

The Doorway

Dictated by a Soldier who passed on Forty Years ago.

Recorded by

Margaret Vivian

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“Mors janua vitae” (Death is the Doorway to Life)

“Some man will say: ‘How are the dead raised up
and with what body do they come?’ ”

Foreword

By Mrs. Hewat McKenzie

Dr. Vivian affirms at once her belief in survival proved by means of psychic powers, in this case her own receptivity of written inspirational communications. Many years of personal investigation through other channels, that have provided her with much personal evidence, give her assurance and confidence in her own writings and contacts with a friend on the Other Side, a soldier who, like so many others, caught up in your manhood, has been among the most successful bringers of news from the next world. They have assuredly not left their friends comfortless and have frequently, as in this case, described their new life and occupations, giving us a sense of a real life and real surviving persons. We cannot have enough of such experiences to enrich our conception of a future life.

Those who expect news from the Other Side to have a religious flavour may be disappointed in this soldier's communications, which are eminently practical. He reminds us that he and others are for a considerable time after death very much themselves, and not angels. But he tells us of work voluntarily undertaken and of kindly service to needy souls, of study and exploration and of his many attempts to reach his friends on earth. His chosen job is a unique one. An animal lover when on earth, he found his attention drawn to bewildered dogs in spirit life, bereft of their masters, and sick and sorry as they can be on earth. He made friends with them, placed them in proper care, and even established a heavenly canine defense league on their behalf. And why not? There is good evidence for animal as for human survival, and if men and women can grieve at separation from earthly friends, so may sensitive and loved dogs.

An interesting chapter on astral travel tells of the soldier's efforts to bring his friend to his new land in her sleep state in her astral body; for such travel we have much evidence, although the memory may fail to record the experience on waking. He claims that in her waking hours, when she lends herself to receive messages from him in writing, these memories are revived and recorded. The Rev. George Vale Owen, who in several volumes published similar communications: that in the sleep-state he had been over there and experienced all that his hand subsequently recorded.

Many questions that rise at once to the lips of inquirers were asked and answered in the course of Dr. Vivian's writing, and at times prophecies on world events were volunteered. Though no infallibility was claimed, they proved correct, and there were prognostications, even against the mind of the psychic, of the parlous state of civilisation and the danger of war, the folly of which as a means of settling differences was constantly emphasised.

Many who are not Spiritualists could enjoy this book; it is neither over-sentimental nor platitudinous, but conveys the sense of a robust personality who has taken the trouble to study his new life and to transmit as much as possible as much earthy folk can grasp of an existence in which neither a physical body nor material conditions play any part, but in which an active thought life, with powers almost unknown to us, holds the field. The lesson the communications enforce is that it is wise for us, while still in the physical body, to make acquaintance with those who have gone on, who can give us this new knowledge so that we may not arrive as bewildered travelers in our future dwelling-place. Only psychic powers can provide the means of this instruction.

Introduction

“ This is an exact account of our life here, so far as it can be understood by those on earth. I prefer to omit what would be unintelligible to you, and which readers would in consequence denounce as rubbish. That might discredit the whole book.”

So wrote Fred, my soldier friend, when discussing the writing of this book. In the original script he has repeated some statements with a view, I feel sure, to emphasising their importance. Often, for instance, he has asserted that when we die we do not at once become either angels or devils. We are just as we were five minutes before death, and those who never troubled to study the question of survival are puzzled and often cannot believe that they have died. “ Newcomers who desire the pleasures of earth can have them for the asking, and for a short time some do lead a life that differs very little from the one they have left.” This statement may help those who were shocked when they read of cigars, whisky and soda and so forth, as described by Raymond Lodge.

In this connection, Fred wrote as follows: “ Occasionally I smoke a cigarette with a newcomer, merely in order to make him feel at home. It is exactly like a child playing with its toys; a grown-up may play with a doll in order to amuse a child, but he does not do so when he is alone. So, as we progress, we discard childish things.”

Another point emphasised by Fred is that the idea of an angry deity punishing us for our sins is false. What we call a sinner is merely an uninvolved soul. All of us have been sinners, and most of us will intimately become saints, but in the meantime we may have to reincarnate many times before we reach the stage where we can be happy in the Summerland. Punishment is simply the automatic result of conduct which teaches us not to transgress again. A burnt child dreads the fire. As a man soweth, so shall he reap, and so forth.

A large part of the book is devoted to describing how the inhabitants of the Summerland occupy themselves, and the author repeatedly asserts that it is just as difficult to make us understand his life as it would be for us to explain our mode of living to a savage. How, for instance, could we make him understand about our wireless, our motor cars, or even our rate of exchange?

Most of the repetitions have been deleted, but a few have been left, in order to emphasise the importance of the teaching therein contained.

Here is a further quotation from the script: “ Our book is going to be a great success. I am anxious to strike a new note with it, and I hope that it is not boring. I should hate to be a bore now that I am reappearing in your world, for I want to awaken interest in what you call the future life. Please cut out and alter what I give you if you feel that it is dull. Be ruthless, and cut and re-shape it. So not let us be dull, and be sure, when the great work is published, that you choose a gay and attractive cover. I have looked through our pages, and I think, with a little rearrangement, they will be O.K.”

CHAPTER I Arrival

It was at Colenso, during the South African war, when I was twenty-seven years old, that I made the change that brought me here. Some guns were in danger of falling into the hands of the Boers, and we rushed forward to save them. Several of us were shot down, and I was pinned down, fatally wounded, under my dead horse. At first I did not realise that I was dying, but gradually I found that my real self was being separated from my body, until I was floating in the air above it. I tried to free myself from the cord that still held me to my useless body, and it became gradually thinner until at last it snapped. The pain of my wounds ceased and I succeeded in assuming an erect position, floating in the air just above the ground.

I spoke to a man who was trying to help my physical body, but he did not seem to hear me, and then I caught sight of some of my friends who had been dead some time, but now stood near me. I lost consciousness, and when I woke, I found myself lying in a hospital bed. I was puzzled, having no idea that I had been killed, and I asked a nurse where I was. It was some time before I understood what had happened, and all I remember is that I woke for short intervals and then slept again. Each time I woke, I felt drawn towards the earth, but when I struggled to get up, I was told to go to sleep and not worry about the fighting.

At first I was sad at finding myself cut off from my friends and from the normal occupations, and it was in order to get over this period, caused by the shock of a sudden death, that I was kept asleep for so long. That is why in your prayer-books you pray to be delivered from sudden death, in spite of the fact that it has some obvious advantages. I do not know how long I remained in the rest home, but one day when I woke I was told that I was now well enough to go home. I was puzzled, and said: “But you say I am dead; how then can I go home?”

“It is only your physical body that is dead,” was the reply, “and here comes your grandmother, who will take you to the home that has been prepared for you.” So I left the hospital in her company, and soon found myself standing at the gate of a bungalow surrounded by a large garden, in which were flowers and fruits unlike any that I had ever seen, as well as those that you have on the earth. I was

interested but bewildered, feeling rather like a small boy in a new school. Everything was strange, and I felt that it must be a dream from which I should wake and find myself back in the army. My grandmother tried to explain the conditions of this strange, new life, but in spite of feeling a marvelous health and vigour, I am not sure that at this stage I might not have chosen to return to my physical body if such a chance had been offered me.

My grandmother promised to stay with me until I had become acclimatised to my new life, and though she was almost a stranger, having passed on when I was a very small child, I was glad of her company, as I still felt lonely and confused. There were times when I was perfectly satisfied with my surroundings, as for instance when I received an exuberant welcome from my horses and dogs, but there were moments when I felt an almost irresistible attraction drawing me back to the earth. Whenever I gave way to this desire, I found myself wandering through a thick mist. Occasionally I caught sight of some of my old friends, like wraiths in a fog, but I could not make them see or hear me, and it was so disheartening that I began to resist the earthward pull, and made up my mind to do my best to settle down in my new surrounding.

It was all so different from what I had been taught: no harps or angles with wings. It was as if I had been transported during sleep to a strange land, where all the customs were new to me, and only a few friends were available to initiate me into the mysteries of this new life. I was a very material young man, brought up in the orthodox way. I had attended church parade as a matter of army routine, and with the strangely indifferent attitude towards religious matters displayed by most normal individuals, who are neither religiously-minded nor agnostic, I had given little thought to what lay beyond death. Eventually I made friends with some men who were more or less in a similar state of bewilderment, and we arranged to meet at regular intervals in order to discuss this new state in which we found ourselves.

It was pleasant to experience the freedom of traveling anywhere at will, and to practice the new power that we possessed. I was surprised to find that I could travel in any direction without any preparation, and that I had only to wish to be in a certain place in order to find myself there – a method that you will admit makes all your speed records snail-like in comparison. Another useful faculty

is that of making oneself invisible at will, and if you could develop it you would be able to avoid many boring conversations.

We soon realised that some definite work was essential to our happiness, and the guides make it clear that in order to make any progress we must find some way in which we could be of service to others. Having always been an ardent lover of animals, I decided to devote myself to those that come over here alone. At first they go automatically to the animal sphere, but many are unhappy, hunting everywhere for their master or mistress.

It is one of the difficulties in dealing with animals that it is impossible to make them understand that their earth friends cannot see them, and consequently ignore them. Even for humans it is at first disconcerting to speak to one's friends and to be utterly ignored, although we soon realise that you are blind and deaf where we are concerned. It is not always easy to make friends with a strange dog that is absorbed in searching for his master and has no wish to associate with strangers, but with patience this difficulty can be overcome until, dog-like, they make the best of the existing state of affairs.

CHAPTER II Occupations

The old-fashioned and ignorant notion that we spend our time sitting on a cloud singing hymns to the accompaniment of a harp has almost died away, and if you were to ask a clergyman of average intelligence what are his ideas regarding the future life, he would probably reply that he does not know, and that these matters are mysteries intentionally hidden from man during his earth life. Some Spiritualists go to the opposite extreme, and regard our life in the Summerland as a material condition little different from yours. They are apt to shock the religious by mentioning cigars or whisky. The truth, as usual, lies midway between these extremes.

Newcomers who desire the pleasures of the earth can have them for the asking, and some, for a short time, do lead a life that differs very little from the one they have left. But soon they cease to desire these physical pleasures, and as they adapt themselves to this life, so they give up smoking or drinking or eating. I have been here a relatively short time, less than your own earth life, and I have never had the faintest desire to these things. Occasionally I smoke a cigarette with

a newcomer, merely in order to make him feel at home. It is like a child playing with toys: a grown-up may play with a doll in order to amuse a child, but he does not do so when he is alone. So, as we progress, do we discard childish things.

You ask whether we communicate with one another entirely by thought, or whether we have posts or telegrams. We do not have the same complicated postal delivery that you have, but at first, before we have learned to transmit our messages in the new way, we do write notes and a messenger takes them and delivers them by his own methods of thought transport. But very soon we learn that the mechanical process of writing is unnecessary. We do not need to keep notes, as our memories are perfect, and we can always recall whatever we wish. The difficulty with names is not that we cannot recall them at will, but that they are hard to transmit through the physical organs of a medium. As to books, there are vast libraries here containing all the earth books, as well as others written over here. According to one's literary taste, so one chooses the appropriate library. If you want theological works – and, strange to say, there are some who wish to study these monuments of dreariness – you go to the theological library. If you prefer fiction, you go to the fiction library, and so on.

With regard to painting, the pigments you use are crude as compared to ours which do not fade. But when an artist is tired of the pictures he had made, he eliminates them by the power of thought and creates others. But he thinks out his scheme just as carefully as you do. At first he uses brushes. He would not feel happy without his accustomed tools, and so for a time he uses them, as do sculptors and other craftsmen. It is very gradually that they learn that their earth tools are no longer necessary. The artists sit before their canvas or paper and think out the scheme of the picture, and little by little precipitate the particles of colour into the right places. It is something like the work of the Bang Sisters some years ago, when portraits were precipitated on to the canvas. These pictures never fade or tarnish, but sometimes the artist wishes to alter something, and this he can easily do.

Artists and musicians have special buildings where they can study the new conditions that affect their art. A painter, for instance, must learn all about the new colours that are available, otherwise his work will look dull, as a black – and – white sketch on your side appears to a colour enthusiast. At first the artist finds our scenery a

flowers almost beyond his scope, but soon he passes on to other occupations that satisfy his artistic instincts, so that mere painting or modeling no longer interests him.

The same applies to the musician. For a time he is satisfied with the instruments to which he is accustomed, but soon he perceives that his music is like that of a street organ when compared to a Wurlitzer. When he hears the marvelous music that can be produced over here, he goes to school again in order to learn about the many sounds that are beyond the range of the physical ear. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, as the old saying expresses it. The same applies to all sciences and arts, and those who were great men on your side soon find that they must start afresh in the infant class over here.

You ask whether there is any joy in creating things purely by the power of thought. That is where you do not understand. Let us talk about this power of thought and I will try to explain. Everything is made by the power of thought, even on your side, and you could not type these notes without using thought. We need manual skill, and when you first arrive here, you will find it just as hard as ever to paint a picture. But as you learn to adapt yourself, so you find that you can create things more easily, though practice and training are just as necessary, and if you imagine that you will suddenly become a Mozart of a Cooper, you will be disappointed.

With regard to paints and paper, your new powers will come into play, and eventually you will be able to create your own materials. You will find no shops, but you will always find someone who is willing to help you to obtain what you need. I myself have painted a portrait of you as I see you, and it hangs in my study, but there are so many things to do that I do not often indulge in artistic efforts. There is, of course, no commercial side to art, but there are places where works of art can be seen. The masterpieces of your world find their place here, and we can read any book we wish. The choice of these things depends chiefly on whether there is anybody who is sufficiently fond of a given subject to desire its presence. You, for instance, will find portraits of King Charles, just as others might wish for a picture of Oliver Cromwell. That is where education comes in.

The public galleries on your side enable the masterpieces to be seen and appreciated, and so love gives them immortality in a kind of

way. If you earnestly desire to have a Van Dyck portrait in your home, you will have it, and so others who feel in this way. Values to not enter into the matter. It is purely a question of having so strong a desire to look at a work of art, that you can have what you would call a reproduction. No false admiration roused by a fictitious money value came into it. It is solely a matter of artistic appreciation, and as you progress, you care less and less for earth toys because there is so much beauty and melody over here. Earth masterpieces are like the efforts of a child when compared with the finished product of a master-mind unrestricted by such limitations as illness or fatigue.

You ask whether we have examinations over here. Not as you do, but we have teachers, and they often question their pupils in order to ascertain whether they have understood what has been taught. Here, again, do not run away with the idea that you become a fullyfledged genius the moment you die. This if a far fuller and bright life than yours, but you still have to work and study in order to move into a higher class. You have often been told that you are just the same five minutes after your death, and that death does not turn you into a saint or devil. That is true, and the main advantage that you perceive at first is that your physical disabilities have disappeared. The blind see, and the deaf hear, and at first they cannot make it out.

It is a very real difficulty for me to explain to you how we occupy ourselves, because so many of the things we do cannot be understood by you. There are games for those who like them, and swimming and riding and all sports that do not involve cruelty. I will try to describe to you what I propose to do to-day. Well, I have begun by talking to you in this somewhat difficult way. Then I shall probably go for a ride or swim. After that there is a meeting I must attend, where those who have been in communication with the earth come to report their successes and failures, and we discuss the best methods of avoiding such failures in future. Then I may perhaps work in the garden, where I am planning a new section that I am sure will please you, and then I shall rest and think in a shady corner, with the dogs around me.

Friends will come and go, but you must not imagine that we have no privacy, or that, by the mere power of thought, a bore can always intrude. We have means of ensuring privacy, and you might as well suggest that because your door is often unlocked, every street beggar

can walk into your study. We have various ways by which we can keep our privacy intact. Then I may go on a journey and explore some part of your world or ours, the latter most likely; and then I see the news on the special machines we have and which I can liken only to television.

This brings me to another rest time; we do not rush about all the time, any more than you do, and leisure is a very precious thing. Part of each day I spend with the dogs that have arrived from your world. Arranging for them to be looked after, and finding homes for those that have nobody to welcome them. Then I often visit the astral, and try to give a helping hand to somebody. There are always so many in need of help; for instance, I went the other day to see what I could do for all those poor souls that came over suddenly when a Spanish battleship went down.

Now I hope I have made you understand that we, too, have busy days, and above all, that we are not dull.

One day, when I was wandering in the garden planning new schemes, I met some of the 'wee folk.' I had never believed in their existence, and I was astonished when I caught sight of a little man in the conventional goblin garb, swinging his legs as he sat on a harebell. In your world they are afraid of humans, and you seldom see them, but here they have no fear, and sometimes make themselves rather a nuisance with their silly chatter. But this was the first I had seen, and I was anxious to talk to him and find out who he was, and where he came from. The intelligence of the fairy folk is not very high, but they can speak, and this puts them on a grade a little higher than the animals. This little fellow was quite willing to talk, and he was a merry little soul. His vocabulary was very limited, and he kept on roaring with laughter, as if what he said were a huge joke.

It is only here that the beauty of nature can be fully appreciated. We have no storms, but rain condenses gently on the vegetation, though the weather is of no importance, since we are never too hot or too cold. We can have ice and snow if we wish. It is hard to explain, but an Eskimo who is used to intense cold can have his icebergs by the power of thought. The conditions are so different. Those who like icebergs gravitate together and live in icy surroundings. We can visit them if we wish, but most of us prefer a temperate climate with no extremes of heat or cold. Natives of tropical countries live in

surroundings exactly suited to them, but the undeveloped races, whose pleasure consists mainly in killing, do not stay here long, but soon reincarnate on earth.

The fact you must try to grasp is that over here everybody can have the semblance of material pleasures for a time, but these soon cease to satisfy, and the individual who has not progressed sufficiently to be happy here returns to the earth in a new incarnation. That is what I meant when I told you of the earthward pull experienced by those who have died suddenly in their youth. Unless they resist it, they are drawn back more and more strongly until they reincarnate. The desire for earth conditions fades automatically as time passes, unless the individual is of so low an evolutionary grade that he cannot adapt himself to our life.

Some wander in the dark spheres for some time before reincarnating, for there are some souls who do not make any progress while on earth, and there are others who refused to take advantage of the light that has been accorded them, and so it is necessary for their evolution that they should undergo a kind of purgatory. Those who inhabit the dark spheres do not necessarily reincarnate. Some eventually listen to the teaching of those who go to help them, and as soon as they are fitted for our life, they automatically come here.

Soon after my arrival, when revisiting the South African battlefields, I was sometimes able to help my old friends. I remember warning a colonel just in time to save him from being killed by a shell. I shouted: “ Stop! Stop!” but at first he did not hear me. Fortunately, he had some psychic power, and when I shouted right in his ear: “ Stop at once!” he heard me, for he reined in his horse and looked around in a puzzled way. Then he saw and heard the shell burst just where he would have been had he disregarded my warning. “ By Jove, that was a narrow shave!” I heard him say. “ I could have sworn some fellow called to me to stop,” and he looked round to see who it might have been. “ Must have been my imagination, I supposed, “ he remarked at last. It is funny how people on your side always seem to prefer any explanation other than the correct one.

The houses here vary according to the development of the owner. There are no slums, but there are very small, dull houses in rows, inhabited by those who are only just fit to be in this sphere at all.

Some live in them for a relatively long time, but most of these tenants reincarnate quite soon, and so remain here only a short time. It is not quite true to say that the houses are built by the good deeds of the occupants when on earth; it is rather that, as in everything here, they are automatically suited to the tenants, so that in the case of an unselfish man, it means that he has reached a stage where a fine house is suited to him.

You will perhaps remember the case of the butler and his wife who recently inherited a mansion from their mistress, but lived only in the kitchen and in one small bedroom. They were not accustomed to live in large rooms, and the mansion was useless to them. So it is here. A man who is in a low state of evolution would be like a fish out of water in a castle, and here there are no misfits, everyone being automatically suited to his surroundings. Do you understand my meaning? It is not a punishment for selfishness or cruelty, it is an automatic result. The earth life enables you to progress in a way that is impossible elsewhere, and that is why an undeveloped soul goes back to school to learn another lesson. He will eventually evolve unless he is one of those who refuse to learn and remain so long in the lower strata that they go backwards instead of forwards, until at last they are reabsorbed into the essence of life. This is what you call eternal death; a sad ending to ill-spent lives.

I must repeat that everything here is solid to us. We should not like to be misty wraiths, and it is you who seem unsubstantial to us. It is all a matter of relative surroundings, and solidity is the result of the relationship of the body to the surrounding elements. You ask whether we can be bruised or injured in any way. It would be possible if we hit something violently, but we have a protective sense that checks us. We do not fall from heights as you do, because we exercise the power of thought. In the dark spheres I have seen injuries, as in your world, due to the people there not understanding how to use this power, and there are hospitals with appliances for treating such hurts. I met your friend, Dr R., recently. He was organising a hospital to deal with the injured from the earth wars. Many of these men are of very low development and some come over with shocking injuries. They do not realise that they are dead, and for this reason many continue to be maimed, and need treatment for some considerable time. Then one day they grasp the truth and are healed.

We do not quarrel over here, not what you would call quarrelling, but of course we do not always agree in every detail. That would be very dull. Nor do we have wars. What would be the use, since we cannot kill one another, or destroy property as you do on earth? Anybody who still wished to kill or destroy would not be suited for the Summerland, but would be in a lower sphere for a time, and then reincarnate until he had lost his desire to injure others. We have no soldiers because they are obviously not needed, but there are what you might call overseers, who see that the laws of the land are not broken.

It is hard to explain about our laws. There are, for instance, laws as to the bringing here of friends from the lower spheres, when they are not suited to this plane, and might interfere with the peace of the inhabitants. We have no prisons or convict settlements the extreme penalty is to be sent to a lower plane, and that is not a punishment; it is the enforcing of the law that nobody can live in a sphere higher than his evolution warrants. He would not be happy, but it does sometimes happen that the great love of a relative brings an unsuitable soul over here in the hope of raising his standard. Very rarely this is allowed, so as to satisfy the great desire of the friend over here, but only for a time, and if the visitor does not settle down, as you would put it, he automatically returns to the lower sphere.

Sometimes the one who loves his sacrifices his higher state and goes to live with him in order to help his development. It is possible to live in a lower state than one's development warrants, but not in a higher. More usually, the higher spirit merely pays visits to the one in the lower grade, and has his or her real home here. The higher spirit is just as unsuited to the conditions of the lower sphere as is the lower spirit to the higher life. Nobody steals or murders or exceeds the speed limit here, but there are certain rules governing our behaviour that must not be broken.

Much of my work is to help those who are coming over in the various wars. We can do more for Europeans, because the yellow races expect to see their own ancestors, and would not understand if a white man met them. There are not many Negroes who have progressed, and usually they must reincarnate. This has nothing whatever to do with race; it depends on the spiritual evolution, but it is a fact that the British are more highly evolved than other races and that is why the British lead in political matters. I believe it is

correct to say that more British and Americans have reached the state where reincarnation is no longer necessary than the member of any other race. The Latin races are more backward than the British, but it is true that the whole world is in a dangerous state, and that if a universal war were to break out, civilization would be set back. That is what we are trying to prevent by every means in our power, and Spiritualism is at last permeating the world, and will help to check war.

You must remember that I have been here only a very short time as compared with some of the inhabitants of the Summerland, and I can tell you only what I myself have experienced. Others may have a different story to tell, their interests being other than mine. Those, for instance, who come over as very earnest Christians, spend much of their time in their places of worship, and I know of one congregation where everything is almost exactly as on earth, with the same church, the same clergyman and the same services, while the sermons are not more intelligent than those preached on earth. They even sing the same hymns: “Weary of earth and laden with my sin, I gaze at Heaven and long to enter in,” and so forth, and this may continue for centuries of your time. The members of the congregation are perfectly satisfied with this state of affairs, and never ask any of the higher teachers to come and enlighten them. Those that seek find, but those who are satisfied with their ignorance remain in that state. Your parents were rather like that at first, but they met me through you, and it was able to help them to some extent, and now they are seeking more advanced teaching.

The fact that everybody is just the same after passing over cannot be too strongly impressed on the earth dwellers. So that they may seek the light while still on your side. The merry-makes who are fond of jokes often indulge their humour over here, and that is why you sometimes find that practical jokes are played at séances. At the same time, a heavy atmosphere may be lightened in this way. All types have their uses, and it would be a dreary world if we were all alike.

The whole of the etheric body is perfect and can very be out of order or cause pain. We wish our hair as we prefer it, and the same applies to beards and moustaches. At first most people like to be as they were on earth, and I still have a small moustache. Gradually these things lose interest, and the higher spirits that I have met had no hair on their faces. But we need no barbers or dentists; our teeth

are perfect, and we use them for their original purpose. The most essential organ is the brain, and the other organs, I believe, gradually disappear as we advance. You must remember that it may be thousands of your years before we leave the sphere I am now in, and we are learning all the time. I can tell you only what I know from my very limited experience. I have a swim most days, but we do not get dirty or need soap; not do we cut our nails or have corns on our feet. We have what clothing we like, at first exactly as on earth, but it does not wear out, and when we want a new garment we think it out and make it. Women sometimes, at first, desire fashionable attire, but soon this ceases to interest them. The people here mostly wear clothes something like their earth garments from long habit. We are always clothed in some way, and the higher spirits wear robes coloured in accordance with their character.

We still have varying characteristics, and we may be angry or displeased, but not for long. It is hard to make you understand, but you must remember my old analogy of the fish that cannot understand how you can exist out of the water. We have faculties unknown to you, and it is impossible to explain them to you. There is no disgrace in being unclothed; that is merely an earth custom. For a time we still have reproductive organs, but through disuse all unnecessary organs atrophy like your appendix, and are replaced by higher organs adapted to purposes that you could not understand. The main difficulty in explaining to you is that condition here are so different, but they change so slowly that we do not notice the gradual growth any more than you realise that your body is growing day by day. So we grow, but in a different way, and nothing stands still in any sphere of life. We go on progressing for ever. You ask what I mean by the words 'for ever'. I do not know; there are many mysteries that I cannot grasp yet. I am only a short way ahead of you, and can tell you only what I have been taught.

The physical body is not, as I have heard you call it, an old coat. It is interwoven with the etheric body in a very intricate way, and that is why two bodies are sometimes hard to separate. If it were a mere coat, you could put it on and discard it at will quite easily. You ask funny questions this morning! I can only repeat that those near earth life, as I still am, like to retain for a time the earth fashions. I cannot picture myself with long ringlets, but that is of course a mere question of custom. If we had been brought up with long, trailing hair, we should regard any other mode as an outrageous

disfigurement. Habit accounts for much, and persists so long as we are in the same stage of development. The fundamental law is that we can have what we like by the power of thought. Those who were tailors' dummies or mannequins on earth will have much thought to the adornment of their persons – for a time – and the time varies according to the evolution of the individual.

Yesterday I was working with another friend of yours, Dr. M., and we were trying to make contact with a murderer. He had been executed for murder, and after a sleep he woke screaming with terror. He knew he had to be hanged, and because he found himself still alive, he naturally supposed that the execution had not taken place and he was terrified. The only way we could convince him was by taking him to the prison door and showing him the notice of his death. It was Dr. M. who helped me. She is much better, and her great energy makes her a very useful colleague. She refuses to give in, however difficult or distasteful a task may be. I like her, and she is fond of you, though she did not approve of all you did.

I wish I could give you a really vivid idea of our life here. It is an advantage to have many interests when you come over, as you can develop them all. There are some people who seem to be little more than animated vegetables, and go about asking what they can do to occupy themselves. Then there are the people who have never been devoted to amusement. At first they continue to seek their accustomed occupations, but there are not many boon companions for them, and they soon reincarnate. It may sound strange to you, but it is quite possible to be bored and lonely over here.

The reaching of your youth was wrong. As for everlasting punishment for those who do not believe certain doctrines, it is strange that educated and thoughtful people could ever entertain a belief in so unjust a retribution, and I simply cannot understand the standpoint of those who teach that an un-christened infant goes to eternal punishment. It is as if you were to hang a child for playing with matches. The child receives the automatic punishment of a burn, but the un-baptised infant is not even responsible for the omission. If anybody should be punished, it should surely be the parents who neglected the ceremony. There are many other errors taught on your side by those in high places, and when they come over here, they suffer remorse for having been so unintelligent, and for having hindered the progress of those whom they presumed to instruct. God has been blamed for many things that are really the

result of man's ignorance and stupidity. The New Messenger will sweep away a lot of cobwebs from the Christian religion – cobwebs that have accumulated year by year until they have choked the original Christian teaching.

I have already told you that we are never ill or out of sorts, and the only work for doctors is dealing with the various forms of soul shock. The people who interest me are most of those who persist in retaining their old beliefs and disbeliefs. There is a man who has been here much longer than I have, and yet he still insists that he is dreaming, and that one day he will wake up to find himself back in his bed on the earth. He says it is rubbish to tell him he is dead when he is so obviously alive, and how could he be alive if his body were dead? I sometimes wonder whether it is not partly a pose. He is very obstinate, and becomes annoyed if one tries to argue with him. “Don't come any of your hallelujah stuff with me,” he said the other day when I asked him whether he realised yet that he had shed his body for ever. “how could I talk to you without a brain?” he retorted. “I may be suffering from sleeping sickness or some rare disease, but the fact that I can see you proves that I am not dead.”

It is often said that we ought not to be called by those on earth. Those who say this should be brought over here to see the numbers of those, usually recently arrived, who are struggling to pierce the veil and make contact with those they love on earth. You have often been told by the guides what a great number there are who are anxious to communicate and who are bitterly disappointed when the power is exhausted before they have had the opportunity to speak. If someone on this side has no wish to communicate with those on our side, there is no power that can compel him to do so. Often it is not that they have any real objection, but that they are completely ignorant of the possibilities.

What you were reading of the guide's remarks about the harmfulness of creeds and dogmas is perfectly true. It is much easier to help the careless who have never troubled to go to a place of worship than it is to make the ecclesiastically-minded leopard change his spots or the positive agnostic realise his mistakes. The boundless self-confidence of both is hard as granite, but I would rather deal with the atheist than with the narrow religious devotee. It is a stage in the individual evolution, and one simply has to wait until he becomes more amenable to reason. It is useless to dash oneself against a brick wall. It is funny, though, when one tries to

reason with a rationalist, for he is convinced that he is the very essence of logic. “My dear sir, “on of these people said to me the other day when I was trying to explain things, “you will never convince me of anything so absurd as the assertion that I have died and come to life again. The idea is manifestly ridiculous and irrational. Once a man is dead, he cannot be alive. I am sure you mean well, but I cannot accept what you say save as the morbid imaginings of an unbalanced mind.” And he went muttering to himself. The religious devotees are even less tolerant, and take the ‘Get thee behind me. Satan,” attitude. Here, again, it is a phase in the evolution of the individual. Not all go through it, fortunately. You and I did not, thus showing our affinity even in this minor matter.

I was present at the coronation to-day. It was a grand ceremony in the Abbey and in the streets, and many of us were looking on. At the church ceremony all the old bishops of history seemed to be present, and some were critical as to details: for instance, they did not approve of the anointing being less thorough, and of course they noticed the absence of the regalia that Cromwell stole. At first I thought I caught sight of the Martyr King, but then I found it was Prince Rupert, who came to look on for a short time. In the Abbey, the ceremony was more attractive to the churchmen than to the soldiers. As the King was being crowned, I say King George the Fifth sitting beside Queen Mary. It was a wonderful sight, and we did not have to wait hours in order to secure a seat. It is an advantage of being rid of the physical body that we can attend any ceremony anywhere, and then you wonder what recreation we have! Naturally, our bodies occupy space in our own sphere, but actually there were not so many from our side as to cause an inconvenient crowd. To many, such things are no longer of interest, just as children discard toys, but I still have a boy’s love of pageantry, shining helmets and silk-coated horses, with all the panoply and ceremonial. There were far fewer of us than of the earth folk, and I stayed to the end, and even watched outside the Palace for a time. I was specially interested, of course, in the gunners in the procession.

I will tell you where we go for our current information. There is a hall with pictures, something like your cine films. They are not operated by electricity, and we can turn them to and fro by the exercise of our will. We can look back on any of the facts of history: for instance, those who did not witness the coronation can see it just

as you do on your films. For the future it is the same, but we cannot always see everything, and when you ask me a question about future events, I cannot always answer, but if I volunteer the information, it is sure to be correct because in that case I have seen it on the screen of the future. Owing to the difference in our way of reckoning time, it is difficult to give exact dates for coming events. I have to judge by the number of other events that unroll themselves, and sometimes I mistake two simultaneous for two consecutive happenings, and so my calculations are thrown out of gear.

Sometimes a definite date is given, as when I forecast to you the end of the Great War. It was given in the form in which I passed it on: II.II.II., and it may surprise you to know that I did not myself understand the significance of these figures. We are not always allowed to give dates, or even to forecast future events. It is not always desirable that certain things should be known, so that there is what you call a news censorship. It is interesting seeing the past and the future, and the actors are even more lifelike than yours, for they are not actors, but the thought-forms of the actual performers. For children, it is a wonderful way of learning the history of the past, and these halls are always well attended.

As to my many activities, you now know some of them, but there are many others connected with matters that I cannot explain because there is nothing comparable on your earth. I sometimes play the nonio, an instrument you do not know. It is not unlike a fiddle, and I play in an orchestra, but I am no great musician and so take only minor parts. As I have often said, there are no dull times here, and we can always find plenty to do, both useful and entertaining. My great pleasure is coming to you and giving you this script. As for those who are carnally-minded, they do find it dull over here, and so, automatically, they return to the earth until they have reached the stage where they are happy here. That is the test. It is not punishment or retribution; it is that you go automatically to the place for which you are suited.

All the teaching about punishment by an angry god is wrong; it is the man himself who prepares his future. Some are almost ready for this sphere and may return to earth only for a very short time. “Those whom the gods love, die young” is a crude way of expressing this truth. There is a woman over here who spends most of her time, as some do, working among the grey spheres. She was a missionary when on your side, and her only interest is in this kind of work. This

is because her affinity is a backward soul, and she tries to teach him to progress so that he may come over here without having to incarnate again. I doubt whether she will succeed, as the man is a backward type, but she spends most of her time trying to help him. He does not yet realise that she is his twin soul, and though he is fond of her, he is often tired of her efforts to improve him. She may be able to shorten the period of his next incarnation. Sometimes a soul from this sphere voluntarily reincarnates in order to help another, and if this man has to return to earth, the woman will probably follow him, possible as his twin, though this is not always allowed.

CHAPTER III Communication with the earth.

When I died, I came to the sphere know as the Summerland. It is not necessarily a place of great happiness at first, especially for people who are as ignorant as I was. I had no particular occupation, and you know how tedious it is to have little or nothing to do. One day I met a man who is an expert in making contact with those left behind. He has been doing this almost ever since he arrived. You do not know him, but on your side he was known as Lord A. We call him Tom and he is an interesting individual, having many tales to tell about his various experiences.

On one occasion he attended a séance where the sitters were unknown to him, and tried to speak in what you call the “ direct voice” . Unfortunately the medium was not in good form, and all Tom could accomplish was an indistinct whisper. The sitters became impatient, not realising that the bad result was due, partly to the ill-health of the medium, and partly to the presence of a new sitter who was not in harmony with the circle. Tom did his best, but all he could achieve was a husky and almost inaudible croak. The circle broke up, and he overheard the sitters criticising the medium. Some said he was a fraud, and others said he was not, but nobody thought of criticising the sitters. The new sitter was the Jonah of the circle, although he was unaware of the fact, and that is why it is important always to ask the guide to pass each new applicant. Red Cloud always does this, as you know, not because he wishes to exclude any particular individual, but because he knows that there are certain people who unconsciously upset the conditions of any

circle in which they sit. More attention should be paid to this matter of the sitters, for as you know, the customary procedure is for the hostess to invite all who are willing to pay the fee, regardless of their psychic suitability.

When Lord A. found that I was interested in this work, he taught me how to take control of the medium's physical organs when he is in trance, and how to show myself on the rare occasions when we find a suitable materialization medium. At first I thought I should never succeed in using somebody else's mouth and lungs, and the getting in and out is as hard for us as this writing was for you when you first began. After much practice, I succeeded in speaking through a medium, but it is not easy to keep control of the physical organs and at the same time recall one's wits and talk sense. You often wonder why we forget such elementary things as our own names and the places we have visited on earth, but you must remember that we have to do two things at once: control the medium, and recall what we wished to say. The sitter often makes things more difficult by his attitude of extreme suspicion, as of a judge interrogating a prisoner. We are bombarded with questions: When and where did we last meet? At what hour did my grand-father die? This kind of cross-examination completely inhibits the power of concentration. It is as though I had returned from Australia after many years' absence, and you began to cross-question me regarding trivial incidents of my childhood. As a matter of fact, this would be far easier, because you would be talking to me face to face, and not through a third person.

I know it is natural for you to want proof of identity but that is not the way to get it. Just talk naturally to the visitor, assuming for the time being that he is the person he claims to be, and you will receive your proof all in good time. The first time I attended a direct-voice sitting, I found that there were so many others waiting for their turn to speak that only a very short period could be allotted to each of us. There was the difficulty of getting used to speaking through the medium's larynx. This you have never tried to do, and believe me, you can have no idea how hard it is at first. By the time I had mastered the technicalities, my time was almost up, and I found that I had forgotten what it was I wanted to say. It is like telephoning at great cost to a distant country, and when at last you are connected, you cannot recall what you have in mind to say. That is why, as a rule, our conversation is so limited. We think out

beforehand what to say in the short time at our disposal and, believe me, it is no easy matter to demonstrate one's immortality in a few brief moments, while all the time we are using an un-familiar instrument.

Just think of a moment if you were speaking to an friend in South Africa, and he persisted in saying: "Is that really you Margaret? Before I accept the fact that you are Margaret Vivian, you must give me clear proof that you are not an imposter!" I assure you that you would be so flabbergasted that you would be able to think of nothing that would convince your friend of your identity. Try it one day on a phone call to a local friend! Apart from the tone of the voice, which is always more or less distorted, there are not many things you could say on the spur of the moment to prove conclusively that you were really speaking, especially if your friend were obsessed with the telepathic theory. The only way I succeeded in convincing *you* was by giving you prophetic utterances and, to do this successfully, one must think it out beforehand, and be careful not to lose the thread when the time arrives.

One day I was talking to a friend, and was on the verge of getting my message through to him, when an intruder pushed me away from what you might call our microphone and began talking rubbish. The guide drove him off, but by the time I was once more in control the time was up, and I heard by earth friend say: "That cannot have been Fred. He would talk sense, and there was nothing evidential in what he said." On your side seem to expect us to go on proving our identity over and over again *ad infinitum*. It is rather disheartening, you know, to be continually regarded as an imposter, and to be bombarded with requests for proof. All one can do is to try to prove one's identity once, and then to renounce these meetings. It was a long time before I found you ready to make contact with me. Your ultra-religious upbringing and your medical education, allied to the character inclined to materialism, made you a difficult subject. I waited until the opportunity came through M.'s mediumship, and now, at last, we can talk together alone.

I must tell you about the affair of the sculptor on your side who was working in his studio, and saw a vision of what he took to be an angelic being. He set to work to make a statue representing the visitor, but he was unable to satisfy his artistic standard, so he took a hammer and broke up the plaster cast. It was a case of second sight, and the visitor was a spirit friend. That artist is a well-known

man, and he will never forget this experience. The interesting point is that the angelic being was myself! I was sorry when I saw his destroy his work, and I did not feel inclined to pose again, since he would no doubt have continued destroying the models.

Of course everything here seems solid to us, and it is your world that seems misty and ghost-like. I have now no difficulty in visiting you, but at first it was a great effort. I could not stay long, as I had not learned to adjust myself to the vibrations of your world, and I felt as if I were being literally choked by the fogs that surround you. I made enquiries as to the methods employed by those who contrive to keep in touch with friends left behind, and I joined a group who were studying the various methods of communication. Here I learned that, with practice and patience on both sides, it is possible to write or speak, or even at times, to show oneself. This is by no means an easy matter. I had to practice building up a thought-form of my own face, and this is difficult unless one possesses considerable artistic ability. Then, when the form is built up from ectoplasm, which must be held together all the time, otherwise it melts and one looks like a snow-man in the sun, one must use this artificial form and speak and move in a strange, clumsy mould. All the time there is the possibility that something may upset the delicate balance of the manifestation, and you can imagine to some extent what it is like by supposing that you are free of your body, and that you are trying to demonstrate your identity through one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures.

As you can imagine, it is not a pleasant experience, and a suitable medium is hard to find. The higher spirits usually prefer to confine their activities to trance speaking, and it is only on rare occasions that the guides materialize. The effort to show myself was so great, and the result too poor that I soon gave it up, and concentrated on the writing whenever I could find a suitable medium. A friend of mine writes in this way, too, and he and I often compare notes. It took him many months to acquire his present fluency, and even now mistakes creep in, and the script is always to some extent coloured by the personality of the medium.

Communicating with the earth is interesting, but the chief obstacle is the apathy of those in your world who are disinclined to devote the necessary time and patience. They are often too busy seeking to accumulate wealth, whilst the religious folk, from whom one would expect the most enthusiasm, generally bristle with prejudice. You

know, it was rather amusing sometimes to be regarded as an evil spirit, just because I sought to help my friends and to teach them something about the new life on which they must all one day embark.

It was one day during the Great War that I made my first attempt to communicate with you, and it was not mere chance that induced you to play with planchette. I have known you for a long time through the ages, and if I wish to do so, I can recall our past lives, though it is not always pleasant reading turning over the pages of time when, as you would put it, we were savages. As you know, the writing was very difficult at first, especially owing to the long intervals when you were not available. In other directions I was sometimes able to help people who were distressed at the loss of their canine friends, and this gave me the idea of making an effort to communicate with others who were able to receive my messages. Sometimes I was successful, and sometimes I was driven off and thought to be a dangerous devil. One day I was going to make an effort to show myself with a dog to a very sorrowful man when, all of a sudden, the room was full of prayers and incense designed to drive off evil spirits, so we did not stay long in that atmosphere. Often, however, I found an awakened soul, and eventually we doglovers formed a band to do much the same kind of work as you Canine Defense League.

It is often supposed that we are able to demonstrate our powers at all times, but you know from your own experience that that is not the case. It is just as difficult for me to control your hand as it is for you to be quite sure that the writing is really inspired by me. The more effort you make, the less I can get through, and you must try to make your brain quite passive.

There are many over here who have no strong a desire to communicate with those left behind that they are always on the look-out for those you call mediums. It may seem strange to you that we seldom know whether we have been successful, and often we have no motion how far we have been able to make our presence known. I have made many efforts to show myself and to speak, but only on rare occasions have I had proof that I had one so. So I decided that writing is the best method, and I think you will agree that it gives the best results, although those on you side who will persevere are few and far between. This is strange in view of the fact that most of you are in constant fear of death. It is regarded as a

privilege to live to a great age but, after all, what is an old age? A few years flit by, and then your earth life is finished, however much you may seek to lengthen it by monkey glands and other artificial means.

I was always anxious to learn how to take my part in the regeneration of the earth, for it is a sad sight to observe, as we do, the lack of interest in everything that concerns the real life. It is as if you were traveling to New Zealand, and you would not take the trouble to consult an atlas to ascertain in which direction it lies, or even to make inquiries as to whether you would ever get there at all. I was a careless young man when I was on your side, but I did sometimes wonder what happened after death, though I had no means of finding out. There are many groups over here working for the awakening of the slumbering earth folk. We have succeeded up to a point, but progress is always slow.

I will tell you a short story about life over here, in order to lighten our discourse. An old man came over here after an earth life that was by no means exemplary. He was a thief who had killed a man during one of his expeditions, and as soon as he arrived here, he met his victim. He did not know how to express his sorrow, but the victim had no ill feelings and told him that he was grateful for his release from a wretched earth life. He knew something about life in the Summerland before he was murdered, as he set to work to teach the old man that he must atone for his bad life, but that the punishment was automatic and not vindictive. After a time, the murderer and his victim became fast friends, and made good progress together. It is not always the apparently good people who get on quickly over here, and what you call sin may occasionally be a beneficent act. Life and vitality are given to you, and you can use them in one of two ways: either you can benefit your soul and spread content among your fellow-creatures, or you can spread the exact opposite and, in so doing, injure yourself.

I do not think you appreciate how astonishing it is that we can write even these few words. You must make your mind as empty as possible; be on the shelf, so to speak, and let me work it. If you can make the effort, the early morning is the best time, when your brain is still half asleep. As you know, it takes years to perfect this writing, and we must persevere and not be discouraged by black days. There is so much that I could tell you if only I could get it through, but it is hard to make you understand. The more I try to give you tests, the

less can I write, and the most difficult thing is to get names though, the mere effort raising a wall between us. Sometimes it is difficult to see what you are doing on account of the thick mist that obscures almost everything. As for hearing what you say, that, too, varies. It is more a transference of thought than actual hearing, and the clarity with which this occurs varies. At first I caught very little of what you said, and this explains some of the jumbled replies. You should always try to project your question clearly to me as if you were a long way off. Emphasise it and repeat it once or twice.

As we get used to life over here, so we gradually forget a great deal of our earth life, which fades, just as you have forgotten much that took place when you were a child. Things that seemed terribly important are no longer of interest, and that is sometimes why we find it difficult to recall names and events that you expect us to give as tests. The need for these tests is passing, as more and more people realise the truth of Survival. We can of course consult the records, but when we attend a séance, we have generally prepared a kind of set piece, and when we are catechised on other matters, we often cannot recall them. As we make progress over here, so we get further away from the earth except where a strong love holds us. Your parents, for instance, have no strong link now except through you. They have become absorbed in other things and would not be able to give you tests regarding earthly matters. I can sometimes forecast a coming event, but only when I have made a special effort beforehand. I am not omniscient, and I must consult the time-film when I wish to see the earth's future. The more we advance, the less we care for earth matters, and so it is usually recently deceased folk that communicate, except when a highly-evolved spirit makes a special effort to help the human race. You must remember that your earth is not the only pebble on the beach. I have made many visits to other planets, and it was absorbingly interesting.

Civilization is in a very bad way. The ignorant souls who reincarnate dominate the powers, and all the discoveries that might to the relief of suffering and the betterment of social conditions for the multitudes, are concentrated on new methods of destruction. We try to help from this side, but the mediums through whom we can send our messages are few and far between. We need many more, but there is also man's free will that prevents us from intervening and stopping the carnage. As you know, it is impossible to destroy life, but those who devise these horrors imagine that they can do so,

and this had a cumulative affect on human character. Murder is condoned when it takes place in way, and I cannot understand why the civilized nations do not combine to put an end to it.

As for the argument that we do not exist because you cannot see us, it would be just as reasonable for us to say that you are dream figures, the far-away myths of folk lore, because we, too, have difficulty in seeing you until we have learned the technique of communication. As well say that a man in America does not exist because he is invisible to you. There are lots of people you have never seen, and yet you know for a fact that they exist. Similarly, you ought to know that we are real because: 1. Credible persons have seen and heard and felt us; 2. It is no less reasonable to presume the existence of an etheric body than to believe in the reality of the atom which nobody has seen, or the etheric waves that bring you your wireless music. Our etherialisations are allied to television, and you know how fleeting they often are because there is insufficient power to hold the line, as you would put it. Thought is far more powerful than muscle; in fact, when properly controlled, it is all-powerful and can remove mountains.

In order to help those in distress, I still sometimes attend séances when I am asked to do so by the controls or guides. I have a certain amount of experience in this work, and just as you call in an expert in your own subject, so I am summoned to help with communications. The other day I was called to a séance where everything was at a standstill, mainly owing to the distress of a sitter. I was able to intimate this, and when the sitter had withdrawn from the circle, we were able to send him a message from his wife. The sitter was then readmitted, and all was well. Strong emotion acts as a barrier that often cannot be surmounted, and it is a fact that the calm and placid type is the best sitter.

CHAPTER IV The Dark Spheres

The division of the world to come into spheres or belts is purely artificial, and there is no fixed line of demarcation. They merge one into the other, and so there are countless grades of happiness. The story of the “great gulf fixed between me and thee” is purely a metaphor, and the gulf consists in the barrier formed by the state of progress of the soul. Just as I should be like a fish out of water in a higher sphere, so the ignorant but self-orientated prelates, when they come over, would be out of place here. Everybody goes automatically where he belongs, and nothing can alter this.

Yesterday I visited one of the dark spheres, and it made so deep an impression on my mind that I feel I must tell you about it. Those who are the most difficult to help are those who have had the opportunity of learning the truth, but have deliberately rejected it. Those who are either ignorant, or what you would call wicked, are not so difficult, because they reincarnate very soon and so pass through another stage of evolution. They are little above the level of animals, and must evolve before they are capable of learning very much over here. But those who know the truth and deliberately reject it are very hard to deal with.

I met one of these men who, when on your side, suppressed every spiritual instinct and made those around him unhappy and discontented. He was rich and prosperous, but his wealth came from the sweated labour of the poor and from what you call “sharepushing.” I found him sitting alone in a wretched little hut, very angry because he could not understand where he was or why he could not enjoy the pleasures that meant so much to him. At first he scarcely answered when I spoke to him, but eventually I induced him to talk. I did my best to help him, but it will take a long time to get him out of his present state. After a time he talked more readily, and I was surprised when he told me that he was genuinely happy when on your side, and that he never had the slightest misgiving as to the manner in which he obtained the bulk of his money: by preying on the foolish and inducing them to invest their savings in worthless speculations. He had a relative who was an enlightened soul and who had often tried to interest him in spiritual things.

For a short time he had associated himself with Spiritualist circles, but he soon decided that the acquisition of wealth was more

important than an investigation of what happens after death, so he gave up prayer in order to have more time for preying on his fellowmen. He died suddenly, as the result of a seizure, and when he woke, he found himself all alone on a dreary expanse of moorland. It was foggy and depressing, and for some time he wandered about, wondering whether he had been kidnapped or shipwrecked, or whether he had lost his memory. I talked to him and tried to explain how he could improve his condition, but he insisted that all he wanted was to return to his earth life. I promised to do all I could to help him, and as a matter of fact, he is with me to-day, looking on while I write. The only advantage, as far as he is concerned, is that he now realises that he has died and that his money is of no further use to him. I was asked to visit him by one of his few friends, who had tried in vain to help him. When he grasps the fact that his selfishness is the direct cause of his present state, he will begin to progress. He will of course have to pass through more than one further incarnation, and next time he will not enjoy a life of luxury, but will probably have to toil as a hard-working peasant.

On another occasion I went to see a relative of one of the dog owners on this side. When on earth, this relative was a most selfish individual, and never in his life helped anybody, although he was rich in money and high in position. My friend the dog-love, whom we will call Frank, asked me to accompany him. His dog, a big retriever not unlike your Lon, came with us. As you know, we have no difficulty in traveling, and when the dogs have learned the method, they can come too. I taught mine by first going very short distances, just out of sight, and then sending him a mental message to follow me. The dog was puzzled at first, but soon learned to travel short distances by the power of thought. Then I went further off, until the dog could come any distance and now I merely have to say: "I am going on a journey," and the dog understands perfectly, just as yours know the meaning of the word "car".

Well, we set off for the dark spheres, and the first time we were accompanied by one of the guides, as we did not know what to expect, nor had we any knowledge of the best way to help the man we were to visit. There are various grades of the dark spheres, some more depressing than others. In the lowest parts, the inmates do not stay long, being so degraded and blind to all but their evil desires that they are soon sent back to matter in order that they may learn their lessons over again. The man we were visiting was not a

blackguard of this description, and he was in one of the less dreary parts. What struck me most was the absence of flowers and birds and sunshine. We found ourselves on a desolate stretch of sand by the sea that was rolling up in sullen, leaden waves. There was a high bank of rocks cutting off the mainland, just as you may see on your coasts. Among the rocks were dark caves, and at the entrance of one of them was the man we sought. He stood looking out to sea, and when he caught sight of us, he came forward.

Frank greeted him cordially, and introduced me as a lover of dogs. Many people were wandering along the shore, and some tried to throw stones at our dog, while others were rowing in small boats. They all seemed unhappy and gloomy, and Frank's relative had little to say beyond complaining of the conditions in which he found himself. He had not been over here very long, but he realised that he had shed his physical body, and his main grievance was remorse that he had not done more with his earth life. "This is a dismal hole," he said, "and I do not like my neighbours. They grumble all the time and are in no way companionable." I asked him whether he had many visitors from other spheres. "A few," he replied, "but they never stay long, as there is nothing to attract them here. Would you like to see where I live?" and he led the way to his cave home.

As caves go, it was not bad, but I should not care for it as a permanent dwelling. There was a bed made of moss and seaweed, and our host was beginning to learn how to obtain what he needed, by the power of thought. "I made a cocktail the other day, will you try one, gentlemen?" we neither of us knew what he meant, cocktails being unknown in our day, but we concluded it was some kind of refreshment, and we thought it might seem discourteous to refuse. He poured out a pale, brown liquid into some tall wineglasses, and although, to us, it tasted like brackish water, he seemed to find it pleasant and sipped it appreciatively. "It is customary to give each cocktail a distinctive name," he remarked, "and I call this one 'the cave-man's remorse'!"

He then produced some cigarettes, which he offered us, but we declined and soon took our leave. "Where is our guide?" I exclaimed, realising for the first time that he was no longer with us.

"Here I am," replied a familiar voice, and to my surprise, our friend walked beside us as we climbed the slope. "I purposely made myself invisible," he went on, "because your friend is not yet ready for the

help that I will give him later. You are puzzled because he apparently enjoyed a liquid that, to you, was tasteless. It is a good illustration of the power of thought. To him, it was a potent drink that stimulated his energies and made him cheerful, but to you who are unfamiliar with these concoctions, it is unattractive and tasteless. If he had offered you a whisky-and-soda, you would have been more appreciative, and if you had accepted his cigarettes, you would have found them perfectly genuine. It is his strong desire for these things that enables him to produce them, but the desire for material things soon passes, as you both know from your own experience. The earth people were very critical of similar remarks made by the son of a well-known scientist, when he declared that he was able to enjoy cigars and whisky soon after his passing. But Raymond spoke the truth, and anything that a newly arrived spirit desires is his for the asking, without money and without price, merely by means of constructive thought.”

I have been telling you about the grey spheres, and to-day I want to say more about the lowest “hells,” as they call them on your side. These are not, as your clergy teach you, reserved for the un-baptised and for un-believers; they are merely the automatic result of very evil lives. There are many people who, though quite ignorant concerning spiritual matters, are ready to learn when they have the opportunity, and they would be out of place in the dark spheres. Those who spend a certain time there are those who have lived evil lives, preying on their fellows, and entirely devoid of a redeeming spark of kindness. Gangsters who have no respect for human life, white slave traffickers, dope peddlers, and all who have sought to enrich themselves through the misery of others. These must learn their lesson, and sooner or later will have to reincarnate, but before they can derive any benefit from another earth life, they must suffer as the direct consequence of their evil ways.

This is what has given rise to the idea of hell fire, and like most wide-spread beliefs, it has a substratum of truth. There are a few individuals so degraded, so lost to all decency, that they do not survive, but are reabsorbed into the life-essence like the lowly animals. Their evil spirit is, as it were, diluted in the cosmic melting-pot, and they cease to exist as individuals. This has been called the second death, but there are not many who have no redeeming grace. This is another of your stock phrases that has a real meaning. If there is a spark of love for others, or a desire for

progress, the individual may atone for his past and gradually rise out of the black depths of his depravity. There are people over here who spend much time trying to help these souls in prison, and it is from one of these missionaries that I have learned about these lowest grades of humanity. But if a depraved soul does not respond, and continues to harm the incarnate by prompting them to evil, or even by taking possession of their bodies, then it is better for all concerned that he should be annihilated. In this sense only can life be destroyed; the life-essence persists, but not the individual.

Between our Summerland and the dark spheres, there is a grey, indeterminate region where sometimes people spend a considerable time after leaving the dark spheres. There is little colour, and everything is flat and dreary and monotonous. It suits the temperament of its inhabitants, who have not quite reached the stage where they would feel at home here. Sometimes I visit this region, but it is harder to help the people there than those in the lower spheres. There is no hard and fast line of demarcation between these lower regions, and it is really the last phase of life in the sphere below the Summerland. I have used the words “above” and “below” in order to make you understand, although there is no real space division; they merge into one another.

Last time I went there I took a dog to see his mistress, who will soon be coming over here. She is trying to help her son, a ne’er-do-well in the darker spheres, but she will soon realise that she will do well to leave him for a time. I tried to explain this to her, and I told her that he will have to live another earth life, but she would not hear of it. “I do not believe in reincarnation,” she said. “If only he can be converted and made to realise that Christ died for his sins, he will be a new man.” That kind of evangelical teaching is very hard to eradicate, and I would sooner deal with an out-and-out infidel than with one of these fundamentalists who regard any other teaching as emanating from the devil himself. You might as well try to remove mountains as to clear away the results of this teaching for some souls.

CHAPTER V Astral Travel

When you sleep, you often come over here. But you have forgotten it when you wake. I meet you on the border-line, and while the cord that attaches you to your physical body is unbroken, we roam about over here. You come to our house, and I explain all the things I cannot put into words when we are writing. Then, when the time has passed, too quickly always, I take you back and you wake up. Sometimes your dreams are mere ramblings of the unconscious, but very occasionally I am able to imprint on your mind some event that is about to happen, especially if it is needed as a warning. This explains what you call prophetic dreams.

We follow many and varied pursuits together during your sleep. We have traveled all over your world, and we have explored the Summerland. It is owing to this impressing of your unconscious mind that I am able to produce this script. All that is described in it is within your own experience, but you have forgotten it until I press the switch and turn on the light. The main difficulty is the jumble of thoughts that flit through your brain, but you are now better able to attend to what I try to impress, without trying to forecast the next sentence. The how and the wherefore of this our contact is easily explained. I have told you how I do it; and you know why: so that you may write it down and help others to glimpse the future.

We have been traveling together, and I will try to tell you where we have been. It was a new journey for you; it was an important advance, as I had never before been able to take you so far afield. First we sped through space and saw the stars growing larger and larger, and finally we landed on one of the nearest planers. It is a mere husk of volcanic matter and no living thing could exist there. Millions of years ago, it was inhabited like your earth, but internal combustion destroyed it. I must remind you of the wonderful feeling of flitting through space and seeing your earth as a globe, just as you see geographical details as a whole from an airplane.

To be alone together in space is an awe-inspiring experience, and I am glad that you have accomplished it. I try to describe to you our doing of the previous night because the details are clearer in your subconscious. That is the technique: I show you in your sleep what I am going to describe for your book, but you will have to cut out repetitions here and there, though you will find some useful facts

among the chaff. At one stage of our journey, we met some of the friends that you have made on this side during your nightly visits. They were having a joy-ride, too, and we joined them. We did not stay long on the old planet, as there is no life there, and the chief interest lay in the journey through space.

At first it was alarming for you, having had no previous experience of astral travel so far afield, to be hurtling through space. You ask how there can be any real thrill, since danger, which is the spice of life, is absent, over here. Danger to the physical body is certainly absent, but we enjoy other exhilarating experiences. You might as well argue that the adult animal longs for the thrill of the dangers of babyhood. Those earth dangers are part of the training that can be gained only in your earth life, and what you call the thrill is really joy, anticipatory or retrospective, at the prospect of overcoming difficulties. Unless there were some joy in conquering them, nobody would face them, and so their educational value would be lost. We need no spice of danger here to spur us to take risks, because there are no physical risks as you understand them. I can never have the excitement of danger *per se*, because my body cannot be injured, but I have other thrills that are just as fascinating, and you shared one last night when we sped together through space.

In the same way, there is no need for pain here, which on your side is of course protective in nature.

It is a fact that most of us are puzzled when we arrive here, but it is surprising how quickly we adapt ourselves to the new conditions. If you could recall what you see when you come over in your sleep, you would not be so puzzled. I am with you then, but it fades from your memory when you wake. A few people are able to remember part of what they see over here during sleep, but, as far as I know, this is a special gift like that of mediumship. It is not a matter of will-power, or all would remember, and I wish I could help you to acquire this gift.

CHAPTER VI Animals

With regard to the animals, I will try to put together some information on this subject. As you know, life cannot be extinguished, and the life even of a caterpillar that is trodden under foot continues after death. But the caterpillar has not evolved to a sufficiently high state to survive as an individual, so the life principle reverts to what we may call the cosmic melting-pot, when come the living part of all creatures including man.

It is only when you come to the highly developed animal that has learned to love and be loved that individual survival supervenes. After all, man *is* at the top of the animal creation, however much you may dislike this fact, and he can confer immortality on the lower animals by his love and training. Animals survive up to a point, but they are not found in the higher spheres where the conditions would be unsuitable for them. It is a fact that as we progress, we leave the spheres where there are animals, but this need not worry you, since you can always visit them, and if you were still as devoted to them, it would mean that you would not have evolved to the point of going to the higher sphere.

My contact with the earth plane and my love for the demonstrate clearly that I am not yet ready for a move; moreover, I wish to wait for you. Your earth life is so short that you cannot realise that you may remain hundreds or even thousands of years in the Summerland. To watch even a hundred years of human development is very interesting, and sometimes we see the germ of an idea beginning here and then being passed on to a suitable person on the earth. Even in your short life, you have seen immense changes, and you sometimes wonder what your parents would think of modern developments. Well, you need not wonder, for they watch with great interest, and it will be just as thrilling for you to watch the next century's evolution when you come over.

As I have already told you, by the time you reach the high spheres, you no longer desire the company of animals. Red Cloud, for instance, is never accompanied by an animal, though in the lower spheres he had his horses with him.

The pet animals that come to the Summerland are always puzzled and distressed because they cannot find their lost masters. It is sad to see them running about looking for their owners, and that is

where I come in. I will tell you how I came to start the canine fellowship, a kind of replica of your Canine Defense League. One day with when I was in the animal sphere, I found other animal-loving visitors. They told me that we could take back with us dogs that were grieving for their owners, and keep them for a time at any rate, just as you take strays from a dog's home. But I found that I should have a vast number if I took all those needing human companionship, so we held a meeting and decided to found a kind of dog's society. Each member takes himself, or herself, responsible for one or more animals and takes them home for the whole or part of each day. We take it in turn to be in charge of the dog's home.

You are always asking how we occupy ourselves, and this is one of the many things that we do. Often those who look after the dogs get in touch with their owners, just as I did with you, and help them to understand that their pets are not dead. Then we take the dogs to meet their owners when the latter come over here, and I often take an animal to the rest houses, where they sleep until they have recovered from the shock of physical death. There was an Alsatian that would not make friends with anybody, and snarled at us when we took him to the dog's home. At last he learned that he could not injure us or any of the other dogs, and now he is polite though distant when I go to take him out. You see, we have to be responsible for these animals, so that they do not make themselves a nuisance to those who do not like dogs, and a clever animal soon learns that he can get through the doors of the kennels by concentrating his attention on so doing.

Then there are other animals such as monkeys, cats, birds and other pets that need care when they come to our sphere. There are certain people who cannot help disliking and fearing animals, so that there has to be a part where animals do not come, a kind of "out-of-bounds" for them, otherwise even you would not like it if you met a pet rat or snake. My father, for instance, still has a horror of cats, and so he never goes into the region where they live. Dogs, of course, far outnumber the other animals, and there are not many dog-haters. Other animals go to the animal sphere, where there is no quarrelling or fighting. The lion lies down with the lamb and so forth. Sometimes a newcomer, following old instinct, tries to chase a weaker animal, but he soon learns that he cannot harm it, and so peace reigns. At first the lamb may be frightened when he sees the lion, but that, too, passes.

The great majority of the lower animals are simply reabsorbed into the essence of life, the cosmic melting-pot as some call it; this life-essence is drawn upon for new incarnations, so that in the case of the lowly animals their individuality does not persist, although nothing can destroy the life-essence. All the beasts that are slaughtered every day for man's food and clothing, or for what he calls sport, are not killed in the sense you mean, since the life-essence of the smallest insect is immortal. I used often to visit the animal sphere, but now I have plenty to do with the care of the pet animals in my own sphere.

People when they come over here, are often surprised to find their animals waiting for them: dogs, cats, horses, donkeys, birds, monkeys, etc., and sometimes even so lowly a thing as a tortoise or mouse. It is, of course, necessary that certain animals should be killed on your side by other animals or by men, otherwise they would eat up all your food, and there is naturally no reason why you should not spray fruit trees in order to destroy pests. Rats and rabbits must be kept down, and so long as the method is quick and painless, it is man's duty to keep down pests. What is wrong and retards the evolution of the individual is cruelty, deliberate cruelty, for which the automatic penalty is severe. The same thing applies to the higher animals, and it is kinder to drown a little of puppies before they have opened their eyes, than to let them grow up and become unwanted strays.

All the animals that come to the Summerland are specially loved pets, but there are many that have been in contact with man that were not pets, domesticated animals, in fact. These go to the animal sphere, and we animal-lovers can visit them when we like. Many domestic animals would be entirely at a loss without man's company, and many soldiers killed in war spend much of their time in the animal sphere with their old equine friends. I know one sergeant who at first went regularly to groom and feed his battery team, and it was some time before he understood that they no longer needed corn. I met him one day wandering about, looking for the forage store.

"What is it, Sergeant?" I asked, and he told me that he could not find the stores for his team. "they are in a nice field resting," he said, "and they have a shed to sleep in and a running stream, but horses cannot work without their corn." So I showed him where to get it, and for a time he fed the animals regularly. It was useless

explaining that his horses would never have to pull the guns again, but gradually he came to realise that both he and his team had shed their physical bodies. Cows, too, and sheep are often looked after by farm hands, and I remember a particularly savage bull that attacked everybody who came near him. He had killed a farm lad, and was shot while goring his victim. It was quite a long time before he understood that he could not longer injure anybody, and that nobody was afraid of him. Some animals survive in the animal sphere for some considerable time, but eventually they are reabsorbed into the etheric storehouse, whence sooner or later they go to make up other incarnate creatures. The millions of birds, rabbits, fishes, insects, etc., that are killed every day on your side, all pass fairly quickly into the cosmic storehouse.

There is an old man over here (when I say “old” I mean that he was old when he came over, since nobody is old here) who dislikes animals. He is not really a bad sort, but when we come across him, we animal-lovers usually make ourselves invisible, or else we make the animals invisible. One day he came to my house, and for a moment I forgot his aversions to animals, so that he was greeted by all the dogs jumping up and barking. He was so startled that he fell down unconscious, and it took me all my time to bring him round. Meanwhile, I sent the animals for a run, telling them to keep away until I called them. Then, while he was still unconscious, I suggested to him that he should forget the whole episode. I was not sure whether I should be successful, but it turned out all right, for when he woke he did not even know that he had been unconscious. His fear of dogs is a physical condition persisting from his earth life, and brought about by a subconscious factor, just as you fear rats, mice and snakes.

Your dog looks on while I write; he so much wants to join in, but as we are restricted to this somewhat cumbersome means of communication, poor Lon is left out, except as regards his being often with you, which is his great joy. Had you the power to see, you would know that in all other respects he is equal and free in spirit. After all, what does the mere seeing amount to? You are so anxious to see and hear and touch, and apparently you cannot be satisfied with the knowledge that your dogs are often with you, I think that, without seeing, you will eventually overcome your skepticism, and it is unnecessary for me to warn you against the opposite extreme of superstition, which veils truth and obscures reason.

It is sometimes stated that even plants and minerals have an elementary form of spirit, but to me the existence of the ego, the thing we really love in a human or an animal, is a proof that the physical body is not the individual. You may love a rose or a ruby, or even a house, but in that case you are attracted solely by the physical image which pleases you owing to its beauty. But you love your dog whether he be handsome or the reverse, and sometimes you love him all the more when he has grown old and ungainly, and to a stranger is perhaps very unattractive. You love his personality behind the physical coat, and this surely shows that an animal's spirit is entirely different from that attributed to an inanimate object, regarding which the very word "inanimate" indicates its soullessness.

Let me tell you the story of a dog-owner who came over here recently. She was a very religious woman, and she was convinced that animals have no soul. And so would not believe that the dogs I brought to meet her were real. She insisted that she must be dreaming, and that she would soon wake to find herself back on the earth. I was asked to talk to her and try to explain things. You do not realise the harm that is done by false teaching; her thoughts were so firmly fixed on the lines of orthodox Christianity that she could not accept conditions as she found them, and it was not until I found a clergyman who had been over here some time, and who knew her in her childhood, that she would believe that she passed out of matter.

I brought her dogs to her once more, and instead of rejecting the evidence of her eyes, she realised at last that they were her lost pets. The clergy have a lot to answer for in misleading the people – blind leaders of the blind – and willfully blind because they have had the opportunity of knowing the truth and have rejected it. Instead of being teachers when they arrive here, they mostly have to take their seats in the infant class, and learn the elementary lesson that they are profoundly ignorant. Many reincarnate immediately, because they are unfit for the Kingdom of Heaven. As for your prelates, they are the least enlightened of all, and when they find themselves over here, they are bewildered and ashamed because they had the opportunity of receiving the light, but rejected it contemptuously.

The aftermath of the wrongs suffered on the earth by the animals is shown in the restlessness of the world. As for those brutes that are cruel from a lust for cruelty, and not from ignorance, they will pay

the penalty in a new incarnation. This perhaps explains why some people suffer more than others on your side; it is a case of automatic retribution.

It is sometimes said that all animals are psychic, but I have found that the mediumistic animal is as rare as the mediumistic human, and it is astonishing how seldom dogs or cats see us when we visit you. Dog owners who have passed over often want to comfort the animal left behind, but it is seldom that the dog is aware of the beloved's presence. Very occasionally an animal sees what you call a ghost; he is not necessarily afraid of the apparition, but he cannot understand why it is so evanescent. The difficulty of sending a message to an animal is of course very great, and when it is pining for its master or mistress, we sometimes help it to come over quickly. You see, we have not your horror of death, because we know that nobody ever wishes to return to the earth from this sphere. From the dark spheres, many would like to return, and this is why so many undeveloped souls reincarnate. The more highly evolved spirits do so only for some special reason, so that lowly souls are constantly pouring back into your world, and this accounts for the idea that all men are miserable sinners. Many of them *are* sinners, and that is why they are back in matter.

One day I was resting when I received a message from a poor soul who was in trouble about her dog. It was a most attractive mongrel, and it had been run over by a car. I went at once to find it in the animal sphere, and after a short interval to enable it to recover from the shock, I took it to a séance and succeeded in demonstrating it to the owner. She was delighted but it was not long before she too passed over, and now she has it in her own home. It is a friendly little soul, and had made friends with our dogs. As soon as animals are able to show themselves, they cease to fret, for they feel that they are once more in contact with the beloved.

CHAPTER VII Time and the Future

You have often asked me how we keep appointments with you or with one another, since our perception of time is so different from yours. It is not correct to say that we have no means of measuring time. What we mean when we say that we have no "time" here is that we do not count years, months, weeks or days as you do. The sun does not rise and set, and we have no extremes of heat or cold, but we have a measurement that is different from yours, and this makes your time very puzzling to us. With you, it is merely a convenient measure recording the number of times the sun has risen or set, but for us this is unnecessary. I do not know how old I am unless I calculate your years, but since we never grow old, it is of little interest to keep a record of how many times your sun has risen and set since we arrived here, but if we wish to calculate your years or days, we have to do a sum just as you do when you wish to convert Centigrade to Fahrenheit.

We do not need dates because, when we make an appointment, it is automatically registered in our minds, and as the personality develops, so the power of automatically registering facts we wish to recall increases. It is not easy to explain, but when we arrange to meet on a certain day, when the time comes, the other fellow flashes a signal and summons us. I see your flash if I am otherwise occupied, but for a regular appointment I come without any summons, and often I am ready waiting for you when you are late in spite of your many clocks. A man on this side is not limited by a lifetime of a given number of years, and that is perhaps why you have got the notion that time is of no importance here. But we are punctual always. The only way we may miss an appointment is if we are suddenly called away for something important on your side, but as our ties with the earth become looser, such a summons become rarer.

Every earthly object has its spiritual counterpart, and I have counterparts of all your antiques, though naturally, I have no counterpart of your umbrella or mackintosh. Experts over here produce mechanisms that are far more wonderful than yours, but they work on different lines and with different materials. I have a much better watch than yours, but it indicates our time. As you pay for it, we have our own method of exchange; we do not pay in

hard cash or coin of the realm, but we exchange service of some kind, or something that we can spare that is useful to the other person.

We have our times of rest, and during sleep we learn to know something of the life in the sphere beyond the one in which we live, although on waking, we forget much of this information, just as you do.

As you know, we often get a glimpse of the future, but this is not as important to us as it is to you. At the moment I foresee a world catastrophe, not universal war, but something that will bring great danger to civilization. The modern way of waging war is coming near to the extermination of the race, a kind of Kil-kenny cat business, where everybody bombs everybody else, until the last planes crash in flames and the human race perishes. That, of course, is an exaggeration, but there is a sinister possibility of the great cities being wiped out and all the elaborate system of civilization destroyed. In some ways it would be an advantage to the race, as man would have to start afresh, leading the simple life once more. This is a possibility I see in the futures: man's inhumanity to man brought to such perfection that whole countries will be devastated with bombs and gases and death-rays.

Recorder's note: the above was written in September, 1937.

It is a very difficult subject, this matter of foreseeing the future. I gave you the analogy of the cine film because that was the only way to make you understand, but the cine roll can be changed, and that is why I always qualify my forecasts by saying "as things are at present," or "as far as I can judge." Coming events cast their shadows certainly, but human free-will is always apt to spring a surprise. Concerning a way, for instance, all the indications may be that a war will break out, but there is always the possibility that other influences may succeed in averting it. Your friend's analogy was very apt when she said that the incorrect forecasts about this war were partly due to the pictures we saw of an undamaged England and France and Germany. But I feared that peace would not be preserved, and that was why I warned you that war was in the air, but *might* be averted.

Recorder's note: On the 3rd of October, 1938, the following message was received: "it would be fruitless to make an honourable but inconclusive peace. I am coming to the conclusion that Hitler does up

not truly desire the peace of Europe, and we must make every effort to make England safe. The truth is not always to our liking, but there it is.” We inquired whether he meant that war would break out at once. He replied: “That is unlikely, as he has what he wants for the moment, but I distrust his offers of general appeasement.” Three weeks later, we received the following message: “The time approaches when the price will have to be paid in men, money and comfort, but eventually I see a strong England again, holding her own in world affairs. It is so easy to be in that state where one cannot see the forest for the trees. The situation should be viewed, not as a close-up, but in proper perspective. Excessive expenditure on armaments will keep you poor, but it is inevitable. You will see many developments in the next twelve months that will give you plenty of outlets for your energy and service.”

To this I interposed: “But since there will be no war in England for years, *cui bono?*” The pencil flew over the paper, returning to underline important words: “I have never made the statement that there will be no war *ever, ever*. Years? Oh, no! Rumours of war and even *war*. It is all around you, and the basis of life in England during the coming months will be *war*. England will have a hard fight in 1939 – 1940 to maintain her possessions and keep her end

Early in November, 1938, he wrote again as follows: “The more I see of the European situation, the less I like it. On my way to-day, I remembered that I must be more explicit about my forecast, as I fear I have caused you anxiety. All the war threats *may* be dispersed, or they may come to a head. Those over here are striving to prevent war, and they may succeed at the last moment.”

CHAPTER VIII Curative Effect of Colour

I have a story for you that will illustrate the effect of colour. A fragile flower was bending on its stem, and all its fragrance had gone. The owner happened to put it in a room where the only light was purple, and this flower, reddish-yellow in colour, began to revive. This was due to the complementary action of the colour rays. Try it and see for yourself.

The effect of colours is very much neglected on your side, and you might try various colours on your patients. Get an orange-red bulb for those who are depressed, and blue for those who are excitable. Your green walls are soothing to those who are agitated and worried. This is well known over here, and in all our hospitals the colour treatment is used. Among our patients there was a man who was insane on your side, and when anyone had been insane throughout his earth life, it is often necessary to give him prolonged treatment when he has passed on. As with you, there is sometimes a diversity of opinion among the doctors.

A newcomer to the medical staff was doubtful concerning the value of ray treatment, and wished to confine his efforts to suggestive attempts to rouse the patient from his lethargy. The head physician agreed that the new doctor should try his own method for a short time, and when it proved almost useless, he came in one day and ordered the use of coloured rays. The effect was surprising. The patient sat up in bed for the first time and spoke, asking where he was. The effects on the brain being disused throughout the earth life is to make the owner like a child who has to learn all over again how to use his limbs after a serious illness, during which their use has been inhibited. The colour treatment is far more complicated than you would suppose from the very rough idea I have given you. Various shades are used, and it needs experience to know which exact tone should be used in a given case.

I have been studying these colour rays of late, and that is why I think it may interest you to hear about them. In the case of purple, for instance, all the many different shades are used according to the nature of the case. We have more colours than you have, for we can see the infra-red and ultra-violet shades, all of which have their names and their therapeutic values. I have

seen a patient brought into the hospital raving in a kind of delirium, and after the

application of the correct shade of violet lamp he has fallen into a deep sleep and continued to progress to complete recovery. It is through the skin that the effects are produced, but unless the patient is wearing a garment of a colour that clashes with the shade you are using, you need not strip him. Green pyjamas, for instance, would tend to neutralize a red lamp, but if the patient is wearing a flimsy nightdress of a pastel or white tone, the rays will penetrate. But if you can get as much surface of skin as possible exposed to the light, so much the better. Now let us take the colours seriatim.

ORANGE. – the chief effect of the yellow and orange shades is to rouse the despondent and idle, and restore energy to the listless. They are the most powerful of the colour rays, with the exception of red. The main use to which we put them over here is to rouse those who sleep too long on their arrival. Some would sleep until what they would call the judgment day, and our doctors use various means to wake them. They would wake of their own accord eventually, but they might slumber for thousands of your years, and often there is a friend or relative anxiously waiting for the patient to be roused. The rays work by stimulating the brain cells, and the first result is that the patient can be roused for short periods, which gradually lengthen. Some patients resent being roused, and in one case, where there is nobody specially anxious for her awakening, the doctors gave up their efforts, and for all I know to the contrary, that woman is still asleep. She was so positive that she had to sleep until the last trumpet that nothing could rouse her. This shows you that false teaching has a concrete result.

RED. – When you use a red light, you must be careful not to do so in the case of a patient who has strong mediumistic power, or you may find that he will be controlled by some discarnate spirit. As you know, a red lamp is used in séances for physical phenomena, not only because it enables the sitters to see what is going on, but because it helps the medium to go into trance. You yourself have no power to produce these phenomena, so that there is no risk of your being controlled. The moment you find the patient becoming controlled to the slightest degree, stop the red ray treatment and do not attempt it again.

GREEN. – The main use of green is to soothe the irritable and to help the fidgety to control their restlessness. For epileptics a daily dose of green light often considerably reduces the frequency of the attacks. Patients who are too restless to occupy themselves are often

benefited by green rays. If you test the various shades of green, you will find that the more the patient needs soothing, the bluer should be the light, and *vice versa*, the yellow green lamp being useful for those who need stimulating, not so much physically as mentally. This type of patient is self-centred and fussy, and selfish with regard to food and physical comfort.

I saw a man being treated by this means on our side. He was one of those egotists who are always right in their own eyes, and he ridiculed the idea that he had died and was living in a new world of spirit. “There is no such thing,” he said, “don’t talk nonsense. How can I be dead when I am very much alive?” And he threw out his chest and swung his powerful limbs. He was left for a time to adjust himself, but one day a relative begged our doctors to help him, adding that he was now willing to be treated. He had begun to realise that there was something about this new existence that he could not understand, and he admitted that he was in need of help. So we put him in the yellow-green room, and gradually increased the strength of the rays. He is improving and will soon be a much happier man.

Sometimes we have failures, but not often, as the doctors here know whether they can do anything for a given case, and undertake only those that will derive benefit. But occasionally they treat a patient in order to satisfy a friend, when the patient should really have been left to rest longer. I have seen one or two such cases, and sometimes the patient gets tired of the treatment, despising it for its apparent simplicity.

BLUE is one of the most soothing of colours, and even in your world, is used in medical treatment. The ultra-violet ray owes a large part of its sedative effect to the colour value, and, as you know, can be useful as a hypnotic. The difference between blue and violet is one only of degree, and when we reach those ultra-violet rays that are beyond your ken, we get the perfect anaesthetic, just as among the infra-red shades we find rays that are powerful enough almost to raise the dead.

To return to our blue lamp, if you were to substitute blue for red during this writing, you would find that we should get nothing at all, since blue definitely inhibits psychic power. Consequently, in haunted houses, where no other means of laying the ghost are available, temporary quietude could be obtained by means of blue

lamps. In medicine, the blue rays are used over here for allaying fears, and the kind of *à me en peine*, of whom you have had some experience, is soothed by this means. It is strange to me that, in the asylums on your side, this method of treating excitable patients has not been tried. The effects of the various shades of blue and violet vary only in degree. One of the obvious advantages of the colour treatment is that you can do not possible harm, and the patient's relatives could not possibly object to it use. The more likely obstacle is the usual one of regarding it as too simple to be affective on the lines of the biblical personage who was reluctant to cure his leprosy by bathing in the river.

CHAPTER IX The Messenger

This might be the title of one of the last chapters in our book. I will tell you about him. He is the incarnation of a high spirit who has taken up the task of helping the earth, now in a very bad way. All this killing is becoming wholesale scientific murder, and must be stopped. It is a sad demonstration of the backwardness of your civilisation that the nations should be destroying one another, and constantly sending over here thousands of undeveloped souls, totally unfit for their new life. Most of them will quickly reincarnate in order to learn the lessons necessary to enable them to remain here.

The churches do nothing, and the League of Nations is helpless. The new teaching will check all the slaughter, but it will take time for the Messenger to become known, and he himself not yet conscious of his high mission. He is not a clergyman. The Church has had its teachers and had disregarded them. He is a writer, and is now working on a book that will bring him fame: a word of fiction, because that is all that the masses will read. When he makes his appearance, you will recall my words, and you will recognise him by the message he brings.

The earth needs regeneration about every two thousand years, because, by that time, the original message has been so much obscured by the additions, dogmas and superstitions of the priests. The Church is dying, and if no new Messenger were sent, the world would lose all spirituality. The civilisation of to-day, with all its death-dealing inventions, makes the outlook more dangerous than

in the days when men fought hand to hand. At first few will listen to the new Messenger, who will of course be despised by the great majority, just as was Christ, but in the end he will succeed in inaugurating a new religion to take the place of so-called Christianity, which as a European religion, is dead already.

You ask whether there will be the usual “ virgin birth” story; no, for nobody would believe it nowadays. That kind of thing was added later to Christianity, Buddhism and other religions. At the time, nobody ever suggested that Christ was other than the carpenter’s son and it was many years after his death that the miraculous conception story was invented. The new teacher will be deified in later years, but while he is doing his work, he will be bitterly opposed by the bishops and clergy, who will fear to lose their influence.

There will, however, be a few who are sufficiently enlightened to recognise the Master. Were it not for these few advanced souls who are on the watch for his coming, his mission would be useless. The crazy crowd of pleasure-seekers and money-makers would not trouble to listen, but there are always a few that have not bent the knee to Baal, and they constitute the leaven that will save the masses. The more you think about it, the more obvious it becomes that some spiritualizing influence is badly needed on the earth, otherwise human beings would degenerate into mere brute beasts, and evolution would come to a standstill.

I cannot yet give you his name, but he is British born, and comes from the North. His teaching will be his passport, and the spread of Spiritualism is paving the way for his coming. Red Cloud and the other guides are the advance guard who scratch up the soil, so that all the seed may not be lost.

CHAPTER X Questions and Answers

Question: You often say that we are just the same after passing over. Does this mean that there are cross, jealous, stupid and greedy people on your side?

Answer: It would be dull indeed if everybody were made on the same pattern. We all have our own characteristics, otherwise we should not be individuals, but merely animated dummies out of the same mould. As you grow older on the earth, you usually become more level-headed and less apt to lose your temper. In a similar way we progress over here. Let us take some of the common causes of quarrels on your side. Political views are often the source of bitter disputes. They do not exist in the same sense in the Summerland, though I occasionally hear people grumbling at the regulation, though they soon realise that these rules are for the public good.

Money is a great cause of quarrels between the earth folk. It does not exist here. Jealousy may persist for a very short time, but we soon see things in a clearer perspective and understand that we have no cause to be jealous. As to the grosser crimes of violence, they too, persist, but the souls that you call criminal are not sufficiently evolved to be here at all. They *must* reincarnate. When you take away money and lust, you do away with the main causes of ill-temper, greed and jealousy. There is no need to be greedy when you can have all you want by exercising a little thought. Remove finance from your world, and all war would cease.

I have known people dispute when they first arrive, usually about religious matters. Those who were ardent Roman Catholics on your side still seek to convert others to their creed, and are annoyed when they are unsuccessful. They do not always fail, however. Some people are attracted by the religious ceremonial and become Roman or Anglican Catholics. In time, of course, these outward trappings lose their charm, and I do not know of any advanced soul who belongs to any religious sect.

Mental disease does not of course exist, but there is still a great variation in intellectual power. Some cannot take in new teaching as readily as others, and the pig-headed may for some considerable time adhere to their former views. I know one man who had been here longer than I have, and who still insists that he has not died. He did not believe in Survival, and he refuses to give up his error.

Here, again, as in so many wide-spread doctrines, there is a substratum of truth regarding the beneficent effect of a “belief in the hereafter,” although the word “belief” or “faith” has been misused. Faith does not imply blind credulity, but must be based on reliable evidence obtained by persistent search. But the man I mentioned works hard for others and is happy with his family, and in time he will probable realise the truth. Otherwise he will have to reincarnate.

Q. Do they dread reincarnation?

A. No, because those who must reincarnate are like fish out of water over here, and it is for their happiness that they should return to earth.

Q. You say you are happy. Do those in the Summerland ever feel miserable when they watch their friends on earth in great trouble?

A. The most difficult thing to make you understand is the exhilaration we feel when we have passed over. Our bodies can never feel tired, but we sometimes need rest mentally when we have been working hard. We can feel sorry when we have failed to help less developed souls, but we know that in the end they will evolve, and as there is all eternity before them, what is the hurry? There is a man here who is paying a visit to his friend, who was allowed to have him on trial. He is not really happy because the earth pull is too strong, and when he gives way to it, he finds himself among your fogs and cannot even make himself understood. He was a betting man, and that is one of the few things we cannot do here.

What could we bet with, since we have no money? What could he do with the money even if he had its counterpart? It is usually money that pulls such people towards the earth. It has become a confirmed habit to heap up more and more money, and without this interest, his life is tasteless. When he returns in a new incarnation, he will have to live in poverty so as to eradicate the money passion. As for alcoholics, it is the same in a minor degree, though there are cases where it is more an illness, and where the craving disappears after a long sleep.

That is how the earth lives purify the soul; one by one the failings are eradicated, and as was have all passed through the undeveloped stage, there is nothing to boast about when we have reached higher levels. As to our ultimate destiny, I know no more than you do, and I need not repeat that I am only a very short step ahead of you.

Q. Can you work miracles, as described in the New Testament?

A. No, we are not supernatural beings, able to perform miracles such as giving sight to the blind, or enabling a paralysed man to walk. We are, as I have very often told you, only a short way ahead of you, and it is silly to pray to us for material benefits, as some do. I can no more work a miracle just because I am discarnate, than you can. Occasionally, I can foresee the future, and this is perhaps what has given rise to the idea that we can change the course of nature. We use natural laws in coming to you, and that does not mean that we can solve all your problems and cure all your diseases. The only way our spirit doctors can help the sick on your side is by using new remedies, and by studying the case from a wider angle.

The miraculous cures in the Bible were brought about by a high spirit who gave up his high estate in order to help the world. There is a great change in the appearance of the individual as he progresses, and it is a fact that if a spirit from a high sphere were to show himself without first assuming a cloak, you and I might be temporarily blinded by his radiance. We ordinary folk are quite incapable of procuring money for you, or healing your wounds either mental or physical. It is sad sometimes to hear men and women praying earnestly to us to find them money, employment or what not.

Q. What is the “double”?

A. The double is a different thing from the spirit. It is a kind of astral replica of the individual, but the real person is not there. It is a kind of shell that can be seen, but cannot speak, or see, or hear. It arises in several ways, e.g. it can be produced by intense thought or dramatic action. When a man is dying, he may strongly wish to see some person. In some cases he may be able to appear himself, but sometimes he cannot accomplish this, although the power of his desire sends a double that can be recognised. It is not necessary to be clairvoyant in order to see the double. Anybody can do so, and it is what is popularly known as a ghost. It is a rare phenomenon.

When I was on your side, I once saw a form of a friend who had been killed. I woke and saw him standing beside my bed. He tried to speak, but could not hold the form, and he went away, leaving the double behind for a moment or two. The double is the cause of hauntings. It is not the dead man who haunts the house, but merely his double, generally when some fearful thing has happened such as

murder or suicide. It gradually fades as time goes on and may disappear when the cause has gone. That is why, sometimes, when a will is found, or a body buried, the haunting ceases. It is not the victim himself, but a thought-form held together by the power of desire. It is not easy to explain, but I think you have grasped the idea. It is only on rare occasions that all the necessary factors are present, and that is why haunting is so rare, otherwise there would be ghosts everywhere, since there are many crimes and disasters. It, for instance, every hospital patient were to haunt the room in which he died, nobody could go on living there.

There are occasions when we can appear for a moment, in times of great stress. It is not a case of mere shell or thought-form; the actual individual, by a tremendous effort, bridges the gulf for a short time, usually at the moment of death. There are many such stories told on your side, and if collected, they would fill a volume of strong evidence for Survival. I will tell you one that struck me as interesting.

It was one of those people who make pledges with their friends that whichever dies first will appear to the other to prove that he has survived. The man who passed on – whom we will call Andrew – was killed during a flight from Italy to Africa. The plane fell into the sea and was never found, but Andrew recalled his promise during the interval when a drowning man reviews his past, and he succeeded in visiting his friend Joan. It was a kind of spectre that met the horrified woman, as she was getting out of bed in the early morning. Andrew was dripping wet, and where he stood, a pool of sea water stained the carpet, and the mark is still to be seen. He tried to kiss her, but she was so horrified at the sight of this white, haggard, dripping form, that she screamed and so broke up the conditions that had enabled Andrew to show himself. Joan was found half-fainting on the floor, and she insisted that Andrew was dead, although at that time no news of any disaster had come through. It was a case of an intense effort enabling a twin soul to reach the one left behind, and it was successful. More often the one who is dying appears in a dream so vivid that the dreamer recalls on waking. Such pledges are rather rash, for in the vast majority of cases they cannot be fulfilled, and the one left behind is convinced that the friend has perished.

Q. Is there any truth in the story of the bone taken from an Egyptian tomb that is said to bring disaster to the owner?

A. The explanation is quite simple. The bone forms a link with its former owner, and Egyptian, who by this means is sometimes able to show himself and make physical contact with those who are in possession of the relic. The spectre, as the newspapers call him, manifests his presence by breaking things and by other poltergeist phenomena, and will continue to do so until the bone is restored to the tomb from which it was stolen. In olden days the Egyptians laid great store by their physical bodies, and even supplied their mummies with food and other things, imagining that by so doing they provided the spirit with the necessities of life. To prevent thieves from pillaging the tombs, as they would doubtless have done, the priests laid very powerful magical spells on the contents of the tombs, especially those of royal personages, and the power that has been shut up all these years in the sealed tombs is often still effective when outsiders of any nationality rob the tombs.

The spirit who shows himself is not necessarily the person to whom the bone belonged. In the case you have in mind, it is a man who was greatly devoted to the king whose bone is was, and he is determined to obtain its restoration to the royal tomb. People are apt to laugh at magic, but it is a very real thing, whether black or white, and many disasters, including sudden death, have come to those who have systematically plundered the tombs. Every psychic manifestation however, by its cumulative effect, helps to spiritualise the earth, but I should certainly now advise you to become the owner of any such dangerous object. Now do you understand it better? The guardian of the tomb is merely carrying out his selfappointed duty of guarding his master's property.

The Egyptians, as you know, laid great stress on the preservation of the physical body, and although this belief is based on ignorance of the fact that the worn-out body is of no further use to the spirit, it makes no difference to the powerful forces, some very destructive, that were deliberately shut up in the tombs. Many of the tombs are, of course, harmless, and many of the scarabs and little stone figures have no power to harm their present owners, especially where the Egyptian owner was an enlightened person, and no hoodoo was put on his tomb. The fact that these manifestations have taken place will make people think and ask questions, as you have done, and so gain knowledge of spiritual facts. I am glad you asked me about it, as it has provided a theme for my discourse.

Q. What happens to criminals on your side? Is there any truth in the theory of a final judgment day?

A. I will try to explain how we deal with criminals over here. Those whom we regard as the worst criminals are those who have had an opportunity of knowing the truth, but have refused to listen. They have not necessarily broken the laws of the world, but they have committed what Christ called “the sin against the Holy Ghost.” You, for instance, have learned that the spirit is not the physical body, and if you refuse to do your best to spread the truth and lived a life of selfishness, you would be punished far more severely than those who know nothing about it. As I have often told you, we meet everyone who comes over, and sooner or later, the soul makes a kind of balance-sheet showing his credits and debits, the former being the sum total of his good deeds and the latter the knowledge that was his. The new arrival is then judged as to whether he must reincarnate, and those whom you might regard as evil are sometimes more advanced over here, because they have eventually found the truth and have tried to live up to it.

Judgment is not quite the right word, since it implies the existence of a judge, whereas the decision is purely automatic, the result of the working of the natural law. Just as you get a blister on your hand if you burn it, so if you have done or left undone certain things, you automatically find yourself in a certain sphere. There is a fair assessment of your credits, and I cannot hope to make you realise the bitter regrets of those who look back and see how they have misused their opportunities.

All must progress, and nobody can grasp the conditions that lie ahead. I cannot yet appreciate the conditions of the sphere beyond the Summerland, but nobody ever wishes to return to any lower existence, just as you would not care to revert to the life of an amoeba. The amoeba is happy in its life because it cannot know of anything better, and even if you could make it understand what a much better time a frog has, it would doubtless prefer its own state, and might fear the transition just as you fear death. It is a difficult thing to explain, but some of those who seem to be least fitted for eternal life when judged by earthly standards, are the better able to adjust themselves to that life. By eternal life I mean the stage where reincarnation is not longer necessary.

Q. Is there any truth in the teaching of Christian Science?

A. The Christian Scientists have got hold of a partial truth when they emphasis the power of thought, for over here anything can be achieved by this means. I have known people recently arrived who remained lame or blind for a time, because they could not realise that their physical disabilities no longer existed. It takes time and patience to remedy the results of wrong-thinking on your side, and that is whey we have hospitals and doctors. There is often the argument between doctor and patient, because some are so selfopinionated that they will not believe that they have lost their physical ailments. There is a man here now who is blind, seeing nothing of his surroundings, merely because he does not believe what the doctors tell him. He was born blind, and he merely replies that he has tried the faith healing stunt before, and found it useless. In time he will recover his sight, because when on your side, he came over here during sleep, and was then able to see. The memory of these visits will gradually return to him and he will see as well an anybody.

Q. Will you tell me more about fairies?

A. On your side you regard fairies as imaginary creatures, invented for the amusement of children, but they are real sub-human beings, living an animal existence. They do not propagate as you do; there are no baby fairies, but they appear in a mature state, being a kind of solidification of thought. From time immemorial fairies have existed in the folk-lore of every race, and such is the power of thought that the idea has taken a concrete form. That is why they wear the conventional dress of fairy tales, though they do not possess the supernatural powers attributed to them. They are nature spirits, assuming for a time the form that has always been associated with them.

There are many creatures of which you know nothing, and I have found then a very interesting study. There are flowers that play music, and other things resulting from centuries of myth and legend. Many a fairy does not get the opportunity of coming in contact with humans, but they are vain little things who dearly love an audience, and once they have been associated with a human, either on our side or on yours, they are desperately anxious to remain in touch with man. That is how the idea has arisen that they are like irresponsible children, playing with things that they do not understand, and sometimes causing unintentional damage.

I sometimes watch the fairies on your side, and it is obvious that their leading characteristic is an insatiable curiosity. I saw two of them examining the china figures in one of your friend's cabinets, and they were so anxious to know whether they were alive that they kept on pushing them. If the door had been open, they would have pushed one figure overboard, and the owner would not have been puzzled at this example of spontaneous fracture. They get the power to make physical contact only when somebody possessing mediumistic power is present. Often young people in adolescence become mediumistic for the time being, and so are associated with poltergeist manifestations. The poltergeists are seldom human, and are often mischievous fairies or other sub-human types that take a childish pleasure in making use of a power they have suddenly acquired. It is a game to them, and, like children, they soon tire of it, and so the phenomena cease until some other naughty imps come along, or the power of the human medium disappears as suddenly as it came. Someday I will try to get you a fairy and let it do some tricks, but *not* with your antiques!

As for the other sub-human types, they are seldom visible to man, but they exist all the same. There is a kind of dog and a form of ape that do not seem to be recognised by naturalists. They are not dangerous, because they cannot make use of what you call ectoplasm. Under rare conditions, dangerous creatures have been evoked at séances, and might do great damage. A kind of unicorn was once seen at a séance, but this is rare.

Q. Will you explain obsession?

A. Let us discuss the possibilities of dealing with those on your side who are in the grip of an evil spirit. There are a certain number of these cases in every mental hospital, and the only thing to do is to get rid of the entity through a medium, as was done by the American, Dr. Wickland. (Thirty years Among the Dead) I admit there are difficulties; few relatives would approve such treatment, and it is not easy to find a suitable medium, as was done, but it is the only remedy and it is all part of the patient's earth experience.

Then the victim dies, the obsessing spirit is of course obliged to seek another subject. It is a form of disease, and it is a fact that from this side we can do little to help. You may improve matters by building up the patient's physical condition, but unless you can provide psychic treatment, it is almost impossible to evict the intruder.

Often obsession is superimposed on a previous mental illness of instability, for when the brain is affected by physical disease, the obsessor finds it easier to take possession, and it is rare for a spirit to succeed in taking control of a healthy person. The intruder is one who is out of gear with his surroundings, and is drawn earthwards so strongly that he feels he must at all costs return to your side and vicariously enjoy its pleasures.

Those I have known had led evil lives when on the earth. Drunkards, and drug-addicts, unless treated as soon as they arrive, are liable to return and seek satisfaction for their craving in the obsession of some individual in whom the spirit is loosely attached and can therefore be more readily ejected. The spirit of the real owner hovers about, still attached by a cord, but unable to regain possession of its own body. It is a wretched existence and we try to help, but from our side it is very difficult to dislodge the intruder. Sometimes the cord breaks, and in many cases this is the only way in which we can help. The physical body dies, and the intruder goes.

Another instance of obsession is what you call Jekyll and Hyde personalities, fortunately not very common, where two spirits struggle for the possession of the same body. The real owner is the one who showed his character first, before the obsession took place. It is one of the dangers of irresponsible mediumship that this may arise while the medium is entranced, for those you all mediums are persons in whom the spirit is loosely attached. You run no such risk in this writing because you do not go into the lightest trance.

To you, of course, obsession seems a very serious matter, and it can bring about the most unhappy results, but you must always remember that the earth life is only a short phase in your existence, and nobody can be obsessed over here.

APPENDIX

Confirmation from sources other than “The Soldier”

From a relative.

We find it hard to make you grasp even a small fraction of the beauties and happiness of your life here. The details you cannot grasp, but it should suffice when I tell you that we *are* happy, and would never willingly return to earth. When I leave you, we shall go together to the temple where we worship God. You see, we still feel that divine worship helps us, and so do many others over here. The music is wonderful, and here again, we cannot explain to you the difference between your earth music and that of the heavenly hosts. Then we shall rest awhile in our garden, where the flowers are a constant delight. We have other occupations, such as teaching some of the people who have just arrived. H. is specially interested in these poor creatures coming over in large numbers from Spain. We have learned the language so that we can speak fluently to them, for when they arrive, naturally they do not understand our methods of communication by thought-transference.

The higher spheres are just as mysterious to us as ours is to you, and the Masters who come to help us tell us that the glories to come will make this life seem pale and dead by comparison. When I came over, H. met me and explained that our previous religious ideas were erroneous, that life in the Summerland is for better than on earth, that there is no sudden change into either saint or a devil, and that we have a long way to progress before we see God. He also explained that we had been too narrow in our views, and that it is wrong to suppose that those who hold views different from ours will not be “saved,” and that even sin is merely part of evolution. You know, we used to look askance at the very word “evolution,” regarding it as something anti-Christian. B., too, came and talked, and at first it was a great shock to me to learn that all I had been taught was incorrect. I have seen Zulu (a collie); he spends much time with B.

One of the important differences between your world and ours is that here, nobody can be ill or injured, and that fear us unknown. On your side, fear is an important factor in your life, and even the most courageous feel fear; fear of illness, fear of being of losing the beloved by death, fear of losing one’s money as so forth. Over here, there is nothing to fear. Death no longer exists as a dread angel

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lying in wait for all, and even when we see our earth friends in trouble, we have no fear or sorrow, because we realise that the earth life is very short, and that soon you will all be over here.

That is what I want to emphasise; the joy of being here with no fear, or sorrow, or ill health. Newcomers are often perplexed because they do not understand that they have cast off their bodies. When we look forward, we know that there is nothing to fear in passing to a yet higher sphere, though that may not be for a very long time, as you count years. As far as I know, none that were on the earth with us have yet passed on to the next sphere. We sometimes see visitors from the next plane, who come to help their friends, and who sometimes lecture on the life beyond. The hour of your coming is known to us, but we are not allowed to tell you, as it might make you frightened. But remember that death is not a thing to dread, and that when you have arrived over here, all your troubles will be ended, and you will be able to help your friends the better for having known something about the life to come.

We were ignorant, and you are fortunate in having come in contact with spiritual things. Spiritualism never came our way, and as for your writing, we should have thought you were out of your mind! As we grow in spiritual experience, so we discard our earthly desires, and as we no longer need certain

THE END