light that bind her fast to us?'

"Silent, we gazed over the vast expanse of

darkling worlds, and to our delighted vision there appeared numberless jets of brightness, now contracting, now expanding, but always thrown from out of the gloom in a constant line of light. The hues thereof were glorious—sweet pinks and blues, soft lilacs, yellows bright as the primrose dawn, reds and purples, and tender greens.

“Yet all were blended in a manner incomprehensible, so that none did dazzle the eye nor outshine, nor spoil each other, but all united in sweet agreement.

“Sometimes one would pale, flicker, and momentarily appear to die away, but at next view the sight was proved deceived, for the Light shone out as glorious as ever, like a Sentinel of God’s.

“‘Brother,’ I asked, ‘what do yon signals mean? Do our brethren of Earth desire that we should better survey their glamour? Tell me, I pray thee, what all the mystery means!’

“He smiled on me. ‘Child,’ he said, ‘there is no mystery here; those bright hues you behold are the spirit expression of the bright-hued thoughts and words and deeds of God’s holy children yonder. Seest thou that soul that passes by, gliding along the height of the mountains like a great white bird

from the joyful nature-choir of God? He takes flight for Earth. Dost note the perfect harmony of all his thoughts in a golden halo around him?

“ ‘Watch how swiftly he journeys through the gloom, spreading on all sides an atmosphere of sweet contentment and of Love. Watch how he parts the clouds to let his radiance through; they are but the curtains that keep God’s full glory from the sight of man. Watch him, O child of the Lily! Watch how he sings to the starlight, communing with the Restful Spirit of the Night. . . . Someone he loves bides for a short span longer upon the earth-plane, and devotedly he speeds to watch over them, creating love-images as he goes—yea, verily like a representation of himself.’

“ + Dear ones, I have been allowed to come to you and write just that little piece more. You will understand I know that the conditions are difficult. ‘Beppo’ is my control, the control acting for me to-day, and a change of control is always at first more difficult.

“Dear ones, I have loved coming to you. ‘Beppo’ loves you too. He is a fine Spirit, so have no fear.”

“Put yourself with perfect faith into the Hands of God, and be sure no evil can come. Above all, *keep* perfect faith. The more faith you have, the more blessings will you receive. God loves to give to those who worthily appreciate His wonderful gifts. . . . They are not, unhappily, to be enjoyed of all men. Alas! only few there are to understand—to be ‘initiate into His Kingdom’—but there are many more entering now therein: they have been passed through ‘The Golden Gates of Spirit-intercourse.’ . . .

“All you have been given you may take with faith, for if ‘God is not mocked,’ neither are His children when they rest their belief on Him.”

After some further observations, she said, referring to the spirits of those who have passed over—

“But we all advance; we all progress. Here there is no falling back, no decay. We all climb higher along that winding white path that leads to God.

“We are as tender towards our loved ones—nay, far more so, indeed, than ever we were on earth—and I do say emphatically after many years’

experience of the 'Spirit-life,' emphatically I say, communion with earth is desirable; more than desirable, it is most assuredly necessary.

"My father, in the worldly life, was a devotedly attached son of the English Church, and now I do not think there is anyone who prays more soulfully for a true 'communion of saints,' for a real union of the Church Militant and the Church Expectant.

"If the wise and learned clergy and priesthood of the present day but realised the needs of their flocks, ah, how different would life be, how altered the whole standpoint from which we overlook the great problems of the world! Atheism, Agnosticism, Unbelief, those hydra-headed enemies of the Church of Jesus, would vanish at the sweet approach of this rising 'young' science—the oldest in the world. And so fatal would be the Herculean sword, that no more should they flourish to threaten the existence of religion.

"Immorality, meanness, cruelty, excesses of all kinds, how are they to be combated? In vain do the priests of God puzzle bewildered heads over these great obstacles to the one-ness with Christ that should be the desire of all.

“What can be done to end this evil, to cure the loathsome disease? Ought the sore to be cut away to save the wholesome parts from contamination? Ought the physicians to handle the illness with a tender hand?

“No rantings of Hell, no threatenings of eternal punishment will make the erring lend an ear. ‘If such a tyrant be your God,’ say they, ‘we’ll have no God at all.’ No god but their own desires, no ruler but their own evil passions.

“Tell them in clear and manly terms, O shrinking priests, O pastors who quail before the storm of vice! Tell them of the doctrines inculcated by a close study of Spiritualism. Bring them tenderly, carefully, towards the Inner Light; lead them gently; educate, enlighten.

“Silence the quibbles of unbelief by the magnificent replies this study so liberally affords. Give it but a just opportunity to work out its results, and oh! what would the happiness be in this world and in yours! Comfort and consolation, relief and help.

“A broken heart cannot be mended by the cold talk of life in Heaven (or ‘Hell’!) at some far-distant period. ’Tis the living, ever-present,

throbbing true *reality* of life after 'death' for which the sufferer yearns. He longs to know if the 'lost' one still thinks of him, still gives him his loving prayers and thoughts.

" 'What will I care to meet my dead son in the Golden Streets of Heaven thousands, or, maybe, millions of years to come? I want him *now*. God has taken him; God has killed him, and I hate God!' And so the yearning goes on, and the empty void remains unfilled, and every fresh glance at the old corner by the fireside, at the lonely armchair by the window, every casual reminder, every chance reference, all bring a blow to the heart, and leave an angry smarting there.

"And so God, in lieu of the Preserver of Souls and the Saviour of mankind, is presented to the eyes of the scoffing multitudes as the 'Destroyer,' the 'Bogey,' with which 'artful priests' menace their frightened flocks. The 'Great Impostor' is substituted for the sweet title that He took Himself, glorying in its simplicity—'God is Love.' Yes, God is love, and in His all-wise and all-mighty love He draws His children nearer unto Him. That is all 'Death' means. The actual 'passing over,' minus the physical suffering and

fear which unhappily usually accompany it, is no more than a being brought nearer unto Him. . . .

“It is said here, sometimes, that St. John, the divine, ‘died’ at the Last Supper, when he pillowed his head on the Sacred Bosom of Jesus, and thus was brought ‘nearer unto Him.’

“Those who lead a worthy life, struggling to the best of their weak power to climb further along that ‘White Road to God,’ and whose route is broidered with sweet flower-heads and tender plants—such, I say, need never fear ‘Death.’ Even for the wicked, after their purgation is over, there is peace; for they are ‘home at last.’

“My dears, for the nonce farewell. . . . Call me again to-morrow. . . . God bless you all.

“In Jesus and Mary, sweet Flowers of Palestine.

“LILY-WHITE.

“+ E——.*

“*Control*, ‘BEPPO.’ ”

* This was the first message signed by “Lily-white’s” earth name, and until its receipt we did not know either her name or who she was on earth.

FIFTH MESSAGE

“Towards Earth is he bound on the wings of the starlit night, shedding around him, as he goes, sweet influences even like a rose that drops her fragrant petals around her.

“ ‘Celestial Voice,’ I asked, gazing upwards, ‘tell me, does God then permit—nay, even sanction—intercourse with Earth?’

“ ‘Even so He thinketh best, Child of the Lily, and we are sad because the earth-people have forgot so soon and so entirely the lore of the ancients, and of the Great Light of all Ages, Jesus Christ Himself. Was not all He said and did, and were not all His noble thoughts, a confirmation of the teaching of an existence after physical death, that is, active, thinking, working, yet hallowed by a Perfect Peace?

“ ‘Spite of all, there is Unbelief upon the world, that walks abroad like a gaunt Spectre to menace all the priests of God’s Holy Church and to tempt them who find their Refuge in the Cross. . . .’

“Thus the Sweet Voice from the silence answered me, and, entranced, I listened till naught disturbed the stillness that hung around.

“Then again I spake, saying: ‘Speak to us once more, O Being of Heavenly Brightness! Let us hear still more of thy soul-refreshing wisdom!’

“ ‘Daughter of the Moonbeams!’ It spoke. ‘O little Child of the Virgin-snow! From my heart do I love thee, and if in my words thou findest pleasure, pleasure dost thou return unto me.

“ ‘Yea, in good sooth do I say Unbelief is the Child of Despair, and Despair is fed at the breast of Fear—fear of “Death” and what comes after it; fear of the “Unseen” (which to all eyes is visible), and of the “Soundless” (which by all ears is to be heard).

“ ‘O Lily-white! dost thou not realise how greatly a knowledge of the Infinite would act on the Finite that lies in Man?

“ ‘Every child of God’s Bosom has *some* flame of goodness burning upon the Altar of his Soul, though in one case the flame languisheth for want of spiritual fuel, and in others ’tis choked by materials for which it hath no need. Yet in every flower in the garden there is *some* fragrance, however faint, and would not a firm belief in the “Spiritual”

and the "Deathless" strengthen all that is spiritual in the Heart of Man?'

"Then spake the Spirit whom I called my brother: 'Man gropes as in a bewildering mist,' he said. 'The more doubts he would resolve the more he findeth; the more he pries into questions too great for him, the more he opens up for himself. . . . At times upon my first passing-over was I tempted to say: "Man is the only blot upon creation!" and again: "Man is God's splendid failure!"

" 'Chide me, an thou wilt, Sweet Voice from Heaven; mine own better soul telleth me to quell the bitterness with which I look upon the Earth. Yet is it too hard for me, unworthy that I am to be a Sentinel of God!'

" 'Nay,' quoth I, gently interposing, 'there are none unworthy here. The world has dealt hardly by thee, and for the very virtue of which mankind did rob thee thou feelest a vague regret.'

" "'Tis as in a dream,' he answered me, 'that I look back upon my life. How many leaves in that Book imperishable would I fain have blotted out! Fain would I have all the volume sweet and fair, but upon the whiteness of the pages are there

many stains, and many defilements marring its purity.

“ ‘There are few who can be satisfied with their earth-lives. Who has not some circumstances he would forget, some words—rash, hasty, unkind words—he would fain blot out? . . . ’Tis hard to realise how important are the thoughts that a man thinks and the words that rise to his tongue. Little things, but how greatly do they weigh in the scales of the after-life! They are as irrevocable as evil deeds—and what power they exercise in the world few souls realise.

“ ‘Kind thoughts, kind words, spread like influences.

“ ‘Ye can picture, Child of God, the harm that wicked thoughts and words may do—in sooth, thoughts and words with a truly evil intention, I mean; not the light and frivolous kind that a man may think or say, without any noxious result.’

“ ‘I pondered over what he said. There was in it much that was new; and it seemed to my wondering fancy as though he had just ope’ to mine astonished eyes a book of holy wisdom.

“ ‘Canst thou imagine the Christ-One with an unkind word on His Lips, or an unkind thought in

His Mind? Christians are zealous to imitate the Master in His Holy Deeds, but how oft does all memory of how He thought, and how He spoke, slip from their minds?

“ ‘The halo that surrounded the saints in the midst of their earth-pilgrimage was the spirit-expression of their holy thoughts.

“ ‘They travelled through life, knowing they were on a journey from the Spirit through matter to the Spirit again. Life is a stage in the Infinite. ’Tis a milestone on the Great Road that leadeth to God. On that mighty Highway there are many things that puzzle and bewilder the mind of man. ’Tis a finite mind that he owneth, and such a mind cannot altogether understand the Infinite. Some mysteries must entirely repose on the knees of God, until such time as He chooseth to unveil them, that they may be seen of all men.’ ”

SIXTH MESSAGE

“ ‘In the Governor’s temple upon the hills yonder,’ he continued, ‘there is placed a wonderful Statue of Faith. ’Tis a living masterpiece; the handiwork of a mighty sculptor of past days still

imbued with a tender devotion to his craft. Many, many years ago he went through the ordeal of Physical Death; his spirit, encased in a Spirit-body, soared light and free to the Kingdom here, and straightway he recommenced his earth-occupation, devoting all his skill to the service of the God who gave it him. So much he loves his work, that his whole soul seems enwrapped within it; the graven hands appear to move in ecstasy and prayer, the lips to part in supplication, the very breast to rise and fall in gentle breathing. Of such a kind is the marvellous statue of which I have told you. It crowns the summit of yonder hill, looking down over the broad sweep of spirit-loveliness.'

" 'Tell me, I prithee,' quoth I, 'more nicely still anent the sculpture. What form hath the master chosen to depict his subject?'

" 'Faith is represented,' he slowly replied, 'looking straight before her towards a small Light which, as a beacon-fire, is placed on a height far above her. In one arm she bears a small mirror with a thin covering over it. This conveys the idea of the unknown Future and of the Perfect Faith which striveth not to draw aside the veil, needing no assurance as to what lies before. The other hand

she rests on the foot of a mighty Cross, upon which the Sacred Body of the Christ is mystically displayed. From this attitude we read in allegory the fact that Faith leans entirely upon the Cross, and further, that our Blessed Saviour, crucified upon His Cross of Glorious Shame, formeth the signpost to the Beacon of Eternal Life; yea, even the very key to the Kingdom of God. Pilgrims from far and wide offer their prayers and devotions at the foot of the beautiful Statue; always the solitary Beacon is kept alight, like the Fire of Vesta on the Sacred Hearth of Roman times. Only the Eye of the true Believer can clearly see the Mystical Body traced upon the Cross. 'Tis said that when the Statue was first graven there was only one thing the sculptor left undone, and that was the Sacred Figure nailed to the Awful Tree. "For that, O Lord, I dare not do!" Thus he prayed, and in answer to his appeal for spiritual inspiration, 'tis related in the Governor's Book, there came a flood of brightness, illumining dark places with a wondrous Light, and for a brief moment the Wings of a shining angel closed over the Cross. . . . When the sculptor's dazzled eyes regained their normal vision, the brightness was fading

swiftly, but as the Celestial Messenger was vanishing away he said to the astonished spirit: "I have breathed upon the Cross, and there will you behold the Mystic Body of the Lord. . . ." With these words he disappeared from view.'

" 'Ah me!' said I, 'what a lovely tale! And what a magnificent representation of Faith!'

" 'Aye,' returned my 'brother,' 'without Faith a man can do nothing. 'Tis the most precious thing in all the world, the most wonderful, the most to be treasured, yea, guarded with jealous care.'

" 'How wretched must be a soul without Faith,' I replied sadly. 'How benighted, how desolate and cold!'

" 'Yet some there are, O Child of the Lily, to whom Faith is an unknown thing. There are souls with no faith in virtue, in a disinterested motive, in a kind deed, in a soft word. There are souls with no faith in others, because they have no faith in themselves. Souls with no faith in a Higher Being, in an After-life, in a great ideal, in a striving after the good. ' 'Tis unattainable,' they cry, and throwing themselves into the frothy whirlpool of life, they heedless pass along. But what joy is there in aiming for what we know we

can easily attain? 'Tis that curious feeling of mad desire, that bitter-sweet thirst for the longed-for prize—far, oh, far above us—that act as spurs to our steed along the highway of ambition. . . .

“ ‘Even so it is with the pilgrimage of the Soul. To reach the Fount of Goodness seems such a weary, weary distance, that some, faint-hearted, attempt it not at all.’

“There fell a great silence between us, and gradually a feeling of heavy sleep crept over me. I sank down upon the soft flowers forming a rich carpet at our feet, and as I fell back into the arms of sleep I felt a gentle hand on my forehead which traced the Sign of the Cross, and I heard a familiar voice murmuring, ‘In manus tuas Domine,’ and then, like a boat slipped from her moorings, my Spirit glided into the Great Waterway of Dreams.”

SEVENTH MESSAGE

“MY DREEMES.—THE AWAKENYNGE.—A VOYCE CALLETH UPON ME.—A REUNION.—THAWTES OF THE EARTH-LIFE.

“In that refreshing slumber my spirit glided light and free, far from the mists that sometimes

entrammelled it in waking hours. I seemed to be drifting along a pleasant stream, whose tiny ripples hushed my thoughts in peace.

“Surrounding me on every side were flowers of delightful fragrance, like fairy lanterns lighting me upon my way. Over all hung a mellow brightness. I dreamed much upon mine earth-life, and tender thoughts rushed over me of my mother and sisters, my brethren and friends.

“A feeling of regret took hold of me, and withal a longing to see the familiar faces once again. In my sleep, I pined for my mother’s gentle breast. How often had I been pillowed there . . . and for her sweet head bending over me—and in my trouble I cried and wept aloud. . . . Thereon there stole over me a certain calm, and for a while I lay still, as though indeed once more I lay within my mother’s sheltering arms. . . . Peace, peace, entire and perfect peace. . . . Peace such as the world doth seldom taste. . . . Peace like unto a union with God.

“. . . On a sudden my spirit returned to the spirit-body, and once more I was awake. I reclined upon a bank of flowers, commanding an extensive view, and admiring the loveliness before me I lay still. For the first time since my passing from the

world I realised in fulness that I had solved the mystery of ages—Death. Earth and earth-people thought of me as dead: yet how living I was, how real! . . . Here was an after-life mightily different to that the world imagined. How vast the gulf betwixt reality and that other Spirit-world, the theme of poet and theologian, the subject of the disputes of religion!

“Thinking such things, I heard a voice calling my name, ‘E——!’ . . . I rose, and looking round, naught could I discover. The tones of the arresting voice still hovered in mine ear: trembling with joy, I dropped upon my knees. ‘Father,’ I cried, ‘speak again to me, dear father of my life on earth!’ Silence; and then from near beside me I heard the words: ‘Have no fear: doubt not. Child of my love, come here.’ In a rush of glad contentment there became apparent to me a Spirit-form in glory, and my heart beat with tumultuous joy as I knew in him my father. I flung myself in his arms. . . . Mine eyes devoured his face, every dear feature, as of old.

“ ‘Father,’ I said, ‘since you passed through “death” hast thou returned to earth and seen our dear ones there?’ . . .

“ ‘My sweet wife,’ he said softly, ‘God bless her dear soul! May Jesus watch over her, for her needs are great. And my sons, poor lads, I much fear me there is sorrow for a long time before them. And my other daughters, I pray to God He will protect them, now that an earthly father’s sheltering love is taken from them; and yet,’ he added thoughtfully, ‘is it not altogether taken from them. I can help them even here. You and I will strive our best for them by thought, spirit-influence, and prayer.’

“ ‘Why, yes,’ I answered, ‘there are many ways . . . whereby we shall be permitted to assist our dear ones left behind. For now we know the gulf of death is not impassable, nay, even that God hath builded a bridge by which we may return.’

EIGHTH MESSAGE

“WEE PARTE.—AMBROSE SHOWES MEE SUM OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—MY FATHER AND HYS EARTH-FRENDES REFERRED TO.—INHABITANTS OF THE PLANE.—THEIR OCCUPATIONS, DESIRES, ETC.—I COME ‘HOME.’

“We passed much sweet time in converse together, then perforce we had to part. My father

had some spirit-work on hand, but before he left he confided me to the care of the spirit I had met on first passing over, and whose name I now learned was 'Ambrose.'

"Said Ambrose unto me: 'Child, wouldst thou now like to see more of the beautiful Spirit-world, so that thou mayst grow more accustomed to thy surroundings here?' I told him 'Yes,' and so we wended our way along the brow of the hill and then down into the valley, he telling me the while of many and wonderful things.

" 'Where shall I dwell during my sojourn in this plane?' I inquired of him, marvelling much at the quiet villages and towns and tiny hamlets that ever and anon showed from among the trees. 'With the being thou didst love best on earth,' he answered; 'with thy father, and those of thy parents' children who "died" before thee and have been growing up in the Spirit-world between their "death" and thine.'

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"I was struck with mighty wonderment. . . . We were passing through a little village as he spoke and in the distance could be heard the quiet sound of a dulcet bell. 'Tis the bell of a chapel in the

woods yonder,' Ambrose said in answer to my thoughts. 'The solitary who lives there was a hermit on earth, and desires to be one still: mayhap in the near future his tastes may change, and he begin to long for the companionship of his fellow-creatures. As yet, however, he retains the bent of mind he cultivated in the old life.'

"On we went, through the sweet-smelling lanes and smiling fields, my eyes and ears ever and anon saluted with many of the familiar sights and sounds of earth. Here there was a group of merry husbandmen; there a scattering of busy gardeners, tending the choicest flowers. In the meadows upon my one hand was a shepherd with his snowy flock, and upon the other I beheld a party of laughing children stripping the hedgerows in quest of the shining berries.

" 'They have not yet lost their zest for their earth occupations,' remarked Ambrose, with a smile, 'but in time they will turn to higher things.'

"I marked me, as we passed by, how their faces lighted with pleasure as Ambrose murmured a kindly greeting, and how those few words of his, and his influence, seemed to bring out all that was best in them. A faint, luminous glow emanated

from them; and afterwards I learned that it was the spiritual in them which responded to the spiritual enshrined in him.

“My soul sang blithely within me, for all around was the beauty of the beautiful world ten thousand times intensified, and from every soul nigh to us proceeded happy influences.

“We passed onwards, ever onwards, but the distance seemed to fly beneath my feet, and I recked naught of space or time.

“I felt no tiredness, and none of the weakness of my earth-life; on the contrary, I seemed filled with a marvellous strength and freshness, and an exuberance of spirits never known until that moment. . . . There was always before mine eyes a stretch of lovely scenery, but there was no sameness about it—no monotony; it charmed the sight with a beautiful variety. . . .

“At last we reached our destination, the slope of a fine hill, thickly wooded, the undulating sweep at the foot lost in a purple haze.

“In the midst of the trees stood a large house, built somewhat in the style of an old French chateau, ivy-covered, battlemented, and moss-grown.

“ ‘The battlements are for ornament, fair child,’ said Ambrose with a smile. ‘There is no need of them against an attack in this happy place. . . .’

“ ‘And whose dwelling is this, brother?’ I asked, lost in admiration of the noble edifice.

“ ‘Thine,’ he answered me gently, pleased at my approval. ‘ ’Tis thy Spirit-home.’

“ ‘In deep wonderment I replied: ‘Mine! Oh, God is good to bring me home at last!’

“ ‘Knowest thou, dear heart,’ he said, leading me up the stone terrace towards open doors, ‘knowest thou that that sleep of thine lasted several weeks, and that during those weeks the Governor of the Province here worked to prepare a meet home for thee?’

NINTH MESSAGE

“I AM SHOWNE MY HOME.—I MEET MENIE FRENDES.

—MY MOTHER MOURNS UPON ERTHE. OUR
VISIT THITHER.

“ ‘And did I sleep for several weeks, brother?’ I asked. ‘During that time I dreamed of many things.’

“ ‘Whilst thou slept, dear child,’ he answered, ‘thy soul took flight from thy Spirit-body and travelled to earth, drawn thither by the bitter grief of thy friends and relations left behind. Dost thou recollect aught of this?’

“ ‘Why, yes,’ I replied; ‘in a manner I do. I remember how I sighed for my mother; how I longed once more to lie in her loving arms, and how my thoughts flew back to the old days on earth when we were all together.’

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“Ambrose conducted me into the house, and there I found several of the old friends I had known and lost on earth, and my parents’ children who had ‘died’ before me. . . .

“My Spirit-friend left me, telling me he would return on the morrow, and that my father would join me soon.

“Thus passed my first ‘day’ in my Spirit-home, though in truth one can scarcely speak of time in this wonderful world. Even now, after the space of over * years, I can candidly say my life the while hath slipped by like a gentle

* This space was not left blank in the original.

dream, and methinks Eternity itself will be over before one doth know it!

“I marvelled much, after my first initiation into the Spirit-world, upon the course of life led by the spirits there who, though happy and of the ‘Blessed,’ were not of reality extremely ‘spiritual.’

“So much was like the earth-life. . . . Sleep and recreation, study for those who loved study on earth, walks and games, food, the wearing of clothes like those of the former life, and the old familiar intercourse. . . .

“I well recollect one day when my father said to me: ‘Thy mother wants me. To earth must I go, though I would sooner rest here: the vibrations at present round our dear ones disturb me. . . . But thy mother needs me—prays for me with great longing—and to earth must I go. Last night in sleep her dear soul came to me, and she was weeping and in dire sorrow. Wilt thou not come too?’ my father asked. ‘No harm shall come to thee. ’Twill be thy first visit to earth in the waking state.’

“ ‘They need our help, our loved ones,’ I replied, ‘and I will come.’

“To earth we went, my father and I, and he led me almost blindly, whither as yet I knew not. But there was no hesitancy in him. The love of my mother was calling, calling—yearning for the dear partner of her soul!

“‘Come to me! Come to me!’ said each pulsation of her heart, and all unbeknown those that she mourned as dead were coming at her call. . . .

“As in a dream I saw and heard again the old familiar sights and sounds of earth.

“How strange to realise the people hurrying by recked naught of us! Here, though we brushed against them; there, though we whispered in their ear! We were but as dust to them—the ‘dead’—those that ‘lay asleep,’ and to their minds our breath had passed from us, like a tiny zephyr hushed. . . .

“In a dark and gloomy room we found my mother. An atmosphere of heavy grief was all around her. She was in black, and on her face a hard ‘Fortune’ had traced many lines of care. . . .”

TENTH MESSAGE

“I STRYVE TO SPEEKE WITH MY MOTHER.—SHE
DOES NOTTE HEEDE.—LAMENTS ON HER MIS-
FORTUNES.—MY FATHER SPEAKS.—‘FIAT
VOLUNTAS TUA.’—WE RETURNE ‘HOME’
SORROWYNGE.

“ ‘Alas!’ sighed my father; ‘suffering hath writ
plainly upon that beautiful face. It makes a hard
schooling, but methinks the most valuable in all
the world. . . . Only by suffering can true virtue
be attained. . . .’

“ ‘Mother!’ I cried, weeping somewhat;
‘Mother! dost thou not hear us? Dost thou not
know us again? ’Tis E—— who speaks to thee!
’Tis thine own E——!’ But alas! she heeded not.
She could neither ‘see’ nor ‘hear’ nor understand!
All, all was a blank to her, a closed book, a door
that is shut and nailed up for ever. In vain I knelt
at her feet, and seizing her dear little hands
imprinted on them a crowd of tender kisses.

“She only stirred in her chair, shivering sud-
denly, then dropped the volume she was reading
upon her knee. ’Twas ‘Eikon Basilike,’ the
famous work of Dr. Gauden’s. . . .

“Into her eyes crept a look of poignant grief, mingled with a latent fire. . . . Then her head drooped upon her bosom, and to my mind she appeared like some little flower beaten down by a storm that had been too heavy for it. . . . How I longed for some of her old vivacity . . . the child-like gladness that had made her a sunbeam in the days that were past. . . . Oh, for one flash of her shining eyes, a laugh, a smile, a jest as of old! But all was still, and she sat there crushed and lonely—a frail little craft to breast the rising tide of trouble.

“My father stood by her side, one hand round her drooping shoulders, a great sorrow in his face, for he could not make her understand; she was blind with the eyes of the soul.

“Presently she spoke. . . . ‘Ah, me! I am weary. The light of my life is extinguished, the cruel grave hath claimed the very dearest being on earth. . . .’ She sighed, and moving from her chair to the windows, she stood quite still, looking out towards the gloomy sky.

“‘E——,’ cried my father in a broken voice, ‘thy mother is sore troubled and I cannot help.’ . . .

“He was terribly moved; my soul ached for him.

‘Father, father,’ I said, placing one hand in his; ‘come away, come away.’

“But he did not stir, his eyes were fixed with pathetic intentness upon my mother. ‘——,’ he cried, ‘say, “Thy will be done!” ’Tis the ruling of God, my sweet, and He doth all things best.’

“No response: all a grim silence in the cold grey room.

“ ‘Thy will be done,’ my father repeated. ‘Put yourself into the Hands of God, resign yourself unto Him entirely. Say after me, “Thy Will be done.” ’

“Unconsciously she caught his sweet Spirit-influence. ‘Fiat voluntas tua,’ she repeated mechanically almost, like a child reciting a lesson. ‘The Hand of Jesus is laid heavy upon me, but I must submit, I must submit.’

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“When we reached our Spirit-home we went into the church that crowned the hill above it, and there we offered up our humble prayers to the Almighty.

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“From that day onwards we went frequently to earth.”

ELEVENTH MESSAGE

“SPIRIT-OCCUPATIONS.—‘DETHER’ OF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.—BIRTH OF HIS SON.—VISIT FROM AMBROSE.—THE ‘SEVEN WONDROUS WAYS.’

“... ‘Poor mother,’ my father used to say; ‘how she must be suffering!’ ...

“Successfully I strove to forget these unhappy things in Spirit-occupations. I attended ‘Rescue Parties’ with some of our friends and my little sister A——, who was much beloved by all who knew her. I made pilgrimages to neighbouring places of interest (among them to the ‘Statue of Faith’). I visited the Spirit-families near our home, and I studied Spirit-lore.

“Like this, time passed swiftly by, and our quiet lives were not broken by any event of particular interest to our dears on earth until the death of my brother-in-law, —— . This occurrence left my poor sister lonely and broken-hearted; but ’twas—barring her sorrow—no grief to us, for we knew the beautiful life he was entering into. . . . Only a few days after his death his little son was born, destined to carry on his father’s name with honour and with credit.

"I had not seen my Spirit-brother, Ambrose, for some little time, till one day he came to me and said: 'Lily-white, wilt thou come with me on a visit to Higher Planes? There is one thing I desire much to show you, which is a great beauty of our Spirit-life.'

"Marvelling much what it might be, I made ready to go with him. We left our own plane, and made a lovely journey to one greatly higher, the beauty whereof did charm the sight. The scenery round was all too wondrous to describe.

"Enraptured, I gazed over the vast expanse of Spirit-beauty at my feet. We had come to the Parting of Seven Ways.

"Ambrose stood silently beside me, and as I heard the soft sounds of a church-bell stealing on the calm air towards us, I felt a strange feeling of spiritual ecstasy such as, perhaps, I had never experienced before.

"I felt that I stood in the presence of some wonderful phenomenon, and trembling a little, I looked up to Ambrose for him to speak and explain the unaccustomed emotions sweeping over my soul.

" 'Ambrose,' I said, 'tell me, I pray thee.'

"He answered nothing, but with a murmured prayer fell upon his knees as though in adoration.

"Some strange instinct bade me do the same. As I followed his example came sounds of sweet music, the like of which I had never heard before . . . so much did it ravish the ear.

"I raised mine eyes, and as in a wondrous dream I saw gathered round about me spirits clad in white and shining with spiritual radiance. In their faces was a look of ecstasy like that of some devotee who sees the Vision Glorious. From the roadway in front of us a strange luminous glow seemed to rise till it shone like a Pathway of Light. In mine ears was a mighty sound, as of great waters, and I heard the rush of angels' wings.

"On a sudden, above all, there came a voice chanting: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!'

"And as I listened many emotions, deep and new, swept, irresistible, over my soul, so that I cried aloud with great gladness: 'Lord! Thou hast given me sight: Lord, be Thou for ever Blessed!'

"Then again came the sweet notes of that wondrous Voice, before which all fell silent with a sudden calm: 'BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!'

"But afeard, I hid my face, not daring to raise mine eyes. 'Look, thou, and fear not,' spake the voice of an angel unto me, 'upon the Beauty of the Lamb.'

"And then I looked, and sank amazed at the glory of the Vision before us: along that Mystic Way there passed the Christ Himself in the likeness of His earth-life, and there followed Him the faithful twelve. Mathias filled the room of Judas Iscariot, and St. John the Evangelist walked very nigh unto the Master, who passed with Bleeding Feet along that Wondrous Way.

" 'Hail! Thou Christ-one! Hail, Emmanuel! Hail! Thrice hail! O Man of Sorrows!'

"Angelic greetings hummed upon the air, and over all was a Soft Shadow, cast from the wings of Divine Messengers.

"In an ecstasy of great joy, I fell prostrate before the Mystic Way, breathing mine humble offerings of Worship and of Prayer. Words cannot describe the charm that hung over my soul. I felt as though transported to the Highest Heaven of all.

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"When the Vision had passed, for a long time I remained in silent adoration. Then rising, with

tears of wondering joy, I sought my Spirit-brother.

“ ‘Ambrose,’ I said, ‘this is too marvellous to bear speech. Take me home that I may contemplate upon the Beauty of the Man of Nazareth.’

“Gently he bore me thence, while angelic anthems still hung upon the air. ‘Thank God,’ I cried, ‘for His goodness to me. Oh think, men call this Death!’

“ ‘ ’Tis Bodily Death but Spiritual Life,’ my brother gravely returned. ‘Behold the inscription under that statue yonder. . . . “Who knows if to live is not to die, and to die is not to live?” ’Twas placed there by some lover of classic writers and of the philosophers and thinkers of olden times. What marvellous wisdom is there wrapped in those few words! Troth, the Ancients were in many things far nearer the Reality than the man of to-day.’

“And communing thus, we passed into our own plane and thus gained home once more. . . .

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“And now I must leave you, my dear friends, for I have other calls. . . .

"I commend you all to the tender care of Jesus and Our Blessed Lady, the 'Sweet Flowers of Palestine.' Most lovingly in Christ.

"Thine ever,

" + E——.

"LILY-WHITE."

"*Control,*

"Also with love,

"BEPP0."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE messages set out in this chapter were received by my elder daughter clair-audiently and taken down at her dictation—

15th August, 1917.

“I am Amra, brother of Sheil, and I had my birthplace in the land of Mystery, the Queen of Nations, Egypt, Mother of Civilisation. My mother was the daughter of a sacred line, and my father was a prince among his people.

“I was bred to the love and service of the gods. From my cradle was I taught to love and reverence the Holy Ones. My mother held converse with the Dead, and from my childhood’s earliest days I remember the hallowed hours which that fairest of women spent in communion with those gone before.

“Near to our home the gods had formed from out of the rocks a wondrous hollow, and had made therein a silver stream. In the ripples of those holy waters could be heard the Voices of the Dead. Thence came wondrous messages, telling of the Life Beyond, and of the secrets which only the lips

of Death can divulge. Many a time and oft have I wandered there, in the gladsome opening of the year, in the fulness of its maturity, in its sad decline and close.

“To me, whose ears had been trained in a mystic atmosphere, the very leaves themselves whispered the thoughts of God. . . . To me every blossom unfolded a fresh secret, and every sighing wind bore on its wings the Voices of the Spirits gone before. Much had I learnt from this nature-lore, more did my sire impart to me.

“In those days a well-born child of Egypt gathered much knowledge of the mysteries that now baffle the wondering intellects of civilisation.

“By nature I was a student, and to me the papyrus rolls were the greatest blessings of the gods. My brother lived for war and fighting, recking naught of writings and the records of the ages.

“But my mother, the Lily of a race of Kings, shared my tastes, and would have better liked her elder son to have the same.

“Under the shelter of our beloved home we played and worked, and passed the golden years. How long seem to the wondering mind of a child the span of days that stretch before him, and yet

how soon they fly; how soon the Life Record is writ, and naught but the mouldering script remains behind.

“But such is the attitude of youth, for youth is ever filled with a magnificent confidence in itself, and most often a contempt for all the world besides.

“Thus when graver heads shake with disapproval at youth’s heedless wish for Time to pass, youth cries ‘Out!’ on them, and will not be gainsaid!

“And now to other matters.

“I told thee life sped on with us in one harmonious round. Scarce one discordant note to break the beauteous whole. My father waxed old, and we were now approaching man’s estate.

“One fair morning my mother came to me and said: ‘Son, come here, there is weighty matter I would impart to thee.’ And answering her, I said: ‘Thy son heareth thee,’ and she spoke again, saying: ‘Child of my breast, thou knowest I love thee well; there is naught I would not do for thee, naught I would not sacrifice, naught I would not endure—yet would I say this unto thee, and verily it is spoke out of the fulness of mine heart: this

day have the Souls of the Blessed given unto me a warning as to thine espousals. There cometh soon unto thee a maiden not of thine own people, save on the mother's side. She hath the ways of a stranger about her. The gods have girt her countenance with evidences she cometh from abroad. Fair will she be to look upon, and pleasant to thine eyes—yet the Voices say unto me, 'Her thou must avoid,' for in her eyes is danger unto thee, and on her lips there lurketh poison. Heedest thou, O son, what the dead have imparted unto me?'

" 'I hearken unto thy words, O my mother,' I said unto her, 'yet have I no fear; the gods will guide me aright.'

"She looked upon me with much tenderness, and in her eyes I saw reflection of her soul—greatly troubled was she; all round about her mystery breathed, for in her bosom was the home of many secrets. She answered and said unto me: 'Son, thou hast no wisdom in speaking thus. Thy words cause me much discomfort, for I see in them thou leanest too entirely upon the Holy Ones. Thou art no longer a child, and the gods would fain that thou shouldst learn to walk alone. Place not overmuch reliance on Heavenly Aid, therefore,

but in me have faith, and in the Spirits gone before. If thine ears are not stopped up with folly, hearken unto me, and heed well what I say. If thou dost look upon this maid with favour, thy virtue is gone out of thee, and no longer will I retain mine affection for thee as heretofore.'

"At this, beholding her displeasure, I made my reverence in all submission, entreating her permission to withdraw. On which she bade me betake myself to the shrine of the Holy Mother, and ponder over the wisdom she herself had spoken unto me.

"I went my way with downcast eyes, as though I reflected on her words, but in my heart I made light of them, and recked next to nothing of her warnings.

"That eventide the Divine Mother frowned on me from her image at which I worshipped. My mother cried out as she beheld the omen, and with many tears she tore her hair, saying aloud: 'Woe is me! this day has the anger of Isis descended upon our house. Woe is me! Woe is me!'

"When the night-time shrouded the earth, my father sent a message to me, saying: 'Come thou and thy brother Sheil, hasten unto me, for I feel pain, that is the twin-sister of great age, creeping over my fleshly body, and my soul is troubled

within me, and mine eyes grow tired, for they are dimmed by the light of another world, and fain would they behold thee and thy brother.'

"We had not beheld the face of our father for many days—his wife only would he see. Together we wended our way unto his sick-chamber, and our vision lighted on him once more. 'Children,' spake he unto us, 'O sons of my love, hearken unto my words, for I feel the presage of Death upon me, and the Holy Ones have bid thy mother not to mourn—to weep no more—for though they will gather me into their arms, yet I shall be with ye, and my spirit shall be as great strength and succour unto ye.'

" 'Speak the words that thou holdest on thy lips, O father,' said we unto him; 'whatsoever thou sayest, in that there is wisdom; for over thee hath been spread the blessing of the Divine Ones.'

16th August.

"And he answered and said unto us: 'I have heard it by the mouth of the Oracles, and I have seen it writ on the sacred brow of Isis, the gods

have declared it unto me, the leaves whisper it. All around breathes the purpose of the Holy Ones. 'Tis spoken in the rush of the great waters, yea, I know it. 'Tis a secret that is open for me to read.

“ ‘Yet I reckon naught of Death, for have not the Souls of the Blessed borne testimony of a Life beyond? Fain would I see thee and thy mother happy and secure in this world, ere I pass from it.

“ ‘When I am called into the arms of the gods, ye must submit yourselves unto the wise judgment of the best of women, whom ye can call “mother.” She hath warned thee, O Amra, by the sacred fires of the Temple, that there cometh soon unto thee a maiden fair to look upon, and she will be pleasing unto thee. But her thou must not take to wife—bear this engraven on the tablet of thy soul. Heed well thy mother’s words. Obey her behests, and place thy faith in her all-powerful love.’

“Then did he close his lips, and spake no more unto us; and we parted from him and went our way.

“Time passed, and a morning came when the prophecies were fulfilled, and the soul of our sire passed into the Higher Life with the Divine Ones.

“But few tears shed our mother, for she said unto us: ‘We have no cause to sorrow, for the

dear soul of our loved one is ever with us, and Death hath not parted us in truth.'

"In the sweet birth of the day, and towards eventide, we went to the shrine of the gods, and prayed and offered great sacrifice near the burial-place of our father.

"Yet as time passed on, the first bitterness of grief subsided, and the wounds in our souls healed somewhat. Such is the custom of youth.

"One day there came a slave unto me, saying: 'Master, in the court without there waiteth a man that is a trader. He hath travelled afar, and he beareth with him many and divers goods. He would fain speak with thee to gain favour in thy sight.'

"I sent him before to announce my coming, then followed in his steps. When I reached the court I found there the trader and his attendants.

" 'Stranger,' I spake unto him, 'I would fain behold thy wares; spread them before my sight, that perchance if some be pleasing unto me, I may purchase thereof.'

"In obedience to my words, he showed unto me many and beautiful things, and mine eyes were

dazzled with the wonder of them. When I had chosen of that which took my liking, I raised my vision, and it lighted upon the fair face of one of his attendants. 'Stranger,' I said, 'who is this maiden?'

" 'Lord,' quoth he, 'the maiden is the only daughter of my sister. I have brought her this last voyage with me, for in truth the frown of the gods is upon her. Her father lies stricken of sore fevers, and her mother—a woman as fair as the morning—is demented in mind, and has flung herself over the funeral pyres, as a willing sacrifice to the gods—for her father liveth abroad. He is not of thee, nor of thy people, but is a stranger, and walketh in different ways.'

" 'Stranger,' I spake unto him, 'the damsel is lovely in face and form, and findeth favour in my sight.'

" 'Great lord,' he answered and said unto me, 'if thine heart is touched by the sad tale of her life, wouldst thou consider of some ways by which I might find for the maiden a home and sustenance? For my life is a roving one, and not fit for such as her.'

" 'Of what speak ye?' I answered him. 'A

home for one so fair should be no hard matter to find. My lady-mother wanteth a tire-maiden, and I will speak to her of this damsel.'

" 'The blessings of the gods be thine,' he answered me, 'and much do I thank thee; great is the burden which thy words have lifted from my soul.'

" 'What matter perplexeth thee, my son?' cried the voice of my mother. 'Speak, traveller, and tell me.'

" 'O fair lady and mighty princess,' he answered her, 'we debated over one matter that troubleth me greatly.' Then he spake up and told her of that which he had told me.

" 'By the Sacred Beetle of Isis, by the Holy Lotus Flower, by the Eye of Horus, the Spirits have told me of thy coming, and of the coming of the daughter of thy sister. Take up thy wares, trader, and depart ye hence. I will have none of thee. The Blessed Souls have forewarned me: depart ye hence!'

" 'Nay, my mother,' quoth I, 'thy words are hard, thine anger soundeth unreasoning; my heart is touched by the sufferings of this fair maid, and I have passed my sacred word that she shall find home and sustenance nigh to us.'

“ ‘That placeth the scorpion in my bosom,’ cried my mother, and she wept many tears.

“ ‘But my word is passed,’ I answered her, ‘and the word of our house standeth for all time.’

“ ‘So be it,’ she answered with much sadness. ‘If thou hast vowed this on the Brow of the Gods, fool that thou art, fool, fool, fool!’

“ ‘Then she sighed again, and turning, bade the trader and his attendants follow the slaves, and they should be refreshed ere they departed once more upon their journey.

“ ‘And the daughter of thy sister,’ she spake unto him, ‘I will keep with me.’

“ ‘Thus we wended our way within.

21st August.

“ ‘Thereafter the damsel, whose name was called ‘Lenora,’ lived with us as a tire-maiden in my mother’s house for the time of many moons.

“ ‘My thoughts carry me to the thanks we yielded the gods, on the garnering of the harvests. So much had the Holy Ones smiled on the golden grain that our hearts overflowed with gratitude, and ’twas commanded by the Spirit through the Priests that a sacrifice should be made on the altars through-

out our land of such of the jewels and rich ornaments that the faithful would offer of their possessions.

“For this purpose the temple was filled with devotees, who came hurrying to yield a goodly share of their precious store. The offerings were flung into a great cup-like vessel, that was placed near the Shrine of Horus.

“ ’Twas guarded night and day by faithful servants of the gods, and the people in wonderment came oftentimes to feast their eyes on the goodly treasure and on those mysterious guardians who stood beside it, like graven statues of stone.

“It came to hap that in these days there occurred a great theft in the lands about us, and in spite of diligent searchings the author thereof could not be discovered.

“So shocked were the Priests at the dastardly crime that they forthwith went into the temple, and, sitting in a circle, they called on the Spirits for guidance; upon which one materialised in their midst, and spake directly unto them:

“ ‘Ye are to leave open and unguarded the treasure which has been offered unto you by the peoples round about.

“ ‘In the centre thereof will I place a large stone

whose surface is clear as the moonbeam, and therein will a sign appear when the hand of the thief is brought near to the treasure.

“ ‘Do as I bid ye, and all will be well.’

“Thereupon the Priest inquired of him whether he had aught else to declare, but he said the power which the gods had given him, to become apparent unto them, was failing rapidly, and that he must return from whence he had come.

“Straightway he vanished from their sight, and once more illumining the temple after some counsel together, they turned upon their heel and went their way.

“Many moons waxed and waned ere the Priests did the bidding of the Spirit sent from the gods, and because of this, said the faithful, the Voice of the Waters in the Mystic Cave was heard no more, nor could be seen upon her Holy Statue the smile or the frown of Isis. Nor yet again came words of wisdom from the Sphinx at the gate of the Temple.

“Still the Priests delayed, for, said they: ‘How dare we leave unguarded the treasure of the gods? Should a theft be committed thereon, the anger of the gods would of a surety descend upon us. Let us ask for more guidance, for this we dare not do.’

And still were the mystic voices silent, and in her communications from the Blessed Spirits my mother grew troubled, and feared she knew not what. For she declared to her people, 'If the Priests do not the bidding of the Spirit sent unto them, a plague will descend upon the peoples round about, and all our lands will echo with the cries of those in misery, and the lamentations of the bereaved.'

"At last the first sign of her warning began to appear, and a pestilence on a sudden attacked one of the Priests who had been foremost in his opposition to the command of the Spirit. Straightway the Priests gathered together, and consulted as to how best appease the gods.

"Quoth one of them, whose name was Akherez: 'At once must we do the will of the Divine Ones, manifested through the Spirit; and to appease the anger of the Evil Powers a sacrifice must be made, and a human sacrifice withal.'

"Said another: 'All the peoples round about must be gathered together within this temple, and passed in order before the unguarded treasure, placing one hand upon the vessel as they go.

" 'At the moment that the hand of the thief resteth there, the sign will appear in the moon-like

stone within, and thus shall be known who hath erred.'

"Said Akherez once more: 'To preserve the life of her father, the daughter of our brother-priest, now lying sick unto death, hath offered to yield herself to the fierce water-gods of the Nile. Perishing thus, she hopes to save him.'

"There followed more counsel, and then fresh attempts to elicit help and guidance from the Mystic Voices.

"But it was of no avail; a great silence was over all.

"The resolutions of the Priests were submitted to the Oracle, and through her medium came the bidding of the gods.

"The ministers of the temple were commanded to submit the people to the trial ordained by the Spirit, and further, when the culprit was discovered by that means, he or she was to be one of the sacrifice to propitiate the restless Spirits of the Nile.

"To avoid the spreading of the pestilence, one pure and, humanly speaking, without blemish, was also to be offered up; and to complete the human sacrifice the daughter of the sick Priest had pressed

upon the Priests her claim, and the Oracle accepted it.

“The message was concluded by a stern command to the Priests not to delay, and a stinging censure upon them for their hesitancy before.

5th September.

“One golden hour came Lenora to me; her face was pale and beautiful with the dusky loveliness of the South. Tears glittered in her eyes, and her dark hair, carelessly braided, hung over her shoulders, shadowing her slim throat.

“ ‘What hast thou trembling upon thy lips, O maiden?’ I asked of her; ‘speak, let me hear thy sorrows.’

“ ‘Woe is me, lord!’ she answered me; ‘mine heart is troubled within me. I am sore disquieted, my soul like a caged bird beats its wings, and yearns for freedom. Yet has my uneasiness naught to interest thee. Thou art a great lord, and I but the tiring-maid of thy lady-mother. O me! of all in the world methinks I am the most wretched.’

“My soul caught fire, and I answered her eagerly: ‘Speak! speak! tell me what troubleth

thee in secret! Too happy shall I be if the Divine One will let me share thy burden. O Lenora, I charge thee keep nothing from me, but yield me thine all-precious confidence.'

" 'I am lonely,' she said, 'my parents dead, and little have I found of bright or beautiful in life. Yet when I first saw thee, then did I cast all my affections at thy feet, little dreaming of any return. I know 'twas folly, presumption, what you will; an ocean flows between us; in difference mightily are we parted. Yet I love thee, I love thee, O my lord! Cast me not away from thee, do not trample upon my heart!'

"So surprised was I that I answered her nothing, and she continued:

" 'I stand before thee, lord, wretched, defenceless, disgraced. I have done that from which there is no turning back. Not far from here is a great building, the master whereof hath treated me with great kindness. Ye know of the robbery committed in these districts. I declare unto thee that I am at fault. This man of whom I told thee is the culprit in fact, but 'twas I who sinned by instigation. I drove him to do this thing, for he loved me and the charms I had been given, and I

influenced him by the black arts and by the knowledge I have learned from Persia and the Eastern lands. I have coveted, I have fallen, I have sinned. This man's guilt will be discovered, and oh! should they find me out, what fate awaits me! Lord, help me! Upon thine honour I cast myself. Thou art mine only friend. Of thee I implore protection.'

" 'By Osiris!' I cried, 'how greatly dost thy deed astound me! Troth, thy words do pierce my very soul, for in front of thee I see grim danger lurking, and I know not what to do, nor how to help thee, nor what is right.'

" 'Blame me not entirely,' she answered me; 'tis not altogether my fault. There is one thing I would tell thee: from mine earliest days an evil influence hath gloomed over my family. One who was skilled in occult wisdom, in necromancy and mysticism, declared unto us that this influence was the restless spirit of a friend of my grand-sire, to whom the latter did some great injury, and who will haunt our family until one of its members marries a stranger out of Egypt. This gloomy spirit spreads around him dark influences, and doubtless urged me on to the commitment of my

sin. Have ye no pity on me? For verily am I the most wretched being in all the world!’

6th September.

“ ‘One necessity is clear,’ I said unto her. ‘Once more must thou journey abroad. The lands about here may see thee no more. If thou wouldst escape, thine only safety lies in swift flight. Thy words have caused me much astonishment, and now will I speak. I return affection for affection, and if thou art of one mind with me, I will aid thy departure hence by mine own presence at thy side, and we will dwell far from here till the matter hath been swept aside by others of still greater import.’

“Joy crept into her face, and new life breathed over her. But I continued with these words, saying: ‘Yet I think it but just to make some effort to save the unfortunate who will doubtless be discovered by the test ordained by the Spirit. My poor child, thou hast erred, but ’tis not altogether of thine own fault. Thou art unfortunate, and I pity thee. I give thee my love if thou wilt accept it. Together, if the gods be willing, shall we dwell many leagues from here.’

“And I made unto her a proposal that she

should cause a message to be written to the Chief Priests of the temple, telling them that the sender thereof had exercised mystic powers over him who committed the crime, and that she begged their pity to be shown unto him, as the evil deed was not from his fault. When they should read this the fair Lenora and I would be on our wanderings together. For the time, at least, 'twould be necessary to lie concealed; mayhap at some future date we could return once more to my own home, when the affair had faded somewhat from men's minds, and the power of our family and its wealth might soften the just anger of the Priests.

"More contented in mind, we parted at last, and with busy thoughts we went our way.

"When people around were put to the test in the temple the culprit was discovered, for at the very moment his guilty hand touched the sacred vessel a glow of bright crimson overspread the mystic stone, and there appeared therein the face of Isis frowning angrily upon the sinner.

" 'The sign! The sign!' cried the multitude, and they took him with eager hands and led him away.

"But then spake one of them: 'How can we

kill this man's body? For we have received writings from a stranger who vows that she used over him the powers of the black arts, and who implores us to grant mercy to his mortal body, if we would give ease to her immortal soul.'

" 'Let us ask counsel,' said the Priests, 'that we may know what the gods will have us do.'

"Then they gathered in a circle, each man clasping his neighbour's hand, and with a loud voice one of their chiefs spake, saying: 'Spirits! come back from the other world and give us guidance. In the name of the Divine Ones may we not be deceived.'

"Then he sprinkled holy earth upon a small portion of the stone floor of the temple, and taking his seat, he waited for mystic writing to appear thereupon.

16th September.

"And in a while that came which they had expected, and the writing was there for all to see:

" 'Let this man die, for he hath mocked the gods, and it is meet that he should suffer death.'

"Then once more was the holy earth sprinkled over all by hands that we all beheld, and the circle

rose and each member thereof went his own appointed way.

“So it came to pass that this man died the death as a sacrifice to propitiate divine anger, and in the same manner died the daughter of the sick Priest of her own free will, and a new-born child was also offered up to represent one without blemish, and, humanly speaking, sinless.

“And while these events trod swiftly, one upon the heel of the other, Lenora and he who speaks these words were journeying swiftly through the land of the ancient Phœnicians towards Araby and the nations far east. Sheltering ourselves from the eyes of men, we hoped to evade the anger of our own people.

“In these parts Lenora had a friend who cheerfully received us within his dwelling-place.

“And so the days flew by, till one day the longing came upon me to return home once more. I yearned for the sight of my mother’s beautiful face, and for the companionship of all my former friends.

“When I broached the matter to my wife she wept many tears, saying I was aweary of her, and that I wished to abandon her who had given heart and soul to me. So I spoke no more of it, for I

was loth to wound her. But longing for my home returned, in spite of me, and returned with a fierceness that would not be gainsaid.

"Then once again I spake to Lenora, and told her of my resolution to return on a visit to mine own land.

"This time she said but little to me, but said she would resign herself to my will according to the duty of a loving wife, though her heart played her rebel and pined to keep me still.

"Of those things which transpired I will tell you during my next visit.

"Thine,

"AMRA, Child of Egypt."

18th September.

"My heart had prompted me to return homeward and I obeyed the blind impulse. Bidding farewell to Lenora and leaving her in the care of her friend and his sister, I made my way into Egypt.

"I tried to do in all things the will of my attendant Spirits.

"When at last my star brought me to the land

of my birth, I found therein a great and melancholy change.

“The mother who had ever been my dearest and most precious friend had died suddenly during my sojourn in foreign parts. They had been unable to find her one fair morning, till at last they hasted to the resting-place of my father’s body, and nigh unto that they found my mother.

“Her spirit had fled, leaving the mortal tenelement as cold and white and lifeless as the virgin-snow of northern lands. But there was a smile about her lips, for she knew the mysteries of death, and never feared what lay beyond.

“My brother was absent, engaged in the warfare which he loved, so that our stately home lay empty and desolate. The appearance thereof reminded me of some beautiful body without a soul.

“So my visit had gained me nothing, and sad and lonely, once more I turned my back upon mine own home and travelled back to Lenora.

“When once more I beheld her, I told her what had befallen me, saying that my last hope of reception into the bosom of my family once more was dead, for my mother was gone before, and my brother Sheil was, from all that I could gather, far

too angered with me to accept me back without her tender mediation.

"She was greatly distressed, saying she had grown old in my absence, and was waiting for good tidings to give her youth once more.

"And thus the days passed heavily till after some while there came a message from my brother, bidding me journey to a place he named to meet him, that we might renew the fraternal intimacy as of old. Joyously I spoke of this unto Lenora, and she counselled me to go.

"Accordingly I set forth, saying farewell to her most tenderly, for she was weeping and seemed distraught.

"Somewhat strange had her manner been for a little while back, but she had denied me when I asked if she was meddling again with the black arts.

"I met my brother Sheil at the place he had appointed, and he welcomed me with open arms.

"The next time I will tell thee of those things which came to hap during our reunion.

"Thine,

"+ AMRA."

21st September.

"Many days we spent together in joy and revelry and feasting, and my brother told me that of late a strange longing to forget and forgive the past had swept over him, and determined him in his project of a reunion once more.

"I found that the loss of my mother had affected him deeply at the time, although his grief had been partially assuaged by the birth of a male child to his wife, which came to hap after a short while.

"There arrived presently a message from Lenora earnestly entreating us to turn our faces towards our habitation.

"I spake unto my brother in this wise: 'Sheil, canst thou so arrange matters that they may spare thee from thy post on a visit to Lenora?'

"He answered and said: 'By the brow of Isis, gladdened will my vision be to behold the face of thy wife.'

"Upon which, turning him about, he gave orders, and so disposed of things that he was free to obey the behest of Lenora.

"When at last we were all of us gathered together, Lenora spake of many things unto Sheil,

and amongst these she asked of him particularly as to his wife, and the little son that was his heir.

"He told her she was at a near distance, and intended to await his return.

" 'But nay,' answered Lenora, 'bid her come with the boy-child and I will welcome her with smiling face and open arms.'

"At first he dissented, and would have naught of the proposal, though he spake courteously the while, but ever and anon she returned to the attack with gentle insistence, and in a while, though he was strong, yet did his resolution break like the coldness of northern snows, melting beneath the sunshine of her smile.

" 'When all the members of our family are gathered together once more, then will it seem like home.' Thus did she reason with reluctant Sheil.

"And so unto the wife of Sheil messages were sent, and presently she arrived within our walls with her little son, and we welcomed her as a long-lost friend.

"Lenora fell upon her neck and embraced her, calling her 'Sister,' but when her vision lighted upon the child a change crept into her beautiful face, which I marked with wonderment. Yet though a

strange gleam burnt in her eyes, she received the child with all the tenderness of a mother.

“During the time of many moons they dwelt among us, and the while unstrained relations existed between us. Lenora appeared to the eye more beautiful than ever, for happiness had reanimated her, and in the midst of company she appeared more content.

“Paula, the wife of Sheil, fell on a sudden indisposed, and was confined to her sick-room. Lenora waited upon her assiduously, and cared untiringly for the child.

“Now as to the child. His health appeared no less robust, but in the spirit within him there was a change. He seemed to lose both memory and will. One by one his faculties grew enfeebled, and he leant entirely upon his aunt. Gradually was she absorbing his soul into herself.

“For these things and others still more marvellous were done in the days of the past; for though our time was called the dawn of civilisation, yet in many things was it the brightest hour of noonday.

“More of these matters will I tell thee during my next visit.

“Thine,

“ + AMRA, Son of Egypt.”

22nd September.

"I noted these things with a heavy heart, but I loved Lenora, for she had bound me to her with magic chains and of her I could think no ill.

"One night there was a feast, and there was music and light and dancing, and it came to pass when the moon was high in the heavens, that the clouds embraced her and hid her shining, and observing this, Lenora sighed and murmured a few mysterious words.

"Now when we had arisen, and 'twas late in the darkness of the night, we retired to rest. The spirit of sleep deserted me that night, passing me unheeding by, nor did she even brush mine eyelids with her wings.

'Alert and restless, I wandered out into the night; my thoughts were disturbed, however, and formed but indifferent company.

"On a sudden some feeling of which I knew nothing led me onwards unto the place of great beauty where the rocks formed an abyss beneath which was the rush of a seething torrent.

"I pondered much as I stood there upon the brink of this marvellous handiwork of nature, and

then I lifted up mine eyes as I drank in the glorious beauty of the night.

“On a sudden out of the mouth of the darkness beside me there arose a great wailing, and in such a wise that it arrested the very pulsing of the heart within me, and my blood ran ice-cold within my veins. I called on the gods in mortal fear, for I knew that fearful wailing came not from the world of ordinary sights and sounds.

“Looking around me, I saw the form of a woman, frantic and in dire pain, flying across the ground towards me.

“The face was ghastly pale and the eyes maddened with fear and hate. In agony I cried aloud, yet could speak nothing, for the face that showed from out of the blackness around me was that of Lenora.

“Again there rose up to the skies that blood-curdling wail. It seemed as though my brain would break, yet there was no relief, no pause; the livid face beside me was convulsed and furious.

“The hands that I so admired for their beauty were raised with frenzy above her head, and she appeared to be fighting for very life with something I could not see.

“ ‘Lenora,’ I cried, my frozen tongue at last forcing into speech. ‘Gods! Speak to me—tell me—explain—be calm, that I may help.’

“Then she gazed on me with fearsome eye, looking both through and beyond me. Then struggling and choking wildly, with frantic screams and a last despairing wail, she dashed forward resistless, and flung herself into the abyss.

“Merciful oblivion carried me away, and as I blindly strove to follow her, all on a sudden my body seemed to crumple together, and fell in a swoon of horror.

“Of what next befell I will inform thee on the morrow. Remember me at the same hour.

“Thine always in God,

“+ AMRA, Child of Egypt.”

23rd September.

“After that, when they brought me home, I was overtaken with much sickness, and in delirium I raved of many things which I have now forgot. They nursed me gently through the illness, and when I was recovered somewhat, we made our way towards the coast lands by the sea.

“As I rested there, for the first time did they find me strong enough to bear the recitement of Lenora’s sins and sorrows.

“On that memorable night of horrors of which I have told thee, they had forced an entry into the private study-rooms of Lenora, and much there had they found of interest.

“The atmosphere was strange and oppressive, filled with weird shadows and shapes and sounds incomprehensible.

“In this chamber of secrets they had also discovered writings in a strange tongue, which were deciphered to read somewhat as follows:

“ ‘I, Lenora, the wife of Amra and the daughter of foreign lands, herein declare unto the world the sins and follies that have led me to condign punishment. Into the body of the child of Sheil and Paula I strove through my knowledge of the black arts to inject the soul of a wild dog that dwelleth in the lonely places around us.

“ ‘To effect this, I had first to suck away from him his own personality, that I might infuse it into the dog. ’Twas an exchange of souls that I contemplated, yet my calculations by the moon had gone astray, and I know now that the maddened

soul of the animal will not enter into the offenceless one, but into me. . . .

“ ‘I had liberated this wild thing, and it yearns to enter once more into an earthly body.

“ ‘Something seems to guard the child of Sheil. I believe it is the spirit of his mother.

“ ‘My doom is closing upon me. . . . There will be a struggle between my soul and its tonight. . . . Yet rather than allow it to inhabit my body I will cast myself over the rock and die miserably and unwept.

“ ‘. . . Farewell, Amra; thou art in truth the only being whom I ever loved. Forget if thou canst my wretchedness and my sin. . . .’

“Thou canst well imagine the tumult of my feelings as I reflected on the ruin of this beautiful woman, both body and soul. Great is the power of our kind either for good or evil.

“In a while we travelled back to Egypt. The child had grown himself once more, and was under the protection of angelic visitants. As to what befell us further than this, I will tell thee anon at the same hour.

“Thine,

“+ AMRA, Son of Egypt.”

"Ask for me again soon. Farewell!

" + AMRA,

"Child of Egypt."

24th September.

"Many pleasant days flowed smoothly by. I met again my old friends and companions of former days. One lady there was of high position and many charms whom my brother Sheil would fain have seen me marry. But though I admired and esteemed her, yet I did not truly love her, and my memory was too fatally entwined with the broken ideal of my youth.

"Time sped on with golden wings, which left some of their brightness behind them. Every day at high noon Paula, the wife of Sheil, went devoutly to the sanctum where my mother in past days had communed with the spirits. Oftentimes did she feel her presence, and sometimes beheld her, and spake much unto her, for remembrance of my mother was held fresh and sacred by all the household.

"One day I hied me there myself, and was rewarded by the appearance of my mother.

" 'Fairest and best of women,' I said, communing with her, 'surely thou must be one of the purest

blossoms in the garland that Isis wears upon her brow.'

"Then I heard her voice saying many things of wisdom unto me; and it came to pass that she named an hour at which I was to meet her spirit in the old grotto of our childhood, where the waters spake with the Divine Voice.

"Greatly wondering, I went my way, but kept my tryst with her at the appointed time.

"She had with much earnestness charged me to come, saying that when I did so I should become initiate into the greatest mystery of the world.

"Thus joyfully I sped to her. At the trysting-place I saw her beauteous form all girt about with brightness like a star from Heaven. And hailing her in rapture I fell upon my knees before her.

"She laid one hand upon my brow, and through the falling of the waters I heard her angel-voice. And then the gentle sound grew fainter in mine ears, and all around was darkness, and a strange pain shot through me and I remember falling prostrate upon the earth. Then the weird blackness closed over me and I seemed like one on the brink of a mighty void—falling, falling, falling. . . .

"And when I next remember, I held my mother

in mine arms, and everywhere was light and joy, and I felt no pain, nor weariness, but only a great upliftedness, and a sense of glorious freedom I had never known before. And then I understood that I was SPIRIT now, and that my earthly body was discarded with all its imperfections and its weaknesses, but that the '*I*' lived on unchanged. . . .

"For I was now 'initiate' into the greatest mystery of the world. . . .

"And the world called it 'Death'!

" + In Jesus, and Mary our Lady of Peace, farewell! All blessings be thine. . . Farewell. Farewell.

"Thine,

"AMRA, Child of Egypt."