

SO SAITH THE SPIRIT

By

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I HEARD A VOICE"

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So Saith the Spirit.

CHAPTER I.

THE approval shown by the public of *I Heard a Voice* has encouraged me to issue another volume.

Under the sorrows and suffering caused by the war, much greater interest has been taken in the study of spiritualism, and the prejudice against it has weakened. I have set out, accordingly, in the following pages, a number of interesting messages, of a kind I should not have published even a year ago.

As with the messages in *I Heard a Voice*, no paid or professional medium has been employed, but every message has come through one or other of my two daughters, and I was personally present when nearly every message was received. Planchette has not been used for any of the messages in the present volume.

It should be mentioned—and is, I think, a matter of the first importance—that in receiving the messages my daughters never go into a state of trance or anything of that nature; but are at all times absolutely normal. And they transmit the messages without effort and without suffering fatigue.

The experience I have gained since the previous volume was published confirms me in the view I there expressed that the evidence thrust upon me has made it impossible to doubt the power of spirit-intercourse or its immense utility, in the highest sense of that term. So also, I am confirmed in my view that there is no real antagonism between Religion and Spiritualism; but that, on the

contrary, all that is learned from spirit-intercourse strongly supports the essential doctrines of Religion, and in particular those of the Christian faith.

That there is an after-life; that it is of indefinite and apparently unlimited duration; that it is a life of progression—of gradual advancement towards God, and that a distinction is made for a time (the length of which varies considerably in different cases) in the treatment of those who pass over, according to the life they have spent on earth, are all facts of which spirit-intercourse affords conclusive proof. So also, the doctrine of Inspiration; the Resurrection—but in the spirit-body; the Ascension; the appearance of Our Lord to His disciples from time to time after His "death"; and most, if not all, the other so-called miracles of the Bible, have belief in them strengthened, and indeed made easy by a study of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is of such vast importance from the point of view of Religion, that there are some who regard it as a Religion in itself—complete and independent of any other. This seems to me an error. Everyone who believes in the power and value of spirit-intercourse is entitled to be called a spiritualist; and the possession of such belief does not exclude a person from membership of any of the old-established churches. A member of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic, a non-Conformist, a member of the Greek Church, may each be a good spiritualist.

The study of spiritualism, whilst confirming in their faith those who already believed in an after-life, and removing the doubts of those who, although desirous of holding such belief, found difficulties in their way, throws a flood of light—most valuable and interesting—upon the nature of the after-life. The experiences of all spiritualists are not entirely the same; some persons are more highly privileged than others in the communications they receive. But there is a general concurrence upon many of the chief

points. All who have studied spiritualism agree that it lends no support to the old idea of Hell as a place of never-ending torment; and all agree that the new life begins at once, and that there is no gap of perhaps millions of years, until a "Judgment Day," when all would be aroused from the sleep of death, arrives. All agree, further, that although there is a resurrection, in a sense, it is not a rising again of the earth-body, but that the person is clothed with a spirit-body. But the doctrines of eternal punishment, and of the rising, at some very remote period, of the actual physical body which decays on "death," cannot be called essential articles of faith of any of the orthodox Churches.

Spiritualism is indeed the great enemy of unbelief. For several generations, in all countries where Christianity is professed, there has been a weakening in a living, active faith; and this has been largely due to the teaching of eternal punishment. It has become repugnant to the common sense of most women, and practically all men, to suppose that a sinner would be punished by an all-merciful God, with flames of fire or otherwise, throughout eternity. Any punishment, however mild, must, if continued for all ages, be out of all proportion to the most heinous crimes committed on earth.

Most people, moreover, have found it hardly possible to believe that the identical flesh which crumbles into dust will be restored to its bones again at some distant period of time. So also, the idea that Inspiration—or spirit-communication under the direction of God—and the appearance on occasion by those who have left this life to those still on earth, may have been possible during the period covered by the Bible, but are quite impossible now, is a theory which appears to most minds as wholly illogical and unreasonable.

An these difficulties, which have led to a great increase in infidelity, are removed by a careful study of spirit

intercourse. Accordingly, all who love religion should use their utmost endeavours to extend the knowledge of and to deepen the interest taken in spirit-communication.

A theory has recently been put forward that messages received by "automatic" writing do not come from those who have left this life, but are due to what is termed "Cosmic Memory." This theory, the exact meaning of which is not very easy for most people to understand, had, perhaps, better be stated in the words of one of its chief exponents. Mr. Bligh Bond, in *The Gate of Remembrance* (pp. 19 and 20), states his idea that—"...the embodied consciousness of every individual is but a part, and a fragmentary part, of a transcendent whole, and that within the mind of each there is a door through which Reality may enter as Idea—Idea presupposing a greater, even a *Cosmic Memory*,* conscious or unconscious, active or latent, and embracing not only all individual experience and revivifying forgotten pages of life, but also Idea involving yet wider fields, transcending the ordinary limits of time, space and personality.

That this theory—so novel and extravagant, and unsupported by any evidence—should have been seriously put forward, shows how deep is the prejudice against adopting the simple, natural, and obvious explanation for these writings, that they are what they purport to be, messages from the spirits of persons who have passed from this life. In this connection it may be observed that it is very common for messages received by automatic writing to express opinion relating to future events; and it is obvious that such messages cannot be explained by any theory of Cosmic Memory.

It may here be pointed out that the expression "automatic writing" is not always used with precisely the same meaning. With these writings, sometimes the hand is controlled; as where a message is written in a language

* The italics are mine.

quite unknown to the medium. Sometimes the hand is not controlled, or only controlled in part; and in such cases the writing is the expression of a message received wholly, or in part, clair-audiently.

The knowledge we have been allowed to acquire from spirit-messages of life in the next world has been considerably enlarged since the preface to *I Heard a Voice* was written; but the statements in that preface appear to be correct so far as they go.

All messages received agree that the after-life is unending—thus supporting the doctrine of immortality; and that an after-life is in store for all, no selection for such purpose being made: to the most depraved as well as to the most righteous immortality is given. The messages show that on "death" restful sleep follows, which usually lasts for several days and on waking, the person who has thus passed over finds by his side one or more spirits—usually relations—who have passed over before him and made some progress. The newcomer into the spirit-world at first finds difficulty in realising that he has "died," but when he has been convinced of this he is entrusted to the care of certain spirit friends, with whom he stays until the time comes for his "Trial" and "judgment."

In order to make it easier for those passing over to realise that they are really "dead" and that their individuality is retained, the spirit-body, in the first instance, possesses the same defects as the earth-body at the time of death—whether these are of a serious character (such as a lost limb) or consist of such small blemishes as a mole or freckles. As expressed in a message from a very high spirit set out below (p. 187): "Imagine Byron waking up without it" (the malformation of his foot)," loathing it as he did He would have thought himself mad.... When he awoke he found himself almost an exact 'reproduction' of his earth-body." All such defects of the spirit-body,

however, disappear soon after death; except in cases where a person may desire to retain these characteristics for some time longer.

The "Trial" usually takes place a few weeks after death. The newcomer is taken by spirit friends to a high plane, where a spirit—so high as to be in fact an angel of God—interviews him, questions him as to his life on earth, and listens patiently to any explanations or excuses for sins committed. When the hearing is over, the spirit-judge generally gives some indication whether the purgatory to be gone through is likely to be severe or light, or, in rare cases, that there will (probably) be no purgatory at all. The spirit-judge, however, never fails to explain that he can give no decision until he has made report to those still higher, and they to God Himself.

It appears that after the Trial an interval elapses of, perhaps, a week or so; after which the newcomer is again taken to a high plane, when judgment is given. The sinner is told the decision, and the reason for it and its justice are gently and patiently explained, so that he fully realises that he is receiving no punishment beyond what is absolutely just, and indeed merciful.

In awarding punishment all material circumstances are taken into consideration—any special temptations, the up-bringing, the influences and surroundings, the degree of intelligence and education, and the strength or weakness of character. Error from weakness, although punished on earth as severely as deliberate wickedness, is treated differently in the spirit-world. Again, an earth-purgatory may have been endured—a life of suffering, mental or physical, or both—and this is, of course, taken into account. The cause and mode of death, moreover, are had regard to: a noble death, such as that of a soldier fighting bravely for his country, or a death met in trying to save the life of another, go a long way towards wiping out past sins and follies.

The punishment awarded is always appropriate to the occasion, and is designed to eradicate the main faults of character shown in the earth-life. Sometimes the choice is given of a punishment short (or seemingly short) and sharp, or of one much longer (or seemingly longer) but less severe. I have used the word "seemingly" in the last sentence, as this appears necessary in order to be accurate. For it is among the wonderful designs of Providence to arrange that the period of a person's punishment shall terminate at a time when some friends or relations in whom such person is especially interested will be sufficiently advanced to look after him, at least for a time, on a happy plane. But the attainment of this object is not allowed to interfere with the justice of the punishment. Time is not measured in the same manner as on earth: by the powers vested by God in very high spirits, the period of purgatory may be made to appear to the individual much longer or shorter than it really is (see below). Accordingly a person who has been punished for ten years may imagine that the punishment has lasted for fifty years, or even longer. And conversely, the punishment which has endured for fifty years may be made to appear to the sufferer to have lasted for a much shorter period.

When the term of purgatory is finished the person who has passed through it is so far cleansed of the old failings as to be in a fit condition to go on to a happy plane, or to a plane less unhappy, according to the nature of the punishment. If the punishment is severe, there will be a removal to a dull or grey plane before a happy plane is reached; but if the punishment is comparatively light—consisting in having to stay for a period on a dull or grey plane—the first removal will be to a happy plane.

All who "die" sooner or later reach a happy plane; and after remaining there for a period, longer or shorter according to circumstances, are advanced to one still higher, and thus proceed by very gradual steps towards God's presence.

Some spiritualists are so impressed with the importance of the truth that there is, on the whole, a steady progress, or "evolution," by everyone towards God, that they have advanced the theory that the Deity Himself must evolve. God must, it is argued, have created man out of Himself; and as it is inherent in man's nature to constantly evolve, it must be part of God's nature to also evolve. Such an argument displays an entire misconception of the nature of the Godhead. God, being eternal and all-powerful, was not obliged, in the work of creation, to make man out of Himself; nor is God bound to give anything created out of Himself the same attributes as He possesses. Moreover, the theory that God, like man, is in a constant state of evolution, would bring as a consequence that God, in times long past, must have been a very inferior being, and, accordingly, quite incapable of creating the Universe. Such a theory, therefore, leads to an agnosticism, not far removed from atheism.

Another theory believed in by many spiritualists, and by some who are not spiritualists, is that of Re-incarnation. The main arguments relied upon by those who favour this belief appear to be (1) that, in the case of each person, several incarnations are necessary by way of discipline, in order that such person may evolve—*i.e.*, spiritually develop; (2) that successive incarnations—under different conditions, of character, appearance, station, etc., are required in order to preserve equality and to prevent injustice.

But the purgatorial punishment endured after death is for the express purpose of discipline, and removes, by the roots, as it were, the failings discovered in the earth-life. Accordingly, Re-incarnation cannot be required by way of discipline. Again, the contention that Re-incarnation is required to prevent injustice is based on the assumption that a person whose life on earth has been passed under unhappy conditions would be benefited by a new life on

earth passed under different conditions. But any experience in spirit-intercourse makes it clear that as soon as the purgatory of a person who has passed over has ended and a happy plane has been reached, the conditions are brighter and happier than the most fortunate ever enjoyed on earth. Accordingly, to compel a person who has passed one unhappy life on earth to live on earth again, instead of enjoying the greater happiness of the spirit-world, would but increase any (apparent) injustice. Moreover, to have successive re-incarnations, with different temperament each time, would completely destroy individuality, and the experience obtained from spirit-intercourse shows clearly that each person's individuality is maintained throughout.

An interesting fact, of which we have had abundant evidence during the last three years, is that each person has a spirit-body, an almost exact replica of the earth-body; excepting that it is softened in appearance, and that, although it grows up with the earth-body, it does not, after it has once "grown up," get old in the same way. The spirit-body leaves the earth-body during sleep: the manner in which this occurs is described in a message set out below (p. 160). In some cases the spirit-body, during sleep, hovers near the earth: in other cases, it visits the spirit-world, and may be drawn to comparatively lofty planes.

The fact that there is a spirit-body which grows up with the earth-body, and when it has once grown up, of course, remains for all time, appears to create a further difficulty for those inclining to the view that there is any general, re-incarnation.

It may also be observed upon this subject, that in the very numerous messages we have received from various persons on the happy planes—persons differing very widely in their stage of spiritual development, and differing (in some cases enormously) in the periods when they lived on earth, there is not one message which supports the theory

that there is any compulsory re-incarnation. It should be mentioned, however, that in one message a high spirit, who has frequently been to us, stated (in effect) that although there was no compulsory re-incarnation, nevertheless, occasionally, where a spirit has felt a strong desire to be re-incarnated in the mistaken belief that in this way he would be able to enlighten and assist those on earth more effectually than from the spirit-world, God has acceded to the desire and allowed such re-incarnation to take place (see below, pp. 100, 101); but such cases are very rare.

Whilst dissenting from those who lean towards the doctrine of Re-incarnation, I venture most earnestly to express the hope that all who believe in the all-important truth of the power and value of spirit-intercourse, whether they differ or not upon the question of re-incarnation, will work together, so far as their views concur. In this connection, I may quote from a message set out below (p. 41), in which reference is made to a meeting of theosophists and spiritualists held in the spirit-world with a view to a *rapprochement*." We decided that the main difference was that theosophists thought God was reached by progress through repeated experiences on earth, while spiritualists thought He was reached by progress on spirit-planes, with only one earth-life. We all thought that as long as the main aim was to reach God, the difference in belief as to how it is brought about is minor. So we made our *rapprochement*. It is not worth while arguing about comparatively little things when there are such big questions to argue with unbelievers."

In speaking of the plane on which a person who has passed from this life may be, it must be borne in mind (as we have learned from messages received) that the expression is used in two different senses, sometimes referring to the portion of the universe where the person is permitted to dwell, and sometimes to the spiritual status he may have attained, independently of the locality in which his dwelling

may be situate. In the happy planes, it appears to be very common for a husband and wife, parent and child, or other close relations and friends, to live together, although they may be in very different stages of spiritual development. In such a case, those of them who are more advanced in their evolution, are said to be on a "higher plane"—using the word in the second of the two senses referred to above—than those who are less advanced. The higher spirit enjoys vibrations and influences which are different from, and happier than those enjoyed by the spirits less high, with whom he is dwelling, and is able to visit loftier planes, and has generally higher spiritual powers and privileges.

It may be of interest here to mention that from many messages we have received it would appear that, as a general rule—although not, of course, invariably—women in *the spirit-world* are on a higher plane than men, their contemporaries on earth; which is due, no doubt, to the fact that women on earth are usually less material, and more spiritual, than men. This difference in status in the spirit-world, however, does not prevent a man and a woman who are attached to one another living together: although residing together the one would still be on a different plane from the other, using the expression in the second of the two senses mentioned above.

From numerous messages received by us since *I Heard a Voice* was published, we have learned far more fully than we knew then, how closely life in the spirit-world resembles life on earth. It is, in many respects, like a continuation of the life on earth; but is (after all purgatorial punishment is over) immeasurably happier. In the spirit-world they have houses and furniture, gardens with paths and garden walls, horses and carriages, dogs, cats and other animals; and all of these things are as solid and substantial to them as similar things are to us here. On the other hand, the things of earth—roads, houses, brick walls,

furniture, food, etc., etc.—which seem so solid to us, appear to those who have passed to the spirit-world, to be shadowy, unsubstantial and unreal.

In the spirit-world there are streets and roads and shops and it is a mistake, moreover, to suppose that spirits—even those on very high planes—do not eat, drink, and sleep. Nor is the food always of the unsubstantial character (e.g., milk and grapes) generally supposed to be the sole diet of the spirit-world. It is to be noticed, however, that the food although solid, and appearing to them, as say, meat, game, or fish, is obtained without any "killing."

There are seasons in the spirit-world—at all events on some of the happy planes—similar to the seasons on earth but without their drawbacks. As expressed in a message (see below, p. 55): "It is like all the most agreeable weather in different countries gathered to form four charming seasons.... The cold (of winter) does not affect the spirits.... We are not conscious of it, save that we see the ice and the soft, glistening snow, and those who wish can skate." It should be mentioned, however, that those spirits on happy planes who wish always to be in a warm climate can live on planes where there is never any ice or snow. In the above message, it will be observed that skating is referred to, and it may be mentioned that, according to the messages we have received, most of the sports (skating, riding, driving, tennis, golf, etc.), and indoor and outdoor games of earth are enjoyed on the happy planes. So also, they have music of the various kinds known on earth (and not merely the harp and the lyre, which appear to be the only instruments allowed by non-spiritualists to persons in the spirit-world) and they have some instruments of music not yet known on earth. They have the selection, moreover, of such earth-compositions as they care to use, and also of songs and music composed for the first time in the spirit-world. In like manner, they have all such innocent pleasures as theatres, concerts,

lectures, receptions, parties, etc., as we have on earth.

It appears, further, that on all happy planes, perfect health is enjoyed, the spirit-body being wholly free from disease or sickness of any kind.

It is stated in *Heard a Voice* that for each spirit there is a "twin-soul" to whom, in course of time, such spirit is drawn. It is sometimes a long period, even hundreds of years, before the twin-soul is found. But in all cases the twin-soul is found eventually and becomes united with its mate. It seems clear, from many messages, that marriages—not of the same nature as those made on earth, but spirit-marriages—take place in the spirit-world; and that such marriages are usually, if not invariably, preceded by a formal ceremony of betrothal. Both betrothal and marriage require the sanction of higher spirits, including the governor of the province; and a long period sometimes elapses between betrothal and marriage. In granting or withholding sanction, the higher spirits are guided by the one consideration—are the two persons who thus desire to be united really twin-souls?

It is hardly necessary to say that no persons in the spirit-world are bound to become united against their will. Of course, even high spirits sometimes make mistakes; and when, in the interval between the betrothal and marriage, events occur which make it clear that the two persons are not twin-souls, the marriage is not allowed to take place, and the betrothal is formally annulled.

As regards personal appearance, it is interesting to know (according to numerous messages we have received) that persons in the spirit-world—at all events on the happy planes—can be of such height, age, colouring, and generally of such appearance, as they desire. But so deep-rooted in the human heart is the wish to retain one's individuality, that each, of choice, keeps in the main his or her earth appearance, altering it generally in small things, but not to such an extent that any could doubt

he or she was the same identical person. It would seem, however, that those who on earth have passed the age of youth, go back in the spirit-world, to the days when they were young, most selecting some age between 20 and 35.

The age and appearance which a person selects are retained by him or her unless and until a desire for change arises. Those who pass over as children are generally desired by their relations to continue as children for a period; and, not unfrequently a considerable time elapses before—in the spirit-world—they grow up.

It is interesting that, according to the messages we have received, education goes on in the spirit-world. There are classes of instruction for children, and lectures and classes for those adults who desire to increase the knowledge they acquired on earth. And it is easier to learn in the spirit-world; less effort, for example, being needed to acquire, say, a new language than would be needed on earth.

It appears, as stated in *I Heard a Voice* that each plane is divided, for the purposes of government, into a number of provinces, each of which is presided over by a governor.

In substance the government seems to be autocratic and bears no resemblance to a modern democracy. But the person selected by the higher spirits for the office of governor may, of course, be someone who on earth was of humble station, but who has qualified himself by study and otherwise in the spirit-world to hold a position of authority with advantage. A spirit still higher than the governor of any single province holds a general authority over a group of provinces; and such super-governor recognises authority in even higher spirits or angels. In this way, a general control is possessed by grade upon grade until God himself is reached.

The governor in each province selects persons to assist him by holding various offices under him. The earth.

tastes continue after death, and those who prefer to live under a king can take up their residence in a province where the governor has been permitted by the higher spirits to assume the title of king. Some, it seems, of those who were kings on earth are king-governors in the spirit-world; but in other cases the governor of a province even when given the royal title, is a person *who* was not a king on earth.

We have further learned from messages that in addition to those *who* have passed from this life, there are, on the happy planes, beings usually called "Nature-spirits." These are small of stature—although not so small as fairies—and full of fun and humour. They love flowers and trees and rivers, and other beautiful things of nature; and they are fond (we are told) of accompanying airmen in their flight.

The characteristics and tastes of earth survive death; and there is "free-play" in the spirit-world, for each person's individuality. To use the words of a high spirit in a message set out below (p. 189): "Most people, even of those who believe in spiritualism, and the carrying on, the continuance of personality after death, do not sufficient justice to that all-important fact. 'I' is still 'I,' even the instant after death. God does not wave a magic wand and say, 'You have been cursed with a passionate temper, or an inordinate ambition on earth, now you are to be the mildest of human beings and the least aspiring of men.' In such cases, of course, change is needed; but it is gradual and gentle, not a wrench from one nature to another.... God is in no hurry: He has all eternity in which to train and educate His children, and He is very patient."

The earth-tastes continuing after death, persons in the spirit-world generally employ themselves in occupations similar to those they engaged in on earth. Farmers—if they so desire—continue to farm; shop-keepers to keep

shops; actors to act; artists to paint; musicians to play or compose; poets to write verses; authors to compose new books. Any occupation is carried on, it seems, from choice and not as a matter of obligation; and is conducted under infinitely happier conditions.

New books, magazines, and papers, unknown here, are produced in the spirit-world; and any of the works of earth which those in the spirit-world consider deserving of interest and attention are also published there.

It may be a surprise to some to learn that there are domestic workers in the spirit-world. Many who were domestic servants on earth, and attached to the family with whom they dwelt, return to the same family, of their own accord, in the spirit-world, to occupy a similar position, under conditions immensely brighter and happier. But they retain the right to leave their occupation when they will. Moreover, many of the duties usually, on earth, performed by domestic workers, are, in the spirit-world, carried out willingly by the nature-spirits referred to above specially the duty of attending to gardens and conservatories, and to dogs and other animals. Further, it is not uncommon for a spirit, by his or her own desire, to enter for a period—sometimes a prolonged period—as a servant or companion into the household of some person of higher spiritual status, who has assisted the former in the upward movement from less happy planes.

It will also be a surprise to many to learn that (according to a number of messages we have received) they have letters in the spirit-world; and there are arrangements for their delivery—nature-spirits frequently acting as letter-carriers.

Of the advantages derived from spirit-intercourse I have said something in *I Heard a Voice*. The theory that such messages always, or even generally, come from evil beings rests upon prejudice, and will not bear examination. Such an idea is, indeed, contrary to the law of Evolution,

of which so much is heard. With most people, the messages come chiefly from relations—who, in the ordinary course, would have advanced (spiritually) since "death." A mother's influence, for example, valuable as it is on earth, must be more valuable still after, say, twenty years' experience in the spirit-world.

The messages set out in this volume are fairly representative of those we have received since my prior volume was published, and no one who reads them will deny, I think that they are of a spiritual and elevating tendency, and that their influence is likely to be beneficial in the highest sense of that term.

The comfort derived from a convinced and active belief in spiritualism can only be fully realised by those who have experienced it. A husband grieves the loss of a beloved wife: he hopes to meet her again, but does not feel very sure there is a future life, and does not know, even if there is, whether aeons of time will elapse before he and his wife awake from "the grave" and meet again. He studies spiritualism and the whole outlook changes. All doubt of a future life vanishes: he realises for the first time that his wife is not sleeping in the tomb in which the earth-body—forming the covering of her soul and spirit—was laid, but that she is alive and active in a world, in many respects resembling this, but far happier: that she is frequently with him, trying to cheer and comfort him, and to convince him of her presence and the interest she takes in all he does, and says, and thinks: that she is waiting to join him (as soon as he parts from life on earth) in the spirit-body, under conditions (after any intervening purgatory for sins committed) immensely brighter than ever enjoyed on earth, and that gradually—very gradually—they will become more spiritual, advancing from plane to plane, as they slowly progress towards God.

As spiritualism firmly supports the essential doctrines of religion, and in particular those of the Christian faith,

it might have been reasonably expected that it would be received with friendly sympathy by the clergy of the various churches. It is, no doubt, right that they should test the truth of the assertion that spirit-intercourse can, and does, take place; but they should investigate the matter with a fair and open mind, and with an earnest desire, if and when satisfied of its truth and that the messages received have, in the main, an elevating and spiritual influence, to proclaim the great truth, and to use it for the spiritual education of the people committed to their charge.

Hostility to the spiritualist movement has been shown by the Church of Rome in particular; which is strange, seeing that inspiration and miracles—the truth of which that church so persistently claims—receive strong support from a study of spiritualism. Many of the messages received by us have come from those who on earth were Roman Catholics (although we ourselves are members of the Church of England), and in some of these messages regret has been expressed at having discouraged spirit intercourse when on earth.

The clergy of the Church of England have been, up to recently, but little less hostile to the spiritualist movement than those of the Church of Rome. But there are now distinguished exceptions; and it may be reasonably expected that at no distant date the majority of the Church of England clergy will adopt spiritualism as a powerful aid to the teaching of Christianity.

In this connection, I may use the words of one of the early messages we received from a high spirit. If the clergy and priesthood of the present day but realised the needs of their flocks, how different would life be.... Atheism, Agnosticism, Unbelief—those enemies of the Church of Jesus—would vanish at the sweet approach of this rising 'young' science—the oldest in the world.... Tell them in clear and manly terms, O shrinking priests.

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."

As spiritualism supports religion, it follows that it also supports morality. Moreover, the assured conviction derived from a study of spiritualism that after "death"—and immediately after, not after an interval of millions of years—an account has to be given of how the life on earth has been spent, and that a punishment, just and proportionate to the wrongdoing here after taking an circumstances into consideration, is awarded and has to be commenced at once, and that the better the life spent on earth the sooner will happiness be enjoyed in the spirit-world must be a powerful assistance to morality and good conduct. So, also, must be the knowledge that one's life here is constantly watched with deep interest, not unmixed with anxiety, by relations and friends who have passed over, who do their best to bring good influences to bear and grieve when they are not listened to. I may here refer to a message from a high spirit set out at pp. 46-7: "Too dazzling are the wonders of the spirit-world to recount to those on earth. Perfect peace, perfect health, perfect happiness, and dwelling-places more magnificent than any seen on earth.... If a man liveth a good life...how joyful will be his lot in our world! If those that abandon themselves to sin could only see the vast, dismal cavernous reformatories God will send them to, till every atom bath been paid, how changed would be their lives!"

The same reasons which might have been expected to commend spiritualism to the teachers of religion would, it might have been thought, commend it to the favourable consideration of the State. Spiritualism, as a strong support to religion and morality, and giving no encouragement to sedition or anarchy, must be a valuable aid to government,

Instead of giving encouragement, however, to the Spiritualist movement, the State in this country treats it with something approaching to barbarity. It does little credit to the enlightened civilisation which this age claims to possess, that statutes, passed in days when deep prejudice and ignorance upon this subject prevailed, should still remain, to a large extent, unrepealed. The result is that persons blessed with gifts as mediums—among the highest gifts bestowed by Heaven—are, by statute, classified under the head of "Rogues and Vagabonds."

The injustice of the law on this question is made still greater by the mode in which it is administered. Mediums—or "fortune-tellers," to use the phrase employed—are charged with being rogues and vagabonds, and dragged before magistrates, none of whom even pretend to have given serious study to spiritualism, but who proceed upon the footing that spirit-intercourse is impossible, and that those who profess to practise it must be fraudulent.

It is, no doubt, right that dishonesty should be punished, whether practised by those claiming the power of mediumship or otherwise, and, occasionally, certain mediums may be open to the charge of fraud; although I believe this to be much more rare than is generally supposed. But fraud is not confined to mediums, and no special statute is required to meet it. Everyone possessing the gift of mediumship ought to be allowed to practise it at will,; so long as it is done honestly. And all statutory provisions for the punishment of mediums—whether under the name of "fortune-tellers" or otherwise—ought to be erased from the statute book. Fraud in mediums should be left to be dealt with by the Common Law of England, which is amply strong enough to meet it, in the comparatively rare cases where it does in fact occur.

I would, in particular, draw the attention of those persons using this volume to the spirit-poems set out at pp. 83-9, 1634. Even if my children had been willing

to lend themselves to the work of deceiving their own parents, it must be reasonably obvious that such productions (as also the spirit-poem set out in *I Heard a Voice*) would be beyond their powers.

One of the remarkable facts we have learned from messages received during the period covered by this volume is the active interest taken by beings in the spirit-world in the tremendous struggle in which we have been engaged. Great soldiers and statesmen—some who have "died" comparatively recently, and some who passed over many generations, and even centuries ago—have been attracted to earth by the deep feelings aroused in this world-wide conflict. Love of country does not fade on death; nor is the spirit of Patriotism replaced by Internationalism. As expressed in a message from a very high spirit with reference to the part taken by Boadicea in this war: "Not all the long and peaceful years in Paradise have dimmed the fires of patriotism burning in her soul."

Great Englishmen, Scotchmen and Frenchmen, some of whom are specified in a message set out below (pp. 43, 111-2), and include chief and above all, Napoleon, have been of invaluable assistance to the Allies, by the thought-impressions and influences which (sometimes with compelling force) they have produced. Marshall Foch would, no doubt, be surprised to be told that his brilliant strategy was largely, if not mainly, due to the power of Napoleon—not historically, but working upon him directly and personally from the spirit-world.

On the other hand, many great Austrians and Germans of former days, including the brilliant but unprincipled Bismarck, have actively helped the Central Powers; and those of them who are good spirits have endeavoured to restrain their countrymen's excesses.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that assistance has come only from those who were great on earth. An immense number of persons of humble position have,

from the spirit-world, taken an active part in the conflict, strengthening the courage and increasing the endurance of the armies they support.

It will be observed by those who peruse this volume that many of the messages set out are from persons who on earth were of exalted rank or otherwise distinguished. It is not uncommon, even with convinced spiritualists, to be sceptical of the genuineness of any messages purporting to come from persons who on earth were great; but such an attitude does not appear to rest upon any sufficient foundation.

The rank which a person held when on earth is not, of course, of the same importance in the spirit-world; and there is, therefore, no inherent improbability in a person who was of lofty station communicating with anyone on earth of humble position. Experience in spirit-intercourse shows that, as a rule, to communicate with persons on earth gives true pleasure to beings in the spirit-world, provided there is a really good medium. And, in particular, is this the case, if the story of their earth-life is of deep interest to those they visit.

In our own case, my two daughters happen to be very unusually good mediums, and they take a quite exceptional interest in history, and in the biographies of well-known characters of past days. In this volume I have set out (without giving the names) a small fraction of the messages from historical characters which we have received. The visits paid to us by some historical characters have been very frequent: we have received hundreds of messages from the same persons; and have been given many interesting anecdotes of incidents in their earth-life.

The theory that all such messages come from "impersonating spirits" will not bear examination. Why should anyone in the spirit-world take the trouble to come to us day after day, and month after month, with a view to impersonating some person who was great on earth; and

spend much time in reading books about such person, and in recounting anecdotes (which, on the hypothesis, would be imaginary) of their life on earth? What conceivable object could there be for such laborious and persistent deception?

Moreover, any false and impersonating spirits, coming day after day and month after month, for the express purpose of deliberately deceiving persons on earth whose trust and confidence they have taken pains to win, must be evil; and their messages would necessarily be such as would have a mischievous influence. But among the numerous messages we have received during the last three years from persons who were great or distinguished on earth, there is not one which could possibly have a mischievous influence. On the contrary, the messages are of a distinctly improving and elevating character.

Further, the theory that the messages in question come from impersonating spirits leads to the logical conclusion that the other messages are of the same character; for our relations and friends in the spirit-world have frequently referred, in their messages, to the historical characters and to having heard from them of their visits to us.

Of the genuineness of the messages from relations and friends, however, a good deal of evidence is set out in *I Heard a Voice*, and I do not suppose that anyone who has studied Spiritualism would question them.

Personally, I have not the slightest doubt that all the messages we have received—including those from historical characters—are genuine; and I venture to think that the position taken up by those spiritualists who are ready to accept messages from relations and others of the same station, but discredit messages purporting to come from those who held high rank when on earth, is illogical and untenable.

The messages we have received since *I Heard a Voice* was published comprise an account given by several distinguished

persons of former days of their "passing"; and some of these I have set out in the following pages, which I hope will be found of considerable interest. In the case of Napoleon, we have not been told of his actual passing, but we have received, from a very high spirit, a most striking sketch of his life in the spirit-world, which must, I think, be of great interest to the Emperor's many admirers.

The truth of the appearance of the angels at Mons, of which so much difference of opinion has been expressed in this country, has been confirmed by several authoritative messages we have received. In one message (see below, p. 92) some very interesting particulars are given, including the identity of the chief spirits or angels taking part in the apparition.

Among the many enormous advantages which life in the spirit-world has over life on earth is the fact of which we have been informed by many messages that talent and merit are recognised in the spirit-world according to their true quality and worth. On earth, persons of inferior parts and character often acquire greater influence and a higher position than are attained by those who are their natural superiors. This may be due to circumstances, to better health, to luck, or what is called "happy accident," to the possession of engaging manners, to a capacity for intrigue and dissimulation, to showy rather than solid qualities. In the spirit-world it is otherwise. There, men are seen as they really are; and intrigue and dissimulation are of no avail. Each is known for what he is—his character, capacity and qualities—and valued accordingly; and as many, if not most of the occupations of earth are continued, by those who desire to do so, in the spirit-world, there is ample opportunity for persons whose talents are not duly recognised here, to prove their worth in the next life. Poets, musicians, authors, artists—even statesmen—whose work may have been unknown or not sufficiently

appreciated on earth, will be able to make full use of their powers in the spirit-world, and will obtain the recognition which is rightly their due.

I have stated above that, according to the messages we have received, those spirits in the happy planes who prefer the kingly form of government are able to live in a province where the governor has been allowed to assume the title of king. It ought also to be observed that it is open to happy spirits to select for their residence a province in which the habits, customs and dress of a country and period attractive to their tastes, are retained. Thus we have learned that there are one or more Tudor provinces, a Stuart province, a province of the Queen Anne period, of Louis XIV. period, of the Empire period, of the Victoria period, and so on.

I may here refer to a controversy which has recently taken place in the press over the spelling used in messages purporting to come from persons who "died" many years ago. With such communications anti-spiritualists not unfrequently seize upon any apparent inconsistency in the spelling, and if an expert can discover a word used or spelt differently from what was customary at the period when the communicating spirit was on earth, the fact is put forward as evidence that the message is not genuine.

This attitude does not appear to be either logical or reasonable. It rests upon the notion that those who pass from this life necessarily retain in the spirit-world for all time the exact language and mode of spelling which they used when on earth; but very little thought will show that this idea contains obvious fallacies. Apart from the fact that it was formerly very common to spell the same word differently even in the same letter, it must be borne in mind that in spirit realms persons mingle, and often on intimate terms, with others who lived on earth at a very different period from themselves, and their language and spelling may become modified accordingly. Indeed marriages,

it seems, in the spirit-world are sometimes made between persons whose life on earth was separated by many generations. Further, beings in the spirit-world have among the books they read many works composed after their life on earth ended, and, moreover, in keeping in touch with affairs on earth they become acquainted with the language and spelling for the time being in use in modern papers and documents. Again, a message may be quite genuine, but may, nevertheless, not come through with such perfection that the medium succeeds in spelling every word in the precise manner in which the communicating spirit desires the same to be spelt.

Bearing all these considerations in mind, it seems to me that to examine critically messages received with a view to the possible discovery of some difference between the spelling of certain words in such messages and that generally in use when the communicating spirit was on earth, is hardly a profitable task.

I cannot conclude this chapter without observing that one of the great lessons learned from spirit-intercourse is the extreme importance of *thought*—an importance very insufficiently appreciated on earth. Thought travels, and always carries influence, more or less according to circumstances: every kind and charitable thought has an influence for good, and every cruel or base thought has an influence for mischief.

One further observation may be usefully made in this preliminary chapter. When either of my daughters, in the course of her lessons or otherwise, attempts an essay its composition requires, as is natural, a good deal of correction, and may have to be re-written more than once. The messages set out below, however, many of which are in beautiful language, were all written straight off, sometimes very fast, without hesitation or difficulty, without any subsequent "touching up," and without indeed a single correction. To invent long messages and to write

them straight off, clothed in excellent English, would tax the powers of a most accomplished man of letters, and is certainly wholly beyond the powers of either of my children.

This consideration gives further support to the conviction, which I strongly entertain, that all the messages we have received are what they purport to be, genuine spirit communications.

CHAPTER II.

THE message set out below gives some explanation of the mode in which those who have left this life are able to get into communication with persons still on earth. It is convenient, therefore, to insert it as a preliminary to the other messages in this volume; although it is one of the last, in order of date, of those recorded.

22nd February, 1919.

Father Olivert, to whom frequent reference is made in *As I Heard a Voice*, wrote: "I intended to speak to you to-day of communication with earth, and of the experiences which some of the inhabitants of the spirit planes go through in their voyages to earth.

"You know that, as a rule, it is much easier to communicate the second time than the first, and similarly the third than the second, and so on. I will try to explain a little of this. We feel as we first begin to write through some earth medium that we are commencing to build a bridge across to your world, that we are throwing out our grappling-hooks, that we are constructing a channel through which to pour important and valuable matter.

"Each time that we come we (figuratively) add more stones and bricks to our bridge, more strength to our grappling-hooks, more corrections to our channel. That is why it is so much easier for spirits of experience in communicating to communicate with new earth-friends. When we come first of all to earth men and women, our spirit begins to project towards them chains or cords, which are caught up, one might say, by theirs.'

"You have seen a spider, as he projects that wonderful silken thread into the air, apparently; he appears to have

this power of throwing the fibre out and causing it to hang upon some desirable twig, leaf, or blossom. I take that little wonder of nature to serve me as an image with which to express my ideas to you. We are the spider (complimentary or uncomplimentary simile?), and we throw out from our inner selves—our inmost spirit, or ego, or intelligence—this marvellous force, like a spiritual chain or rope, with which we want to attach the earth person (temporarily) to ourselves.

"Here I will again point out to you the truth of the saying that 'like attracts like,' for if the earth person is similar to ourselves—*i.e.*, the communicating ego—in nature, tastes, habits, etc., we find our task proportionately easier. This is quite facile to understand when one realizes that the cord or force of which I spoke is *taken out of our very being*, and hence finds most easily attraction in its affinity.

"There is surely some potent force in our individuality and personality. Even in the earth life this can be noticed quite clearly; and that is why some people attract—without other apparent reason than 'instinct'—and others repel.

"*Eh bien*, we throw out this mysterious 'feeler,' as one may call it, and if the soil is grateful, we are pleased: our efforts are rewarded, and the bond between communicators, spirit and earthly, is tightened. Next visit that we make we are enabled to find our earth friend through the mysterious bond. With each visit—or generally this is the case, unless some 'disagreeable' circumstance has occurred to alter our feelings in the matter—we 'find' our earth friend more easily and can better impress him with our thoughts.

"I do not much believe in the 'scare' that is started by anti-spiritualists and encouraged by weak or timorous believers: I refer to the scare about evil spirits and their communications with earth. Again I repeat my maxim;

Like attracts like.' Hence 'light attracts light and dark attracts dark,' as regards the spirits and those who communicate with them from earth. Remember that my simile of that mysterious force or cord can be altered to one of telephone-wires which we are setting up, and then remember that *it is within the Power of anyone, be he or she unwilling to receive a message upon the telephone, to 'hang up the receiver' and say, 'I will have no more of this: I will just let them go on ringing from the other end.'* In other words, earthly communicators can 'strike off' with the evil spirits, as they too often do with the good ones, when their own bad thoughts, bad words, bad deeds, form themselves into a little steel instrument which nips those unfortunate telephone-wires in twain.

"People sometimes say: 'Oh, you spirits can go anywhere and do anything; will you visit my husband in Timbuctoo, or my aunt in Cairo, and watch what they are doing and bring me back the reports at Shrimptown-Super-mare?' They should reflect before they ask such things. Only in *some* cases can they be done, and under special permission from the higher spirits, and when we are granted certain powers: in such cases there is no attraction, no bond, no mysterious force, no affinity, perhaps, and no previous experience.

"That, again (all that I have told you) is the reason why people should go carefully and gently to work when first getting into communication; even as you did, dears. Content with a little, not quibbling: things come through best unexpectedly and without worrying.

"Similarly, earth-people can help in the communication upon their parts, by projecting the mysterious force with which Providence has endowed them, and this Will meet with its affinity in the spirit-world towards which it is directed: the stronger it is the more full of faith, prayer, love and hope, the more surely will it meet with its affinity and the more firmly unite with it. The spirits (if such an

advance be made by an earth-person) can meet it half way, as we say, and thus these forces will rush out upon both sides: two sets of workmen are engaged to build the bridge, the channel is begun upon both sides, the cord is thrown out by one pair of hands and is caught by another across the chasm."

CHAPTER III.

14th October, 1917.

ON this date Father Olivert wrote:—"All things go by thought, you know, children; so always be scrupulous in the thoughts you send to friends or enemies.... By the passionate thoughts sent forth by warring myriads the earth is terrible with life-seeking thoughts, thoughts of cold hatred, thoughts of eager desire for the 'blood of my enemy.' Never has such a state existed. Your England is not so bad quite as my poor country, and Germany is terrible.... Belgium is awful too. Once, when at the front, I crossed the border to a small town occupied by the Germans. I went to the padre's house: he was not there; he was in detention pending examination for spying, but I think was released. The cabaret was thronged with German soldiers, who had spirits of vile and repulsive character leering over them, forcing them to take thoughts of pillage and worse, forcing their bestial desires.

"Such was the state of that village, though, by the mercy of God, there were good thoughts too, but the good spirits found it hard to come and help the poor suffering souls trying to live their Christian life according to His Word.... Even London is much worse than usual.

"The thoughts in this country are worse than they were, and are worse than in some other countries because you are fighting, and there are spies and plots and lies, and crimes connected with war, without number. Moreover, there are cold offices and councils, where naught is deliberated but the ways and means to destroy human life in the most scientific (or should I say 'polite') way. That brings spirits who have committed premeditated murders, such as Crippen and Seddon and Smith,

...In neutral states, such as Holland, Norway, Spain, there is not such murder-planning, though, of course, spirits who loved evil intrigue find their way to such countries for plotting and spy-sending. This is not so trying as the hate in fighting nations. Then the soldiers of the Allied lands have (excusably and naturally) deteriorated in their thoughts through German crimes so that sometimes good men are driven mad and pitiless....

"...I am sorry for your King and Queen. There are the spirits of their ancestors watching them and praying for them and trying to lead them in the safest course in what it is feared may be a troublous reign...."

Referring to the air-raids, he proceeded:"Those elementals who spread panic and fear through sheer wickedness.... Beware of those Tubes: there are always evil ones trying to make trouble there.... Remember how much punishment the world deserves, and it must fall on innocent and guilty: the former will receive their compensation.... And remember also there are many waves of good kind thoughts: sometimes from a small country cottage a lovely ray goes up—perhaps from a poor woman of the people, or perhaps from a lady who is the wife of a poor officer, and such is pleasing to the Almighty.

"Occasionally, alas, when I have passed the same road the thought has turned: the loved one is 'dead': the living hates the God who has taken him away and the loved one stands weeping and tries to make plain that he is there and alive. The rays from a church in London, Paris, and even Berlin are beautiful often; for in all lands there are mothers and wives who pray to God. I am not a 'pacifist,' but you must be fair to the worst enemy, and even in spite of their crimes, as in Judah in the time of Baal, there are thousands and thousands who have not 'bowed the knee'...sometimes those wicked men who are the worst have a good mother or wife thinking they are fighting as chivalrous gentlemen,"

20th October, 1917.

The following extracts are taken from a message received from Father Olivert, who, after making some observations on the Russian revolution, wrote:—"That foul man (Rasputin) masquerading as a 'man of God,' using and perverting psychic powers, exercised hypnotism and thought-powers over that luckless mother.... The atmosphere of most Courts is difficult: that of the Russian is the worst. The air buzzed with terrible intrigues and plots.... We must await, hoping for order out of chaos.... Russia does not seem to be nearly out of its purgatory, and I fear the royal people may not survive this War. The Empress and her husband have the spirits of 'dead' emperors and empresses with them. The great Peter walks with the Emperor, and Catherine walks with the Empress, but cannot do much, for she (Catherine) is low down yet—both, I think. The child (the Czarovitch) has been more experimented on than any boy in history. He was the child of loving parents, doting sisters, and good ladies loved the little boy; and yet he was aimed at, injured, and even physically ill-treated up to the Revolution....

...In Sweden a strong German thought pervades largely, particularly in big cities and in high classes of life. I think in a small way, they are dangerous: they have helped your enemies all through. Norway is smaller and very different. The hatred of Germany is intense: they have been half ruined by Germany. They dare not fight, but wish you well.... Denmark is much the same, but the hatred is not so deep.... Holland is difficult to gauge, but from what I heard up in the City of *Concord* I think their German feelings, even among the upper part of society, is giving place to dread of sharing Belgium's fate. For they are proud, as proud as any nation in Europe, of their fine history and colonies,

Then there is poor dear Belgium I love so well, sitting in sackcloth and ashes next to smug (dare I say), rich, easy little Holland. They suffer more almost than any country. The agony of those left behind (and five out of six are in German hands) is the most exquisite torture.... They saved you all. Because of their defence you are now sitting in comfort. Had not the mercy of God put courage into their hearts, Paris would now be a German town and England probably overrun.

"I shall never forget the suspense. I, in the spirit-world, watched my dear country. I knew their capital would fall at the first rush did not Belgium fight, and England—both. It was a miracle of God.

France is wonderful, lovely, beautiful, wronged. Her daily pursuits go on with no men at home, and all that lovely north-east in the enemy's grip. Every peasant woman gives the contents of her *bas*, and works like a slave to keep things going.

I saw some of the fighting at Mons. The German armies were led by forces of the spirit-world." (We suggested that the spirits with them must be all evil ones.)"Not altogether; Frederick I was there: he has been punished a good deal, but he has risen now, I hear. He did not endure great purgatory, but was held back on a dull plain. And who do you think is among the Germans' most evil supporters—but more in Council?" (We suggested Bismarck's name)"Yes; risen from the deepest pit.... There are at this time more great spirits on earth than have been there for over 100 years—some come; some watch. Each country has its great guides who strive for it."

As to Frederick, see later pp. 95-97,

It will be observed that in the above message Father Olivert speaks of the "City of Concord." In a later message (see p. 51) he refers to this again. From this and other messages received we have learned that comparatively early in the present war a Congress was arranged in the spirit-world to be attended by delegates from each country engaged in the struggle, to discuss possible terms of peace, the intention being, if terms could be agreed upon in the spirit-world, as practicable, to try and bring about their adoption by the governments of the nations at war. Each country engaged in the war is, apparently, represented at the Congress by three very high spirits, and each neutral country concerned by one high spirit. The Congress is presided over by a spirit or angel even higher than any of the delegates, and the place in the spirit-world where the Congress meets is called the "City of Concord."

In the last I chapter of *I Heard a Voice* a series of messages received between the 15th August and the 24th September, 1917, are recorded, in which an exceedingly high spirit, "Amra," tells the story of his life on earth. Since this time we have been privileged to receive, by "automatic" writing, through one or other of my two daughters, a number of messages from Amra of a very interesting character, and some of them are set out in this volume.

21st October, 1917.

What shall I say to thee, children? I know not what, for I have finished the story of my life on earth. Talk to me, children."

We suggested his saying a few words to us on the subject of the fear of death.

I The last chapter of the first edition, and the last chapter but one of the second edition.

"Ah, well! I think the best object lesson on that is gained by study of the Peoples of whom I came—they had no fear of death. They were the most initiated, perhaps, of all the nations of those bygone years. They were less worldly than the Babylonians, more mystical than the northern races, more idealistic and aspiring than the Assyrians.

"The standard of the nation's morality can be gauged by the after-death inquiry, which the soul was believed to pass through. There was a negative confession, answering to the ten commandments of later-day Gentiles and Christians:—

I have not killed another man's body.'

I have not defrauded the widow and the orphan.'

I have not assailed the honour of my neighbour.'

I have not taken meat from the lips of another man.' I have not spoken evil of the Gods.'

I have revered my parents, and my ancestors,'
etc.

"The spirit of the nation may be judged from the knowledge that the two chief classes were the priestly and the military.

"The Egyptians were a conservative race: they held closely to old ideas. They resented interference from strangers. They wished Egypt to be not only the mistress of the world—the then known world—but the home of the true Egyptian People.

"'Twas only when later-day weakness and corruption stole in that this marvellous structure of early civilisation fell away and crumbled to dust beneath the heels of marauding invaders.

"Before the time of Roman power, there were the Assyrians, that had always a jealous eye to their fair western neighbour; there were the Babylonians, the Syrians, and then the Greeks, the Romans, and the tribes of Arabia. Never more did Egypt bear sway amongst her

neighbours, and after the brief and fitful flash from the dying fire, the time when Cleopatra enchanted the might and wisdom of Rome, my poor land fell away into oblivion and dismemberment.

She had fulfilled her mission among the peoples of the world, and had passed on the light of civilisation to other hands to chase away the darkness of the north. Our sceptre passed to the Romans, who, in a long succession of wise and mighty men, showed to the world what courage, perseverance, patriotism and unity may do.

"The Caesars were placed upon the pinnacle of the gods, and the more wicked they were, perhaps, the more was their divinity acclaimed. Yet when one of the worst of the Caesars suggested that Jesus Christ, the Man from Nazareth, should be exalted to divine position, they refused with scorn.

"In time Rome followed the way of Egypt, and the throne of the Caesars was offered to the highest bidder by troops who had grasped all power into their own hands. Then, as with Egypt, the flame leaped up again, before it sank down to extinction, and a succession of wiser emperors kept the mouldering empire upright. But Rome as a city, the first city in the world, the city of wealth and of beauty, of fame and of culture, the proud city, the strong city—Rome the impregnable—sank into the position of a mere seaport town; and while Stamboul, the Golden City of the East, was raised by the emperor's magic wand into Constantinople, the imperial stronghold, poor deserted Italy weakened by little and by little, until her plains became the playing grounds for the nomad tribes from the north.

"But in thus disposing of this great race, Providence knew there was little need for the world to regret, for sparks of civilization were springing up all around. The Franks brought them into France; the Normans into England; and the lessons learnt already from the Romans

were enriched by new knowledge. Henceforward the nations of the West and North sprang quickly into the light, while those of the East and South sank into the shadows, and became stagnant, even retrogressive.

"The Chinese, in Great Asia, had so shut themselves in, surrounded by their mountains and their walls, and ringed 'by their national prejudices, that they learnt nothing—having forgotten much—and grew to be merely despised orientals.

"In this we have clear warning against too keen an animosity towards foreign peoples, for the country should ever be ready to learn the lessons that can be taught by close study of the failures and the successes experienced by neighbours.

I now am going to the City of Concord.... I commend you in life, in death, and through eternity, to One who changeth never, our Beautiful Lord Jesus, Prince of Peace....

+ "AMRA,
Child of Egypt."

17th November, 1917.

The following is a short extract from a message received from Father Olivert:—

"The Germans are pouring men afresh from Russia and Roumania...the air is black with their thoughts.... It was so distressing to me personally the other day. I was behind the German lines in a French village and saw them (German soldiers) coming in, marching along—fresh men, you see—and the wan, sad-faced French peasants watched from their doors, knowing they were new men against their own people. Some who had heard news cursed Russia...."

28th November, 1917.

Father Olivert wrote:—"I took over" (on their passing into the spirit-world) "a party of British soldiers the other day: it was after a great battle, and I went and collected, so to speak, a dozen or so and led them to a place where they fell asleep for a few days. It was strange: they seemed dazed, and unaware they were dead (save one) and thought, I suppose—so far as they *thought* at all—that a padre was leading them to a hospital. But one said, half moaning, 'We are dead, dead, dead: this is not the world. I know I am dead: we are all dead, quite dead,' and he almost shrieked.

"I comforted him a little: the others probably thought him light-headed. He was probably some one who had had some experience, and yet was deeply tied to earth and loved earth. They have not woken up yet. I shall visit them: they will stay there a little, even when they wake, and I am deputed to look after them."

Referring to differences of opinion between Spiritualists and Theosophists, Father Olivert said:—

"I hope, and we all hope so keenly—for there seems a little danger of it—that Spiritualism does not *split* about minor points, separating Spiritualism and Theosophy into two camps. Many prayers are offered for an alliance between the two, for it is so necessary. One day lately there was a meeting here to try by a *rapprochement* here to influence the minds of those on earth, and we decided that the main difference was that Theosophists thought God was reached by progress through repeated experiences on earth, while Spiritualists thought He was reached by progress on spirit-planes with only one earth-life. We all thought that as long as the main aim was to reach God, the difference in belief as to how it is brought about is minor. So we made our *rapprochement*.

"It is not worth while arguing about comparatively little things when there are such big questions to argue with unbelievers. It is a mistake to insult each other's points (and cranks, if you like), it brings both to ridicule by the non-believer."

It will be convenient to set out here the two following messages, although by no means next in order of date:—

3rd February, 1918.

Father Olivert visited us. We referred to what we had been told in previous messages of the way in which beings in the spirit-world are assisting the rival parties in this war, and expressed the view that the Germans could hardly have any high spirits contending for them.

"They have a few fine spirits, but you have many more." (Then, after mentioning some of those great on earth who are interesting themselves from the spirit-world in this war, he said, referring to Queen Elizabeth): "She is with the naval councils sometimes, and sometimes she goes to the Queen to buoy her up with strength when she is most depressed.... So many of the German spirits are evil, like Bismarck, who nevertheless guides *terribly well* their foreign policy. Look at Roumania, Belgium, Servia, Russia, France, Montenegro."

We said we supposed Bismarck was on a low plane, and had been severely punished.

"He is very unhappy. He is not quite the type of spirit that is punished bodily.... He is just as unhappy, but as he was more *mentally* evil he suffers more in mind and spirit. He was a terrible man, with *one* white spot—his intense patriotism and loyalty."

8th February, 1918.

A spirit who has been to us many times, and who in the earth-life long ago held a high position, in the course of a message on this date, wrote:—

"I made a visit to the Army Headquarters of Britain in France. I will tell you some of the great spirits I met there, working as hard—though in a different way—as poor Sir Douglas Haig himself. Here were Henry V. and Katherine, Richard I. and Berengaria, Simon de Montfort, the Chevalier of all Chevaliers—Bayard (*'sans peur et sans reproche'*). Then several of Napoleon's generals, Murat and others; also Louis XIV.'s friends, Conde, Turenne, Luxembourg, Villars. Also other great Englishmen and Scotsmen, such as Edwards I. and III. and the Black Prince...Bruce and Wallace, and other Scotch heroes, your own Marlborough and Generals Wolffe and Clive and Wellington. Also Richelieu—that most marvellous of statesmen; his brilliant counsels are some of the most wonderful we have, Amra saith. People like Clarendon and Shaftesbury were also there.... Joan of Arc was with a brilliant train of adoring spirit-friends at the French Headquarters...."

CHAPTER IV.

October, 1917.

A GREAT English author of the middle part of the 19th Century visited us. He first wrote his name, and then answered certain questions, including those mentioned below:—

This is not the first' time you have communicated with earth?

"No."

Were not the spiritualists right, although you jeered at them when on earth?

"Yes."

Do you come to earth often now?

"Sometimes."

Are you helping any particular author or playwright on earth to-day?

"Yes."

Whom?

"Conan Doyle; Pinero."

Who attracted you to us?

"Dryden."

Have you met Sir Walter Scott?

"Yes."

Don't you admire him?

"Yes."

Did not the spirit-world astound you at first?

"Yes, it did; all of it."

Will you write something—anything you like—that we can keep in remembrance of your kind visit?

"I will try, my dear."

*

*

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"The blindest of mankind are those who pride themselves most on their clear-sightedness. How true is it that in 'life we are in the midst of death True also that in death we are in the midst of life. God made both body

and spirit, and for each He ordained an existence in which the influence of first the one and then of the other might predominate.

"In the worldly existence, alas! the influence of the body and of matter comes first. But in the existence after 'death' the influence of the soul is all-powerful, the body is even spiritual, and the reign of The material fades away.

"Of the two lives the truest I hold to be after 'death.' To the spirit mind the prior existence doth appear like a reflection on a mirror, obscured by the breath of him who gazes within. The worldly life is a dream from which we have awakened a memory of strange things: *Mors janua victae!*—'Death' is the gate of 'life.'

+ Yours,

24th December, 1917.

A high spirit, named Mabel, wrote the following message. Her mother and sister, who are not such high spirits, had written for us once or twice before:—

"Dear people of Earth, I am a stranger here, yet I came because I was drawn here by my mother. I do not like the earth; I cannot stay very long.... Too dazzling and radiant are the wonders of the spirit-world to recount to those on earth. Perfect peace, perfect health, perfect happiness! and dwelling-places more magnificent than any that are seen on earth. Yet do men say—'May my days be long in this land: may I put from me the thought of death, of the sleep that lasteth till the judgment Day: Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for death cometh all too soon.' So fondly do they cling to this little world, 'spite the manifold imperfections, the trials, and woes that are the lot of all that dwell therein,

If a man liveth a good life and careth for his fellow-creatures, how joyful will be his lot in our world, how changed from the sordid, dreary, hum-drum surroundings of earth!

"If those that abandon themselves to sin could only see the vast, dismal, cavernous reformatories God 'will send them to, till every atom hath been paid, how changed would be their lives. Yet that is not to be: too narrow, too cramped are the minds of men at present. God will, watch His opportunity, and a great second reformation will there be when the wonders of the spirit-world are proclaimed as with a trumpet by the angels of God."

"In Jesus and Our Lady. Amen."

"+ MABEL, your spirit friend."

31st December, 1917.

We received a long message from "Ambrose," the high spirit who received "E——" (or "Lillywhite") when she passed over many generations ago, as set out in Chapter XXII. of *I Heard a Voice*. The early part of the message refers to our anxiety over the illness of my elder daughter, E——, and the two, almost contemporaneous, operations which she underwent:—

Deeres, you have beene thro' a time of grayte storme and sufferynge. I no something of it all. Indeede I myte say I no mor than yu doo yourselves. I watched your auras, your vibrations. I saw M.'s spirit depressed and flagging, her hearte aching with a mother's anxietie. I saw P—— (myself) oppressed by mental suffering too. I saw her (my younger daughter), her sympathie going owte in one mytie wayve of luv to the sufferer.

"I received E——'s spirit when it cayme over, shyverynge and nervous, atte the darke houres of the operations.... We poured owte oure spiritual helpe upon you alle.... We felte for yu, deeres, so muche.

"The prayers thatte wente uppe! I cood both 'see' and 'sense' them—strong, rushynge, allemoste 'fyting' prayers. Give thanks to God, deeres, for Hys infynyte mercies.

"If you cood onlie have fullie *realized* the spirit-power thatte rushed in a mytie volume to helpe yu. Itte is notte thatte we thawte terryble wot erthe folke calle 'the worste,' butte we knewe howe yu wanted to 'keep on' in your physickalle worlde and wee juste tytened the bonds thatte bynde yu alle together.

"Death hath nothing terryble in itteself. Thatte is the bitternesse for those left behynde. Those gone before are not 'parted' reallie. They myx in the old familye groupe just as of olde.

I sawe the spirits of menie doctors and nurses atte the darke houres, butte these were invysble to all, save myself and Amra, even to the Padre (Father Olivert). They wer naturallie 'high,' onlie theyre laudable interest in theyre profession brynging them into close contactte with erthe agayne."

After referring to the powers of occultism, he proceeded:—

"Thatte explynes yu see, in a grayte mezhure the contempt with which the grayte majoritie of the Ancients looked on death—even on a death of horror, of terryble suffering such as makyes us 'Westerns' shudder to even contemplate.... Itte wylle probablie ever remayne one of the baffling mysteries of the worlde howe the Pyramyds wer raysed. Most lyke the Egyptians had forestalled us in our 'inventions' menie a tyme and oft.... In menie wayes, wen lookynge back over the past, we labour atte a grayte dysadvantage. There are cloudes over the historie of past ages that cannot be rolled back. We must symplie lament our imperfeckt nollege.

The Bhuddist faythe is a verie mercifulle one, I believe. Animals are treated with kyndenesse allemoste unknown in the 'humane' west. They are alleso a tolerant sect. They doo notte persecute lyke the Mahommedans, and, alas! the Chrystians. Do yu wonder 'outsyders' cry out on us: 'Are *these* the people who clayme to follow the Man of Sorrows, Jesus the Meek Peasant of Galilee?'"

We spoke of the intelligence of animals, and in particular of dogs, and Ambrose went on:—

"Yu hav hitte on a grayte truth wen yu realize thatte they understand, especially those hoose faculties are developed by cayre and loving-kyndnesse, to a marvellous degree. Thatte frende of youres, the doctor" (this refers to our former doctor, the father of our present doctor)"has a deere dog in thys worlde—a big dog hoo roams about everiewher with hym, and they 'tawk' to each other in tru soul-communion.* Hee told mee bee was glad hys son had such a fondnesse for animals. He has often heard hym talking to them as tho' they were chyldren."

Referring to a dog of mine, which I have had since a small puppy, he said: "Hee sends owte rushes of devotion to you."

After referring to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Ambrose said: "I doo notte thynke bee emphasizes sufficiently the Divinity of Our Lord Jesus. We are 'sensityve' of thatte. 'I am *the* Lyfe, *the* Truth, and *the* Way,'—notte 'a Lyfe, a Truth, a Way.'

"French and Englyshe intermyx welle in thys; worlde. Bellario is French: the Padre mostlie French: I myself Englyshe. The Padre's book" (referring to a book written in the spirit-world) "is beautifulle and thought

* We ascertained from our present doctor, some months after the date of the message, that his father had for a number of years a large dog to which he was greatly attached.

fulle. Itte is called 'Theophilus,' and is in everie Librarie here. There is one passage I wylle juste tuche on in passynge an' yu wylle: I found it marked and 'turned down' in Felix' copie one daye wen I wente to visyte hym on som businesse or other. Yu no wot an extraordinarilie charitable man the Padre is. Welle, hee begins one chapter —Chapter XI., I believe—by those verses about Charitie in the Bible, and he then deals with the whole subjeckt in a calme, sweete, philosophickale waye which maykes the reading a delyte. Hee brynges owte in a manner interesting and forcible the fact of the little nollege we reallie possesse of oure fellow-men and women, giving illustraytions from Lyfe on erthe and in paradise. Reallie thatte book is one of the comparativelie fewe (in my opinion) thatte repayes reading. Itte is such a learned, thoughtful work.

Moste, if notte alle, valuable and charming works 'of earth' are in reality '40 per cent.' due to spirit influence—especially, of course, if the author hap to bee of a thawte-fulle nayture, contemplative, and receptive of higher influences."

After referring to the good nature and high spirits of 'Jack' and 'Hector,' from whom we have received numerous messages, some of which are set out in *I Heard a Voice*, Ambrose proceeded:—

"In som people—especiallie those of naturallie high spirits, of course—the overflowing gaitie. of the spirit-world sends them into a 'whirle' of excessyve lyte-heartednesse, so that *yeeres* may lapse before they growe 'spiritual'.... But they say the happinesse in the worlde is the edge of the thought-waves of happinesse from God. Alleso about gloome from Lucifer and hys angells. Lyke the foam from the wave....

...I have to pass on some of the 'erthe-people's' prayers to Amra—through hym to One styлле graytelie higher, and thus to God Himself....

"Your lovyinge spirit friende,"

"+ AMBROSE, Governor."

"In Jesus and for Hym. Amen."

5th January, 1918.

Father Olivert wrote:—

"They tell me you have been talking of the City of Concord. I have been there a good deal lately, working in a humble capacity in the French part. I have been 'Secretary' to one of the envoys and able to hear it all. They have no 'grab-as-much-as-you-can' motives, but a general wish to do what is best.

"We cannot have an ideal peace because in the earth conference the 'grab' will be there, and we simply are trying for a peace which might be accepted by all. The German envoys recognise the injustice of their country's claim, but put forward the least that the earth Germany might be tempted by great thought to accept.... We cannot be sure what is quite best. We are afraid a peace now might not be permanent, but we fear terrible ruin if the war continues much longer, for all the world—victor, vanquished and neutral. So that we are struggling for peace and praying for it....

"At the beginning of the conference each country made its case. The German angels (that sounds strange) made a quite passable case, without of course any of the prevarications there might be on earth. They spoke of the cramp of their people, and their few and unhealthy colonies, etc., etc. They admitted openly the wrong in the main, only making a little palliation."

We asked what envoys represented England.

"These envoys are more than high spirits; they are glorious. One representing England was King Alfred: another Edward the Confessor. France—Charlemagne and St. Louis. Italy—St. Anthony and some great painter or musician. The other English envoy was a woman spirit, with some Saxon name, like Editha or Godiva or Torfrida, but I do not know much of your history. I will find out and send you a message."

We asked how many envoys for each country.

"Generally two men and one woman; but for neutral countries only one envoy."

We asked whether anyone presided over the Conference.

"Some very, very good spirit, with suitable mind. Who do you think? An extraordinarily high spirit: an Apostle—St. Peter."

Peace must be sought.' That was said by St. Peter in his opening discourse; and all agreed by sign. He said an ideal peace was impossible, and that even if unfair we must make the best peace that would be taken on earth by all. He said no more then, but just listened and watched: perhaps he knows the mind of God on it all, for he walks with God. But he could not say, of course, so we do not know God's will in the matter. God may have given it as an opportunity, and if the world says: 'No, I must beat this, or get that, or win the other,' the words may be spoken, 'Let it go on.' I should think though I dare not probe, but perhaps it is not sinful, that He is watching how the world receives the proposal."

We asked if certain other high angels were at the Congress.

"They came at the opening—and St. Paul, St. Joseph, and others, and all said a prayer; then all" (*i.e.*, all the high angels)"went, save St. Peter, and have not been again...."

Amra represents Egypt.... Ambrose assists at the Conference, and King Charles I., like myself, as helper. There are secretaries and helpers, and influences—quite a lot of high spirits with the envoys."

Father Olivert then proceeded to make some interesting observations on the social unrest in England, and on the strange confidence commonly felt by the less instructed classes in any country of being able to manage affairs better than those in authority.

CHAPTER V.

4th January, 1918.

A HIGH spirit, who in his earth-life is well-known to history, wrote some observations upon the subject of seasons in the spirit-world.

"On many planes, especially the 'Summer Plane,' as it is called, the seasons continue—in a more perfect manner than on earth. It is like all the most agreeable weather in different countries gathered to form four charming seasons. We have the crisp, bright spring, blossoming into gentle summer, which is neither too cool, nor too hot, but mild and balmy, dwindling into humid autumn, wherein but few trees shed their leaves, though some do. Lastly winter—we have no violent rain or hail or boisterous wind, but some gentle rain, and even snow upon occasion. The cold does not affect the spirits; we do not feel it: we are not conscious of it, save that we see the ice and the soft glistening snow, and those who wish can skate.

"The weather varies from plane to plane, even though they be alike, so that some who do not like certain seasons so well can go to others till they are over. Many people think we live on the planets because of the seasons continuing....

"Your loving spirit-friend,

"W.——"

4th January, 1918.

A high spirit who has been to us many times, and who in her earth-life (over two centuries ago) held a high position, wrote the following message. For convenience, I refer to this spirit throughout this volume by the name of "Marie."

"Dears.... I've been discussing the 'Schools' with the Padre—for those who want to lerne more here.... The Padre asked me to sketch out a plan for some 'adult' schools (or colleges) he proposed raising, and I have been doing it and talking it over with hym.

"We have lecture-rooms for literature, history, languages, classics, painting, drawing, music, sculptures. And then the libraries or reference rooms, and the common roomes—dining, writing and reading-rooms. Also the general room, the great hall, and up above, bedrooms and small boudoirs for those who wish to stay there.

"In the grounds, besides the flower and fruit gardens, I have designed tennis, croquet, and raquette courtes—also bowling greens, etc.

I had rather a stormie passage on erthe, alas, but here 'perfect peace' and no other wordes to describe it.... The other day I went ('in disguise,' *i.e.*, plain raiments, as of an ordinary-plane spirit) and I came to a cottage on the edge of a moor, where a woman was looking out of the window, and humming to herself. In front of the house stood a cart of hay, and a young lad of about 16 was playing about with it, a pronged fork in one hand. His mother was evidently scolding him about something. (They were not verie spiritual spirits, you see!) Sayd she: 'What's the good of keeping on about it, Tom? You know your father won't never abyde going there!'

"'Well it's rubbish then, mother,' returned her son, and wen he comes in I'll tell him so.'

"I was rather curious about all this, so I asked the good ladye if I might com in and reste mee a little. She nodded in an unconcerned manner and sayd: 'Certainly, if you like to take the trouble to com to this wretched house.'

"I smiled and stepped through into the little walled

garden, where bloomed old-fashioned flowers—wall-flowers, and stocks, and roses and alle the favourites.

"The boy asked if I would care to step in. Tho' I thought the sweet-smelling garden preferable, I thought it best to go within. So I went inside and found myself standing in a small, untydie room, books and pictures flung about, photographs and papers, letters, knick-knacks of all sortes. Nothing of 'home' about it, everything oute of place, and the people 'out of sortes.'

Att this moment, the mother shrieked to the son from up the narrow, rickettie staires, and he left the room. Here was my chance. I gathered up the pictures and the photographs and disposed them, as tastefullie as I could, around the walls. The papers I sorted, so far as possible, and placed in neate piles on the writing-table. The books I replaced in the bookcase, and culling a fewwe sweete flowers from the window-box, I arranged them in the emptie vases. The room looked better alreddie for a few simple touches. Then, much pleezed, I opened wide the windows and let in the sun and fresh aire. Wen she descended att last she was verie surprised. She gazed round the roome and asked what I had been 'a-doin' of to so tidie things up a bitt.' I told her it was one of my peculiarities to lyke a 'home-lyke' room, and I held no room could be home-lyke reallie, if not tasteful and tydie.

"She shrugged her shoulders, and opening a small tin offered me 'one of Tom's biscuits.'

"Their hospitalitie seemed to be improving, and I was pleezed. I seated myself, and tooke one of the biscuits. 'You have a picture of the King of Eldorado, I see,' I said att length....

Good-bye for nowe, deares: I hope to come back....

Thyne,
"MARIE."

It will be observed that at the end of the above message "Marie" refers to Eldorado. This, as we have ascertained, is the name of a very happy province in the spirit-world.

The rest of the anecdote commenced in the above message was told us a few days later; but it is not set out, as it contains matters of a personal nature. It may be mentioned that shortly afterwards (as we learned by later messages, see p. 66) the woman whom "Marie" thus visited removed to a happier district.

6th January, 1918.

Two high spirits—Stephen and Antonius—each of whom is a governor of a province in the spirit-world, visited us. After they had written a few sentences, we said something of what we had heard of the City of Concord. Stephen then wrote:—

"Yes, O Yes—Antonius was one of the High spirits there... Hee was Austrian on erthe many, many yeeres ago now, according to yu. Hee is mucche attached to hys erthe-countrie and consyders her to hav been hood-wynked by Germanie. Andreas was one of the Austrian spirits too, at the Citie of Concorde. Hee and Bellario acted in thatte capacities (secretaries): Ambrose for England—a 'counsellor,' as they wer sometymes termed."

Antonius then wrote:—

"I am so glad yu no about itte. They wer a wonderfull gathering of high spirits.... I feere mee God does notte intend to give the Allies the peace which to human myndes they appeare to deserve. Undoubtedly Germanie's punyshment wylle come just as surelie, but in other waves. She has synned against God and man: she has proved herself to bee unworthy, absolutelie un-Chrystian and unworthie of the place she has been given amongst the

nations. God cannot and wylle notte, I am assured, passe suche thynges by."

Antonius proceeded to make some comments on democracy. Then Stephen proceeded:—

"I think so too. Stephen—I was a Scotsman. I alleso lyved menie, menie yeeres agone—about the tyme of Flodden. I am notte suche a high spirit as Antonius, my frend. He lived before thatte—in the 14th or 15th Century, perhaps."

We spoke of certain theories of government prevalent.

"Yes, some of these 'idealystes' go on with theyre skeemes here for a little whyle after 'passynge.' Butte they are brawte to realize thatte tho' 'death' is in some wayes, a 'leveller,' bee is notte an anarkyste...and thatte even in the spirit-worlde ther is, and muste bee, authoritie and authorities, superior and inferior, etc."

We asked if he thought the war would be over soon.

"Notte yette, I thynke. Ther wylle be mor fighting, I believe, from what I heere from my superiors heere—Amra and others."

"I—Antonius—thykne the lyke.... It is terryble: the defecktion of Russia—lyke the falle of some collosal edifyce—has shayken the worlde. Many thawte she was the coming nation, the grayte rivalle of Germanie."

After referring to our spirit guides, Stephen wrote:—

"It is so important to hav bewtiful spirits as guides to surround one with nyce influences....

"+ STEPHEN, Governor."

"In Jesus and for Hym. Amen."

"God bless you all, dear frendes, now and always.

"Doubt not: fear not. Go forward bravelie and with a Chrystian hearte. Keep your soul pure, and free from evil thoughts. Turn allwayes to God, and thynke muche of Hym and Hys wayes....

"+ ANTONIUS,

"Governor."

7th January, 1918.

The high spirit, "Marie" (see above, p. 55) in the course of a message on this date, after referring to a young naval officer who had just passed over, wrote:—

"I came into the Spirit Reste Hospital, dressed all in white, and with white flowers in my hands for him, as there is nothing they like so welle as pure 'whitenesse.' They hold it symbolical, I suppose, of holiness and a stayte of spiritual joy. I found him half raised in the bed by menie pillows, worked by the loving handes of busie spirits here.

"Hee wellcomed mee gleefullie. Hee was a sailor, and had gone downe with one of the vessels, I suppose. 'I can but half realize I am alive,' hee sayd. 'Why were we not taught thys in the schooles on erthe? Why was it nott thundered from the pulpits, preached and written about—the glorious newes of freedom and emancipation, scattered broadcaste over the wholle fayce of the lande?' 'Alaque!' I sayd sorrowfullie, 'I feere mee I muste admytt those eyes thatt should have seene for you what lay ahead were blind, and the ears that should have heard the voyces of another worlde were deffened by the noisie clatter of men and women recking naught of God.'

"Hee sighed a little, and I watched his thoughtfull face as I arranged the vase of flowers att his bedside. 'You are kynde,' hee sayd, with an impulsive gesture of homage. 'Mio caro!' I sayd, 'what can I doo too much for the men who died att the call of God and countrie?'

"He then asked my advyce on several matters, and begged mee to tell him som what of the spirit-worlde and itt's 'inhabitants.' I smyled att this. 'Why, laddie,' I sayd, 'we are nott a strange species, thatt you should talk of "inhabitanes." Thus do erthe scientists consyder the moon and her people (if people there are thereon). We are your brothers and sisters—your own kyndred—the

soldiers of the Cross in the vanguard. The 'dead' who are vastlie more living than the majoritie of mortal men and women.

"Hee appeered pleezed att thys and I smoothed his pillows for him and spread fragrance around to soothe him further. 'Tell mee of your self, mio caro,' I begged. And hee spoke, telling mee of his hopes and feeres, his aspirations and his ideals, and how they had been shattered by the ruthlesnesse of life. 'Life in the throbbing world,' I sayd. 'Life *here*, by the mercie of God, permitts the realization of those ideals wee hadd thought far away, too high for attaynment—'lost in the mystes att the mountayne topp.' And now, see, there is nothing to regrett you have butt reached the Summit of the Hill. '*

"Presentlie one of the Sisters of Mercie came with fruit and milk, and after partaking hee lay down once more to reade the notes she had brought him. Hee showed them to mee, asking my advice and counsel: some of them were amusing, some depressing, all interesting."

Marie then set out the effect of some of these notes, one of which was from the governor of a happy province, where the young naval officer would probably reside.

"Hee was vastlie pleezed with them.... Presentlie I sayd to him, smiling, 'Well, thatt's glorious, isn't itt now? You see you have a lott of unknown frendes. Hee was verie contented, and presentlie I smoothed him downe and told him to go to sleep. Thus I left him, dears, in the shadow of the Cross of Jesus. Amen."

It may be convenient to set out here some extracts from a message received from a high spirit, daughter of "Marie".

* See later (p. 86) a poem we have received from the Spirit-world entitled "The Summit of the Hill."

18th March, 1918.

"Dears, I am L—— M—— T——.... I do not feel unknown to you because maman and papa have been to you, and my deare brother, I heare.... I am glad now that God took me and did not let me marrie as I was asked to do, for I feel more his" (this referred to her twin-soul in the spirit-world, about whom she had been speaking earlier in the message). "Of course I would have done so for my brother's sake.... But I would not leave my petite maman. I used to cry so sometimes over the grey haire mingling with the noire of her rich tresses. I did think, 'I am young and strong: maman growing older, and oh! delicate indeed. I will have to go on living and she will die first so that I shall be left alone!'

"And then I used to wonder how possibly I could live without *her*.... But then God took me first. I watched over her from heaven.... She realized a little of the meaning, deares (this referred to spirit-communication, which we had mentioned). 'Another angel to pray for me,' was what she said about a little baby sister or brother of mine.

"She used to wake up in the night sometimes, and I suppose feel my presence by her side, for she would say, 'Are you there, Marie? Do you talk? Ah, bon Dieu I I had forgot...dead...taken away from me.... Thy Will be done....'

"Do you know papa used to call me 'La Consolatrice.' When I was born he took me from the nurse's arms and gave me to maman, saying: 'See what God hath given us to console us in our sorrows.'...."

CHAPTER VI.

8th January, 1918.

A LADY of Queen Elizabeth's time, who had not been to us before, wrote:—

"I lived in Elizabeth's reign, and was named after her. Shee was a magnificent ruler. Ther wylle never bee one lyke her agen. She had tact, courage, addresse, and capabilitie. She had a strong hand over her passions, holding herself welle in check, the which mayde her appeare colde. Ande, indeede, I doo thynke shee had a stronger head than hearte. She had the pryde of a Tudor, muche of the charme afterwards seene in the Stuarts, and mor than enuff of Bourbon high-handednesse!"

We spoke of her treatment of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"She was undoubtedlie bitterlie irritayted by intercepted letters which cayme before her eyes, written from the celle of the unhappie Queen of Scotts. In these she had used menie wittie but barbed sarcasms against Elizabeth, no doute, smalle pin-pricks, som of them, such as onlie a woman can give, and onlie a woman bitterlie resente. I suppose. there were jeeres atte Elizabeth's increasing age. I doo notte believe Elizabeth wysshed her deathe, or even her imprisonment.

"Yu see, 'tiz lyke thys. Marie Stuart was an elusyve personalitie, and as such dangerouslie fascynatyng. She was adored by some with a fullesome devotion: by others regarded with an aversion equallie extravagant. She was ex-queene of France, and muche beloved by her brotherin-lawe, the king of thatte countrie. She was, besydes, queene of Scots, and more than alle, by the Catholics she was regarded as queene of England in the right of her ancestresse, Margaret Tudor. These facts made her the centre around which plots were constantlie revolving.

"Now, yu see, the step was mayde of detayning her in England wen she had crossed the borders, 'stead of loosening

her and allowing of her passage to France. To lette her go would be freeing an enemie, hoose cause Phillip of Spayne and Charles IX would take up as tho' serving a martyr for the Catholik Faythe. In thys there was deadlie danger, and Elizabeth sawe itte. Her ministers had sette theyre fayces agenste Marie Stuart, closing theyre heartes to her appeales for liberaytion. The Englyshe Queene found itte went agenst the grayne to parley with the rebellious Scots—for 'twas ever her policie to discourage attemptes atte revolte among subjects....

"We loved Elizabeth; she guarded our interests atte home and abroad. There was no moderne nonsense about her. She did not care, for instance, for 'Leagues of Naytions'— England, and England alone, cayme first with her. She sayd, and she truelie meant itte: 'Nothyng on erthe, no, notte my life or crowne, is so deare to mee as the love and confidence of my people.'"

We asked whether she had met Queen Elizabeth in the spirit-world, to which she replied 'yes.' We then inquired whether Elizabeth had an unhappy time when she first passed over, more particularly for her treatment of Mary of Scots.

"O I believe she was punished first of alle for that sort of misdeeds, but she has not been verie unhappy, I believe, and is nowe *quite* happy, of course. Besydes, Wot chance had she with such a demon for father—her mother murdered by that father's jealous, callous hatred. Catholics and Protestants alyke were butchered by hym.

One day I wylle telle yu of the great queene (as wee used to calle Elizabeth) and of howe she looked and spoke, etc. I *hope* to, atte anie rayte, deeres, pleeze God; as I am sure yu would care much to heere about itte, especially being so interested in historie.

"ELIZABETH JANETTE SOMERS,"

13th January, 1918.

The following passages are taken from a long message received on this date from Father Olivert:—

"I saw King Charles I. two days ago. He had been on a visit to lower planes and had met there various old acquaintances of earth—(enemies of the old times, I think). Some, I believe, were too obdurate still to crave his pardon. A sort of sullen fury at the heights he had gained in the spirit-world possessed them—I believe Bradshaw was one....

"I was in Westminster Abbey the other day, and I saw many spirits there. Some, I believe, were soldiers and sailors killed in the war; others were noble spirits of the past, and among these latter were Dickens and Garrick.

I spoke to the great Charles Dickens, and we exchanged our views, etc.... While we were talking thus, another spirit came to join us. He was hailed joyfully by Chas. Dickens, and I recognised the truly immortal Scott! I was delighted at this 'chance' rencontre, if anything in this well-ordered universe can be termed 'chance.' He is still as modest as he was on earth. After some conversation I mentioned Thackeray. 'Oh,' said Scott, 'I saw William Makepeace the other day and passed him on to Dickens.... I'm too busy squabbling with Macaulay to heed anyone else! I have a good joke over him about my Dryden! And he laughed merrily.

I suppose you meet fairly often,' I asked.

Oh, yes,' said Sir Walter, 'and we fight over the Stuarts I. Another crow over him is the ultimate fate of Noll Cromwell... I own I was unjust too, Sir Walter,' said Dickens. 'Charles I. and Charles II. received scant justice from me, I fear.' After a few more words we, parted, and I returned to my spirit-home....

"I am going to 'dine' to-night at the house of a lady newly-come to 'Eldorado.' She has now a very large house and a magnificent garden. All her furniture, etc.,

is lovely. She was not used to such things on earth, so she relishes them now, needless to say. She is that protegee of 'Marie,' the woman at the cottage" (see above, pp. 56-7). "She entertains in what she believes to be 'the grand style!' But it is all innocent enjoyment, and of a kind denied to her on earth, and God is so wise that she will be allowed to indulge in it to her heart's content and satisfaction, until in its turn she tires of it, and passes on to a joy still greater.

I am going to see W—— and his wife. She was a very pretty, but equally capricious, little Irish woman. And, though devoted in their hearts, they quarrelled with their tongues. In the end, I believe, the lady fell in love with a young officer of her own nationality and went off with him. The rest I know little of; I believe he shut himself up in his big, lonely house and fretted himself 'to the grave' (as put popularly!). Well, dears, they're together now. Really, our spirit-life is like the fairy tales 'ending happily ever afterwards,' thank God."

17th January, 1918.

The high spirit, "E——," or "Lily-white" (as she is sometimes called in the spirit-world),* from whom the messages set out in Chapter XXII. of *I Heard a Voice* were received, has been to us on several occasions since that book was published, and in all these later messages she has written without a 'control.' In the course of a message received from her on the above date, she made the following observations upon spirit-intercourse.

"I tell you, deeres, the tide of Spiritualism is sweeping irresistibly forward. And tho' sometimes its force is broken agens the paltry shores of Materialism, Scepticism, Doubt, and despicable Fear, neverthesse I doo think the tide will sweep on. Nothing on earth can permanently

* It may be mentioned that this high spirit is Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I, who died in 1650 at the age of about 16, imprisoned at Carisbrooke Castle.

impede its progress. Every day, every hour, sees it creep on—soon, soon will all questioning be sett att reste, and the ugly 'sand-flatts' of materialism entirely submerged."

24th January, 1918.

Felix, a literary man, who has visited us from the spirit-world on several occasions (see the last chapter of *I Heard a Voice*, 2nd Edition), wrote:—

"They," referring to his married daughter and her husband in the spirit-world, "are very happily settled in Eldorado. They have a very nice house there with a large balcony, all covered with roses. The roof is flat, and part of it a garden, so that they go sometimes and sun themselves, as is done on the roof-gardens of the Easterns.

"I've been rather busy with the book-world too you see, —," (mentioning the governor of the province) "commissioned me to get together a large library—in fact, two large libraries, one to be public to book-lovers, in part of the Town-Hall, and the other for the Palace. This entails some judgment and discretion in choice."

After some further writing, Felix said, referring to Amra: —

"He attends the great services we have sometimes, or sends his deputy—Ambrose. They are wonderful spirits, and worshipped (one might say) by all. He (Amra) is a wonderfully high spirit, so kind to everyone and charmingly gentle. A student by nature, a scholar. His brother was a man of action—a soldier.... It is remarkable how in that beautiful tale of Amra's" (referring to his life-story, as set out in Chapter XXIII. of *I Heard a Voice*)—"he uses the minimum of words, yet produces the maximum of 'scenic effect.... One feels one has known those two brothers, their mother and father, Leonora and Paula, after reading that. They are so vivid."

On our referring to the writings of 'Lily-white' in Chapter XXII. of *I Heard a Voice*, Felix said: "Her writings are as soft and beautiful, as tender and lovely as a flower; while Amra's have the brightness, strength and clearness of a gem."

25th January, 1918.

"I am Amra, Child of Egypt.... I have been nigh unto The Throne itself some while ago, and I drank of the Glorious Beauty of the Lamb of God.... Our Blessed Lady is the Queen of Angels. Her also was I permitted to view. The saint with the lovely face, St. John the Evangelist, came from his high exaltedness and spoke words of melodious wisdom unto me.

"Hyacintha* went with me, as did my father and my mother. We offered our humble prayers to these Holy ones for the poor distracted world, and we prayed—O! from our hearts and souls—for beautiful England, that the Torch of Mightiness, passed on to her from Mystic Egypt, might not be taken away.

"Not yet, O Lord, not yet. Let Thy waters sweep over her, but for cleansing, not for destruction! 'Let her eyes be opened that she may see the colours of the night. Let her ears be opened that she may hear the music from the Void.'...

"I will come one day soon again and tell you a little about Hyacintha. She was blind in the earth-life.... There was a river near the place where she lived, and every evening she would go down to its grassy banks and look within it, as tho' she could see. She did see, but with the spiritual eyes, not the physical. She used to hear the water-spirits calling her, and one evening in the duskiness they saw a white face floating on the waters.... She had given herself to the spirits that haunted that river, and had flung herself from the banks."

* Hyacintha is the name of Amra's twin-soul or spirit-wife,

We asked why she had done this.

"I will tell you one day, perhaps.... But we often saw her afterwards.* She would come in to us all when we sat at meat, and would put a finger on the dish, so that we thought she would eat with us, but this she did not ever.

"Then, when the cup of blessings was passed round after the meal, she would put her lips to the goblet and appear to pledge us therein.

"Sometimes Paula, the wife of my brother Sheil, would make her way to the 'Shrine-room' in our house, and when she passed in she would feel a hand upon her arm, and the violet eyes of Hyacintha would look into her own. She would appear weeping, with many tears lying like soft pearls on her cheeks—and we would know something of tragic import was about to befall us.... She would appear smiling, like the Dawn on the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea—and we knew the Gods had ordained much fortune to come to pass in the near future."

* This of course refers to Hyacinths. in her spirit-form.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the spring of 1917 we were staying in a south-coast town, and on returning from church after Sunday morning service my daughter Ellen mentioned that during the Communion service, when the elements were being consecrated, she saw, clairvoyantly, a spirit of a very unusual kind. He was of extraordinary height, and dark and gloomy in appearance: he had paused for a short time between the pulpit and the altar, and after gazing at the altar and the clergy, had walked down the centre aisle, and as he passed by my daughter (who had an outside seat) he paused, and she spoke to him (by thought) a few words of spiritual encouragement. She further told us that on reaching the end of the church, this spirit moved towards the side wall, and slowly ascended the steps leading to a life-sized calvary; and when he came to this he placed his hand on the Sacred Heart.

This experience of my daughter interested us all, and we mentioned it to our spirit friends: who were unable, however, to throw light upon the matter at the time. But they suggested that the spirit my daughter had seen was probably—from the description—a being who had never been on earth. There the matter rested, so far as we were concerned, until the visit paid to us by Amra on the 26th January, 1918, referred to below.

26th January, 1918.

Amra. visited us and told us of a League of Help which had been formed in the spirit-world to counteract the mischievous influences of evil spirits in connection with the war, or with internal disturbances,

"I have had my time well occupied. I have had interviews with all the great governors of whom you have heard. To them have I given papers to be filled with the names of those in their provinces who will care to join Oar Holy League of Help. I have been appointed Head."

I said I assumed the evil spirits were working in bands on the earth.

"That is so sometimes, yes, but often they work individually—most often. Spirits of that kind hate all the world, even each other, and can seldom combine.... We shall hope to do somewot to counteract them, and their mischievous influences, dear ones....

"There is one spirit that haunteth the borders of the earth—(I mean he glides over the sea that separates us—our two worlds—and appears to be half lost in the heavy haze that hangs round the world). They do not know him: he will talk to none, but they call him (for want of knowledge) Valdre, or the 'Dark Soul.'

"He is silent, silent always. Sometimes he stands looking over the wide, glistening, 'sapphire sea,' his arms folded upon his breast, much like the Satan of Milton's magnificent conception.

"In form he is tall—far above the children of men. He is black, with that darkness that defies my describing. His features are grand: his eyes piercing, lit with an unquenchable flame.... Yet there is in all that hard evil, one bright spot. This is literal as well as figurative. Over the heart there is observed a tiny anchor—a tiny anchor of Hope!

"My children, hearing great things of this strange Rock of Evil (for he seemeth a rock with his hardness) I said unto my brother Sheil: 'Sheil, I go forth to win a few words from him.'

"But my brother's face became shadowed as with deep thought, and he replied: 'Amra, my loved brother, I

do think it of no avail. He is accounted not to be saved by such as we are-not yet, not yet.'

"Sheil,' I replied unto him, 'I my heart is sore and, sorrowful for him. Tho' he is a rock, yet will the waves, the blessed waves of Redemption sweep over him.'

"Only to break, to break, Amra,' answered my brother, 'and to fall back again in glistening foam.'

"The waves will wear away the hardest rocks,' said I.

With the help of God will I accomplish this thing to which I have set my hand.'

"Go, then, Amra,' said he, 'I am ashamed to hold thee back. Where the heart goeth, go thou also,' and he embraced me, and went with me to the borders of our plane.

"I took with me, as I descended from height to depth, three spirits-Ambrose, my dear, dear brother (for I shall call him such) Andreas, beloved also, and Bertrand, the dear friend ye know.

"Come,' said I, 'let us see what it is permitted us to see.'

"So we descended ever-from plane to plane, grade to grade, division to division.

"The beauty and the glory vanished gradually away. Jewelled temples and soaring heights of pure white marble, trees of exquisite beauty, flowers and plants in perfection, gardens like the 'gardens of Paradise,' pinnacles and statuerie of exquisite workmanship, glistening waters, cool glades and woodlands, large and comely houses, orchards, vineyards and pasture-lands, all succeeded each other in a brilliance that fascinated the admiring eyes.

"Then upon our vision broke the light of gloomy towers and barren mountain-heights, sighing pine-woods, funeral cedars, frowning walls and bastions (as though upraised to defy a legion of friendly foes), cliffs and glens and tumbling waterfalls, rushing rivers—cold and steely, for no sunshine ever shone upon them-pits and declivities,

gorges and grassless plains, deserts and wastes, like the wilderness of Egypt. All dark, gloomy, forbidding, impenetrable-wrapped round with mystery.

"For in these parts there existed spirits of wickedness unimaginable—not even human, but devils, born God alone knoweth how or why.

"At last I came to the shores of this land of desolation. Shuddering in spirit, I thought of the imagery of Dante's poetry, and turning to Bertrand, 'Child,' I said, 'bethink you of those dread words—"Abandon hope, all ye that enter here."

"But no one need abandon hope, O Amra! 'answered my friend, and his young face looked bright and beautiful in the radiance that emanated from the four of us, making a weird splash of light in the surrounding gloom. 'None, none are too base, too mean, too foul, for God to make noble, grand and clean.'

"Sighing somewhat I turned to Ambrose and put my arm about him. 'Brother,' I said—(for he is so dear to me I always call him brother)—"Tell me, shall we accomplish this thing to which we have set our hands?"

"But he smiled on me as he replied: 'Sooth, Amra, 'tis thou who should'st tell me, not I thee.' And said Andreas, smiling, 'Some of the gentle hesitancy that was in thee on earthe, Amra!'

"As we spake thus, there came a rushing sound as of mighty wings, and the air seemed to whirl about us till all around was a hideous night-black vortex, and from everywhere, above, beneath, to the left, to the right, arose whisperings and sullen, angry voices, and demoniacal laughter like the laughter of the damned!

"Ambrose,' I said, taking hys hand, for even his brave heart might well be daunted by the sounds of rage and terror and maddening, "gripping hate that hummed and heaved around us, 'Fear not: we stand for Jesus. At Hys Holie Name even the evil ones are stilled.'

“The storm abated somewhat, but yet there was the thick and awful Darkness, like a curtain to shut out the sun.

“Bertrand, Andreas, stand firm I Ye have come thus far, strong in the Righteousness of the Cause. Watch and pray! We are as much now in the Bosom of God as when we were kneeling in worship before the Throne of Light!”

“There was a heavy pause—a silence weighty and oppressive.. A pall seemed to hang over us, and expectant we waited.

“I am the Son of Darkness,’ sayd a great voice, like muffled thunder, from the black, black depths around us.

Ambrose clung to me. ‘Brother!’ he sayd, ‘encourage me! I bear a faint heart! O brother, that these things should be!’

“But I placed one’ finger on hys lips to stem the tearful words, and as we waited again came the muffled booming:—

“I am the Child of Lucifer. God and His Angels be for ever cursed!”

“Amra!” cried Bertrand, ‘O Amra! I think these things most terrible! Let us call on God, brother, or surely we shall be undone!’

“Nay,’ sayd Andreas, and his voice was low and earnest, ‘be comforted, beloved, God will watch over us.’

“I spoke not, but my soul was praying strongly—calling, calling to God and Our Lady, that we might have help and bravery, and their Blessing to continue on our task....

“Then the Mighty Voice spoke again, and this tyme saying:—

“What souls are ye that have invaded my territory; what will ye of me. What do ye here?”

“I am Amra, Child of Egypt,’ I sayd gently. ‘I have come from the Realms of Light and I would talk to ye of God.’

“God, God. Who and what is God?”

"Insolent with power, bold, defiant, terrifying, those *dreadful* words boomed dully forth. 'Our Lady help us,' cried Ambrose, lifting his eyes to the murky heights above us. Alas I all. sight of our beautiful home till more of the Holy One to whom he appealed—was as far from us as Heaven from Hell.

"'God help us,' said Andreas fervently, as he clasped Bertrand to his arms.

"'God will help us,' I replied (by thought this tyme). 'I am not affrighted. I have perfect faith.'

"Then looking into the darkness around me—'Spirit,' I said, 'if thou art a Son of Lucifer, no less am I a Son of God!'

"Then I have naught to say with thee,' returned that mighty Voice. 'Take away thy Brightness and thy laughter. I will have none of thee!'

"'Come, show thyself,' I answered him. 'I would see what manner of spirit thou art!'

"For an instant there was silence. Then the ground seemed to open beneath our feet and tongues of flame belched forth, and murky darkness shrouded us, and cries and voices wailed and moaned, rising and falling like some terrible choir of devylls.... I cannot describe what happened here; words are useless, idle, unavailing. There was a crashing, thundering sound, like the fall of some mighty edifice, and then-silence, comparative light. The inky-darkness seemed to fall away from us, and we were left in a haze of sullen grey, and before us stood a great forme, black, sinister, and part-veiled....

"'Courage,' said I to my poore companions, and at the one word they strengthened and took heart, like worthy soldiers of the Lord.

"'I am here; I stand before thee,' said the spirit. 'I know, thee, Amra, and who thou art. Why dost thou come here, leaving thy bright homes and thy God, for my kingdoms here?'

"'Because,' I answered him simply, 'because I would see one of thy kind and speake with hym—they call him "Valdre," or the "Dark Soul," and he is often tymes seene brooding over the borders of the great sea.'

"'He shall come to thee!' replied the spirit before us. 'I will summon hym to speake with thee.'

"And he fell silent, so that my comrades thought he would speak no more with us. But I waited quiet the while, for I knew different.

"Dear ones, that must be all for to-night at least.... I have to go now and see some 'Governors' about their provinces and the people put under their charge."

"The blessings of Jesus and Our Ladye be yours always. Amen.

"Ever in the Christ-One."

+ "AMRA, *Child of Egypt.*"

27th January, 1918.

"Dear children, I am Amra, Child of Egypt. The Grace of the Lord be with ye all, now and for ever. Amen.

"Dear ones, would you care for me to continue that which I was telling ye last night?"

We said we greatly wished him to continue, and he proceeded:—

"And then he lifted up his veiled head and spake one word, whose meaning I knew not, save by the knowledge given me from on High. And then from the Bosom of the Darkness we saw emerge the spirit for whom we were come—Valdre, the Rock over whom we were to wash the waters of Redemption.

"'VaIdre,' I said, and myne eyes beheld with gladness the one bright spot that was engraven over the heart. 'See, we are come to thee from our homes in the land of Eternal Summer. Our souls are sorrowful for thee, and

our eyes weep much that thou should'st dwell in these lands of Desolation, while happy spirits joy in the unspeakable Presence of God.'

"But only a frowning brow answered my advances-and not a word spoke the 'Son of Lucifer.'

"'Come, Valdre,' said I once more upon that. 'If ye will to abandon these things of Darkness for the things of Light, even so it will be permitted you to do. Leave Sin for Goodness, Night for Day. Come with us, O Valdre! and step into the Fatherly Bosom of God!'

"'Is it not better to be a Prince in the Kingdom of Lucifer than a slave in the Kingdom of God?' The reply was cold, cold as the ice-fields of Northern Lands. Perfectly quiet, perfectly, horribly unmoved!

"'Nay,' quoth I; 'no one is a slave to God. His service is perfect freedom.'

"'A lie! A fallacy,' returned the unmoved voice. 'Here we can sin and live at our choice; there we are bound to be like unto that One Pattern—Conscripts of God.'

"'Do I bear upon my brow the brand of slavery?' I asked. 'Are my shoulders bowed with the burdens of servitude? Do I seem like one that eateth out his heart in an hopeless bondage?'

"'Let us be wildly free,' returned the spirit Valdre. 'I will not hear more of this.'

"'But hearken! O hearken, Valdre! I love thee, tho' thou dost speak of enmity to God, and I, I am one of the children of God. But my Father is ever merciful and long-suffering. He hath given His Blood for His Flock.'

"As I ceased, behold! as tho' in answer to my thoughts, there flashed across the murky skies a brilliant light.

"'Jesus is the Light of the World,' I said, raising one hand to the heights above. 'Look, Valdre, and ponder well upon this.'

"I had not finished speaking when we saw mirrored in

the Great Sea, as though 'twere a reflection from Heaven itself, Divine Pictures, in representation of Our Lady with her Infant Son. 'Twas beautiful and tender, coloured gently, like the pictures of a dream.

"In my soul I gave thanks to God for this manifestation of His Good Pleasure. I felt that God had set His seal of approval upon the work in hand.

"God be merciful and grant us aid I breathed in fervent prayer, and as I spoke thus, we saw, with eyes astounded, a Figure in a flood of silvery light, walking over the sea—on the sea towards us was coming the Blessed Lord Himself, as He had manifested Himself to those simple fishermen of Galilee, two thousand years ago!

"Instinctively we fell upon our knees, not daring to raise our eyes to the Shining Face of the Son of God. Nearer and nearer yette we sawe and felte that Glorious Presence coming.

"At last, in an ecstasy of devotional rapture, I looked upon Him and beheld the Beauteous Sweetness of His Face.

"Not a word did He speak, but He raised one finger above His Head pointing upwards towards the glowing sky. The Heavens were flooded with a soft, refulgent light-tremulous sometimes, as though almost afeard to shine upon the Lamb of God—I gazed upon the dark faces beside us, and lo! the son of Evil was vanishing away into the mists behind us. He could not face the Glory of Jesus.

"All on a sudden:—

"'Valdre,' sayd the Voice, and I knew that Jesus spoke. 'I am the Light that lighteth every man.... Look on me, and I will save thee yet.'

"Valdre hid his face in a fear that gripped his heartstrings.

"'Look upon the Master,' I said to him—but he answered not.

"Weep, Valdre came that voice of mellow sweetness, 'Thy tears will wash away thy sins.'

"Still there was silence: Valdre stood motionless, his head sunk upon his breast.

"Do as the Lord saith,' said Ambrose then. 'Look on Him and receive His boundless mercies.'

"And then again the Christ-one spoke: 'My Peace I give unto you-not as the world gives, give I unto you.'

"And no sooner had He thus spoken than, with a great cry, Valdre fell down upon his knees by the mighty waves that had fallen quiet upon the coming of the Lord.

"Lord, be merciful to a sinner!"

"Valdre had spoken, and as he spake a great cloud seemed to roll away from him, and we beheld his form more clearly.... Not a word more passed the lips of the Saviour, but He held out the Blessed Hands, upon which we beheld the marks of the Cross.

"The Stigmata,' cried Andreas in an awestruck whisper.

"O God be thanked,' said Bertrand softly, 'for He hath brought another "Lost One" Home!"

"Then we hid our faces and looked no more upon the Lord. But we felt the Light fading away, and it felt as it might feel when the sun should leave the Heavens blank!

"Then once more we raised our eyes and beheld everything as before, save that a tiny Beacon seemed to be burning far out somewhere upon the darkling sea. Valdre was gone-none knew whither-but we knew the good work had been done, and that we could return to our own bryte Homes, content as to the outcome of our mission.

"So I took Andreas and Bertrand and dear Ambrose, and we soared above the Dark and Desolate Kingdoms, and regained our own Homes.

"And then I told Sheil and Paula, and afterwards Hyacintha, of that which had been accomplished.

"We gave thanks to God for His Infinite Mercy, and went about our work with glad heartes.

"Valdre was saved; that spirit indeed of whom ye know, and whose first step towards the Light was made some months ago in a church at one of your coast-side towns."

CHAPTER VIII.

27th-31st January, 1918.

AT visits paid to us during the few days following Amra's last message, the celebrated poet of the 17th Century, who wrote (from the spirit-world) the preface poem for *I Heard a Voice*, wrote the following verses relating to the journey of Amra and his spirit friends to the low regions to rescue Valdre.

"Upon the borders of the saphire sea
 Brooded a Soul in Darkness, him they call'd
 Valdre, the Prince of night. His forme was huge
 And menacing; upon his browe there burn'd
 A crowne of fierie splendour, twisted and rent
 With flames. His eyes, the message of his soule
 Proclaimed: 'A son of Lucifer am I,
 Child of the mists, darke offspring of the night,
 And vow'd to war 'gainst God, the world, and man,'
 Hanging on space, his mighty voice boomed forth.
 It echo'd dully from the frowning heights,
 Flung back again, and seem'd to fight the winds,
 Grappling with them, to force itself be heard.
 And while he spake, the waves ran up the shore
 And kissed his feete, but darke he frown'd on them,
 Till they affrighted sought their sandy bed
 And there lay foaming, pallid-greene with fear.
 Upon the heights the deathly cypress shook,
 And pine-trees bent them nigh upon the ground:
 The cedars wept, and yews in trembling dread
 Sighed their complaint beneath the sullen sky.
 "But lo! the sorrows of this Damned Land
 Had pierc'd the heart of Amra, and he wept.
 Mild as the dew his God-like tears refresht

The burning wastes whose barrenness they mourn'd,
And life revived, raised up her head once more,
Struggling to keep a footing hardly won,
Then swooning with exhaustion sank and laye
Much like her sister Death, with glassen eyes
Staring from purple lids. But Amra rose
And hied him forthe, his purpose deadlie fixed
Within his soule; his face lit up with love,
Love towards mankind, and worship towards his God,
And Charitie to all. A diadem
Of stars upon his browe mayde glorie there;
His eyes were dreamy violets and his lips
A carmine portal fit to passe his wordes.
His forme was talle, straight as the lofty pine,
Swathed round with robes of rainbow-tinted light
Girdled with sunbeams...great was his Hearte
And far remov'd from sin as Heav'n from Helle.
'Come, Andreas,' the gentle Amra sayd.
Thou, Ambrose, too, and Bertrand, lily-faced,
Come, all of ye.... Myne hearte was sorrowfulle
And took to win-. And where myne hearte bath gone
Must I go also. Make the mystic sign,
Each one of ye, then bid farewell to Light,
Plunge through the Darkness down the Great Abyesse,
And brave the stricken horrors of the Damned Land.
Thus Amra spake, while pressing to his side
Three spirits came, the three that he had named,
And drank the beauty of his face and wordes.
'We come!' The fire that burnt within their soule,
The selflessnesse thatt prompted him to act
Sublimely in thys troublous pass; the faith
They held in Amra; all expression found
In those two words:—'We come.'
Farewell to beauty and to glorie then
Ye white and soaring heights of marble crowned

With jewelled temples of celestial hues
 Farewell, while we absorbed sink within
 The shaded bosom of Eternal Night
 Vanish away. As though in jealous love
 God stretches forth His Hand to pluck ye back
 Into the realms of Everlasting Day.
 Vanish away, ye pinnacles and towers,
 And gardens fair of Paradise where gleam
 The smiles of God. Into the mists recede
 Vineyards and pasture lands and comely homes
 Nestling against the bosom of the hills."

11th September, 1918.

No further lines were written to the above poem during a period of many months, although in the interval its author visited us and wrote messages occasionally. On the 11th September, 1918, the same poet wrote the following additional lines:—

Into the Darkness Amra passed, and wept
 To view the deserts of this Nether World:
 The barren mountayne-heights and frowning walls
 And towers that bid to God defiance,
 Woods of pine, dark trees, and grassless plains,
 Gorges and glens and tumbling waterfalls,
 All formed a panorama for the eye
 To dwell upon with awe and wonderment.
 "Shudd'ring in soul, great Amra. reached the shores
 That fringed this land. Within his gentle breast
 Doubt and despair were gnawing at his hopes
 Of victory, and inwardly he pray'd.
 The pure petition like a white dove leaves,
 The mouth of him who uttered it, and flies
 Upon the winds to brighter realms above,
 Where God Himself receives the stainless Thing

Into His Bosom. And the saints that talk'd with Him
 Felt more angelick for the influence
 One prayer did bring. Ah! what a difference laye
 Between Amra's petition and the loveless ones
 That sometymes rise from earthe, but fall again
 To earthe, because they have not wings
 To bear them up triumphantly in space.
 The prayer replete with Self is not of Love
 And cannot reach the ear of God; but that
 Which prays for deare ones sunk in pain of minde
 Or bodye, or, more gen'rous stille, includes
 The world, and all her fainting children can
 Indeed soar upward, while courageous hope
 Lends it her pinions."

The above poem has not, up to the present, been completed.

But it might be convenient to set out here two other poems received from the same spirit. The first of these is a short poem designed, primarily, to comfort those who have become widows in this war.

1st May, 1918.

THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

"Somewhere in space my darling wanders free,
 Somewhere I know he lives and waits for me,
 Somewhere his heart is calling to me still—
 I have but climbed the summit of the Hill.'
 "Somewhere he works, his hands by God made strong.
 Somewhere he prays, his prayer a joyous song,
 Somewhere he calls, 'I know no grief nor ill,
 I have but climbed the summit of the Hill.'
 "Then, thank my God that He refused my tears,
 Born from my blindness, nourished by my fears;
 Softly I say:—'According to Thy Will,'
 'He has but climbed the summit of the Hill.'

The following verses, relating to the death of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, at Killiecrankie, form part of a play composed, as we have learned, by the same poet many years ago in the spirit-world. The verses were received by us from this poet (through my daughter) at several visits in the summer of 1918.

"CLAVERHOUSE.—'How goes the day?'

"A FRIEND.—'Badly. for you, my lord: well for King James.'

"CLAVERHOUSE.—'Then tush! 'Tis well for me:

I lived but for the Cause, if that is safe

I die content-nor shame thy manhood, friend,

By tears unworthy of a soldier's hearte.

Rather joyce: cry out the Day is won I

And let all Scotland know the gladsome news.

I've taught these Southron wolves their proper lair

Is near the fastness of the Border Landes....

My God! they fly. The sight binds up my wounds,

Staunches the blood and sets the feeble pulse

On fire with triumph I Thou stranger come to rob

My sov'reign of his Crowne—a sullen star was set

To lose this Day for thee I-The Gods at last are just,

And yet intend to snatch the gilded Prize

From nerveless hands I Oh, Prince, whose darling wish

Is to be king—I bid thee now beware,

And, as in Life, I swear to strive with thee

In Death and the Hereafter-what a vow

Is that, my soul!-Am I forsworn in truth,

And is there no Here-after? Two little words

Yet heavy with much meaning.... What lies beyond?

A life—or nothingness? Is't heav'n or hell?

Do we descend into a grave whose mouth

Is sealed with stone, and we for ever

Shut within it?—Or does the Breath of Life
 Blow into space, and mingling with the air
 Become its brother?—Shade or substance, which
 Shall be our forme?—But, peace! my soul, be brave;
 To die is but to fight a losing battle
 In which the Gods are victor.... Never yet
 Was I afear'd to face the stiffest odds
 To risk my life in battle for my king
 To take their lives from others..

"FRIEND.—'Oh, my lord!

What wordes are these? Brood not so much on death.
 Physicians' skill may serve to save thee yet,
 And thou shalt live to be the Hope of Scotland.
 Come, rouse thyself from thoughts of Death, my lord,
 And live to serve His Majesty, King James.

"CLAVERHOUSE.—'Ah, he was majesty indeed—kingship
 Personified.... God grant him life and grace.
 Would I had strength to match my youth that I
 Might whip these stranger curs into the seas
 Which brought them here!

...Ah, God! the pain...my wound
 It seemes to burn into my flesh to draw
 Attention to the follie of the wish,
 While I am lying spent and faint like this
 Upon the gentle Breast of Mother Earth.
 Oh, blessed Strength! who can with thee compare?
 When he in health possesses thee, dull man
 Inclines to rate thy worth too light, until
 He feels thee take to wing and fly away.
 And then he mournes as tho' his estimate
 Had match'd thy value! O farewell fond hopes
 And dreames of conquest.... Friend, methinks the word
 I spoke so proudly did belye my hearte

And that I feele reluctant now to leave
 This splendid world so fill'd with glorious life.
 Haughty Bellona holds for me the charmes
 That others find in Venus, deity
 More tender.... War, and her sister Glorje,
 Beckon'd me on with blood-stayn'd handes up-rays'd,
 Regardless of the cost, to scale the slipp'ry heights
 Of my desyres, and now that I have won
 Th' Empyrean house my fancie built for me,
 God sayth:—"It is not bought but with thy life.
 Thy dying breath shall force the gates and then
 I will consign the Prize thou coveted
 Into thy handes, all stiff and cold in Death

"FRIEND.—'Oh, deare, my lord! my sharpen'd sight
 perceives

The fluttering breath that marks mortality
 Swoon on thy pallid lip, thy brow is stamp'd
 With pain, and over it the wings of Death
 Have cast a shadow: Speak to me, my lord,
 A priest I cannot find, but let my heart
 And hand give thee some comfort.

"CLAVERHOUSE.—'Thou art kinde,
 The fingers of another graspe mine own
 But once again I change emotions, and
 My heart grows bolder with each weaken'd throb,
 A priest I do not need: my Peace is made with God
 As best it may: to man I scorn to be
 Accountable: come, Death! I am resign'd,
 I welcome thee. A soldier's heart were vaine,
 Did he not knowe to look into thy face
 With cheerfulness is the best proof he gives
 Of courage. Fare thee well, my friende! I feel
 That I have done my duty: through the grace
 Of a just God; and through thy valiancy,
 And such as thee, the battle has been won
 Our king is victor."

CHAPTER IX.

31st January, 1918.

A HIGH spirit, who occupied an exalted station on earth many generations ago, and has been to us on various occasions, in the course of a long message on the above date made the following observations with reference to Shakespeare:—

"I loved sweet Will Shakespeare welle. There can be no doubt Shakespeare was a natural medium, and a great deal of what 'poured through him in' ripe, glowing beauty' came from the spirit-world. That explains everything, you see, that looks unaccountable to some people. But his nature must have been poetical, and his mind that of a literary genius for the 'inspiration' to come through so perfectly and with such easinesse."

7th February, 1918.

On this date a spirit, S——, who when on earth between two and three hundred years ago was a well-known statesman, visited us. After discussing several matters, we spoke about the war, and I expressed the view that the Germans would not be able to effect much in their expected offensive. S—— dissented from this opinion, and proceeded:—

"Our people" (the pro-ally spirits) "are re-doubling their efforts to waive back this huge, on-coming mass of Germans. We fear that they will be able to do something substantial. Thus we work hard to push them back.

"From pure numbers alone it looks as though these awful Huns must make their way through, unless God sends another 'magic wall' to bar their progress. I will tell you something of interest—Amra was Captain among those Angels that went to save the armies at Mons! He

only told me so yesterday. The company was divided into 7 great bands—(mark the scriptural mystic number).—These seven 'limbs' of the Angel-host were put under the command of seven captains—one of those was our beautiful Amra. (Joan of Arc was one of these captains!)

"There were lesser commanders under these Captains, of course each of the 'limbs' being divided into three parts, and each of those put under a 'lieutenant' (I believe Ambrose was one of these). There were seven 'Super' Commanders—commanders over all sort of Angelic Council. These were, I believe, St. George, St. Denis, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David, St. Anthony, St. Augustin.... I cannot remember quite; but I know St. John and St. Peter came later."

We asked whether any member of the Angelic Council was head over the others.

"Equal, I think, those seven, but St. Peter and St. John guided a great deal—though not actually present until later.... Some say a vision of Our Lady was granted, holding the Infant Christ—one in her arms—Amra told me—also a vision of Calvary, I believe, such as amazed and affrighted the German troops gathered there....

"The poor 'Tommies' and the 'Poilus,' with their gallant officers—God meant to help them by deliberate spirit-intervention of the highest and purest kind.

"The same thing happened to Joan of Arc when she fought against the English. She was guided and led on—beckoned to fight and struggle for France—by high French spirits. She was probably the only soul in France, man or woman, who was fit in every way to lead France and her armies to a glorious victory."

We spoke of the war as a punishment.

"Yes, that is so. The whole country is, I think, decadent. I do think the English stand among the best in the world—even at present; but the whole world is decadent and degenerate—like those unfortunates before

the Flood. There is not the same selflessness, patriotism, strength for sacrifice, self-denial, single-mindedness, power of purpose or devotedness, as of old. There is not the keen, pure, and strong sense of *Faith*. Materialism is rampant: atheism and agnosticism walk abroad with unblushing faces. There is a selfish, commercial, money-grabbing spirit about and love of country, religion, ideals, etc., have grown weaker. Cosmopolitanism has gone always towards undermining the old devoted spirit of past times. Such is the general idea of the spirit of this age."

9th February, 1918.

Ambrose visited us, and we mentioned to him what S—— had said about the Angels at Mons.

"I am rejoiced as to that: Amra wished you to know about the Angels at Mons. I am to tell you from *him* that he considers the German hosts will attempt another onrush as in those days, and that God hath decided to allow them to get some way in their progress. But by the intercession, Amra believes, of our Blessed Lady, for her 'Dower-land' of England—God hath resolved to show again His mighty Hand, and to arrest these people—these Phillistines—as we most of us consider them.

"I wish to point out several things of interest.

"...I believe that Our Lady takes an especial interest in her 'Dower-land,' as we call England. That she hath been besieged by the passionate appeals of the martyred ones in the devastated countries—by the French, the Belgians, the Italians, the Servians, the Montegrins, the Roumanians, the Poles. 'Her gracious heart,' said Amra, bleeds for the mutilated, tortured, murdered people of these unhappy lands. She hath appealed, as the Queen of Heaven, to her Holy Son, and the resolve I have told you of hath, Amra *believes*, been taken by the Almighty Himself,

"2. God evidently does not think He is sufficiently remembered in the allied countries. It is only while the Phillistines are marching towards the gates that they turn to Him. Now, they have forgot Him, and reverted to their old idols and the only course is to send again this awful scourge and bring back the erring. They are at their pleasures when they should be on their knees. They find it-to put it in a colloquial way-too hard to get out of the old rut....

"3. The resolution believed by Amra to have been adopted by God Himself shows that He hath not altogether turned his face away from us. You see, if the Parisians are gay, the poor provincial homes are lonely and devastated. The hand of Death hath taken away from nearly every one a brother, a son, a husband, a father, a sweetheart. The poor aching hearts have indeed turned to God. God realizes this in its full meaning—so many lives, gallant lives, though humble, have been offered up on the Altar of Duty and Patriotism.

"Amra put it very feelingly: 'jean, a poor, hardworking peasant, thinking of little but his harvest and the climatic conditions around the little snug village, is dragged out to face the guns, and the armed hordes of Phillistines who have invaded his fair, pleasant, smiling land, and who are turning his Paradise into Hell! What knows Jean.' said Amra, 'of these horrors? He is called by La Belle Patrie: he goes. He endures a hell on earth indeed—all for a war unproved and unwished for: a war wicked and unjustifiable, and for which, trust you, Ambrose, these people (referring, of course, to the Germans) will suffer a purgatory under the punishing scourge of God!'

"Then,' he went on, 'there is poor Jeanne. What does *she* care so long as jean is safe, and the mother she is tenderly loving during the last years of her life? The little cottage on the vine-clad hill—that holds Paradise for

her simple heart. Then Armageddon steps in: Jean is plucked by a ruthless hand to face terrors that he had only met before in a frightful nightmare.

"Jeanne does the work of men in the fields, like a gallant daughter of France. She works: she slaves. It is tearing, wearying, sweating labour; but 'Jean is suffering,' she saith, 'and why should not I?' 'Then,' said Amra, with much emotion Let us say Jean is killed; that the Phillistines march as marched the Huns under Attila in the morning of European civilization; and they bring with them terror-sheer terror, such as perhaps only the poor human heart can suffer. Nothing can be compared with it, nothing. Not the fear a hunted rabbit feels under the gripping teeth of a dog: not the palpitating terror of a little mouse in the cruel claws of a cat. It is impossible to conceive.'

"I can tell you Amra wept as he spoke thus. His tears were indeed-as 'Glorious John' represents them in his poem-refreshing balm to the suffering world. Presently he continued.

"Well, they invade the little village, and God alone can know the terrible fate of Jeanne!.... Now God knows and understands everything. He recognizes the Germans are His instruments to purge the world, His scourges-an' you will—much as He used the hard-hearted Egyptians in the days of the Israelites to bring them back to Him."

In order to appreciate the part of this message which follows, it should be mentioned that we had learned from previous messages received that Fredk. the Great had been interesting himself actively, from the spirit-world, on the side of the Germans, in this war, and was in fact one of their most powerful spirit-aids; although he was beginning to feel serious doubt whether he was justified in thus assisting them. Ambrose proceeded as follows:—

"Amra also said something that will interest you. He had been doing some spiritual work, when he learned from one of his attendants (Bertrand, I think) that someone wished to speak with him, if he could spare a little time. Amra never refuses, if he can possibly help it, any such call. So he bade them admit this 'spirit'—it was King Frederick.

"He told Amra he had been wandering on lower planes (when I say lower, I mean happy planes, but those used for people just come from earth, generally). 'Twas a thing unusual in him, as he, as a rule, keeps to his own planes. Well, he was wandering there 'incognito,' when he was met by three or four *people* lately come from earth; spoke to them and asked who had been their spirit friends on passing over. They told him, and he then began to 'chat' about earth things, but was surprised when they shrank from the subject in terror-horror, it seemed. He courteously and gently sought to ascertain why they felt like this to the old life. And *then, then*, there came out such a tale of horror as appalled Frederick, even in this happy, peaceful world.

"One was a Belgian, one a Frenchwoman, one a native of northern Italy, one, I believe, a Servian child.... I will not dwell on their stories: they are too harrowing. It does not do to think too much of these things.

"Well, Frederick fled to Amra—all his *sangfroid* and aplomb gone: all his thoughts centred round these poor martyred people of the invaded countries. Amra spoke to him—gently at first, then powerfully and eloquently.

"He said, 'You know, I know, we all know nothing on earth or in hell would urge the Allies to commit such atrocities. I put this frankly and calmly to you—Do you wish people of *this calibre-people capable* of things that only devils conceive and execute—to dominate England and France, and over their crushed bodies to rule the world?'

Frederick bowed his head, ashamed. 'I was wrong, wrong!' he cried bitterly. 'Amra, forgive me!'

"Frederick, do not despair. Work for your people an' you will, but in a very different way. There are very, very few really high spirits working to help them, and you realise that. It is not too late to undo the bad that you may unwittingly have done. It is never. *never* too late in this world; and you may well continue with the good.'

"Frederick was sad, but yet not sad. He had been struggling for some long while to determine his mind as to which course it were strictly right and best to take. And now Amra hath absolved him, and blessed and confirmed him in his new resolves:—

"(1) To try and bring Germany to realise how evilly they are behaving.

"(2) To strengthen the good in his countrymen.

"(3) To help us and poor bleeding France to resist the terrible march soon to be attempted towards Paris, knowing that in its train would come murder, pillage, and rapine! He resolves to prevent, as far as possible, all encroachments on allied territory, knowing full well now the inevitable consequences.

"But he will, if he thinks there is going to be a bad peace for Germany, try and 'break the fall' for his country.

"He is also determined to bring away those few spirits of his own standing (spiritually) who aid Germany, and to bring them to his own resolves. This is quite easily to be done. They falter at present. God has evidently disapproved of their conduct and put hesitation into their minds. Then He sent that experience to confirm Frederick in his doubts, and ordained that he should go to Amra and be absolved and blessed by him, and strengthened in his new determination.... Amra was told by God to spread the disapproval He felt. You see, as Amra saith, God does not blame us for having a horror of Germany and

German methods of war, etc. He knows there is such a thing as righteous wrath; and no one need feel ashamed to be wrathful with Germany. 'Our Lord,' he went on, I was wrathfully disgusted with the money-changers in the temple. If our Lord, the perfect incarnation of divine patience and sweet forgiveness, felt righteous wrath against those people (who, after all, only defiled the sacred precincts), what must he feel, and know us to feel, against these awful souls who have done the like, not only by His churches, but by the priests and nuns who guarded them, kneeling in devotion at the very altar steps?'

CHAPTER X.

10th February, 1918.

AMRA visited us, and we asked him to say something further about Valdre.

"He is now resting quietly in a monastery of the 'Brothers of the Sacred Heart' a community whose great object is to rescue and succour the souls of the distressed in the spirit-world. There is also a convent of the 'Sisters of the Sacred Heart,' who rescue and succour poor women in distress here.

"Sometimes these monks and nuns devote themselves to this work for hundreds of years. Sometimes they leave to join twin-souls; and others, after proper initiation, take their place....

"I have seen Valdre there since his rescue. He is very quiet and subdued, almost like some mighty beast of the forest that the hunters have tamed."

I asked if he thought Valdre had ever lived on earth.

"I do not think, if he has been on earth, he has lived there less than thousands of years ago.... I wish you could see these peaceful havens of rest—the monastery and the convent—on the slope of the hill.... I should think he will stay there for some time. Once he has left this monastery (which is on a very happy, contented plane) he cannot go back. He will go forward to a like happy plane. All that we fear, perhaps, is occasional outbreaks, such as sometimes assail poor souls lately come from miserable surroundings. It is the last effort of the lower nature to pull back—of course, unavailing, entirely, as one cannot, I believe, go back.

Yesterday I went to visit the 'Golden City.' There are three cities in this world to which God Himself and the

Angelic Host sometimes come. They are not on the same level: the highest of all is the 'Rainbow City.' They come in this order:—

The Rainbow City.
The Golden City.
The Silver City.

corresponding with the orders of the spirits.

"You might say God sometimes allows Himself to become like an earthly emperor or king, and to move with His Angelic Attendants to these cities that His subjects may see Him in glory on His Throne. *The* Throne Itself is not 'bearable' for most high spirits to behold.... If one cannot behold the sun with the naked eye, how can one expect to behold the glory of Him who made it?

"You find that knowledge interesting, I hope, dear children?"

We said it interested us greatly.

"Well, you see, I went to the Golden City, tho', by the mercy of God, I am permitted to go to the Rainbow City. But Ambrose and my friends are not as yet; tho' the 'Golden City' is fully open to them. From this you can judge what sweet souls they are, for the Silver City is extremely high, and the Golden City higher still."

We referred to the subject of "Re-incarnation," which I said did not appeal to me.

"No dear, I do not come back to earth. I have God's promise for that. I was, when not so high as I now am, rather perturbed to think perhaps I ought to claim this wonderful re-incarnation, and come back to earth to do good for my suffering fellow-beings. So when I next went before the altar I had in my Governor's house (and have now) I asked God (through the presence of the Eucharist) what I ought to do; and I was bidden not to distress myself about returning to earth. God wished me to stay *here*. Do you see, dear ones?

We expressed a hope that re-incarnation, in any case, was not compulsory.

"Oh, no, dear ones. I would not have you think that from my story. I merely told you that because I thought it would interest you. I had heard, you see, that in exceptional cases great teachers have longed to return to earth, and that God hath permitted it. So I wondered whether I ought to remain happy in my blissful plane when those others were working and suffering on *earth*. I do not wonder now. I have been told my work is here, you see. But these others said, in their blind love for their fellow-beings, 'Let us take the short cut and rescue our suffering brothers and sisters by life and example among them.' I suppose God did not wish to keep them against their will. They thought they knew best I So God did not argue with them.... There is no compulsory reincarnation, so far as I know.

And now to return to my Valdre, I will tell you this, that on advancing higher from lower planes, spirits usually are regarded like weaker members of the same family, you see. There is, thank God! no 'looking down' on them: no contempt or lessening. They are beloved just as the others, and made to feel 'at home' and welcome. 'Whatever they may have done it cannot matter now' is the verdict from all. They have passed through their purgatory, and God has seen fit to send them to join their friends now in 'Paradise.'

"Well, however this may be, as I wrote before, there is sometimes a slight trouble with them at first. So they are given to the 'guardian' whom they may choose; and, as a rule, one on the plane they have come to inhabit.

Valdre will need someone. I myself will be his 'father'; but I must find a 'guardian' to look after him in his own plane, or the one rather that he will live in when he leaves this happy rest at the monastery.

I should think Valdre must go where there is plenty of light and laughter....

We asked what sort of appearance Valdre would have in the spirit-world.

"I have not quite decided, but I think he will be as the others in colouring, etc.; only he will wish to retain something of his height to give dignity to his carriage. His features will be softened and more spiritual, but still grandly handsome as before."

We asked Amra how it was he first came to us; which he explained in the latter part of this message.

15th February, 1918.

In the course of a message received from Amra, the following was written:—

"When I left here the other day I was summoned by Stephen to help him in the matter of Valdre, as he did not seem of a happy humour, but making much sorrow. Wherefore I said to him: 'Why, what is amiss, Valdre, my child?' and he did turn away from me and say, 'I cannot bear thy brightness.'

"At this I was somewhat distressed, but I divined rightly, presently, that this was but a re-action, so to speak, and that most-like the souls he had left behind in the Dark Kingdoms were trying to pull him down to them. But I thought hard on them, and in my soul I said, forbid this—cease.'

"On a while came in my brother, dear Sheil himself, and he said: 'Why, brother, what's all this to-do? Come-an' thy charge distresseth thee, I will take thy place, or seek to do so; for of a verity I cannot think of a thing thou thinkest of. I am, or was, a soldier, and am used to carry out the Plans of others, in some measure.'

And more did he say of this sort, which perchance might be of little interest to you. And so I took him aside and I said:—

"I think the hour has come for taking dear Valdre out of this monastery and placing him with his guardian, J—— of B——."

"Why, thou sayest right, Amra," said he, "I will go and come back with ——* or not at all."

"So I watched him go. And meanwhile Valdre was disturbed in soul and grieving somewhat. But in a while came much glory, and —— was by my side to fulfil his part.

"Amra," said the noble J—— of B——, "here am I to do thy will. Command me: I am thine entirely."

"But I said, 'Sheil, tell him what is best.' And Sheil replied, 'Come, come, be not of faint heart upon this, my brother. Thou knowest what is best, the clearest of us all,' and more of a like generous nature.

"Whereupon I said, 'Take Valdre to the S——'s house, J——, my brother,'† And I went before, pondering much upon the matter. I directed my way to the house of S——, and I blessed them, and they then did ask me my will.

"I then told them all (I had prepared them, of course, beforehand, somewhat); and next came my brother, and J——, and Valdre himself.... Valdre answered little, but courteously withal; and he made his way—when I had embraced him and blessed him—with the S——, to the oratory in the house. I caused beautiful visions to fill that oratory, and beautiful thoughts were there already.

* Here J—— of B—— was mentioned by the name of his earthly title.

† This, of course, does not mean literally "brother."

17th February, 1918.

Valdre's guardian, J—— of B——, visited us, and we mentioned Valdre to him.

"I will tell you about him, shall I? (Dears, I hope I shall tell you this interestingly, but my English was not always grand, you know I I was so much abroad that I lost much of it, and shocked my fellow-countrymen by talking English with a marked accent.) I went to see him last night.... I asked him a few questions, and then, not wishing to catechise him, I said, 'Shall we walk abroad a little?' to which he agreed, so we went out. It was a sort of calm, summery evening there-as I desired Amra. to send us light, as being more cheerful for him (Valdre). So we went towards the Padre's (the governor's*) house, and looking up the drive bordered with (those dreadful things to spell) rho—†, and many flowering shrubs, syringa, lilacs (and some pink things) almond blossom, and many others not known on earth, we saw lights in the windows. We heard voices and laughter: we knew they were very happy, so we did not disturb them, but passed on.... We saw all the beauty of the Padre's plane (his province, I should say).... We passed on again, and Valdre began to talk a little. He asked after some of the spirits he had seen after first being raised by Amra. I told him about them and he seemed glad.... Then I went 'home' to the S——'s house with him: they were quite ready to receive him. He was much happier, I think."

8th March, 1918.

Valdre visited us (with his guardian's wife) and wrote:—

"I am glad to talk through my earth-child, as I talked to her in the Church of Bright Shadows. Is not my

* This refers to Father Olivert (see above, p. 29) the governor of the particular province.

† This word was left unfinished.

guardian an angel of goodness? And is not Valdre's saviour* god-like?

"The three men with bright eyes of gladness, who on earth were ——, † are they not indeed more precious than rubies? The dark one I love with my soul, the brown one with my spirit, the golden one with all my heart.... Are they not good friends to you? Hold them to your hearts, for they are invaluable to you.

"I have been brought by my watchful guardian-ladye.... She desire a word to say."

Valdre's lady-guardian then wrote:

"My dear friends,

"+ The good God in Heaven shower His blessings bountifully upon you and yours. I have brought my ward Valdre, the precious soul who has been given into my dear, dear husband's keeping. I will not speak more now, as I must take him away in a moment or two, even as my lord asked me to do.

Valdre then resumed:—

"Ah, is she not a woman most lovely. I know not which to envy most—he for such a ladye, or she for such a lord....

"I have seen often in my spirit vision you as you were on that auspicious day, ‡ you blue-eyed children of England. Her§ most did I notice because she divined my presence and spoke silvery thoughts unto me. I bless her and bless you all every day of my life here. My benediction be with you all.

"I am, your friend,

"VALDRE."

* Valdre in using this expression, was not referring to Our Lord, but to Amra.

† Here Valdre named their earth title.

‡ See above p. 71

§ Referring to my elder daughter.

Valdre continued:—

"To the ——" (referring to the three spirits whom he had spoken of in the early part of his message) "remember me. My love I send to them and much I leave with you. W——, with the eyes like stars, tell hym I love hys gentleness to all, and that heart of hys over-brimming with charity and love. Hym, with spirit of God in me awakened I do love. C—, with so much joy radiating from hym, I love hym with my true soule. He is silvery-voiced and charming, like the moonlight over the seas.

"As for the golden one, he deserve a golden halo, so nice to me he has been. With all my heart I love him. He is so gentle and tender that I love hym. as my son. He is one with eyes like dew-spangled violettes, and ever young."

"+ The Father of us all for ever bless you: Mary the Queen— one bless you: the Holy Redeemer bless you children all,

"Your friend,

"VALDRE."

Valdre's lady-guardian again spoke:—

"My dear friends, I am going to take him away. He has been quite long enough for the first time, I think. My dear husband would agree.... He" (Valdre) "does never forgett Amra! and he loves my dear lord too; and me, I think, thank God!

"I have now to go...."

19th May, 1918.

Valdre visited us again.

"I am right glad to come to you. My spirit-father hath been with you? I am going to hys service this evening, and I went this morning, as did your fathers and mothers, I believe.... I am happy: the days pass like happy houres."

After some further observations, Valdre referred to "Jack" and "Hector" (mentioned frequently in *I Heard a Voice*), whom he termed "those Sons of Laughter," and proceeded:—

"They are invaluable. Gaiety is invaluable. It is priceless. It comes not too often, but enjoy it while you can. I am sure it is the Edge of God His Laughter which reaches you."

It may here be mentioned that we have ascertained from later messages that Valdre has now reached a very high plane.

CHAPTER XI.

3rd February, 1918.

FATHER OLIVERT visited us: we referred to what we had been told in previous messages of the assistance given by beings in the spirit-world to the contending parties in the war, and expressed the view that the Germans could hardly have any high spirits aiding them.

"They have a few fine spirits, but you have many more."

Then, after mentioning some of those, great on earth, who were interesting themselves from the spirit-world, in this war, he proceeded as follows:—

"She" (referring to Queen Elizabeth) "is with the naval Councils sometimes, and sometimes she goes to the Queen to buoy her up with strength when she is most depressed.... So many of the German spirits are evil, like Bismarck, who nevertheless guides terribly well their foreign policy. Look at Roumania, Belgium, Servia, Russia, France, Montenegro."

We said we supposed Bismarck was on a low plane and had been severely punished.

"He is very unhappy. He is not quite the type of spirit that is punished bodily.... He is just as unhappy, but as he was more mentally evil he suffers more in mind and spirit. He was a terrible man, with one white spot—his intense patriotism and loyalty."

8th February, 1918.

A spirit who has been to us many times, and who, in the earth-life long ago, held a high position, in the course of a message on this date, wrote:—

"I made a visit to the Army Headquarters of Britain in France. I will tell you some of the great spirits I met

there, working as hard-though in a different way-as poor Sir Douglas Haig himself. There were: Henry V. and Katherine, Richard I. and Berengaria, Simon de Montfort, the Chevalier of all Chevaliers, Bayard (*sans peur et sans reproche*; then several of Napoleon's generals, Murat and others also Louis XIV.'s friends, Conde Turenne, Luxembourg, Villars. Also other great Englishmen and Scotchmen, such as Edwards I. and III. and the Black Prince.... and Bruce and Wallace and other Scotch heroes; and your own Marlborough, and Generals Wolffe, Clive, and Wellington. Also Richelieu-that most marvellous of statesmen: his brilliant counsels are some of the most wonderful we have. Amra saith. People like Clarendon and Shaftesbury were also there.... Joan of Arc was with a brilliant train of adoring spirit-friends at the French Headquarters.

3rd March, 1918.

The following extracts are taken from a message received from Amra:—

"There was a legend in our times that the Deity divided His Soule into three parts (one for each Person of the 'Holy Trinity') and there was left a small piece over, which God threw down on the world. That was taken possession of by men; but first of all, ere they obtained It, It struck the ground and splintered forth Holie Fragments, which the animals took among themselves. This illustrates the idea that man is of Divine origin-and, in some meazure, the animals also."

After commenting, in an interesting manner, on a large number of well-known people in the spirit-world, he said, with reference to Phillip II. of Spain:—

"Even in this worlde, that terrible man has not been friendless, though cast down in miserie. Marye of England,

with the tender, blind constancy not infrequently seen in woman, has devoted years of service to raising and rescuing hym. She herself was not judged harshly—(I know the spirit who judged her). She was punished, of course; for the martyrdom of those poor souls dying in anguish amidst the flames of Smithfield could not be passed over. But allowances were made for her sad and souring childhood, with an ogre-tyrant for her father and king, and a poor, lonely, wronged queen for her mother. And then—well, you know her history—she was disliked, despised, ill-treated and plotted against, even her birthright snatched from her by a furious and arbitrary tyrant. Then she was surrounded by ill-advisers and married to a man who was the originator of the terrible Inquisition. She died childless, worse than husbandless, hated by her subjects, brokenhearted over Calais—all her dearest projects and darling dreams vanisht away and broken for ever!

"Mary I. was not naturally cruel at all, rather the reverse. Cruelty is punisht very heavily here—more than anything, save utter flagrant forgetfulness of God. A man who honestly cannot believe, God pities, but does not punish. A man who blasphemes and publishes abroad his hatred and scorn of God to spoil the simple faith of others—God hates the sin and punishes accordingly."

17th March, 1918.

"I am Amra, Child of Egypt, your spirit-father, my children....

"The great offensive' seems to have begun. I think this is no feint, but a real beginning.... C—— and William (III.), as valiant souls, will take some share in the heat and burden of the day. Claverhouse has gathered a great army of gallant Scotsmen, whom he will lead to battle as of yore. Yesterday Napoleon applied to me for

permission to enrol all the men of France and Corsica who loved him in I old times,' and I decided it could, and would, be done. This will be a great army, comprising all the best, the truest, the noblest, the most valiant of those countries.

"Wellington has armed his Britons, and all your great generals work with him.

"Napoleon lives out in the battle-lines! His wife (Josephine) goes with him. Boadicea, your gallant English queen, is coming to your help. Not all the long and peaceful years in Paradise has dimmed the fires of patriotism burning in her soul.

"Every evening, dears, whatever lies before your hands, say a prayer together for your gallant armies in the battle-lines. Spiritual strength they need sorely at this terrible time of crucial moment, and ye must see to it ye do your share like that together, to give it them.

"It seems as though there will be great storminess at home this autumn or winter time.

"Now I must go. I have to decide about the appointment of new Governors for different provinces put under my care. God bless you, children.

"+ AMRA,
"Son of Egypt."

24th March, 1918.

Amra again:—

"I am wearie, O my children, and I have come to you for reste. My work has lain heavily upon me the last weeks and days especially. Now my brother Sheil and his wife, with Ambrose, are taking my place for just this afternoon.

"From the beginning I have been beset by spirits of both camps, entreating my blessing for their respective sides. I said-'I will watch and then judge which side is deserving.'... I did so, and it did not take me long to decide. Since then, I have been fighting, through my lieutenants and agents-and also personally—these Spirits of Darkness, the Phillistines. I fear me it will be *needed*. They are very inventive, the Germans, and I fear they will constantly be thinking of new instruments of devilment!...

"Your people think more of the rise of wages and the price of food than they do of the casualties among their own kin at the front, or the latest advance of the enemy.... Napoleon, on the side of England whole-heartedly, will be a great factor for you, I think.

10th March, 1918.

A celebrated French ecclesiastical (of Louis XIV.'s period) visited us.

"+ Dear Friends, I am come for a few moments before the arrival of ——. I have not ever been to you before. I am ——. am a governor on a higher plane—about between Bellario and Caius.... I had heard of you from Ambrose."

We showed him a picture of Bossuet.

"My rival of old days—L'aigle de Meaux.' He is in Bellario's plane, I think. He was more bigoted than I, though I had much to learn of religious toleration really *here*. In our time it was accounted weak or blasphemous (in France and Spain especially) to show pity—*misericorde*—to the 'hereticks.' Alas, that we wielded our power over *le roi* to such an extent.

"Our handsome *petit roi!* He did not like me or trust me as he did 'Monseigneur de Meaux,' because I was I suspect '-how say you?—of being tainted with the

doctrines of that saint woman, Madame Guyon, the head of the Quietest movement in our time. They taught doctrines not *quite* acceptable to the orthodox Roman Church. Too much of the Power of the Inner Grace in man which would save in spite of sin! and not enough of the Devil and Hell, I suppose! Monseigneur de Meaux liked to reflect on those things of much comfort!

"Monseigneur was truly a great man, however. Have you ever read specimens of his oratory? Ah! most lovely. He was almost the very foremost man of our day—perhaps *the* foremost. He was much attached to Madame Henriette, whom he defended gallantly from the pulpit on her death.... Bless you, *mes enfants*, in the name of Jesu, Amen."

18th March, 1918.

The same spirit again visited us.

"I am going to earth to-night to the Vatican, I think, where there has been talk (of late) of a Catholic Revival in England! I shall try to spread a pro-Ally sentiment about, and to aid in furthering the cause of my Holy Mother Church how best I can.

"To-morrow I am holding a service in my Cathedrelle here, a service for the souls of the 'heretic English' (especially) who have 'passed over' to us here during the War, fighting for their countrie.

"I am glad my friend, ——, hath visited you. He is a fine and beautiful soul. So is his fair sister.... You are interested to hear of my duties, and my errand tonight, children? I go to push forward, how best I can, the cause of the Allies, that I have so deare to heart, and to push forward also this that they call the Catholic Revival here, We will try to broaden our beautiful Faith...."

7th April, 1918.

Amra paid a short visit.

"There is a Council of soldiers, statesmen, and politicians who are to meet at my palace—my Governor's palace—this noontide in about twenty minutes' time. They are gathered to discuss Italian affairs. They are all of Italie, and they desire my aid and blessing for their works. So you see clearly my reason that I cannot stay.

Bellario and the Padre are coming to me late this noon-tide, to discuss some plan connected with the welfare of unhappy spirits on lower or grey planes."

5th May, 1918.

Amra came again, and we spoke to him of the sedition in Ireland.

"Alas! I grieve that it is the work of the priests of God in a disagreeably large measure. There are Roman Catholics here who weep for the evil work that is done by their brethren yonder—not only for its impolicy, but for the sentiment. I fear the successor of St. Peter is a misguided man. I would not say anything uncharitable or harsh, for we reverence the Holy See; but I fear this Pope depends entirely upon the words of the German and Austrian Emperors, who have promised him protection and encouragement for his priests should he not turn against them. I believe him to sincerely think his policy is best for the Faith of which he is the head.

"He sees England on one side, Protestant-England and Presbyterian Scotland, and Evangelical Wales, with colonies and dependencies peopled by their sons and daughters, France atheistical and 'free-thinking,' Italy with men irreligious, or mostly so, and the king thereof jealous of the Pope's powers. He sees America and other

countries friendly to the Allies, and he does not think the balance of his favours should be with these. Certes, I do think there is much to be said from the material point of view for the Pontiff's course of action. I mean that he thinks his faith lies strongest in the enemy's hands. Russia was with you, you see, at the commencement of the war, and she was Greek, and the Roman Party are indeed good haters of the Greek Church."

Referring to character-reading, Amra said:—

"The science of hand-reading is as old as the mountains. Some read by the brow: some by the sole of the foot: some by the hands. Some again read the eyes like a 'divining-glass'—chiefly orientals, the psychic races, Indians, Egyptians, Arabs and Chinese. My mother used to 'read' by the brows."

We asked whether Amra exercised such psychic powers when on earth.

"A little; but I was not very strong, and the priests did not wish me to use my strength too much. Sheil, who was robust as a mountain stag, knew character-reading well—by the whole physiognomy. But he was not spiritual, and could best read the past."

After conversing on other matters we referred to the Germans.

"Indeed they are an awful people.... I have judged *some* of these Germans, but, thank God, I do not have all! I would rather judge any man than a cruel man. I must fain not face them but walk away. I cannot hear their horrors, and the way—so unfeelingly brutal—in which they tell them. Sheil then will take up my pen of governorship and continue for me, aided by Paula and K—— (for there must be three to do work for me). Sheil sometimes is inclined to leave his dignity as judge for the indignation of the man, whereupon I have to resume.... Another judge is Julius. Still another is Andreas—though

both Andreas and Antonius must refer higher—to me. I am put 'in command' of a large group of Provinces, governed in their turn. There are others like me, governing other groups—such as Julius, for instance...."

9th June, 1918.

A well-known character in history, who "died" bravely on the battlefield in the latter part of the 17th Century, and who has been to us on many occasions, in the course of a message on the above date, wrote:—

"When I first passed over and realized I had been slain in battle, I said to the spirit who knelt by my soul (on the earth still—I had not separated from the body entirely): 'Am I mad or am I just dead?' He said: 'It is all well: do not worry. You have died bravely, and for your cause. Rest in my arms and try to sleep.'

"I did not need asking: I felt overpoweringly sleepy and bewildered with everything. So I just dropped off to slumber. When I awoke again I was lying on some beautiful heather clothing a bank, all ferny and soft and glorious, like my own Scotland.

"I sat up and called out (thinking I had slept bivouacking): 'Hullo! Captain, where are you?' A very kind voice answered me: I looked up and saw my mother standing by me. We embraced, and I said: 'But make me realize, dearest, that I am really *dead*. I cannot realize: am I not dreaming? Or am I demented so that you are humouring me not to increase my madness?'

"Then she laughed, a lovely, low laugh that I remembered from long years back, and said: 'Of course you are really dead. Where are your soldiers? Were you not last on a battlefield?' Then she pointed out spirit-scenery of surprising beauty all around us, and we went together to her house.

"There I met others—my father, and several friends and relatives—all gently and gradually, so that I began to accustom myself to the idea that I was really 'dead!'

"Then they hauled me up to judge me! I thought, Good Lord! this'll be a nice business! Come on, —— ——, I warrant it's the first time you've ever been a coward!' I went then to the Governor. He heard my story—my excuses: my explanations. Then he passed me on to Amra—going with me.

"I expected to see a colossal hero or Diocletian of some kind; instead of which, I met someone very sweet and kindly, with a musical voice, and gentle yet dignified ways. He was seated when we came in.

"By his side was Sheil. I said: 'Sheil'—(I had been told about Sheil as possibly my friend!)—'you were on earth a soldier; therefore I claim your kindness for myself, soldier and—whatever my faults—a patriot.'

"Then the business went on.... I felt like a man being given '20 years!' As a matter of fact Amra said: 'I have yet to ask counsel of the Most High God; but I may tell you that I find far more good in you than evil. Some, however, will have to be paid for.'

"So I left him. I went back home and enjoyed myself and then I was had up again—(not in front of Sheil this time, just us two)—and Amra told me many things and made me realize he was acting justly.

"Then I left him and was sent to have my 'purgatory.' Still it wasn't really much and was soon over. Then I had my rewards. I had a lovely time after that....

"The tales about my cruelties had been greatly exaggerated, and, worse still, L——'s sins muddled—(sometimes purposely, I suppose)—on to me. But *they* knew: so I had only a little purgatory. I had had a soldier's death, and had been true and loyal to my king and church; so that I was forgiven much....

16th June, 1918.

J—— F—— E——, well known to history, who lived a good and noble life on earth, but was not successful in his worldly endeavours, wrote:—

"When I passed over—or I should say just before passing over—I saw a 'vision,' as I thought, of angels. And when I spoke about it they thought I was crazed with suffering. Later, I learnt that my sister and my mother, with —— and ——, had been there to visit us: so they were angels and I was right! On mentioning it to a priest he said something about visions of heaven, and being rather an ignorant but good-hearted man, he asked if I had seen God, and what He was like. He said it with a fine faith, however, and in this world he is a beautiful soul: he could not help being ignorant.

"On' passing over' I woke up in a beautiful room—all pink and gold—and there was someone by me who, in a low tone, sang a song to me. It was very soft, because there was a beautiful light in the room which seemed to emanate from the person beside me. I lay quite still, for I felt strangely happy, with a sense of ease in mind and body that I had not known for a long, long time. I felt that sort of feeling one sometimes feels after an illness when one has been to sleep and wakes up much better.

"Then I said: 'Have I been ill?' (I could not remember about my passing over or my late troubles. The room brought back to me exactly a room I knew and loved at —— as a young boy: my mother had so arranged the room). They said to me: 'Yes, you have been ill, but don't worry for you are much better.' Then I went again into a sleep: the latter part of the time I went back in my dreams to the sad days of weariness and despondency, and at last I awoke, feeling glad that these were, as I thought, only dreams. Then a sweet face bent to me: it was my sister I-. 'We are so happy,' she said, 'and now you are going to be told a great secret, J——.'

"Then I realized what had happened: I realized it was not the —— days back again, as at first I had thought (by comparison with the later days they were exquisitely happy!). I said: 'L——, I am dead and I thank God for it most humbly.' She gave me her hands and I sprang up and looked all round the room. I noticed at one end a *prie dieu* with a picture of Our Lady that I remembered. We left the room and went down a passage and through numberless rooms (each one I thought, as in the fairy tales, more lovely than the last!). You would love them indeed. There were such beautiful flowers, and a fine view across a long sweep of wooded country—again, like the most beautiful views of —— (in our days *lovely*); and I walked with my sister to the banks of a river, where there was a stone seat, and she then explained many things to me that I did not know or understand....

CHAPTER XII.

23rd June, 1918.

AMRA visited us, and after speaking of various other characters in the spirit-world, mentioned Napoleon, and then described his 'passing,' in the following terms:—

"There was a tribunal to judge that man. It was felt his was a very difficult case, and I associated with myself two other high spirits to assist me in judging him. Sheil said (of course, not seriously): 'A genius! Let him go!' But Paula said: 'Judge him kindly, O Amra, as I know thou wilt;' and I went to do this.

"'The Emperor' stood boldly to face us. He said: 'Now do not let us be long. I had rather be a short time and be sent to Hell than be dragging on for ages.' I said, quite gently: 'My dear son, you will not go to Hell, I think, so do not let us speak like that.' We then proceeded to quietly and gently question him and to examine him on various episodes in his life.

"At length we came to a decision of the 'report' we should send to Higher Powers. When that was done, we called 'the Emperor' to us, and he saluted us as though we were Marshals of the Empire—(much to the joy of Sheil, who always manages to join me in one capacity or another—this time as secretary). Napoleon was in full uniform: we were in robes of semi-Grecian style. He said: 'Now I am ready.' I tried not to show humour: Sheil smiled and murmured, 'No dilatoriness with you, Emperor.' And then I spoke to him.

"There was not much punishment to be undergone, and I was glad, very glad at heart! He had only a little purgatory to go through: then he could throw himself into the affairs proceeding apace on earth to his heart's content.

"He appeared surprised when we had done. Then he said humourously: 'Well, I thought it wouldn't be right for an Emperor of France to be in Hell.' He asked some questions in a calm, unmoved and military manner: then he said: 'Well, I thank you very much, messieurs.' Later on, perhaps you will visit me: the Empress and I will be very pleased to see you.' I was glad, for he spoke sincerely and kindly, and with a great natural dignity. I replied to these kindly-meant invitations, saying I would be pleased to come when the press of work would allow of it. He said: 'That's very kind now, sir. Personally, I like a straight answer: I am straight myself, and I expect others to be.'

"As he was picking up his various military cloaks and badges (!) to leave, he asked calmly, as if he were discussing the time of a church service next Sunday: 'How long do you think?' We told him, and he replied: 'The Empress is not going to leave me, but I don't want her to be unhappy. I mean, I don't want her to come with the hope of suffering her dear self if she can excuse me some of my punishment.' We comforted him."

28th June, 1918.

"I believe I last narrated the end of our interview where we comforted him (Napoleon) about the Empress, you remember? A little while after this I went to visit the Emperor. I found him and I said a few words of kindness to him. He looked at me when I had done, and then smiled rather ironically, 'Do you think, m'sieur, you are punishing me? This is Heaven to St. Helena.'

"I felt sad for him, and I spoke a lot to him, trying to make him confide more in me. His is such a nature of strength and self-reliance, you see.... Later years had made him bitter against mankind, who had betrayed him in the person of his friends.

"Again I went home to my own plane, and some short while after came back to him. He was with his first wife. She nearly wept when she beheld me. 'Do not cry, my little one,' said he, 'or m'sieur will think I shirk responsibility—a thing I would be ashamed to do.' I spoke to him gently and he seemed interested, but at the end he said (incorrigible one): 'What do you think of this plan of mine? I sketched it out yesterday, but I was rather disturbed in mind, so found it not so easy as I used to do.'

"I looked at his plan—not understanding remotely—and advised him to take it to Sheil as an example of modern warfare. Then I asked him if he could not manage to forget for a few moments together his warfare! He seemed surprised: 'It is destiny,' he said; 'I was fated, you see.' I tried to hint delicately that he must not forget God in his destiny worship, as he was inclined to do on earth sometimes. And he said: 'I died a good Roman Catholic—that ought to keep the priests quiet. And I lived a man of destiny—that ought to satisfy Fate.'

"I was rather amused, but I did not show this! After a time I took my leave, he then turning to some map of battle, and trying to find out (as he put it) how he managed to lose Waterloo!

"Josephine followed me out, and then she made a curtsey and said: 'If you please, dear Amra, I want to talk about my husband, the Emperor.' I said I would listen with pleasure to whatever she had to say. And then she continued eloquently—for she felt every word from her heart—and with tears in her eyes: 'Oh, if you could have seen him as he was in that terrible island under the burning sky, his friends gone or powerless, his son torn from his loving heart, the woman who should have been at his side far away in the land of his enemies! If you had seen how they slighted and ill-used him in petty, mean ways, and how he had to bite his lip through to keep back a fierce retort. If you had seen him wandering on the

shores—he the one-time master of the world—kept in sight and dogged by an English sentry. Oh, dear Amra, then you would fully realize that his Hell is gone: he only wants me and my love, and we shall be happy. Give us your blessing, dear, dear father.'

"I did nearly weep with the emotion in her voice and words: such a kind and loving heart as she carried within her. I told her, 'Wait but a day and then you shall be in happiness together. She clung to my hand on parting: she felt lost without him as her protector. I saw her walking slowly back to his house: I saw her disappear in at the door. Then I went home and told my people and my relatives about it all.

"My mother wept. 'Free him,' she cried. Paula shook her head gravely. 'Such a man,' she said. 'just a little while and he will be happy.' Sheil looked at her. 'No, no, Paula,' he said, 'he should be free at once. He is glorious. I will embrace him. He is the man of his age: there is no one like him. And as for the little Empress Queen, who is more deserving than she? They have suffered: give them their well-earned reward. May God bless them.'

"I said, 'It is only the matter of a little passing while. Remember, dear Sheil, he was not an arch-angel and will not claim to be. But he has a fine soul, and his reward is coming.'

"But a short time after that I went to see my protegee. He said, 'Do you know, m'sieur, I should like to get out of this old place. It is getting as tiresome as Longwood, and that says—O my God—a great, great deal.' 'Dear son,' said I, 'I have come to take you with me.' 'To your plane?' asked he quite calmly. 'If you should wish to try,' I replied.

"The Empress came into the room. She said, 'Dear father, I wish you would manage to keep off the people who come to stare at us as if we were prize lions.' 'Yes,'

said he, quickly and sharply, 'it is as bad as the taste of those shopkeepers who came to stare at me in the ship with the awful name that baffles pronouncing.'

"I said, 'Dear Josephine, you will not be troubled by them any more. I have come to free you to a higher life of hope and happiness.'

"'I had almost forgotten what they mean,' said Napoleon; 'certainly the former: the latter is always to be found with her Imperial Majesty.' They embraced, the Empress weeping with joy.

"'Child,' said he, 'be calm and queenly. Remember an Empress must not betray excitement. And besides, Madame Josephine, it is destiny.' 'It is God!' she said. 'It is Amra,' he said. 'God *through* Amra,' she said.

"Napoleon asked when they might leave. I said, 'At your pleasure, sir.' (For he likes not to feel authority over him, being so unused to a guiding rein). Josephine clapped her hands and smiled and sped out of the room, calling out to maids and attendants (faithful friends who refused to part from 'Buonaparte' in purgatory). Meanwhile I had another 'lecture on military operations (but I could not interrupt him).

"They left then, and established themselves in a happy plane, in a big house, like a country landowner's manor, with a beautiful garden, and (as Napoleon remarked first of all on his entry) 'plenty of room for parade!' 'But, dear, that is all you can think of,' came the mild remark from his wife. He laughed (she is so pretty in the things she says). 'Madame Josephine, you have taken care there is more than enough room for a full-length mirror and a wardrobe.' She said: 'Quite right, too! I'm not going to dress up in an old black hat with a tricolour and a grey overcoat!'

"So they entered into possession.... And at that point shall I leave them for now?"

My daughter said she was not tired, and we all said we were extremely interested, if it should please Amra to continue.

"Well, it might be best to continue if you *are not* tired, but if you are do you say so."

My daughter again said she was not tired.

"Then I will continue a little, and you must rest tomorrow...."

"After a little while I had a note from the Emperor, with many laurel-crowns, seals, thrones, and eagles. It said: 'They are killing my son. *Can* you not help me, dear father? I am miserable. He suffers: he loves me: and as for me, his unhappy father, my heart is bleeding at his feet.'

"He signed it—'Your unhappy son,

"NAPOLEON.

"Emperor of the French.

"The pain of his son's circumstances had softened him again, breaking through the bitterness that only too naturally encrusted him of late years. Again there was a conclave at home. My mother rose in magnificent indignation from her place. 'And it is a woman who neglects that boy. How *can* it be?' Paula looked at Kayleesus (the only child of Sheil and Paula), and said nothing, but sighed deeply. Sheil turned to me. 'Ah, why not have released sooner that magnificent father?' I said, 'Dear Sheil, do not grow angered with me. I must work out the Will Divine. Is it not now rather the case of thinking over this sad appeal from your favourite?' Upon which Sheil said: 'Amra, your pardon! You are always right. Let us discuss "The Eagle's" letter.'

"So we turned to that. There was little that we could do. The boy was in a bad state of health—I believe from consumption—and his death was hastened by a hungering after the father from whom they had so long and so cruelly

parted him. History has to tell: the father dying lonely and wretched, in a distant, sea-girt isle, and the son, eleven years or so afterwards, passing away from the world which had been so unkind to him. The unhappy father was constantly with his son: That in itself being purgatory for him, you see. Then, when Death was at hand—a merciful Deliverer to cut the prisoner's bonds—the Emperor and his wife received over the son. They were happy, then!...

"I then received another epistle from the Emperor, written with manifest pride and strangely interesting, with the unacademical but forcible and brilliant style—with faults in grammar and spelling—that characterized him on earth, In it he said something of this: 'My son the Prince Imperial and King of Rome, being desirous now of seeing friends, may I have the pleasure of making you a visit soon? I hope you will see a resemblance in him to his father, but I fear he has the Austrian cast in the lower part of the face. In any case, he is quite tall and fine now, and he has certainly great fascination, like his adopted mother. I hope he will inherit a love of France from me in extreme purity. I dislike the Austrians; I loathe the Prussians, and as for the shop-keepers—! I shall hope to show you a little map of Paris and Northern France, which might have been better defended in 18—, perhaps. I wonder whether your brother will agree?'

"This was very good, I thought. The expected visit took place, and I was presented-or, rather, there was presented to me, the 'Prince Imperial.'... I found him very sweet and entirely devoted to his father and to his adopted mother."

30th June, 1918.

"...Where did I arrive, dears?" We read out the last few lines of Amra's previous visit. "The Emperor next busied himself in the wars of his

country and yours—I believe about the middle of last century....

"I visited them often. L'Aiglon was thoroughly delighted with his spirit-home; and, of course, the 'Imperial couple' were entirely in happiness together with him.

"The Franco-German war again drew him violently to earth. As the tide of 'Fate' again turned against unhappy France, he suffered stabs of agony. 'My France,' he said to me during one visit. 'Are my Eagles to bow to Prussia? Is the memory of victories I and my Marshals won nothing to the world?'

"I essayed to comfort his indignant sorrow; but he would take no consolation. 'It is useless,' he said; 'Father, I am miserable! Were my wife in agony imagine my grief. France is my mother and she lies at the point of death.' Presently he said: 'The English, I admired them even on earth, and during the wars with Russia. But now my old dislike is all revived. How can they remain complacently upon their hill-tops and watch the exhaustion of France? The fools! Can they not see if the Prussian vulture feeds on France presently it will be strong enough to gorge on England? Where is the foresight; where is the policy of this contemptible slavishness? The British Lion blinks and lies down lazily while the French are dying. I tell my people here, the day will come when he will wish he had supported France.'

I thought so too; and we made efforts from the spirit-world....

Never shall I forget, I think, the terrible distress of the French in the spirit-world when the Prussians entered their capital in triumph. The Emperor came to me characteristically. He flung his sword on the table before him. 'I have no further use for that,' he said; 'France is disgraced before the world: Versailles has seen the vile Prussian within her walls. Send me to Hell, if

you will, Father, but I cannot believe in God. I go back to my creed of Destiny!"

"It was useless to say much, so I let him go after a few words more.

"When all that struggle was over, he appeared to become much more happy; but as a truth, the memory of that 'Day of Shame' lingered a long time, and lingers even now, though mixed with a fierce longing for *la revanche*.

"There was, I believe, some tension between your land and his adopted country about the beginning of this century: the tension was indeed acute. He said to me: 'England and France must not fight; they had better be allies. If they quarrel Germany's game is won.'

"I and my brother high-spirits worked to avert war.... When Edward the Peace-maker reigned, Napoleon said 'They have got a man of brains at last. He's the man to strengthen both England and France. His ministers....'"

"Referring to the French Republic, he said: 'As to their mania against the priests, they have carried it too far. It is a great pity, because religion is a very necessary asset.' I tried to alter his view a little on the 'asset.' He was quite amused.

"He busied himself with earth again. Then, when your late Prime Minister came to power, Napoleon said:—

"Children, I must leave you.... I will next tell you about the war and Napoleon's attitude then,..."

14th July, 1918.

"When war seemed in the air, he came to me and said: England will be a traitress if she doth abandon France at this crisis. Besides, she will be a suicide: Germany aims at England,'

"When England declared war, he was satisfied with her. 'But France and England must bestir themselves,' he said. 'Belgium is holding the gates, but she cannot do so indefinitely. They must hurry with their men, their munitions and their preparations: otherwise, 'twill be 1870 over again.'

"With great energy, he went constantly to the Front. He organized a spirit-army to help the Allies. He organized a party of statesmen and politicians to help at home: he gave them their spheres of usefulness: he over-watched all their efforts. There was that about him, together with the universal recognition of his genius, that impelled the deference of these others.

"I myself was approached by him. I was still 'neutral.' I waited to see the conduct of the war. Knowing the injustice of the German cause, I was not surprised when I beheld them further fouling their honour by atrocities fit only for wildest barbarian hordes. I saw Belgium staggering beneath the mailed fist of Prussia, and, later, I saw beautiful France a prey to the invading Phillistines.

"I no longer hesitated: I entered into the war.

"With joy the Emperor spoke to me of my coming in. He declared that no one with a mind, a *heart*, a soul, could now support 'the vile Prussians.' 'Why,' he said, 'I have gone part way to forgiving those shopkeepers, because they have loyally helped fair France!' I knew that forgiveness for St. Helena was the greatest of all to expect of him, poor soul.

"He occupied himself with the Battle of Mons. He wished to organize the angels!! If I had permitted it, calmly and with perfect aplomb would he have done this!...I explained to the Emperor that this was a matter of purely spiritual strength, and he replied: 'Ali, now I see. I will leave that to you. If it had been *strategy*, I could have best done it,'

"He returned with praise of the Allied forces. He had feared for Paris. As the Germans retreated gradually through the Battles of Marne and Aisne, he rejoiced. He was pleased also with the strength, courage and endurance of the Allied arm-ies. But he said: 'People make a great mistake if they imagine the ordinary German is no stuff for a soldier. He is both brave and persevering, and, what is quite as useful in warfare as either of these, he takes his orders and obeys them implicitly. He can also endure and not grumble.'

8th September, 1918.

"Napoleon's energy, perseverance and enthusiasm were wonderful. Never a day passed but he worked for the Allies in some form or other; and he constantly visited the Front. He was also untiring in his 'canvassing' among other spirits, especially the higher ones, of whom he entreated aid.

"He was the idol of his men, to a degree that is astonishing and hardly to be believed until the man himself is met personally. I observed that some of his most devoted friends were *British!* They were possessed with an ardent devotion to him, and admiration for his genius.

"He went often to earth, and corresponded fairly frequently, as you may imagine, all over the world, where psychics were to be found in any number. There were pencils or 'Planchettes' ready for him (or clair-audience) to take down his words. In many cases the recipients said nothing of their messages, fearing the mockery of the world.

"Sometimes the Empress went with him, and sometimes they became 'Influences' to various people. Of course his time was very little his own, Sometimes the King of Rome went too, and even communicated a word or two to English-the hated English!-folk, though he, later

went back on it!-(a boy with a good deal of character: his father's strong will! Somebody once said to me: 'Surely God *must* have fallen asleep when that boy was allowed to die a prisoner in Austria. He seemed given to Napoleon and France for a fine King, Albeit).

"I had many interesting, and some amusing, interviews with the Emperor. He spoke with fine scorn of the 'pacquet wars' in which the English liked to engage, and repeated many of his most famous maxims as to 'concentration of forces.'

"Sometimes he prevailed on me to go out to the Front. Upon one or two occasions we beheld the Lord and Saviour Himself on the battlefields-just His Perfect Spirit. Humanity wonders from where 'these men get their spirit of endurance, courage and faithfulness.' Did they only know it, it is drawn very often from the Saviour Himself.

"Once I went with Napoleon to the battlefields: Napoleon rode his grey war-horse, in the earth-style (I used my 'wings'). The armies we visited, spirit and earth. The latter were tired, and even in some measure, the former. 'Come! soldiers,' said Napoleon, and at his word they seemed to breathe with new life. 'Our brothers are calling for our help. Stiffen their bayonet, point their musket, make keen their eye, and their arm strong. They rely upon us and their own heroism. Lead them to glory: and remember that I lead you.' His officers cheered his words: the spirit soldiers were heartened. An attack was shortly expected. Quite silently he watched their work, and their disposal of themselves among the earth army.

"I watched him and them, and it was indeed interesting.

"Now, dears, I will leave that for now."

Amra then proceeded to speak on other matters, in the course of which he said;

The French have the majority of brilliant leaders, I *believe*, over any other nation. Marlborough has his *entourage* among the allied armies, also Wellington and Wolfe."

We referred to German cruelty.

"It is no less than diabolical. It sickens me and makes me unhappy in the thought of it...."

Although not in the order of date, it will be convenient to set out here the three following messages:—

28th June, 1918,

A spirit who has been to us on a few occasions, and who, when on earth, was a connection of Napoleon, in the course of a message on this date, wrote:—

"Napoleon used to think a great deal about ghosts, spirits, premonitions, superstitions, omens, and the like. I was often lectured by him, and when I was at the shop, as a young fellow (!), I used to feel rather what you would call psychic at times.... I was very pleased when I found there was really *life* awaiting one, never mind of what kind exactly! One could not help being influenced by the atheism of the times and, after all, I was only a 'Man of the People.'

"Napoleon sometimes felt grave doubt, as to Christianity even. But it was largely because he was in advance of the dogmas of the time bound up with Christianity. He said he did not believe in eternal damnation, a rock on which the faith of many has foundered, and asked: Are the Mahomedans, the English, the Thibetans, all to be eternally damned? The idea is ludicrous....

"I love him devotedly, : my only grief is my behaviour to him on earth. It is awful, I think...."

The spirit from whom the next message came has been to us on this one occasion only.

30th June, 1918.

"I want to speak to you. I was a soldier on earth a good long time now that is gone. My name is Ignace Jean Marie Detouche, and I was one of those who died in Russia 1813-14.... I was a native of Burgoyne: my father was a vintner there. I was in love with the ward of an aristo in the district who came back to France by allowance of the Emperor. Of course I could not marry her, so I got a friend of mine—*un ami medicin*—to say that my heart was quite strong so that I could enleest. I did this, and I was one of the army he took across the map to Moscow.

"On the return to France I was with the rear-guard under Ney, and grew that tired from illness that I fell out of line, with one or two unfortunates, and some of the Russian pezentry attacked us, and I was wounded and lay down in the snow to die.

"No good, alas! all those lives yielded up, *le Petit Caporal* was finally ovaircome.... I am married" (*i.e.*, in the spirit-world) "to the lady I loved at such deestance away on earth...varie happy." (Referring to Josephine he said): "Ah, yes indeed did all of us love her.... *Le Petit Caporal* makes all his soldiers wellcome, nevair mind where nor when.... I was, one of the escort for *le Caporal*. I used to think that kings were weeked. It was not my falt. They told me so; it was taught to us with calculation.

"One night *le Petit Caporal* came round the camp to talk to his men. He stood by a beeg pot where was our suppair!" "What have you got here?" he asked me, stirring the pot *melange* with a beeg iron spon, 'Oh,' said I, 'tees a stew the cooks here made us.' 'Is there plenty of meat in it?' asked he; 'not all carrot and rubbish?' '*Mais non!*' said I, 'you taste it, sir.' 'Why,' says he, 'so will I...' 'Tis good enough for a

king. *Too* good for one,* I said on that. But he—he shook his head and frown. '*Non, non, mon ami,*' was hees reply. 'You see my son is a king!' I only laughed at that, and saluting he went away furthair on."

We referred to Napoleon's second wife.

"She was not in a leetle bit clevaire, I think. It was not like Empress Josephine. Born a princess and of the oldest royal house, perhaps, in Europe, steel she could not compete for a natural charm and deegnitie with the *Imperatrice Josephine*, born a simple lady. But she was vair, vair pretty. When she walked in Paris—perhaps accompanied by nurses with the royal child, all were admiring her face and her smile, and the recruits she gain were call 'the Marie Louises' by the people.

"Votre ami toujours,

+ "IGNACE JEAN MARIE DETOUCHE,

"Soldat du Petit Caporai.'

5th September, 1918.

"Deares, I am + M—— C—— G——. I am so pleased to be with you again."

We spoke of Claverhouse.

"He has now gone to the Front. He is so happy under those great commanders" (referring to Napoleon and Marlborough).

"Don't you think it is glorious for these soldiers who loved wars on earth to be able to serve in the spirit-world under the greatest commanders such as they missed on earth?"

We referred to the fact that so many of the great generals of former days were short men.

"Very funnie! But so many great men were not tall." (Referring to Napoleon, she wrote):—"Ludicrously small, as Byron says."

* This refers to what Byron says in the spirit world.

We mentioned the difficulty we had in understanding in exactly what way the spirit soldiers took part at the Front.

"Yes, it is very difficult to explain to earth minds about the wars.... The truth is that if these people (like ——) are so 'worldly-minded' that they want to come back to earth and actually join in *the fighting*, they have to feel the feelings connected with such, and it is as if they are indeed fighting the opposing armies. Their body seems to change in nature in so much as it can feel a certain amount of pain; but as they leave the fighting again, the sensation *at once* leaves them, and they feel as free as before. I suppose it is not *actual* pain, but the imagination of it—self-suggestion—and directly they leave the fighting such pain and discomfort depart entirely and they merely feel a 'pleasant tiredness...."

"If concerned on spiritual errands they feel nothing but joy and freshness. In games they can get a little tired. In war (if they actually desire to join in the fighting and not merely to be 'thought-helpers ') they can self-suggest pain and danger. I don't think they would be happy without it, some of these.... Those who fear need not join in save as 'thought helpers' purely.

"It is so difficult to *earth-minds through another earth-mind*, but if I were talking to you I could make you understand too.... A good many people are not told this because they are unwilling or unable to 'see' and are not ready for it.

"Dears, I must go now...."

CHAPTER XIII.

30th June, 1918.

THE high spirit, 'Marie' (see above, p. 55), who lived a noble life on earth, wrote an account of her passing:—

"I will tell you about my 'passing,' shall I, deares. Or would it tire or sadden you?"

We said we should be greatly interested, and she proceeded:—

I was at the Convent of C—, I believe. When I passed away I was not suffering acutely, though I *had* been not long before. So it came that I just felt a sort of tremor over me; then a great weakness—such a feeling of weakness, all the limbs seemed to be etherialized, feeling unreal and shadowy. I could dimly see faces round me—the faces of my dear *religieuses*.

"I remember missing him that should have been near me—I mean my son, J——, from whom God had seen fit to part me.

"At length I heard music. I thought for a moment I was again at M—— in the —— on a certain evening (I always distinctly remembered just the last day of my single life). Then I thought I could hear voices, and I believed it was Mother's come to call me within. I thought I was in the gardens.) And then there was a bright rift in the shadows that hung over everything and blurred my vision, and I saw as dearly as in breathing life the Figure of Christ, with His Hand lifted upward, and the Cross on His Breast.

"I felt supremely happy. With my dry lips I strove to say, 'Jesus, I come.' But I do not remember whether I actually spoke in the body....

"When I remember again I was lying in a lovely garden on a bank of Bowen (the flowers I had so loved on earth!),

and above me was a glorious sky, azure and crystal-like, so that I was enraptured with the beauty of it.

"I lay quite still; I seemed to know somebody was with me and would speak. Then I saw my mother's face in a little pool that shone some distance away from me. I rose up, and ran towards it, feeling so free from pain and weariness that I marvelled. And my heart that only I knew to be heavy and grieving was light and joyous.

"Then I heard a voice speaking to me which said, 'Dear daughter, speak to me: I am near you: I am your father.' Upon which I raised mine eyes and beheld C——." (Marie's father-in-law.) "Of course I never did know him on earth, but my spirit told me at once who he was. He stood near me, surrounded by a cloud of light, in black himself, with a silver star on his breast. I cried out to him: 'Then I am dead! Thank God, for there is no death.' And we embraced with many tears, but they were tears of happiness.

"Then said he to me: 'Sweet Marie, your mother and father wait to clasp you in their arms,' and he led me some little way to a beautiful walk of lilies, near which my mother waited. She was weeping, she was so glad at our re-union. And as for myself, picture my feelings at meeting her again after so many long years of pain or trouble. Then we passed down that beautiful walk to meet my father, who waited for me near the end of it. Him I could not remember in the earth-life, but I felt a deep affection for him instantly at this meeting; and he was glad at heart to receive me, his only daughter.

"Then I remember I asked for L——, my beloved and only brother. They told me I must rest now, but that I should see him on waking again: I felt tired with my wonderful new experiences, so that I did not demur.

"My father and mother embraced me again and again, then left me, promising to return when they should be permitted by 'God and His Angels.' C——" (her father

in-law) "walked by my side. We passed through lovely gardens that baffle description, and then we gained his house (for I found I had awoken in his plane), and he took me to a splendid room where a beautiful girl was waiting for me. 'Who is it?' said I.

"Mother! Mother! do you not know me? It is I, Your own L——!"

"My sweet daughter found again. Image my joy! We embraced-but she would not let me speak to her much. 'You must rest,' said she; and then I laid me down upon a soft couch near by and fell asleep almost at once.

3rd July, 1918.

When I awoke I found L—— had gone, but I was not alone: my brother, F——, was at hand. We spoke together almost at once, I asking endless questions, of course, and he replying at full length and with interest. He then conducted me through the beautiful house, showing me the rooms and the furniture and all that would be novel and interesting to me. Then we passed out into the gardens.

"I was told by my dear father-in-law, whom I later met, that I should be taken to Amra, a very high angel who had judged him. I thought, 'Oh, dear! What will he say to me?' And my father-in-law, divining my thought, said, 'Have not any fear, sweet one, I will go with thee, and thou hast all thy good actions as witnesses for thee.'

"'Ah, yes,' said I, 'and what about the bad ones?'

He smiled so kindly. 'I think I know to what you refer, Marie, sweetheart,' he said. I laughed. 'Why does God allow mirrors all round us?' I asked. 'But many people are very pleased with their reflections,' said my

father-in-law gaily, and talking like this we passed down the garden walks.

"Ah, well, I was very, very happy. A few days went by (I suppose 'twas a few days!) and then they took me to dear Amra. I at once felt completely at ease with him: he is so kindly that one must do so—unless a hardened criminal indeed. My father-in-law introduced my name and circumstances to his notice; and he said he remembered correctly, etc. Then my father-in-law left us together. Amra put several questions to me and I answered them straightway. Then he asked me to tell him the story of my life in my own words. The which I did at once.

"I told him of my childhood at M——, and how I had loved the good *religieuses* and had longed to be committed to their care, not yearning after greatness. Then I spoke of the ambition that my mother had felt, naturally enough, for her only daughter to marry with brilliance; of the fear I had endured when this project was discussed before me...and of the dreadful 'Yes, it shall be' of my mother and her people, and of the tearing away from the convent and dear M— and of my reception in a foreign land, where I was so hardly handicapped by almost every circumstance.

"Then I went on to tell Amra of my life in England, miserable enough until I met and realized my twin-soul for this world. I told him everything of that—'twas innocent enough in reality—and I told him of my fears and heart-searchings afterwards... Then of my sorrows, sorrows with my children, losing them one by one: of frequent illness, weariness, and dejection, and the stem feeling that what my guides told me was right I must live for the Religion and work with my husband for it and strive in every way for its advancement... Then of my son's birth, our exile, our poverty and desertion by all the world, the goodness of L——, the kindness of the few left us, increasing ill-health, my husband's failures,

growing weakness, and death.... Finally of my retirement to C—— and my death in the arms of the nuns.

"He heard me with great kindness, and then proceeded to talk to me himself. When he had finished, he blessed and embraced me, letting me depart under the promise of a return at a certain time.

"My father-in-law took me to his home and there I lived happily, meeting again my dear 'lost' children and friends. Then I returned to Amra. This time he was with his mother and brother. I came with L—— and E——" Amra was joyful when I came into the room. And O me! so was I, when he told me my purgatory was finished on earth, and that I was to enjoy Heaven with the dear ones God had restored again. I was so happy. I said, 'May I speak one word with you alone?' And he, stepping apart from the others, I asked him about J——.

"I knew from his glance that there wag a terror for me to hear.... After that his (J——'s) mother came and told me all. I was so miserable. I left with E—— and L——. They took me to the Waters of Oblivion, until such time as my soul could grow stronger to help, if so might be.

"So I dwelt in perfect joy. I met —— and C—— and many others. Later I met dear M——. She was walking in a wood when I met her, picking flowers (it was a few days after the 'waters'). She looked at me, then back at the flowers she was culling. 'M——,' I said, 'don't you remember when we were girls on earth together? And how we used to pick the flowers at H——?'

"She flung down her bouquet and rushed into my arms. 'Oh,' said she, 'then you will forgive and forget everything?' I laughed. 'Sweetheart, there can be nothing really to forgive; and they have given me Waters of Oblivion to forget.'

"She was so pleased and we talked together a long time,

15th September, 1918.

"After I had spoken with M—— I took myself away, bearing a promise that she would soon come and see me, at my beautiful home, where I dwelt with my daughters and the son of mine who had 'died' in infancy.

"At home I lived a verie joyous life. I did not visit earth becos I was so tired of it, and was not at thys time allowed to distinctly remember my poor child struggling alone there, bereft of my feeble help, and oppressed by ill-health, poverty, loneliness and humiliations.

"In a while, when I had spent about one glorious year in the spirit world entirely filled with happiness, and when I had gayned knowledge and experience and had met my deare ones in the old loving communion, I went on a Sunday to the Cathedrelle of the Province where I lived—(the province where —— is now, but she was not near so high then!) and there deare Amra came and spoke to me, and passed his hand over my brow, upon which all the forgetfulness vanished and I minded me of J—— and the rest that he had told me. And on this I was eager to help him, and I asked deare Amra many questions as to what I might do.

"After that I went frequently to lower planes to help many there, and missed scarcely a day to visit J——. My children accompanied me verie often, and loyal frendes of my husband, like C—— and others. T—— was by no means spiritual, but his fidelity and kind hearte had saved him much-nor was F——, of course.

"After that, too, I went to earth that I might help my son. Sometimes C—— or Cl—— accompanied mee, and sometimes my father-in-law or M——.

"M—— and I often visited one another, as, naturally, we were the best of frendes and enjoyed talking of little feminine interests together; and also she had loved me a greate deal on earth before our troubles, and I her,

CHAPTER XIV

A SPIRIT who has been to see us frequently, and who when on earth (in the 17th Century) occupied a high position, has given us, on the occasion of certain recent visits, some account of his "passing" and of his early life in the spirit-world, part of which is set out below. It may be mentioned that history has suggested a doubt whether this spirit on earth "died" a natural death; but such doubt is usually dismissed as groundless. Whether it has been rightly thus dismissed is a question not material to be considered here. It may be further mentioned that this spirit is now, and has long been, on a high plane.

15th July, 1918.

"Dad told you about my 'dying,' didn't he?" [We replied in the affirmative.] "Well, the first I remembered after that was a very nice feeling of freedom from pain and anxiety, and I did not trouble my head to find out what had happened. I remembered distinctly closing my eyes in a stupor: I remembered I was supposed to be dying. I wondered vaguely if I had been buried alive, or whether I was on my death-bed still unable to speak or to let them know by sign that I was alive. I wondered if they were watching me, and where J—— was, and why I could not see anything round me but a vague sort of haze and faint shadowy objects.

"At last I thought to myself, 'Well, look here, —— ——, you are feeling very comfortable on the whole if you are buried alive, and really not ill for a death-bed! What has happened to you then?' I then bethought myself of taking the trouble to arouse myself and *see*. So

I stretched myself as if waking from sleep and got up, or tried to do so. The idea that I was still weak and ill had such a hold on me through the horror I felt for it, that I imagined myself into being really unable to rise. Then I saw Mi——. Quite suddenly, I saw her stoop and she kissed me.

"Of course I was in Paradise when I realized she was near me, but at the back of my mind was a vague fear she was phantomlike—the image of a dream, such as many a time I had dreamed on earth, when my thoughts asked her to *speak-speak*, only *speak*.

"Of course she obeyed. 'It is thy little sister,' she said, crying, with joy or grief I could not say. 'Thou hast come to me, dear C——; all these years I have been awaiting thee, and now God's good pleasure is fulfilled.'

"I then answered her, almost surprised at the sound of my own voice. That wretched brain of mine went on 'I subconsciously' to wonder if I was mad, and were they all listening to my converse with a spirit, which they regarded as ravings from a lunatic. It was a dreadful feeling, and I pushed it away from me.

"At all events," I said to myself, "if you *are* a lunatic you might as well enjoy your ravings!" So I answered her: 'Dear Mi——, "I am overjoyed to see you, but at present the greatest service you can do me is to tell me plainly what on earth you are doing here!'

"Then she laughed, her pretty earth-laugh that I remembered so clearly from years gone by. How many scenes it raised in the memory you may imagine I She said: 'You ought not to say "What on *earth*?" We're *not* on earth: we're in Heaven!'

"At this I was frankly thunderstruck Well,' I said, 'I never expected to get there! What's happened? Is St. Peter off duty, or what?'

"——,' she said, with a laughing attempt at sternness, 'do not be so frivolous. You are really dead, darling: do not think any more about the old illness and "death." There is no death: I have been living here since the separation from you and all of them 16——. *'

"I was surprised but I didn't intend to show it I 'Very well,' I said, 'if this is Heaven let me see God!'

She said 'Darling one, do not ask me to show you aught or anybody until a higher spirit than I takes charge of you.'

"My dear little girl,' I said, 'the truth is this—I don't believe you "'I can't believe I am dead.'

"What,' she said, 'did you think yourself immortal?' I laughed. She too laughed. 'I will show you a vision to assure you,' she answered, and straightway knelt and prayed hard. Instantly a golden ray lit up the mists which rolled away like clouds.

"Ah,' thought I, 'this is something like Heaven. Now let's watch developments....'

"As I thought like that, I saw indeed a vision unfolded before me of my earth-rooms. I saw many people in black all distressed and weeping. 'Well,' I thought, 'if they weren't fond of you in life they are now. They like you better dead!'

"Darling one,' said Mi——, divining my thoughts, 'look deeper into this. It will pain, but it is necessary.'

"I began to feel I was indeed dead: I watched the vision, held fascinate. I was shown a great room that I recognized as mine own. Mi——,' said I, 'who is that covered over on the bed?'

"Why,' she answered gently, and crying, 'it is the earth-body, the earth —— ——.'

"I didn't think there was any other of him,' I said. But she looked shocked. I looked again and asked where —— was. She sighed bitterly...and all at once I *knew—I realized....*

* The year was not left blank in the original.

"...I felt with a sense of relief prayers from earth that rose up and seemed to clear the atmosphere and spread a perfume there. Mi—— felt my thoughts. 'That is Ca—— and M——,' she said.

"I felt reproached. 'It seems to me,' I said,' that the worse you treat anybody the more they cling to you. Similarly, the better you treat anybody, the more you indulge them, the worse do they treat you.' She did not answer save with a tender hand-pressure that I returned.

"The clouds closed over the earth vision, and I shut my eyes. When I opened them I was in a garden, on an incline. There was a sun-dial near me. Mi—— was still at hand. 'You have been to sleep,' she said smiling, I and I have never left you once. But many have been to you. Dad is waiting to embrace you!' I kissed her many times.

"We stood looking over the gardens. I felt now no difficulty in realizing that I was 'dead.' I felt extream happy that things were as they were. Ann in arm we walked through a little wood, towards a house in the distance. I remember a gate that I opened for Mi——... We reached the house through a longish avenue of flowering shrubs. They scented beautifully. A few dogs came running to meet us. We caressed them. I was indeed glad to see an animal.

"When I looked up I saw Dad coming down the steps of the terrace. 'Oh, Lord,' I thought, 'is Dad going to do the righteous papa or what?' He may have guessed something of my thoughts, for he smiled. We met and embraced most lovingly.

"I merely said I was sorry 'the report was not up to the mark.' He embraced me without answering: then again and again. Mi—— stood by, pretty little girl, and cried.

"Dad began to speak: he mentioned 'Mam.' As he spoke she ran down the steps and tumbled into my arms,

..."I'll show the way,' she said, and led us into the house.

23rd July, 1918.

We then went into the house and I was shown all over it. Mam said: 'This is my own house, my very own, and you shall come and stay here just as long as you like.'

"I looked at Dad, then winked at Mi—— and said: 'What about the punishments I have been told about?'

"Mi—— cried, 'Don't talk like that, darling one,' she said, 'how could you? Of course we shall all be happy.'

"My father, with his usual love of truth, said, 'There will be some purgatory first.' Mam was indignant: she leant on Dad's arm, sobbing.... 'Cheer up, Mam,' I said, 'we'll do our best to get over this purgatory business and then go and help numerous relations on earth.' Mam was shocked, but she smiled.

"We walked about the gardens, and I was allowed to stay there that night and the days to come until the famous trial scene!

"I was hustled off one day, not feeling quite my 6ft. 2 odd; I got hold of Mi——'s arm. We went up and up and up (spiritually). I told Dad I was glad I wasn't fat or I should feel the steep ascent! He was shocked, or pretended to be, but he showed some amusement.

"At last we arrived at Amra's beautiful Governor's House (by this time, of course, ever so many things about the spirit world had been explained to me, so that I knew where I was, so to speak!). As we passed within those splendid halls I remember asking Dad what he thought of the pictures (he had loved them so on earth). He advised me not to be frivolous, and I told him it was a habit I could get out of,

"'Mam' took my arm as we passed into Amra's great Hall of Judgment. I remember remarking that at any rate I wasn't to be taken before Scroggs, as were the poor devils of the 'Plot.'

"Aunt Betty, who was with us, came to tell us Amra was ready to receive us and we passed in. I found a very gentle judge awaiting me, a very beautiful spirit who spoke to us very kindly. Tearful relations parted from me, and I thought of poor Russell!

"When they were gone, Amra said, 'Your mother has told me of your terrible death, and I have heard from your guides.' He asked me for an account of my life.

"I thought, 'Well, I'm *done!* No epigrams will appeal to him—stern and impartial judge!' But I went gaily through all the lot (I never lacked courage!) and I missed nothing: not that it would have been much good! He was very sensibly moved when I told him about L——, I told him how I had adored her, and all the sad tale. Then came the sordid tale, and so on till the end.

"He listened, and then said, 'I have already seen your guides, and I know that you speak truly in all that you have told me. He then put me some questions.... Then he said: I must take my conclusions to the Highest source of all, obtain my commandments, and then give judgment.' I felt as if I had been given a respite. Then I reflected that it might be best to get it over. I put something of that in words. He told me I must wait.

"I said I was worried! He smiled. 'If you really are so,' he told me, 'you shall be given the Waters of Oblivion.' I said it sounded nice, but I had had a surplus of medicines of late. He was amused (I was pleased so to observe such a general sense of humour). I then asked if I could return to Dad's: I was delighted to hear 'yes.'

"As I turned to leave I said, 'I wonder if you'd let them doctor my appearance up a bit? I suffered from it on earth, and I don't see it's fair I should here!' He was

very amused, but advised me not to change. I said, 'I don't mind being the plain one of the family, but I do mind being ugly!' He said, 'You are not ugly, so do not speak of that.' I was relieved. 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll jog along with what I've got. After all, good looks would be wasted. in Purgatory.' He said, 'You are very frivolous.' I said, 'You must be surprised at that after my autobiographie.' He smiled, then laughed.

I got back among my numerous friends and tearful relations! And I laughed when I saw their grave faces. 'Sentenced to be shot at dawn,' I said, and they began to laugh....

"I spent a few verie happy days until I almost imagined Amra had forgotten me; but the eventful morning came at last. I was hustled about, and at last found myself at Amra's. He then, with a little prefacing, announced my fate. I thought it wasn't so bad when I heard it. It was largely what they call an earthly fate, *i.e.*, hanging about on the earth plane.... I didn't tell Amra I wasn't verie afraid of this because I thought he might change his mind! But it was no use trying to conceal one's feelings. He read my thoughts and began to disillusion me about my prospective fate, very gently, but quite gravely....

"I left him and went straight to a little chapel in the woods near by—a little 'ruined' chapel that evidently had not been used lately; but I loved it. It was all alone and all beautiful in the midst of the green trees: the birds perched on the altars and along the deserted aisles. I addressed a petition to my patron saint (hardly could I remember his name!), and then I hurried back to Mam's. I told her I was 'moving' at once. Mi—— said she would go with me, if possible, and keep house. Of course, I hugged her!"

Further messages have been received by us from the same spirit continuing the story of his early life in the spirit-world; and it may be mentioned that he is now, and long has been, on a very happy plane. These later messages are very personal, and I do not feel at liberty to publish them; but there seems no objection to giving the following extract, which I think will be found of interest. It relates to an occasion when the spirit in question (with his mother) visited earth to see a near relative who had not lived a good life, and who, at the time of his visit, was asleep.

"...He then left the writing-table and crossed over to a couch, upon which he threw himself down to rest. He was really in delicate health. Presently Mam stole up to him (as if she feared to wake him with her light spirit footsteps and sat down on some cushions near him." I said, 'You needn't worrie about waking up, mother. It's a pity the poor old boy doesn't fall into *the* sleep, and come to us. We would all forgive him and welcome him.' Mother put the corner of her kerchief to her eyes, 'Yes, yes,' she sobbed, 'but God won't!'

"I had almost forgot *that* part of it, and I fell silent when she had said it.

"Presently his spirit passed over' to us from his sleep. It is a wonderful thing to see the 'spirit' escaping from the body as from a prison of clay. In some people it comes out enveloped in a kind of cloudy vapour: with spiritual people it is verie clear and distinct—an almost exact image of the body, save that with a poor old plain face like mine (!) some of the uglinesses are smoothed away.

"With — there was verie little change: his face was beautifull in feature, and whatever may have been portrayed there that was not pleasant was the reflection of the soul within, and so could not be altered.

This does not, of course, refer to passing over on "death," but during sleep.

Mother said: 'Let us take him away from earth. The influences are not happy for him.' I said, 'We shall not be able to take him to a verie Joyous plane, in any case, I should think. But we will take him somewhere into the spaces, if you choose.'

"So we took him with us. He was evidently not really verie spiritual, for even his spirit was still asleep, and I half led, half carried him along with us. We arrived on the shores of our own world, after a journey through the spaces. As we wished to bear him with us into our own province, a high spirit (like the angel with the flaming sword near Eden) came to tell us he could not be permitted into Paradise.

25th July, 1918.

In the course of a visit from Amra on this date we referred to the frequent visits paid to us by the high spirit, an account of whose passing is set out above, and we expressed the hope that such visits do not interfere with his spiritual advancement.

"Certainly it has not impeded his progress. It has kept in life and constant exercise those beautiful characteristics I wish to see developed in my children—sympathy, friendship, affection, charity, patience, sweet temper, and the like. Also, it has often cheered him; for even spirits are not always in the same mood of happiness. They get affected by the *thoughts and influences* to which they are so sensitive, and which are accordingly such powerful factors in *earthly and spiritual* life.

"That is why earth-folk should always be verie patient and forbearing with a spirit who tries to 'get through' into communication; harmonizing with his surroundings, he grows sensitive to every influence, and a hard or sharp word will throw him back into himself and perhaps ruin

the communication. People make mistake in thinking that spirits do not require patience to be exercised towards them.

"Another mistaken idea with earth-people, and one we find it difficult to eradicate, is that high and spiritual beings should not, and do not, ever indulge in 'frivolities' permitted to lower spirits. It is very foolish, but I think time and perseverance will dispel it. It is because of its firm-rootedness, however, that many spirits do not attempt to pluck it out. They feel that if this effort is made they will be condemned as 'frivolous' or 'wicked,' or 'untrustworthy,' and perhaps will be sent away. They *fear* to unveil the truth, which is a great pity. Ambrose, a high and glorious spirit, as you know, rejoices in games.

"I have heard many charming tales since my passing over of the Lord Himself and His, participation in those games and innocent pastimes popular in the Palestine of His earth-days. Earth-people should reflect on that. Can we imagine the Blessed Lord to have sat apart at the wedding festival, not joining with those glad hearts who honoured the bride and bridegroom? I heard of His games with His mother and brethren."

We asked whether this applied to Our Lord as a man, and not merely to his childhood.

"Yes, as a Man.

5th December, 1918.

A near relation of the spirit whose passing is related above (not a poet on earth) wrote, through my daughter, on the above date, the following short poem:—

"MEMORY."

"The foam of the waves
That break on the shore;
Ah, me, an empty endeavour!
A song that I knew
And never hear more,
Ah, me, the sadness of 'never!'
"The sound of a name
That a dear friend bore;
Ah me, how the years can sever!
The scent of a flow'r
That my lost love wore;
Ah, me, a parting for ever!
"O! sad memory!
O mad memory!
O hearken thou must not stay,
Happy without thee,
Brave hearts can rout thee,
Memory fly thee away!"

CHAPTER XV.

4th August, 1918.

I SET out below a few short extracts from a message from Amra.

"He" (referring to the high spirit J— F— E—, see above, p. 119) "must not be permitted to work so arduously.... Lately I have taken more rest. Even we on the high planes eat, drink and sleep!"

I asked whether the spirit-body, in which, during sleep, we visited the spirit-world, is of the same nature as the bodies of spirits who have already passed over.

"It" (the spirit-body of earth-people) "appears somewhat more ethereal: you (in your spirit-body) appear to spirits, like a spirit who materializes with some difficulty appears to you. With *very* spiritual people, such as saints and sages, the difference" (*i.e.* in character between their spirit-body and the spirit-body of beings who have actually passed over) "is not perceptible, or scarcely so."

We referred once more to the assistance given by spirits to different countries in the war.

"...You see when the life of my own dear nation died out, we higher ones chose one of the coming countries as our 'charge' spiritually. I chose England, with an eye to France as well. I did not do so till about the time of Christ or a little later.

"I saw Christ on earth." (This, of course, means from the spirit-world). "There was a great 'upheaval' in the spiritual realms, both the good and the evil of them. Many went into retreat. I was then a high spirit, and I heard of people who saw Him closer than I did—those who had chosen Eastern lands as their charge."

We spoke of some of the early English kings.

"I loved, too, some of those later, like poor Henry VI., the saint-king. He was very saintly, I believe. He was, I believe, very, very sad, and this gave colour to them" (the reports of his madness); "but at one time I believe he was incapable of ruling, at any rate. Henry VI. was thought mad partly (so I have been told) because he was psychic."

We referred to Joan of Arc. "Yes, sweet Joan of Orleans."

We asked whether he endeavoured to assist the Stuarts at the period of the Revolution.

"At one time I did so, until I was told by God in a dream not to persist, because the evolution of England would proceed under William, and 'it was to be.'"

We referred to "The Chevalier."

"I was very sorry for him, but he has his kingdom in our world.'

17th August, 1918.

A spirit who has been to us many times told us on this date an anecdote relating to the son of James II. (generally called "The Chevalier ") when a young child. The incident was one which the spirit communicating witnessed (with two companions) from the spirit-world.

"One day I went to St. Germain-en-Laye with —— and —— . The little Prince of Wales—then about four or five years old—was playing by himself and talking to himself, poor lonely little boy, as children do—(we longed to materialize to play with him!) He was arranging little toys to represent his idea of heaven. 'That is God,' he was saying; 'that is de Blessed Saviour. That is de Virgin Marye, dat is Saint, Peter, zis S. Paul, and zis Saint Francis, after whom I am named."

After he had arranged the little figures against the wall he stepped back to look at them in satisfaction. He went back to them after this, 'putting another one or two among them. 'Dat is Maman,' he sayd, 'and zis is Father Saunders' (it was really pathetic to see the poor mite; so different from our own happy and healthy childhood. Such an atmosphere for his young spirit, sufficient to crush the life from it. So I said to —, as we watched him, all of us with tears in the eyes. (He was a verie pretty child: we loved him verie much).

"A priest came into the room silently, in the way with which I was familiar. He stood like a sentry over that poor little one. The child did not notice him and went on talking, prattling away to himself: 'God must have a red cushion, and Our Lady a gold dress; and maman must be in white, becós she looks like an angel, and den ——' 'What is your Royal Highness saying?' asked the priest, smiling as he bent to look into the child's upturned face.

"'play at Heaven, so please you, my father,' replied the child.

"'And do you think,' the priest continued, 'that people care about gold dresses when they reach heaven? That is very far from the right spirit, dear son. Play at heaven in your spirit, and let it be serious play: a play at heaven is not for the Faithful. Come now with me, and leave your dolls and play things. I will teach you a little and instruct you in all manner of things.'

"'I had rather stay, please, Father,' said the little Prince, 'My head ached so much yesterday after the lesson I had upon Syria and Palestine before the days of Christ, dat Maman said I might have a holiday and play.'

"'My son,' the priest insisted, taking his little hands, your good ladye-mother, the Queen, would not gainsay me did she know I wished you to leave this idle play. What good does all this to your spirit? Is it not the spirit which counts?

"'Oh, Father, let me be. I am so happy and I get so tired when I work' (the poor little chap was far from strong, inheriting his mother's delicacy of chest).

"It is a great pity that your highness does not desire to learn of holy things. Turn to God in thy youth.'

"'I *have* turned to God,' the little Prince replied, with a flash of his mother's wit, 'and if I turn much more my head will be turned right off.'

"The priest gaped in astonishment at his daring.

"—— clapped her hands and tried to help: so we all did, and our united energy seemed to strengthen the child for the moment.

"It is so, my father,' he said firmly, 'King Louis told me the other day I looked pale, and said to papa, "Does he do too much study?"'

"Ah,' said the priest, eager to snatch his opportunity. And what did your Royal Father reply?'

"But the little Prince was equal to the occasion. 'I— did not hear,' he said.

The priest shook his forefinger at him: he was resolved not to tolerate rebellion in this young disciple! 'Is that truth?' he asked searchingly.

"As near as people get,' replied the little one, evasively. Please leave me: I want to go to Maman.'

"Here is the Queen,' the priest replied; and Maria entered the room, afraid to leave the precious Prince altogether alone. I remember she was dressed in white and had some flowers at her waist. She looked delicate, but calm, and the eyes lightened as her little boy took refuge at her side.

"Maman, need I leave my play? I am quite happy as I am, need I go?'

"The priest began to speak and Maria listened. Then, when he had finished, she said gently, 'I have promised

the dear child an holiday. You would not have me break my word, dear Father?'

"'In some cases it is best, Majesty,' replied the priest, angry at being defeated before his pupil.

"'I am a truth-lover,' said Maria with a smile. 'Yes, my little Jamie, thou shalt have the holiday. In sooth, father, I think he overworks: he has a delicate constitution, as have I, and it is best for him to get the air, not to have his brain worried by studies. Health before all, dear father.'

"The priest looked dissatisfied and began to remonstrate but the Queen asserted her right to decide, with the dignity she used so well. 'Father, I must leave you. Come, little one, Maman will play with thee.'

"'What shall it be?' asked the Prince, as the priest kissed the Queen's hand and moved away, 'Shall it be heaven?'

"'Nay, 'said the Queen, smoothing his locks from his brow, 'let it be something more fitting to thy years.'

"'Papa told me to play at heaven,' the Prince replied in his quaint little way, 'but I had as soon it be something else.'

"'Let it be soldiers, or kings, and queens or fayries,' suggested Maria, smiling. 'Come, sweet-hearte, we will be off ere we are disturbed again.' And taking his little hands in her own, she led him from the room, he prattling away gladly enough.

1st September, 1918.

In the course of a visit from Amra on this date, after making observations upon the Police Strike and the condition of London, he said:—

"I was in London myself on Friday, it is terrible: I was in the hospitals and homes about London and among

the bereaved and disconsolate of an classes. I met J——F——E——" (see above, p. 119) "in one of the 'slums,' working so unostentatiously, as he doth. In the hospitals I found ——, and in the homes of the bereaved many of our friends, among them ——" (my mother) "and —— —— and——" (my wife's, Mother and sister) "with ——.

"In a centre of great wickedness in London I found many striving to raise and many striving to counteract these noble efforts. I think such work as that is the most noble of all for a spirit to undertake. Other work in the spirit-world may be hard, but it hath not the repulsiveness which hath that.

"Towards some I felt great pleasure: towards most, alas, the reverse. If they could but see the angels, who indeed do weep over their falling away from grace, In one house, of the middle classes, there was a gathering of the family: the brother was 'on leave,' and about to depart again. There fell a silence soon after mine entry (there had been talking and conviviality) and said the mother: 'When an angel passeth through.'

"In one house there was a damsel that was playing the pianoforte and singing a little song in a very broken voyce. On the stand for the musycke there was a picture of some khaki 'hero' (her husband or sweetheart) and when I passed up to her and laid my hands on her shoulders, I felt another there. I 'focussed' my sight upon the other being and found it to be ——"(Amra here named the poet who wrote the verses set out on, pp. 163-5).

"'G——,' I sayd, 'wilt thou not proclaim thy presence openly to me?' (He is a great sufferer from shyness). He fully made himself apparent upon that and smiled.

"'So unused am I to work good,' said he, 'that I feel ashamed of it, my Father!'

"I did gently observe that I remarked he was with a lady; and he was amused, saying: 'I cannot conceal my affections towards the ladies as can W——'

“I was very much amused, for I knew it to be so foolish! When I told Sheil of my meeting with ——, he laughed and said: 'How hard dyeth the "old man!" He taketh long to die, and the "young man" longer to grow.'

"You have had this large number of famous personages come to you *because* you question not, but believe. It is not possible for them to thrive in an atmosphere of suspicion and materialism: it presents an iron front to a their kindly efforts. So many unwisely do this: hence a restricted number of recipients to a large-nay, enormous number of famous communicants."

CHAPTER XVI.

A VERY well-known poet who lived in the early part of the last century, and who has been to us many times wrote the following lines on "Solitude." It was composed by him, he informed us, many years ago in the spirit-world.

24th August, 1918.

"SOLITUDE."

To clasp a hand, and feel no love behind;
 To meet an eye and see no answ'ring beam;
 To hear the lips of man pronouncing words
 Of formal friendship that he does not feel;
 To know his laugh is hollow, and his int'rest feigned;
 His head untroubled if I live or die;
 To walk among my kind with branded brow,
 A Cain condemned for crimes indelible
 As murder: to watch the saintly blush
 Staining the cheek upon the ut'trance of
 My name, and eyes that seem to send
 A lying prayer to God 'for wicked souls.'
 Forgetful that our prayers for pardon, like
 Our charity, are needed first at home;
 'To walk through darkness, blinded to the stars;
 To see no haven when my course is run,
 To doubt of God and dread His creature, man;
 To long for Death and disbelieve
 Survival; to know myself an outlaw;
 To feel the heartless stare of those whose claims
 Are loud to every virtue; self-imagined Christs,
 Whose founts of Charity, however, can run dry:
 All of these things I know, and know they spell
 One word; and that is 'Solitude,'"

December, 1918.

The same poet wrote for us the poem set out below, which was composed as an amusing "chorus" to precede a Christmas pageant.

I am the noble chorus, and I come
 To lift the veil which darkly hangs between
 The stage and those who watch: a pageant waits
 To offer you its beauties, and the scene
 Is varied like the seasons. There is snow
 Befitting to the period of the year,
 And sunshine, like the smiles of dainty youth
 Perchance some rain may fall to mar your cheer,
 'Tis so in life: emotions ever mix;
 Making the soul a playing-ground, and where
 The rip'ning wheat grows thickest in the field
 A watchful eye will weep a hidden take.
 The brightness of the diamond is entombed
 Beneath a monument of earth, and so
 Remains, unless the rapacious eye
 Of man perceives to wipe it pure as snow
 And barter it for gold: enough of this
 Philosophy, my tongue must now divert
 To merrier subjects, the Spectacle
 Which is to come may pleasingly exert
 A change of influence, and like a glass
 Of wine bring lustre to your cheek
 And sparkle to your eye: the ignoble part
 Of man doth rule the higher, and I speak
 From knowledge. When the heart is low and blood
 Runs i' the veins but sluggishly, observe
 The transformation that a sated thirst
 Or hunger satisfied can bring: they serve
 As tonics to the flagging mind and make
 The man himself feel brave again and ripe
 For battle.—Through these means a fainting soul

Becomes a lion in daring, fit to gripe
 With ev'ry danger. Thus a rustic youth
 Is buoyed into a soldier: thus a mind,
 Sunk in dejection, is reconciled to Life
 And leaves self-murder in the dust behind
 I yield to charms more strong than I possess
 The loaded table and the goblet fill'd.
 The sight of them in effigy may stir
 Chords yet untouch'd, and warm where I have chilled
 A kindly Providence hath ruled it so.
 Wait but awhile, your friends shall soon advance
 In costumes graceful, flashing, or bizarre;
 Their talents are so varied: they can dance
 With lightsome step, and sing in tune-and out
 Of it, accomplishment less rare and not
 So valued. They can caper, jump and run
 Until my poor production is forgot
 Chas'd from your minds by those good things for which
 We humbly thank the Lord—or should do so
 Our faith is strongest where our heart is pulled
 And where our appetite, we feel a glow
 Of thankfulness, and own that God is God,
 And a good God to feed us 'like the birds,'
 Though not with worms, for then our gratitude
 Would end in smoke, almost as vain as words!

12th December, 1918.

The same poet gave us an account of his "passing" which he commenced to narrate on the above date:—

"I may as well begin from the beginning,' as the people invariably say in books when they are asked to tell a tale to the weary travellers gathered round the inn-fires after a days' journey. I suppose, more correctly, it is beginning

at the end, at least the end of a rather expensive and not too popular first edition.

You know some of the circumstances of my death at —, and I must tell you that it was a very lonely one; for no one was by my side for whom I felt such affection that I could not have dispensed with his attendance. I think the last words I spoke were in —; but after uttering them I remember nothing but a strange sense of feebleness in every muscle of the body, and a beating in the ears, like the sound of waves. Also I heard voices, and among them I dimly distinguished my mother's; but my brain was too clouded and near the 'stopping-point' to remind me that I was lying on my death-bed in a lonely swamp.

"The actual moment of 'passing,' the separating of the soul from the body, which is quite naturally dreaded by so much of humanity, was for me as tranquil and unnoticed as the separating of the soul from the body in sleep. No one can tell the actual second when the soul is resigned in sleep, and I could not, and cannot now, bear any recollection of the actual moment when my soul retreated into the other world, of whose existence I often entertained the gravest doubts.

"This being so, I can only take up the story at the next point where my memory can meet it. In the spirit universe I awoke to consciousness, lying very comfortably on a cliff near the sea; the sound of it was in my ears, immediately upon awakening, and the smell of it in my nostrils.

"I awoke with these impressions instantly upon me. I thought, 'Good and gracious God, where can I be? Let me see what were we all doing last? Why am I placed here?' I could not remember, for 'dear life' itself, what I was meant to be doing, and what was my business upon that apparently quiet and deserted cliff a hundred feet above the sea. I But I did not much distress myself.

It is noteworthy—at least for those persons who would be inclined to disbelieve it—that I felt untouched in my personality. I was just the same: it was I and no other! I, the same even to outward characteristics.... Had it not been so, I now realise that I should at that time have imagined myself mad or in delirium, or in the throes of a dream.

"The Gods are wiser than humanity, though some people appear to doubt it. I rose to my feet and walked to the cliff's edge, overlooking the sea—the sea that I loved. I thought it was the —, so beautifully blue! I feasted my eyes on it; I smelt it; I spoke to it. I imagined C— H— setting out on his pilgrimage. I felt I was alone with the sea, and thus alone with nature, a feeling I dearly loved on earth.

"Others might have thought it weird and 'unearthly'; the sense of utter separation from humanity might have oppressed them and made for them nothing but sadness and nameless fears. The Gods knew best what would prove the best welcome to me. I could have stayed there, on that same spot, for a hundred years. In fact, I did not count the time, and to this day do not know how long a period elapsed between my first awaking and my first meeting with spirit-humanity.

"As I gazed out to sea, the whole truth seemed suddenly to flash across me. It might be more correct if I said the whole truth seemed to dawn on me. The realization came step by step. I remembered the fever: I remembered the tight bandage they had clumsily bound round my head: I remembered the confusion of tongues, the whirl of thoughts in my head, the growing weakness, carelessness, loneliness, and the last bitter sense of how differently Death had come to me to the manner in which I had often pictured his coming. I knew I was not on earth: I did not proceed far after that. Heaven seemed doubtful, and the other place did not accord with the quiet peacefulness of this lonely cliff.

"I thought to myself: 'What is God going to do with me? Does He intend to punish me by a kind of marooning? Shall I starve? Perhaps I shall not feel hungry. Shall I thirst? Perhaps in this new world such a sensation is not known. Shall I be left alone for years? Am I, in fact, upon a great planet—perhaps one of the stars—and am I the only inhabitant? There may be other peoples, but of what nature? Like the earth-peoples? Altogether different? Men or devils? Women or angels? I am like one of those cast, after a wreck, on a desert island, a Robinsion Crusoe.'

"Having thus catechized myself, and not having obtained any satisfactory result, I roused myself to the necessity of 'exploring,' and, as they say in the novels, 'of finding shelter for the night?' I remember wondering whether the Last Day—over which I had spilt some bitter ink in my old existence—had come. I walked away from the sea and faced inland: I did not see any sign of habitation.

I began to feel depressed, a kind of reaction to the temporary ecstasy into which I had been thrown. I felt in fact, profoundly wretched, 'quite at home.' I even thought of poetry. I remember the beginning line to this day, 'Down, down went the red sun, down.' it versed my depression, the sense of dreadful melancholy which had been such a demon to me in life—an entire sinking of the spirits. Finally, the lines annoyed me: I flung them, figuratively, away, and looked down at my limbs to see if I was indeed the same.... At length I blasphemed and exhausted my satirical powers: I wanted to annoy God Himself.... Of course it was all very futile and foolish, but humanity is like that.... Finally the curses came home to roost: I mean, in this sense, they filled my head and made me feel ever so sleepy...lay down upon the ground and dropped off to sleep."

24th December, 1918.

I do not know how long I slept; but when I awoke I saw a beautiful castle rearing up its head over me. Everywhere at hand were beautiful flowers. The trees were beautiful: everything was beautiful. Birds were singing, and the weather was fine and balmy—in fact, I thought to myself, 'Things are too pleasant to last. What a strange world this seems to be! When first I came to it I stood upon a cliff, the one flame of life in a wilderness of desolation; and now some horticultural friend appears to have moved me into more congenial surroundings.'

"I rose to my feet. I found I was dressed in costume, which pleased me. I advanced up the wide stone steps leading to a terrace, and made my way into the chateau.

"As yet I had seen no sign of life, save birds that flitted among the branches; but when I had gained a room which appeared to be the great 'salon' of the place, I saw somebody seated at a table, back to me, and writing. I walked over towards him.... I shall never forget that long and handsome chamber, and the sunshine which glistened on the bare boards. It was all very elegant and 17th century in atmosphere. Some good pictures hung on the walls, and some good books showed their writing covers from bookstands.

"I observed all this as I walked slowly across and tapped the person on the shoulder.... I felt as if I were Robinson Crusoe in a new sort of desert island, having first discovered the traces of life. 'Pray tell me,' I said, 'who you are, why I am here, and what is to happen to me.'

"He turned his head and looked very gently but fully at me; then as I drew back he rose: 'I am a high spirit called Abrone,' he replied in Italian. 'This is the spirit-world, and you are dead.'

"His tone annoyed me (I don't know why) and I put out my prickles. 'You say the spirit-world,' I replied coldly; 'which department? I have learned there are two, and a sort of intermediary place where they put the rubbish that is neither good nor bad. To speak plainly, I have been taught of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory.'

"'At present,' he said, 'you are in a high plane.'

"'You must have Scotch blood by one side,' I said, 'you are so cautious in your replies.'

"'My dear son, you are not amiable,' he said smiling.

"'Amiable and ——,' I said, 'are adjectives that have long been off speaking terms.'

"'I am then,' he said, 'speaking to ——. I must ask you what you would care to do: speak to me on matters pertaining to the spirit-world and the new life which awaits you, or explore the neighbourhood, or meet friends?'

"'Certainly,' I said; 'at present I am very ignorant on spiritual matters. Am I to go before the Throne or am I to be kept in endurance vile?'

"'You will be judged in time,' he made reply.

"'Probably time enough,' I said. 'In all events you say meet friends.' Yes, I have one or two I should like to meet.

"'What of your parents?' he asked.

"'I had forgotten I had any,' I replied. 'Yes, I should like to see what my father's like: I am quite curious. Perhaps he has managed to slip into Heaven, as he had nice manners, and was a fine gentleman.'

"'That makes no difference here,' he said.

"'I am pleased to hear that,' I said. 'It is a change from earth, where people either worship position or degrade it.'

"He did not reply, but busied himself with some papers. In the silence I heard a voice, and although the communicating door was shut, I seemed to see someone descending stairs at a rapid rate, as if impatient to reach me. My

heart beat quicker...and the strange spirit, perceiving my excitement, tried to calm me.

"A friend whom you thought dead is come to meet you."

"The door broke open and S—— came into the room. He rushed to meet me, gripped my hands and fell on my neck in the true poetic and foreign style!

"I was overpowered with emotion, for it had all been so sudden, and I felt very 'earth-like.'

"Abrone said: 'Oh! dear S——, you have been somewhat over-hasty.'

"'Twas my longing to welcome you, ——,' said S——. 'Forgive me.'

"I said: 'A man ought not to deny to others what he dearly stands in need of himself!'

"'You're not so wicked as you imagine,' said S——.

"I stiffened: 'My dear S——, you do not know You know the author of ——, that is all.'

"'And quite enough too,' cried S.—. He is a handful.'

"Abrone interposed, suggesting I might like to rest, which I said I should. I felt rather cross and almostwhisper it low!-stupid. I did not want the high spirit (Abrone): I had taken almost a dislike to him; and I did not care for S——'s manner!

"...I walked out of the room on S——'s arm. I could picture ourselves in Italy, or somewhere else which had been the scene of my wanderings.... I wanted to be alone and I told dear S—— so, as I would frankly have done in the old days."

6th January, 1919.

"I was in a lovely bedroom. It was furnished in tasteful Stuart style, and there were some pictures (of good painters) hanging on the walls. I was very interested in

that room, and I wanted to see whither led the doors I noticed at the end of it. So I strolled over to them. There was a long mirror at one side, opposite a toilet-table (all very nice and earth-like, with gold-backed brushes, etc.!). The mirror best took my fancy, and I *had* to stop and eye myself therein, and see whether I were really changed. Not much: I was very pleased to find myself still——!

"I scrutinised my features, as I saw them reflected before me. I was looking younger (although I was never old in the earth-life) and I was pleased to find my hair curling, and one or two other little improvements into which I am not going to venture!... I finished the length of the room and opened one of the doors. I found it led on to a staircase. I tried the other: it gave into a large bedroom again, and there appeared to be other rooms beyond.

"I imagined this to be S——'s house, and I looked round to see pictures or books that might remind me of him. At last I shut the communicating door and re-entered the 'Stuart' bedroom.... I finally determined to sleep, which I promptly did. The bed was deliciously restful, and I began to feel quite contented and lazynew emotions both!

"I must have slept for some while when I was awakened by a voice quite near me. I looked up and saw my mother, leading a very handsome girl by the hand: I started up and was greeted by my mother with a fond embrace.

"'G——,' she said, 'I am so glad you have come.... I am so pleased you have been taken here where dear Abrone will look after you, and dear S——. Have you not noticed whom I bring with me?' I looked again, and I recognised A——, of course, grown in the spirit-world. She knew me, and we embraced, too overcome to speak: it was all so astonishing and overwhelming.

"My mother then began to talk to me in her old vivacious way, and she led me, as she spoke, out of the room and

into the gardens. 'You are hungry,' she said, 'and there is a spread table upon the terrace.'

"'Eat!' I said. 'Do you angels eat? I suppose you are too advanced now.'

"'Not at all,' she said. 'I am not an angel, G——.'...We gained the terrace, where I saw a table set as for an earth-meal.

"'Does this meal consist of vaporous pies and ethereal pasties and celestial fruits?' I asked, still determined to doubt. 'Shall we be served with steamless soups in a dish through which we can run our fingers? Is a ghostly salmon to appear, surrounded by phantom vegetables and cucumber, and followed by spectral creams and jellies?'

"'No, dear, you must anticipate nothing like that,' said my mother. 'You will be served with food very like the food we have on earth.'

"'I observed the change in my mother from her appearance in the earth-life. She was good-looking as in her best days, and seemed happy and young. 'I feel more as if I were your father,' I said, 'than you my mother.'

"'Oh, that's nonsense, darling,' she said.

18th January, 1919.

A— began to prattle away in girlish style about this new and wonderful world. 'A-', I said, 'you'd think me very cruel if I put some tempting cakes before you and then withdrew them.'

"'Yes,' she said, wondering.

"'Well,' I said, 'that is what God is doing with me, I am brought to a very happy part of your world-plane, where I meet you all, and have a beautiful view of the state of blessedness to which some spirits, by God's patron

age, are allowed to come. In the twinkling of an eye, I shall have to be drinking tea with Satan, I suppose.'

"'Oh, my darling!' cried my mother in a shocked voice, 'you are not going to Satan or to the wicked planes, I am sure.'

"'I wish I could feel as confident,' I said, somewhat dourly....

"'...You will be fairly judged, be sure,' said my mother, gently pressing my hand, 'and full allowance will be made for.... All that is allowed for, as will be the ghastly mistakes of your early training, your shyness and self-consciousness, and all that you have borne lately for the last sad years.'

"'In any case,' I said, 'were I to be placed upon the Roll Book as high as Gabriel, I should not be happy whilst poor fellows with a harder destiny were sinning and suffering below.... I should feel I ought to be with them, just as everyone feels guilty when an officer of justice comes in view.'

"'...A—— began to talk of the new home we would have together, 'when God allowed it'; my mother threw in an occasional word, and so the meal proceeded.

"I was quite astonished to observe that the food had all the reality of earth-food, even to crumbs (!); but I was unwilling to admit my surprise, especially after my jeers at the phantom meal I had originally expected. In fact, to prove my distaste I refused to touch more food than of a dish my mother had first recommended, and when she was disappointed I said the meal was not like earth-meals, and I had little relish for angelic food.

"She patiently explained that she was 'not an angel, nor A,' and that the food was just as real to them (i e., the spirits) as the food of earth. 'Then I cannot be a real spirit!' I said, 'or perhaps people who are intended for low planes are not allowed to enjoy themselves upon high ones first of all.'

"But I didn't mean it, and I was really intensely surprised.

"Presently: 'We will rest in the gardens,' she said, and I can talk to you and tell you of this wonderful and beautiful world.'

"I hope there are no mosquitos!' I said, determined not to show pleasure. 'I have had sufficient of those in Italy. You say everyone finds their heaven: those poor little insects are happy when digging their stings into someone's skin. Is that enjoyment to be foregone? What is the use of mosquitos unless they sting; and I suppose they are allowed the freedom of the air?'

"My mother laughed heartily.

"Or,' I continued, 'are the little mites kept as plagues for unhappy spirits? Providence is economical, I hear, and may reserve them to be used in such a practical manner.

2nd February, 1919.

"My mother did not persist in argument, but took me towards the lower gardens, where we seated ourselves in a beautiful arbour of flowers. The air was warm and balmy, the breeze gentle and fresh, there were songs from the birds, and the whole garden seemed like a field of Heaven—Heaven as I had sometimes vaguely pictured it in the days when I had yearned to *believe*. But I could not tell my mother how much I loved it, how all the scenery rejoiced me, how I lived with each flower and bird, a new and separate and yet united life.... I felt happy, very happy, and I can tell you the feeling was very strange. Very seldom had I felt it before, perhaps only upon that wonderful morning when I 'awoke and found myself famous.'

"But I did not tell my mother so. 'Is it not strange,' I said, 'that even in this lovely garden I cannot sink my

own individuality, cannot lose it, as I wish I could, cannot forget my wretched self!

"Darling, in admiring nature you do not forget yourself. God does not want you to lose your individuality.'

"I was not thinking so much of the Divine wishes as of my own,' I replied, 'I wish there were no separate existence, but that we could be absorbed into air or light or God or something.'

"Oh, no, dear,' she said in a grave tone, 'don't talk like that. I want my individuality, and so, I think, do most others who cross over the River. Most wish earnestly to retain their main characteristics.'

It is so like human nature,' I said. 'They called me vain, but I have not so good an opinion of myself that I wish to retain main characteristics or personality. I would give it all up gladly to be taken into the Nirvana of nothingness....'

"...My mother, like a wise woman, did not argue, but merely shook her head.

"We sat quietly for a long while, pondering over various matters new and wonderful. My head was filled with thoughts of them, until I grew quite tired of thinking and asked my mother to pace the garden path with me and talk. She said that Abrone was a very high Italian spirit, that the house was S——'s, and that they (she herself and A-) had been expecting me' over 'for some short while, and had accordingly made preparations for my reception and welcome.

"She said she had followed my earth-career ever since she departed, and had burned with pleasure as my literary fame grew higher and higher, and had joined cliques of my admirers in the spirit-world who followed my fortunes with interest and love.

"And prayers,' I said, 'at least they were most wanted.... It is a pity to put up an idol, for, like Pride, he is bound to have a fall. Now what will those

admirers think when they witness me in the lower ranks of society'?"

9th February, 1919.

Surely they will be distressed: they cannot be surprised.' My mother did not reply save by a gentle pressure of the hand; and shortly afterwards I desired her to accompany me to the house. She rose and walked 'home' with me, and as we entered we were met by Abrone.

Abrone mentioned Amra's name. I told him I was not so anxious to see Amra as I was to see Buonaparte, 'My little pagod, you know.' Abrone replied, 'I did not know, or I had forgotten. But I must tell you-, that you are not betraying striking evidence of good breeding.' After a moment of unpleasant surprise I said, "All the angels are Tories, as I remarked upon earth. I——'

"'Pardon me,' he interrupted, 'good breeding is not confined to Tories, as you call them.'

"I made no reply; for in truth there was little to make, and I began to feel the reproof was rather well-merited, and to respect him-for, with countless faults—I am not resentful for long. He smiled 'My dear-, whether you wish it or not our dear Father Amra intends to visit you soon....'

"'Indeed autocrats,' I murmured coldly.

"'Remember that dear Amra is our loving protector and father,' he said gravely. 'I said I did not care for protectors, but he continued to dwell upon the love of Amra, and his power....'

"After a short period of further talk I dropped my unapproachable mood and exerted myself to please him. Abrone said, 'My dear son, I will stay and sup with you, but let it be when you are alone, for then I feel that I can

better approach you. What, now, would you choose to do? I have to depart for some while upon my other business.'

"You have not answered my request about Buonaparte,' I said. 'I have heard from my mother that she has met him and many of his family and friends.'

"I'll will try to arrange for your meeting,' said Abrone, kindly.

"Then for the present, and during your absence,' I said, 'I should like to be left entirely alone that I may write verses.'

"You shall certainly do so,' he said. 'Poetry is a noble art.'

"It can be,' I said....

16th February, 1919.

Abrone did not answer, but departed, and I betook myself to the library, feeling like a cross bear in a fit of studiousness, if you could imagine such a wonder of natural history. I read a great deal: I found many earth-books upon the shelves. I wrote a great deal too: it may be that much of what I wrote was nonsense, but there was some sense too.

"The time seemed to ebb away very fast. I came upon the volume of Dante, and was reading the account of Hell (a sort of guide-book, I thought, of the country I am going to explore) when Abrone entered the room. He saw what I was reading and seemed pleased. I began to like him, almost: certainly within the recesses of my secret mind to do him more justice. I did not intend to do him justice in words, as yet: the tongue is the devil of a thing to conquer!

"Ah, ——,' he said sweetly, 'you read Dante?'

"Yes,' I said, 'it is difficult to get away from one's own trade.'

“He made no reply, but advanced to the handsome windows at the end of the room.

“‘I have someone who wishes to speak with you,’ *he* said presently.

“‘And he,’ I asked, or preferably she?

“‘He,’ said Abrone, ‘is Amra.’

“I began to take a mild interest in this powerful Egyptian of whom I had heard so much: it appealed to my imagination, and I contemplated epic poems, myself as hero, of course. If it is true that no man is a hero to his valet, it is equally true that every man is a hero to himself,

“‘Would you like to bear more of Amra?’ asked Abrone gently.

“‘Is there a Madame Egyptian?’ I asked.

“‘There is a tender wife whom Amra loves,’ replied my companion. ‘Her name is Hyacintha.’

“‘Only one’ I asked. ‘I think it rather hard that Easterners should be limited to one. I always counted upon a more generous allowance, and that is why I have contemplated giving up my western country and offering my devoted affection to an Eastern one.’

“‘My son, you are very frivolous.’

“‘That is quite a new accusation.’

“‘Can you not be serious?’

“‘Indeed, most pitifully so: much more serious than you would think. I am the most wretched of spirits in the old world or your new one.’

“‘Dear son, do not be wretched,’ said the (I admit!) divinely patient Abrone. ‘A new life of hope and joy awaits you, and, moreover, it is ever lasting.’

“‘I cannot believe it,’ I said, and indeed it was perfectly true: the feeling overpowered me that it must be all a dream. In the earth-life I had dreamed sometimes of a better and purer existence (not an ambitious flight of

fancy, I admit!) and kept my lips sealed upon the awakening.

"My dear child,' he said. It is true: believe what I say.'

"If it is,' said I, 'take away my miserable and hateful deformity....'

"Wait a while and it shall be done,' said Abrone. 'Wait until Amra comes.'

"I began to curse my physical body, as I had often done on earth.

"My son, do not curse "it," said Abrone. 'If that was your disadvantage compared with other men, think of your advantages.'

"Oh, then,' I said, with reviving gaiety, '*then* I pity them!'

"You had very much to be grateful for,' he went on. You are very——....

"...It has been wasted,' I returned, 'for all good purposes.... But we will change the subject with your permission.'

19th February, 1919.

"...Shall we sup?' I asked. 'A knife and fork build up a bridge of amity and returned goodwill: a plate is often a *billet-doux*; a steaming dish incense; a sugared one a sweet speech.'

"By all means,' said Abrone, 'ask that a meal be set.'

"Surely,' I replied, 'in this amiable world no one commands save angels, and to that dignity I do not yet pretend. I have an idea that we must all obey and be meek and lamb-like.'

"Why not follow your ideas?' asked Abrone.

"A genius,' I replied, having recourse to my favourite argument, 'has no common sense and never follows ideas,'

"Then small wonder so many live and die unhappy," answered Abrone quietly.

"I felt that he would make a most romantic figure with a stiletto through his heart. Results of Greek training, you see.

"'Come,' said Abrone, 'you have to learn that we have domestic workers in this world, some of whom are nature-spirits. They will perform our will.'

"He rang a bell and a man appeared, to whom Abrone gave orders. The work appeared to be very light, for in a very short time our meal was ready. Abrone made me take the head of the table, and we commenced our strange supper! He offered me of one dish after another as I refused them.

"'I never take so and so,' was my invariable reply.

"(I might have wanted them; it would have been all the same. I had resolved my mind to it!)

"At the conclusion he pledged me in a glass of wine.

"'I thank you,' I said, 'but do we not all forswear wine—wine and war—and the charming third, women, in this perfect world?'

"'We do not forswear,' replied Abrone gravely. 'We are temperate upon the high planes, though we may be drunk upon the lower.'

"'Then, dear Abrone,' I said gaily. 'I am fully aware of my destination. To be really tipsy is a feeling fit for a king.'

"'High praise from one of *your* political persuasion,' he replied.

"'Ah, no,' said I. 'It is merely that kings generally appropriate the cream of all things to themselves.'

"'No,' said Abrone. 'It is like this: Upon the higher planes we learn to do, and take, things in moderation. To drink of the juice of the grape does no one harm, in moderation. To love a woman, faithfully and entirely, is not wrong. To have a patriotic, and what is sometimes called military, spirit, is not wrong.'

"This all sounds very depressing,' I said. 'A little wine-not enough to satisfy-one woman-fifty would not suffice some people I know quite intimately! And a patriotic spirit-when I hate my country. What has England done for me? Nothing except send me to Italy and Greece.'

"I do not blame you for lack of patriotism,' said Abrone. 'England has been unjust to you, and nothing she can ever do can make up for it. But as to your other remarks, I don't think they do you justice. I know that a certain type of young aristocrat finds expression for his vanity in cynical views and blase utterances. He affects shocking opinions and scoffs at religion and morality and all that makes life worth while.'

21st February, 1919.

I was rather angered at his remarks, but by an effort I preserved my outward coolness of temper. 'One thing,' I observed, 'I can say for myself is that I am not so vain as you might think. I have the honesty to confess myself a scoundrel: it is the nature of all humanity, but they can't be induced to admit it with candour like mine: that's all. In this view I am, at least, perfectly sincere, All I am proud of is my intellectual attainments and gifts, my countenance and, I may say, my aristocratic lineage.'

"I blame you not for being proud of any of those,' said Abrone, and he rose from his seat and went over towards the windows that led into the gardens.

"Shall we go outside?' he asked, and I bowed my assent. We left the room and went into the gardens. I was surprised to behold the gardens were bathed in a beautiful evening light-so soft and cool to the senses, to the mind and heart.

"I longed to break away from all of them and wander, quite alone, amongst the tall trees and flowers: they

seemed to be whispering together, and I felt that I wanted to hear their secrets with all the awe-struck surprise of one of miserable humanity upon the threshold of a mystery. But within my own mind I felt a cynical spirit that told me not to behave like a fool and not to raise again my childish belief in fairies and gnomes, etc. Too often in life I had attended to this carping spirit. Men do. We lose first the taste, then the time, to be romantic.

"Abrone, however, seemed to share some of the higher thoughts that crossed my mind, for he stood quite silently looking up at the calm sky. Hardly had I said three words by way of framing some question to my companion, than we beheld a tall and stately figure approaching us from the gardens. Abrone fell upon his knees and I knew it was Amra. He had several companions, but I only noticed him: I knelt, and he gave me his blessing.

"When we had risen, he looked at us intently. He said: 'My son, some of your guides and friends have asked me to come and speak awhile with you. I understand you are a little difficult to deal with!'

"It is all so astonishing this new world,' I said (with, I admit, surprising good humour!). Amra exerted a compelling influence, and I loved him at once upon seeing him.

"Abrone and Amra's companions drew a little aside, so that we two might converse more privately. He then asked me several questions concerning my manner of passing, my relatives (in earth and in the spirit-world) my earth-life, marriage, etc.

"I was less reckless in my replies to him than in those I had previously made to poor Abrone; but I did not resist an allusion to a duel or two which I stated to have taken place in Italy between your humble servant and one or two 'jealous husbands' (in these duels I invariably killed my man!) Amra, I grieve to say, did not gratify me by any surprise or shocks. 'Good Lord,' I thought, such things as my duels might be on anybody's programme

for all the astonishment that Amra betrays. I plunged deeper into the fascinating mire: I hinted darkly at murder.

"After this I asked Amra about a matter which affected me nearly—physically and otherwise! and he promised to repair the property pretty soon. One thing he told me was of secret comfort, although I would not betray this fact: he said that all I had suffered through that one trouble went an immense way to excusing me for my shortcomings on earth.

"I thank you for this news,' I said. 'The moral appears to be—injure a limb, or get it injured, and you can be as wicked as you like.'

"Amra smiled and gently expostulated, and soon afterwards he gave us his blessing and kissed me and left, I returned within doors. Abrone left about this time, and S—— came to me to ask what he could do for me. I told him I felt that a sleep was wanted, and I did indeed retire to rest in my beautiful 'Stuart-chamber.' Everything was so like to earth that I was amazed: I wrote half a 'skit' upon it and went to sleep.

"In the morning there appeared to rouse me one of the old servants of my household on earth, one who had been 'dead' some time. I was so delighted. I could have hung round his neck. In fact, everything was so nice that I began to feel quite charitable. I asked him questions about the house, the household and the life there. On his part, his devotion touched me; he nearly wept with joy.... There were real clothes in which to dress oneself, real water to wash in, a real towel of delightful softness, real brushes and combs,

"As my valet helped me to dress I asked him endless questions and listened with eager interest to his answers.

"When I was dressed in quite my old-fashioned style, I went down—real stairs, too!—and entering a delightful breakfast-room, I found there my mother and S——.

"We greeted one another and then sat down to table. My mother said grace. For my part, I found it very hard to give up my old earth style of breakfast; but this met with kind and hospitable invitations to eat from S——, and so for once I quite enjoyed the meal.

"Afterwards we all dispersed, my mother into the gardens, S—— to his study, and I into the library. I found 'Poetical Works of Lord Byron' upon the shelves, and in these I took quite an interest. I wrote a little, I read some of the works dealing with the spirit-world: I began to be fired with a deep pity for the unhappy spirits, and thought of myself as their champion.... It seemed to be time for another meal before I had opened a book!

"S—— came to the door, asked if I would dine (or, as you say, 'lunch') and we left to go to the dining-room.

"My mother had gone out, so we were alone, and chatted freely about the old days. I was rather surprised to find that I had forgotten much of the *detail* concerning these. Perhaps no one is the worse for that: mine was a miserable life.

"I asked when I was to be judged and by whom: S—— answered: 'Soon, any day now, and probably by Amra——perhaps with a colleague—for he often judges eminent people of France and England; especially in these two countries he takes interest: besides, he is attract-ed by your case.'

"'But I am not English,' I said. 'I am Greek.'

"'Then be sure that Amra will associate a Greek with himself,' he said, 'a spirit can, if he likes, claim one of his own countrymen. Women can claim women.'

"I was very interested. He proceeded: 'You have been entangled in such trying and difficult circumstances, and you have been so saddened all your life. Besides, you are in many things a noble man.' (Imagine my *shock!*)

"'Only in lineage,' I replied rather stiffly.

"'And you died to save a suffering race from oppression,' he said. 'A noble death is taken into account.'

"I did not care to pursue this subject, so I changed it, and asked about my father."

This chapter having become rather long, I think I may end it at this point. But I may observe that the poet in question has long been on a very happy plane.

CHAPTER XVII.

1st December, 1918.

IN the course of a message from Amra on this date he mentioned that on first passing over the spirit-body possesses the blemishes of the earth-body. He illustrated this from the case of Byron who, on first waking up in the spirit-world after passing over from this life, found that his spirit-body had the same malformation of one foot as his earth-body had possessed. Amra proceeded:—

"Imagine Byron waking up without it, loathing it as he did! He would have thought himself mad. Instead, we allowed it to be: when he awoke he found himself almost an exact 'reproduction' of his earth-body.

"Some of his guides fetched me. I came. I found him talking rather wildly, and he could not realize, just for a few moments. I said: 'Dear Byron, look into mine eyes, and I will assure you of the truth of what I say.'

"He obeyed, and I tried to concentrate in my glance all those great secrets I hold, and the knowledge of those things I wished him to know. As I did so, it seemed that his disbelief dropped off like a veil, a shadow falling away. His was, you see, a peculiarly sensitive and susceptible nature, upon which I was able to work more easily.

"He said, as he salaamed, 'Amra, let me have another straight foot.'

"Of course I assured him that this should be done, but, alas! I was guilty of a tiny white lie when I said I had not noticed he needed one. It was the right action to take with him, who felt like a dagger-thrust a glance at his 'deformity.' God would not mind me sparing his feelings at the expense of a little accuracy!

"He was delighted when this was done." (*i.e.*, when the malformation of his foot was rectified.).... "He opens out in an atmosphere of love, quite different from the frozen and cynical wit some know...."

15th January, 1919.

Antonius Pius (see above, p. 58) wrote:—

"I have been quite busy, of course, of late, working in Austria and in France, Italy, England and Belgium. Germany is your important enemy. Poor Austria is so crushed at present at all events. There will be a certain amount of new work for the 'experts'—*i.e.*, soldiers, sailors, and statesmen—over the Peace Conference, and, as you also say, the enforcing of the Armistice terms.... If they demobilize at the same rate as at present, until peace is signed, or they think it will be signed—months hence, perhaps a year—what is to prevent Germany throwing back the terms in the face of the Allies? They will have to take stringent measures if that is to be prevented."

We referred to the folly, in our view, of concluding the Armistice prematurely and on too easy terms.

Undoubtedly a hidden hand interposed to prevent the final and crushing defeat."

After speaking in favour of an alliance between France, England, Italy, Belgium and America, which, as he said, would do much to keep the peace of the world, Antonius referred to Napoleon—"Great soldier, great statesman, greatest that the world knows.

"The great Marlborough has been much occupied, I hear, as so many are. Earth people are so vain that any good which is done is put to their own account, any bad (I was about to ask if you thought that too harsh!)-to Providence or the weather. It is amusing for those who watch from the higher realms of thought and being.

"I often think how interesting it must be for great writers, thinkers, or soldiers to look back upon the earth-plane, after passing from it, and witness the influence of the thoughts and deeds which they have left upon the

minds of men.... Many of them (the spirits), in discussing the events of past days, grow as excited as if they lived through them again, especially this is so with the men of action, the soldiers and sailors."

After stating that in most provinces in the spirit-world there are people of mixed races, who go to it according to their inclination, Antonius proceeded:—

"One reason for the mixture and blending of races is the free-play of individuality and personality, of traits and characteristics, which is gained in our world. Most people, even of 'our' belief—*i.e.*, in spiritualism and the carrying on, the continuance of Personality after Death, do yet not sufficient justice to that all-important fact. 'I' is still 'I,' even the instant after death. God does not wave a magick wand and say, 'You have been cursed with a passionate temper or an inordinate ambition on earth, now you are to be the mildest of human beings, and the least aspiring of men! In such cases, of course, change is needed, but it is gradual and gentle, not a wrench from one nature to another.

"That is why some people, especially those who are obstinate, and those who are too arrogant to think any change is needed, are very slow in their evolution. For remember, God is in no hurry: He has all eternity in which to train and educate His children, and He is very patient.

"Many appear to think that the moment of awakening (of persons who pass over) finds them with a brain from whose penetration no mystery, no secret, is hid, a judgment that is unerring (however faulty it may have been on earth), a vision that is unclouded, a temper that cannot be tried, a resolution that is unbroken, a character that will ever be unresponsive to the thousands of subtle influences, working from inside and without, which make human nature *and* spirit nature liable to impression and change.

"The free-plaie given to personality and individuality develops a person's characteristics, at any rate, those that are harmless and *merely* personal. These traits appeal to different classes of people, different races and types of thought. For instance, with King Charles II., his wit, merriment and impressionable nature appeal to the Celts and Latins—the Irish, French and Italians—who help to form his Kingdom (in the spirit-world); his good-temper, easy going frame of mind, and his sense of justice and fair play appeal to the English-speaking races, his logick, frequent moods of seriousness and deep thought appeal to the Scotch, Danes and Hollanders, and his reserve of pride and dignity appeal to the Spanish portion of his subjects—a conservative and proud race.

"In like manner with King Louis XIV., his was a nature of many variances, and each trait appeals to certain types of thought and character, and helps to make a homogeneous people" (*i.e.*, in the province over which he is a King-Governor). "His dignity, fearlessness and love of religion and of the kingly position appeal to Spaniards and Austro-Spaniards; his wit, vivacity and patriotism to the French; his generosity, warmth of heart, and a certain home-love in his nature, to the English, Scotch, Danes and Flemish.

"On earth, traits of character are limited, overshadowed, circumscribed, and kept down in a man's own soul, by intercourse with the world and the pressure of events and circumstances. Here, a man is not afraid of showing himself, and of allowing his traits of character, like his limbs, 'free-plaie.'

11th February, 1919.

The high spirit who wrote the message set out in Chapter XI., p. 117, in the course of a message on this date, made observations about dress in the spirit-world.

Some care more for dress than others, even here, and are quite characteristic in their costumes." Then, after referring to the dress of a number of well-known characters who have been to us, he proceeded:—

"Some dress verie carefully and with perfect taste: it suits them best. The —— is one of these; he looks delightful with his fine figure. J—— always dresses elegantlie, though usually quietly.

"The ——, (verie, verie high spirits,) yet dress beautifullie....

"You can also have the beautiful quiet: that is the lovely secret of our happiness. We don't get dull, and we don't 'drop out' of a certain 'clique,' or be looked down upon becos one doesn't give a certaine number of parties to certain people in the 'season.' Then, too, a person, like poor Martha* wouldn't be looked down upon becos she was in a humble position socially on erthe. She is treated with great courtesy and kindness, becos the feeling in her soul is to rise above the ignorance, etc., of her erthe-conditions, and to love mingling with the great and noble. She must have such sentiments, or she would not desire (being a high and happy spirit) to mix with educated and 'high-class' minds....

"You will have plenty of time in the spirit-world to do both (the gay and the quiet); to do anything you wish.

"Think how lovelie it is to be able to mention in a ballroom, or at a supper-table, serious subjects, and even the All-High Name, without being laughed at or' snubbed.' That, I think, is very nice. One can be here perfectly naturalle: there is no need for the bloom to be brushed off.. Then, with the happie spirits, you are not criticised

* Martha, as we have learned from other messages, was the daughter of a poor inn-keeper on earth in the Stuart period. Now she enjoys wealth, a fine house, beautiful clothes and jewellery, and all that on earth she longed for and could not obtain,

unkindlie. You are judged charitably: you are allowed to feel at ease; and you are even conscious of a certain delightfull feeling of knowing you look nice, or speak nicely, or are proving in some ways attractive, which is like wine to the hearte, even in our world! God does lyke His children to enjoie themselves without doubt, and He knows that no one is the worse for His permission that they should dance, chat or play, walk and drive, and interchange opinions, remarks, and experiences.

"Spiritual people (this is, of course, referring to people in the spirit-world) can do all these things, and do them too. When they don't attend these social gatherings and festivities, it is not becos they disapprove of them (at anie rate, this is generally the case), but becos they worke so harde they have not much time, and wish to spend what they have with their own private family and friends. When they take 'hollie-daies' from such arduous spiritual work, they attend these festivities againe, or usually they do so.

"It is the 'unspiritual,' the narrow-minded, or the sour, or the ignorant of real knowledge, who lay a ban upon these amusements. Many folk upon passing over, in their 'disgust, and I believe, keen disappointment (!) at finding these pleasurable customs continue, refuse 'to countenance them, (which means to participate in. them), an attitude which makes very little impression upon the laughing and happy 'children of God.' This, as I sayd before, doesn't mean that you need alwaies be laughing, but, on the contrarie, one's moods of gravity and seriousness are respected, especially when one has attained to the spiritual height of the people amongst whom I have the blessed fortune to mix and of whom I am talking.

"No one is scoffed at or discouraged for being romantic and unpractical; for ours is the world of romance, the Eldorado for which men have been vainlie seeking for years. And, again, one is not discouraged from pursuing

what is believed to be one's especial 'bent,' even if that idea proves finally to be mistaken."

24th February, 1919.

In the course of a long message received on this date from J——, who died many generations ago, he referred to the spiritual work done by his son (a very high spirit) on earth, and in particular in London, and proceeded as follows:—

"...My son also said that he had met with some very beautiful thoughts too. Many arose from the Roman Catholic Cathedral in London, where he goes sometimes and prays. He is such a beautiful soul.

"Sometimes they (the thoughts) will be seen ascending towards the Heavens in a beautiful strong column of coloured forms of thoughts, and perhaps an evil thought will interfere with this column and make a black mark in it, apparent to the inner spiritual eye.

"To see all this we have to exert a special force—a particular vision. If we don't want to watch all these marvels of thought, we needn't, but can 'switch off' the power.... One can feel very distinctly sometimes the atmosphere for good or evil, comfort or discomfort, in a house or building of some kind.... We have yet another power of which I will tell you, which is that we can, if we like 'switch off' both our powers of hearing and of seeing, in travelling through earth, merely centering them as concerning our companions. The earth is then all dim and hazy, buildings and people shadowy and unreal, like the phantom-creatures of a dream: only we, the spirits passing by, seem real upon these occasions. We cannot bear the cries and noises of earth: we do not see more than a faint and murky representation of earth and earth-life, and we can hasten along and leave the earth far behind us."

11th March, 1919.

J—— F—— E——, the high spirit referred to in an early chapter (p. 119), wrote:—

"B—— and I have been very hard at work in London and Paris, and sometimes in Rome. I am known very well by the spirits who come regularly to earth, those who come either for work or pleasure, and those who are earthbound too.

"To see the spirits arriving at different times and destinations and for different purposes, and thus filled with different thoughts, is a strange sight and one which I find much pleasure in observing. More correctly, sometimes I find pleasure, and always I find interest; for these visitors to your great metropolis are very mixed. Some are great and radiant angels, such as St. Louis, St. Joane...."

(Here several other very high spirits, or angels, were named).

"Some are White Spirits, without having attained the altitude of 'Angels,' like...."

(Here several high spirits of this spiritual status were named).

"Some are spirits who ordinarily inhabit grey or dull planes, such as Mons. V——, and others you know of now evolved. Some are bound to earth by way of punishment.... Of these you have probably not met many, if any.

"Then some again are mischievous.... Some are evil and black, such as many of those evil German soldiery who are punished in 'Hell.'

"...I came across a very motley-if I can use the word-array in Paris. Thinkers, dreamers, and idealists (or ideologists, as Napoleon scornfully calls them), are much attracted to Paris at this critical moment. They flock round the councils, some to praise, and others to blame.

"When Napoleon (head of Allied spirit-diplomacy) comes, he deals sharply with sympathisers of the League of

Nations.... I, as a friend of peace, cannot see that the League is the road by which to attain it.... The vibrations upon earth are marvellously mixed—as one might put it, a 'jumble.' The 'guides' have hard work very often, and the process of 'getting through' is difficult. Often bad or mischievous spirits thrust their way in and interrupt the progress of a white spirit's message, or interrupt the harmonious vibrations."

(We referred to the attempts of some people and of the Press to 'crush' the spiritualist movement.)

"God will punish those who wilfully and unscrupulously attempt to spoil the faith of His children, whom in many ways He is bringing back to the old truth of spiritualism. He will certainly reward the labours of such men as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his friends.... I have had a great deal of labour upon earth and in the spirit-world.... My father has frequently been with me on earth. I think he prefers working on earth to working in our world, which is strange, for it is the more harassing, as a rule, of the two. But he takes great joy and pleasure when he observes the little white 'arrows' of good thought which we emit strike home into a person's soul and remain there undisturbed. Sometimes these weapons-to use such a simile-do not find their objective, for strong barrier walls and ramparts oppose them.

"When a good influence from us counteracts some bad influence, my father and I are very pleased, as are all workers from Paradise.... Antonius Pius" (referred to above, P. 58), "grave and noble spirit, labours on earth, spreading around him his sweet magnetism and power, as a flower yields fragrance."

"We have, upon earth, buildings (erected through our spirit-powers) which most of you cannot see-which you call 'phantom-houses' very often if you can, but which are there and used by us all the same.... Some are used as hostels by tired spirits passing through the dreary

world: others are a kind of 'Headquarters' for spirit I officers and soldiers. Others, again, are churches or chapels of worship; others places of amusement, where spirits from the same 'colonies' can meet and discuss the events of their journey.

"...Some of them are in places which you would think very improbable—in woods or fields, upon hills or mountains, or somewhere else where we can feel nearer God and further away from man's vibrations, so harassing in cities. To some of these places we bear the souls of the dead before carrying them away to, the spirit-world with us.... So true is it that you are constantly surrounded by spirits.... The women spirits—good and true women, like my own mother and sisters—are remarkable for the tender assiduity with which they try to guide the erring members of their sex, or to strengthen the good and chaste ones who yet remain, thank God!

"Some of those who walk in London's crowded districts, and whom passers-by do not notice at all, so ordinary do they appear, are really good and noble, and they will not be reluctant when their day comes for discarding the wearisome garment of the flesh. These women my mother loves to help, and she essays to brighten their (frequently) sad lot...."

25th March, 1919.

A spirit of French race, who 'died' shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution, wrote:—

"I do not blame pride of birth, or, if I blame it, I blame it gently: it is a natural frailty.... The aristocracy of brains is, however, a wider and grander thing, and to

that men of humble stock can find admission. That is an institution of nature and does not partake of artificiality. God made it, not man."

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"I am not of interest, merely a seeker for knowledge:* one mistress I have, Philosophy, though she is often called by other names. I look up to the great ones who court her.... Is it not true that in every modest heart there must be ambition? Modesty and ambition are rarely separate. For see, if one, say a philosophical writer or poet, writes some work with which he is not satisfied, ambition says: 'Try again, you will higher climb.' But if he did not end his writing with that feeling of dissatisfaction, if he did not feel that ambition stirring him up to write again and better, would he not be a vain man for whom the world would secretly hug a contempt?"

"Very often ambition is another name for dissatisfaction with oneself, united to a vague desire, a longing craving-to reach heights before one. The cry, 'I might be something better' is an essential factor of ambition for ambition must recognise superiority.

"Hence I do not blame a man for possessing an ambitious nature; however perverted it may be by contamination with earth, it came originally from God. A mind without ambition of some sort—I do not speak of ambition for worldly benefits alone, but ambition for added Virtue and love—a mind without any feeling of this sort must be made of more common stuff it is more difficult for impressions to reach it.

"Do you not think that the fame of the spirit-world is fairer? It has none of the spoiling influences of this life. In the after-existence, where genius is never allowed to rot, where versatility is never put by in a drawer, where Virtue, too, has no longer to meet the secret sneers of neighbours, but may bold up her fair brow with pride,

* It was not until *this* spirit had paid us several later visits that we learned that *he* was a famous philosopher and writer,

there is a Consolation Prize which far outshines those remunerations that have preceded it, a prize of consolation that seems to turn into a crown given by the angelic powers as a diadem for the meek brow of the 'Unrewarded'....

"Do you know that I think there is created for viciousness a false sympathy, by a certain myth which is sometimes spread abroad-the myth of a stern virtue to which laxity is almost, if not quite, preferable. Can you take my meaning? A caricatured virtue; very rarely is virtue so rigid in this world. And equally a glorified picture of vice, in which she is represented with dishevelled locks, with voluptuous but charming lips, with eyes haggard and yet soulful, a kind of fallen angel preferable to the original!

"...With respect goes influence; and with influence goes the use of a thing or individual in the world. Women have lost the respect in which they were formerly held; they are letting slip their influence-their power in the world which, when veiled, was all the more powerful; and whether they foresee it or not, they will eventually lose their usefulness in this life. They will drop out of the scheme of Creation; they may change places with man, but they will not fit into the niches. People have their separate niches, and a mistake is made in attempting to fit into someone else's."

(We referred to some of the characteristics of the French.)

"I prefer to see the beauties of my country, and not to listen to her faults! I am so little of a philosopher that I like to imagine a virtue where, even one may not be. I realize that every race has defects of some kind, but that the thinking mind must take the balance; and Monsieur" (myself) "told me that you had great admiration and love for my fair land,

(Referring to the strong emotions and excitability of the French, he said):—"...The lack of philosophy, and that, strangely enough, when my race is a keenly logical one. I will tell you one cause for this preponderance of emotion over reason, and that comes down to the answer which has replied to the world's riddle through every age-woman!

"Woman influence begins with every man, but especially with some of the Latin races inclined towards chivalry, from the cradle. The mother in France trains the mind: the fiancée or bride seizes possession, and I think these influences tend to make the naturally logical mind of the man excitable and impulsive even beyond the ordinary impulse of the blood.

"Although my people may have poor morality, the Germans have little cause to point the finger.... One is natural, which is excusable when compared with the immorality which is almost scientific. They" (the Germans) "are so proud of their 'practicality' that they drag it into every affair of life: it makes of this one-time virtue of 'practicality' a disgusting fault, and something lowering. Impulse is more to be excused from its inherent naturalness. It is frail humanity: cultivated bestiality is putting vice in a hothouse....

"I have been, perhaps, too indulgent a philosopher towards the 'weakness' of patriotism, which is yet one of the primitive virtues, and contains almost every other. Among other philosophers my (adopted) countryman, Napoleon, calls patriotism in a civilized man the highest of virtues."

(We referred to the apparent weakening of patriotism in modern days.)

"...In this case, the destructive weapons are not liquid fire, heavy guns, and poisonous gases, but instruments quite as deadly in their own sphere—Cosmopolitanism

under the guise of 'L——m,' Pacifism, and Bolshevism."

Good Friday, 1919.

In the course of a message from "the beloved padre" (Father Olivert) on this date, we expressed our admiration for France, and for the strength and courage shown by Clemenceau at the Paris Conference.

"Good. My beautiful France. I love her! Beautiful, injured France.... We spirits who watch the course of events and the trend of public affairs, do Clemenceau great justice. We pray for his continued life upon earth—not that we think he would not be far happier with us, but that we realize he (with Foch and one or two others) stands almost alone as the supporter of France and the Allies.

"If he dies, gallant old man! God help the Allies. Clemenceau is wonderful. He is a great patriot: he knows no fear: he is independent. He is the 'grand young man' of France. Imagine his condition. A man of 78, with a bullet near the lung, in constant danger from another base attack on his life, at work, at work—always at work for his country, and always against overwhelming odds, odds large enough to cow any other man.

"Some one once rather irreverently said to me: 'God does hang His coats upon queer pegs sometimes.' But the *sense* is right. It was an irreverent casing, but the sense was a great truth. Clemenceau is the 'queer peg' in this case.

"I have been very busy to-day with my services and spiritual work. The people in my province had a beautiful manifestation. There is a fine group of holy statues outside my governor's chapel, which the people of my household who go there pass on their way. One of them

declared that the hand of the blessed Mother moved to take that of St. John the Divine. Straightway coming to me this spirit friend of mine showed intense and devout joy at the manifestation of Divine Power.

"I hastened towards the statues, and, while yet some distance away, cast myself upon my knees in order to gain the holy group in a more becoming attitude.... I remained awhile in prayer, and when I raised my eyes I saw a beautiful white bird, like a dove, upon my shoulder. I had not felt the arrival of this sweet fowl of the air, but I regarded it as a messenger of encouragement from God.

"*Au revoir*, my children. I hope to be with you soon again. I am intensely happy. I feel only the more sympathy with those who are not. But remember that if a Good Friday comes to all of us, so to all of us comes an Easter Day. Such always on earth was my favourite secret thought and comfort.

JEAN OLIVERT.

"Governor."