

“JORDAN PAST”

A SERIES OF COMMUNICATIONS

from

FELICIA RUDOLPHINA
SCATCHERD

PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB
48 OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.4

This edition was published in 1954 by the Psychic Book Club as one of the outstanding psychic books selected for their members to whom it is issued exclusively at a privilege price. Particulars of membership can be obtained from the Psychic Book Club, 48 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4.

Printed in Great Britain by
Lowe and Brydone (Printers) Limited, London, N.W.70

FOREWORD.

This little book will tell of three friends and their intercourse, when first one, and then the, and then the other passed on, but continued to hold communication with the one left.

Felicia Rudolphina Scatcherd was well known in Psychic and Spiritualistic Circles, and so wide was her interest in all forward movements and activities, that in political, social, literary, and philosophic work, she made her own mark. Life was, to her, a great and joyous adventure. Concentration on one subject was with her was seldom for long, carried away as she was by the new idea, the new person, and as the script will show, that characteristic is still hers, now that she has passed to the Other Side.

The other friend, Elizabeth, her very especial friend, was a great contrast. A spiritual force, keenly alive and interested in all life, with great powers of concentration; she was also able to express herself with much vitality in whatever circumstances came into her life at the time. Nothing daunted her, for beneath her enthusiasm there was a serenity, strong, spiritual and wise.

The third friend was Elizabeth's sister Ann. She took notes at the sittings, and it was to her that Elizabeth spoke and wrote after she had joined Felicia.

Both Elizabeth and Ann were quite unknown in Psychic or Spiritualistic circles, but for many years they had been greatly interested in the subject; survival, and the possibility of communication between this and the next world. This had drawn them and Felicia much together. They had met also, and been greatly interested in, a young medium, an automatic writer of great clearness and receptivity when she was in the right atmosphere. She had many other interests, and lived a great deal in the country. Hers was a calm, cultivated spirit, whose 'Guide' Mentor found the 'Circle' that gathered to hold intercourse with Elizabeth's friends here, very sympathetic.

Felicia, however, was never at any of these sittings. She was quite unknown to the Scribe, who kept herself entirely separate from all Psychic and Spiritualistic Meetings, and had therefore, never heard of Felicia and her activities. Also beyond her friendly sittings with Elizabeth and Ann and occasionally a few friends, she was not intimate in any way with them.

After Felicia went, in 1927, these sittings became more frequent, as she was so anxious to tell Elizabeth of her new life, and at once joined Elizabeth's friends on the other Side.

These quiet evening gatherings, where occasionally members of the family, or friends, were admitted, were very simple and cheerful.

They were truly a "Communion of Souls" - not 'Saints,' though perhaps some from the

“Other Side” brought a very spiritual atmosphere with them.

Two years later, Elizabeth, too, passed on, and the second part of this script tells of the ‘Letters’ and other communications to her sister Ann. Nearly all these came through the mediumship of their young friend, the Scribe .

Ann was told that much she had received would be of value to others.

She knew of the many writings on the subject of “Communications from the Beyond” poured out by year, and she wondered if it were wise to add to it. But her friends on the ‘Other Side’ continued to insist, and when she consulted those who are authorities on the subject, and found they also considered that much of the script had a specially distinctive note, she began to arrange the writings that seemed to be of the most interest. As Elizabeth wrote, when she, too, was on the “Other Side”

Will you collect from my writings anything that deals with *this life* and put together what may interest those who care to hear of what I once called a ‘future existence’?”

After reading some of the M.S., of this script, a friend wrote, “It was like a waft of heavenly air - peace and beauty and calm, most helpful and healing in this life, which no doubt for some good reason, seems so full of petty, busy little duties.”

There has been much delay in the arranging of this short book - illness of the Scribe - of Ann, for a long time, and many other interruptions, causing, the editing to be postponed. But now the book is ready, and what the three friends wish, has been done. That to some souls it may bring light, comfort and a fuller understanding of the “joys that shall be hereafter” is the sincere wish of the editors.

NOTE BY DAVID GOW

formerly Editor of “Light.”

The ‘three friends’ were friends of my own, especially ‘Felicity’ - Miss Felicia Scatcherd - whom I knew many years. We were fellow workers, not only in journalism, but in other fields, particularly that of Psychical Research. In consequence, I am in a more than usually favourable position to pronounce on the validity of her communication from the Unseen World. Even putting aside those episodes in which she made statements concerning matters unknown to the medium or the recipients, which statements were afterwards verified - quite apart from these evidences, are the clear signs of continued personality. The phrasing, the mannerisms, are all her own. I have rarely known any more arresting evidence of identity, consistent and continuous. Even had no name been given, I could have identified the communicator at once, so closely does the expression of her personality from the Other Side coincide with that of the character she manifested while in the body.

She was well known to multitudes of people of high and low estate, for her personality was of a pervasive kind, coruscating with vital energy, mercurial, versatile, and yet finely tempered to the work she undertook.

Her friend Elizabeth, who, passing out of mortal life, is now re-united with Felicity, I knew sufficiently well to be able also to identify her by her own mental characteristics.

I find much of value and interest in her accounts her experiences on the 'Other Side,' They are illuminating, and, as I am convinced by collateral evidence, they are also essentially true, not only to type, but to her own life and character, as a musician and a literary woman, who made her mark in both spheres of activity.

The two characters are to some extent complementary, they supplement each other. The whole record is to me an outstanding instance of the reproduction of personality in psychic conditions; still another proof of the continuity of consciousness beyond the limits of mortal life.

A MESSAGE FROM FELICIA SCATCHERD ABOUT THESE COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Ever-living, known to men as the 'Dead,' must not be regarded as infallible in their statements when they communicate with earth.

They are all at different stages of evolution and can only write out of their own knowledge. This knowledge is very imperfect.

They are sometimes misinformed, or they accept as reality what is illusion. They convey to men a certain measure of truth; but they can only convey what they have experienced, and their experience depends upon the nature and character of their soul.

Secondly, we travel many roads on our long journey Home.

Infinite is the variety of the landscape on these journeyings. So the description of the 'Other World' conveyed by the 'Ever-living' will frequently be dissimilar in character, and may even, at times, seem contradictory. Nevertheless they are all true, in so far as they express the personal experience of the travellers."

FELICIA.
PART I.
FIRST SITTING.

April, 1927.

Present: - Elizabeth and Ann.

Mentor, the Scribe's Guide, opened the sitting, and writing through the Scribe's Mind, he introduced the various speakers, describing them and sometimes asking which of the waiting spirits should be allowed to speak first.

It must be clearly remembered that the Scribe *knew nothing* of Felicia Scatcherd, or her activities. Felicia was scarcely a name to her, for she avoided, very wisely, all intercourse or contact with other mediums, or séances. She kept herself quite apart from any Spiritualistic movement, and did not read any of the literature.

Also, except in matters touching this one subject, she knew *nothing* of Elizabeth or her family, and only gathered from the 'Sittings' any knowledge of her friends, on either this side, or the Other.

MENTOR: I feel more than one strong influence. There seems to be two here - a man who has a very strong face and kindly look. He used to wear some curious garment, a white linen robe, bands on it of dark colour. He has been here a long time, but the woman is still in the mist, or rather in the place of rest, she only passed over lately. She is eager to speak, but still confused and puzzled. She feels she ought to get something through - she is so eager.

Elizabeth: Can she give a name?

Mentor: Wait - I will try - "Rudolph."

Elizabeth: Can she give another name?

Mentor: Felicity.

Elizabeth: Can Felicity Rudolph speak?

Mentor: She is rather confused, but will try.

Felicia: My dear, I am so glad. I wanted to get to you quickly, I prayed I might. This is wonderful, I want to tell you so much - I want you to know just this, that death is all nonsense. I did believe it was, but my body somehow did not. Now I know. It was so easy and so right. I got very tired and so drowsy. I slipped off in the morning, into a light sleep, I think. Then I saw strange lights, curious glowing threads. I felt myself floating and my brain seemed to clear. I said to myself - "I am quite well, I knew I should recover." ⁽¹⁾ I soon began to realise what that recovery meant. I felt so free

mentally, I longed to write things and to meet people, and to talk to them. I felt as if I were twenty again, and as if I were going out, not only to free Greece, but the whole world. It was an astonishing feeling. ⁽²⁾

(1) Felicia had been very ill and for some time had tried many remedies, always with the conviction that some cure might be found for her malady, which would benefit humanity. Her courage and hopefulness kept her going, but the inevitable end came and found her still hoping - but with her friend and doctor, Hector Munro, sitting by her side.

(2) Felicia was much interested in the troubles of Greece, and she knew M. Venizelos very well.

Elizabeth: Who came to you first?

Felicia: I got rather sleepy again; the threads still held me and made me sleepy. As I rested several people came to me. They were dear friends - one was my dearest. There was my mother, but changed and so young. Then I saw others, I was so excited I felt that the world was the lonely place and I had come Home. I found myself in a kind of buoyant mist of pearl colour, and those who came to me said they must slowly help me out of my body, breaking those threads. So I did as I was told and kept very quiet. Then gradually there came a change, the threads disappeared. I was in a cloud that took shape gradually and I found it was my own shape, just the invisible body, and I learned from the others I could mould it and make it with my mind. Isn't it splendid? You will understand what it means because you have the creative feeling, all that is so intensified here. I wonder how all my dear friends are - I do get glimpses of them but I can't get into the threads of their lives.

Elizabeth: Did you go to the Crewe friends?

Felicia: Yes, I did - of course I did - right at first, in a sort of flash. It was like a dream.

Elizabeth: Did anyone help you?

Felicia: I had several who helped me and gave me much power. You know they all help to build up, it is not one man's job as it were, getting a message through.

Elizabeth: You are a band?

Felicia: Yes, and I want to give them a series of messages.

Elizabeth: Are you strong enough yet?

Felicia: I have a strong will dear, that counts more here than anything else. And now I am going to push through a name - to show you my power. You will know it as being close to you, yet not the one you would expect - Edward. He spoke to me and I knew him at once. He is somewhere here, he has been over a long time, but I thought you would like to know I had met him. (One of the names of Elizabeth's father - but not the one in common use.)

Elizabeth: Father?

Felicia: He was near me later, and met in me a band of friends.

Elizabeth: You mean *our* father?

Felicia: Yes - he said he knew so much about me. ⁽¹⁾ He has been doing work on the "Other Side," meaning the earth. He was helping to influence minds after the war, drawing them towards Peace. Still that is his work, and he says I shall be enrolled as one of his office boys!

(1) Felicia had never met Elizabeth's father and knew none of his names.

Elizabeth: Tell him how glad we are.

Felicia: He is doing a fine work here on the Border Line. There is something in him that appeals to me. He has such a singleness of purpose, he is getting things done - not like some of the others who are so scattered.

Elizabeth: Have you a special message for A.? (The friend with whom Felicia lived).

Felicia: Yes, I want her to know that I love her in an even stronger way. I mean I want her so much, I feel she would find such happiness here.

I want her to remember these words I wrote, - let one try to give them to you. It was about the heights - climbing to a greater height - death giving birth to the fuller life . It was a poem, but the words slip from me - they were given to me inspirationally.

Elizabeth: Can you remember how you signed those verses?

I remember how it began - wait till I get it clear - I wrote some - I had been with the Steads - yes, now it is coming - I was afraid of letting my hand go, but I tried all the same to make my mind a blank . Then a verse came suddenly, quite a surprise. I did not think I had it in me. I went on - my mother was so anxious about it; that is how I remember those first verses. They were not mine, some one wrote them through my hand. They did not seem to belong to me like my articles. I speak of the verses I got automatically, because I wonder if they are going to be published.

Elizabeth: What are you referring to?

Felicia: Not the ones I showed you. I am speaking of my early verses.

Elizabeth: Can you remember the name under which you wrote?

Felicia: Rud. . . . Scatcherd.

End of sitting.

Felicia passed over in March, 1927, and this was written in April of the same year, so

the events are rather crowded together in these first outpourings.

Both Elizabeth and Ann thought Felicia, was getting mixed, and the Scribe's power failing; but a day or two later Elizabeth received a copy of "The Quest," a quarterly Review which had just been published, and which contained an article by Felicia, written at the request of the Editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, in which Felicia describes her first attempt at Automatic Writing.

She and her mother had been to see Mr. Stead - the beginning of a great friendship between him and Felicia. He talked of automatic writing, and her mother urged Felicia to try if she had that power.

The verses she refers to were written some 30 years ago. This incident was absolutely unknown to anyone present, and the only verses Elizabeth knew about were recent ones that Felicia had shown her.

The lines she evidently refers to are in the second verse of the poem: -

"Each height climbed reveals a higher;
Death gives birth to higher life."

SECOND SITTING.

April, 1927.

Present: - Elizabeth and Ann.

MENTOR is here. I feel there are two influences quite close, one who came before, and is determined to speak. She has so much to tell, and such an iron will, I have to give way.

Felicia: Elizabeth dear, I see you to-night, I am so happy. It simply means there is no wall between us - the Light is there. You know we used to talk of "Psychic Lights," well, I see a little one which illuminates your dear face. I am Félicité, but something better than France now!"

Felicia was devoted to France and quite at home there - so she often used the French version of her name, of course unknown to the Scribe.

Elizabeth: Tell us of your friends, and of what you are doing.

Felicia: I will tell you first of that rising up and floating as in some pearl-grey mist; and then later, I saw my poor old body, and it did look so foolish. I was delighted it was not mine any more. Oh the relief of it! Then I thought of dear people who were alive, and I prayed that I might at least get a glimpse of you and A. I saw you asleep, looking very tired, but peaceful, and I tried to make your spirit know; but it was not quite ready to

pierce through the mist. So I shall come to you again, and I want to ask you before you sleep, to think hard of me, just imagine me in your mind, because I want you to step out of your dreams to me, that is what we call "Meeting in sleep." You will see me and know me, but you will call it a dream afterwards. Remember it is real.

Elizabeth. I have a feeling that I did get through.

Felicia: If so, I succeeded, I was not sure that first time. Now I want to explain - of one thing I am certain, here no wanderers from the world ever come in from quite the same gate, we all have different experiences, and we see things differently, so what I tell you will not be quite the same experience as that of other people.

Elizabeth: Have you been able to go to our Crewe friends again?

Felicia: I was near them again. I thought I would try to build up the ectoplasm, or whatever you like to call it, the fluid. I made preparations while they were quite unsuspecting. Tell them I shall surprise them.

Elizabeth: Would you know if you had succeeded?

Felicia: I could not be sure yet.

Elizabeth: You know you did succeed in writing with them.

This refers to a séance given by the Crewe Mediums, Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, to a group of strangers, who had come in hoping for some "Extra" concerning themselves, on a [photographic] plate they had brought. Mr. Hope remarked as he prepared for the sitting, "Ah if only we had our Miss Sachard here," (he always pronounced her name that way.) When the plate was developed, over the heads of the sitters, in a cloud of ectoplasm, was written quite plainly, and in Felicia's unmistakable writing, "Here I am, this very minute, Felicia R. Scatcherd."

Felicia: I want to do more - they shall have my face and writing .

Elizabeth: Does it tire you very much?

Felicia: This is a labour of love, no labour is a toil to me; for Spiritualism especially.

Elizabeth: Do you not need to rest?

Felicia: No, my dear, surely you know me by this time! Rest would be, well anything but Heaven to me!

Elizabeth: But don't you want to be in those beautiful Spheres with your loved ones?

Felicia: Oh yes, but I have that, too. I want to tell you that they took me away, and have been explaining how they build up their beautiful world out of this pearly mist, out of fine vibrations. They have set a mental picture upon it and have gradually created their surroundings. Now I did not know, of course, how to use my new perceptions in this mind-world of theirs, so they took me into that wonderful land. Later I shall learn how to make my own world as it were.

Elizabeth: Is your wish enough to enable you to see any special friends?

Felicia: Not yet, quite. The most special one I shall meet later. At first my mother was near and old friends, particularly those of the Psychic Movement, they came specially to me and all helped me upwards.

Elizabeth: Is our father helping you?

Felicia: Yes, he is close to you and that led him to me. He has been very good. You see he has so much knowledge as to the conditions of growth after death; he was like a guide to me, explaining hard things, showing me how I could see without eyes, and hear without any physical organs.

Elizabeth: It is sad not to have eyes?

Felicia: No, no - we have their spiritual counterpart in this etheric body, but we often call them just perceptions, because they can penetrate and see what would not be possible with the human eye. We make our etheric bodies according to the nature of our thoughts and past life, so you will see a much younger Felicia and I hope a more attractive one! But I shall be just the same to you, dear.

Elizabeth: Do you see any Spirit friends near me?

Felicia: Yes, I see them, but I can't get linked on to them, in order to speak to them, for my powers are still as an infant's, you know.

Elizabeth: I asked my mother to be there to welcome you.

Felicia: Yes, but she had not the same power as 'Edward,' may I call him so?

Elizabeth: And our friend, 'Philemon'?

Felicia: Yes, he was one of those who cut the threads, but he did not, like your father and the others, take me to that happy country. I want to tell you about music here - for that is what you will come into, the kingdom of music. Here our minds directly play upon the vibrations, making a very marvellous music. It is rather complicated; motion, colour, and light, all play a part, and this mesh of mind controls their various elements.

Elizabeth: Where is the unity?

Felicia: As regards our world we make it together, each takes a small part in its creation; we divide the task, having agreed on the surroundings. A great many do not work at its creation, that is left to those who have a natural bent for it. But it is a land complete in itself, yet it is not the only one, for I am told there are many young and undeveloped souls, who cannot at once appreciate anything that is not rather earthly, and for those there is prepared a lovely special world.

Elizabeth: That is in the Summer Land? But you are in the 'Thought World'?

Felicia: Yes, it is higher, and I wanted to go there. You remember I am a bit of an adventuress. It is so tremendously exciting, the feeling of creating, of building up, one gets it with an intensity I can't explain, except with a metaphor - it is like a whole spring world, throbbing with life and marvellous colours; and all are, as I know, the creation of those minds. You will come to it because you will care, with that keen mind of yours, and that sense of colour and sound. Both are so akin here. I have been told of other Spheres higher still, and I long for the time, which is still far away, when I shall get to them. The work there may seem impossible, but it is true what I tell you. There the Spirit learns to generate the sparks of life, the flow of life I should say that goes into the vegetable world of yours. It means great spiritual development, but one can attain to it, I am told.

Interval.

Elizabeth: Are you here, Felicity?

Felicia: Very much here, I see you both now (meaning Ann), at first I only saw Elizabeth. I have solved one of your psychic conundrums by being on this side. I wondered why names used to puzzle mediums. The memory of the medium, as a rule, is used for words. It is like a musical instrument, a note which one can touch, but most proper names are not notes in the instruments, and one has to, as it were, improvise, or make some sound as near as possible to the name needed. Sometimes one gets right through, but rarely, I am told. I mean a spirit controls the very hand. But usually we use the note in the instrument. It is simpler; the other way is much slower.

Elizabeth: Have you had periods of rest and peace?

Felicia: Yes, after the two first joys, I mean writing on the photograph and speaking to you.

Felicia did not explain until later that "Summer-land" is a place of "Many Mansions" and that the "Thought World" is one of the higher states in Summer-land.

I went away and rested. I was not actually asleep, it was just as if I were comfortably drowsy and old happy memories came before me with you and with others, and it was all so peaceful, no jar, no fret, no ugliness, which one meets with in earthly dreams. I have no clock here; I only remember that 12 struck for me, that was the last, not the hour, the day I think was 12. I was one of the fortunate souls; all the threads broke easily and naturally. I got quite away from my body, and was not half caught as some are.

Elizabeth: Is it a good thing to be cremated, or is burial better?

Felicia: I can tell you what others have told me. I have been doing a lot of enquiring. Those who die young, and are wrenched suddenly, as it were, from a vigorous body,

should not be cremated, because they are rather tightly bound under such conditions, and suffer if the body is quickly destroyed.

Elizabeth: How do they suffer?

Felicia: In a curious disorder, a kind of confusion, the essential Self cannot at once get unified with the invisible body. The disintegration of the physical body should be slow for the young, strong person; but if there has been long illness before death, or in the case of old people, cremation is all right. For illness is a slow, sure, severance of the body.

Elizabeth: Is the soul drawn out from the head, as depicted in the old pictures?

Felicia: Yes, but there are many very fine threads, no living person could see. They have to be severed, and also the one strong cord, the 'silver cord.' The latter can be seen by a clairvoyant.

Elizabeth: Was it severed with you the day you passed?

Felicia: Yes, I remember the morning of my death quite well.

Elizabeth: Birth, not Death!

Felicia: You are quite right, but death seems quite a beautiful word to me now. I have been brought through it to such love, such wonderful changes in outlook and vision. At present I am rather like a psychic vegetable - that sounds absurd! I mean I am just growing and living as it were, enjoying after all the strife, this very blessed Peace. How I wish you were here with me and could know it. No pain, and the sense of complete youth, without youth's immaturity. I see now it is as well, while still on earth, to go through a certain psychic readjustment. For if not on earth it must happen here, and it is better on earth, as it makes the first stage of this life easier. I went through that while on earth, I now see what it meant. I tried never to let people realise how intensely I longed to be allowed more time to finish up some of my work. I felt rather bitter when it was denied me. That was worse than pain. Now I am perfectly happy, I know it was for the best. The people who do not go through it on your side, are in dimness here for some time. I mean those who do not come up against that time of stress, the facing up of things, and who come here, into this life before they have ever struggled or fought. They are still shut up in the chrysalis of self, which is a shroud, and have to remain for a time in dimness, because they could not bear the light.

Elizabeth: But it is not so with those who depend upon prayer to help them?

Felicia: Even those spiritually developed, if their lives have been very soft and pleasant, if they have had no suffering in passing, have to rest in dimness.

We have to pay our price, every one of us. I mean we have to go through a certain amount of trouble, if we are to be properly balanced for this life, prepared for it -

Elizabeth: Matured, do you mean?

Felicia: Yes, the physical must become like a fading flower, dropping gradually away.

Elizabeth: "This corruptible cannot inherit incorruption?"

Felicia: That is great truth, I know it so well. Now I want you to give my love to my dear friends, and to keep a special part for yourself, I am going now to the place of Rest - but come to me out of your dreams sometimes. Good-bye!

THIRD SITTING.

May, 1927

Present: - Elizabeth and Ann.

A soldier-brother of Elizabeth's, here called John.

Dr Hector Munro. A most devoted friend to Felicia for many years, and who was with her when she 'passed over.' The Scribe knew nothing about him, not even his name.

MENTOR is here. I see several here to-night. There is the quick, mercurial spirit who spoke last time, she is very anxious to talk; shall I open the door to her?

Felicia: My dear, I feel the old friends here. How clear it is getting, better than last time. I see my dear patient doctor. Can he forgive a very bad patient? Ask him that.

Dr . Munro: Yes, yes.

Felicia: I gave you so much trouble, I am glad to feel you are here. I want to tell you that one of my last memories was the sound of your voice, you soothed me with it. I liked so much to hear you read. I don't want to flatter you, but you have a power in your voice. I think it should heal many who are not too ill to respond.

Dr. Munro: How are you just now and what are your conditions?

Felicia: I have a good deal to tell. First of all there was the breaking of the threads for me when I was escaping from my body. It was very easy because of the help old friends on this side gave. They broke the threads gently, one by one. I found myself looking at myself, and feeling so utterly free, so radiantly happy, because of the rush of new life and energy into me, the marvellous freedom from pain. You know the strange spell at dawn, when there is absolut silence; this was another kind of spell, complete freedom from aches and pain, and after that, to make a long story short, I rested in dimness, sleeping and dreaming, until my spirit had grown accustomed to this etheric body. Now I want to explain gradually the conditions here. First of all I emerged from the dimness slowly, and threw off what might be called a caul, or veil, which was a kind of protection for me. I then came into the light, and I learned from those about me, many

things; how I could perceive without eyes, and hear infinitesimal sounds without the organ of hearing. We have really others that correspond, but they are centralized in a fine web of mind. Here we are so much more conscious of our minds. I came into what is called by some the 'Many-coloured land,' there is a meaning in that for some of us travellers. The colours really correspond to certain vibrations, which stimulate and soothe us, so that the transition period is not so hard. It is a wonderful land. Some stay there a long time, because it places its spell upon them, and they do not require anything further. But you know I was always a curiosity-monger, I want to know and know, I pressed those who were helping me to go further.

Elizabeth: Do you retain any predilection for any one nation or religion, or are you free from predilections?

Felicia: I am free of everything except the belief that humanity will only rise spiritually when they truly believe that the 'dead' can speak to the living' so called. When they believe that man has mental powers given to him from the Invisible, also, when those we use as instruments are less imperfect. What you need on earth is an order of Psychics. The men of old, in the time of Christ, could communicate perfectly. They had the power strongly because they were purified. I still feel the need for an International Consciousness. I believe that this will not come through Socialism so much as through the education of the Master Capitalists of the world. I may have altered a little in this, but it is one of the ideas one meets with here. A firm belief in Spiritualism and an Aristocracy of intellect and sympathy are what the poor old earth seems to need. But tell our friends the Spiritualists that it is possible for them, through the higher channels, to obtain information concerning the actual construction of the universe.

I do want to say a few words about healing - I see so clearly now that in the future it will come to depend very much on the science of vibrations, and my old friend is on the right path with the sunlight treatment, which is one way of using vibratory forces. But there is another through sound which is not yet known.

Elizabeth: How would sound be applied? As music, or how?

Felicia: Yes, certain rhythms have curative properties. What is needed is to find out the actual harmonies which seem to improve first the neurasthenic, and then later the physical diseases. I have not had as yet much opportunity to follow this up, but I do know that the human voice also has the power to heal; but it must be coupled with the capacity, on the part of the doctor, for sending out vibrations. That is a crude way of putting it, but you know a superior vibration drove out an evil spirit from a man in olden days. I mean Christ's work was done through the knowledge of certain laws; and in obsessions particularly. He was able, with certain words, to concentrate a kind of emanation upon the sufferer, a sudden blow, not physically, but etherically, was dealt by the Master through these vibrations and the evil could not resist and fled out of the

man. That is what I have been told.

Dr. Munro: Do you realise the importance of the “Abram’s Treatment” in relation to this subject?

Felicia: I see that with this treatment they are certainly on the right tract . Only, if I may say so, they are still dealing with it in a cumbersome way. They will have to individualize more I think, and also will have to realize that the finer vibratory forces are the most important.

Interval.

Elizabeth: Can she come back and continue the same train of thought?

Mentor will you get her?

Felicia: I am slipping back into the glove! I am rich to-night (1) Yes, I see you now, there was a mist about you before (2) (this was addressed to another friend of hers, John, who was in the group). I am glad you have come to talk to a deserter. I feel rather like one who has broken the ranks and fallen out, when there was so much to do. You understand, don’t you?

- (1) The glove. Several times it was explained that the communicating spirit had to get into some kind of “Glove” or “Veil” or something resembling a “Telephone Box.’ which was opened for them by the presiding Guide, Mentor, when the interview was allowed. From this “Glove” it was not easy for the communicator to see other spirits who might be standing near, ready to have their turn when allowed.
- (2) The light given out by the medium and also, more or less, from members of the circle, did not at first enable the communicator to see all members of the group. As the “sitting” progressed the light became stronger, and then Felicia, after a rest, became aware of another member of the circle by the increased light. It is sometimes mentioned as a small light on the forehead, illuminating the face.

John: But you haven’t stopped working?

Felicia: No, but they have so many here and I feel there are not enough in the world.

John: I want to know if we concentrate on you, do you feel our concentrated desire?

Felicia: That was what brought me. You made the circle. You know the thought sets up the actual motion.

John: Is it always possible to get those we want?

Felicia: The desire must be on both sides. I made a vow at all costs that I would speak to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: Because you have recently gone over, does it make it easier? And later will it be more difficult?

Felicia: Not if there are those who wish for you on earth. It is when we are out of

remembrance, then the difficulty arises. That is one of the reasons for prayer for the beloved. It draws us to you if you are in trouble or need. Sometimes we are given the power to soothe the Psyche of the human being. I want to know, did I get through perfectly the other day with my face?

Elizabeth: Yes, yes!

This alluded to a test photograph taken in a friend's room, which is on the front page of this book. It was taken by the Crewe Mediums, Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, on plates brought and marked by Dr. Munro, who also came with the Crewe friends. It was developed at once and when printed showed Felicia's little face looking out from a cloud of ectoplasm. (*See frontispiece.*) NB: this copy does not have any pictures Ed.

Of course the Scribe was not present and did not know about this Psychic photograph.

Felicia: I hope you are pleased.

Elizabeth: Very.

Felicia: Here on our side they said it was a success. I shall come again.

Elizabeth: If we had regular sittings could you come and tell us more?

Felicia: I should love it. It pulls down the barriers. I want to give you some idea of the world or plane on which I am. I could tell you, I think, something of what has not yet been given. They say I shall be permitted to speak for some time to come. They want me to let you know my impressions, which may not be the aspect of the life here for everybody, but is true of the angle from which I see it.

John: Are you able to move about freely among the systems and spheres - or their spiritual counterpart?

Felicia: That is promised to me when I have learned a little more; to be allowed to satisfy my old roving tendencies.

Elizabeth: Is it any effort to go to Crewe and appear?

Felicia: The effort lies in building up my image for the mediums in liquid shape. It looks like liquid here, something white and flowing. It is not the etheric body, it is something given off from the actual chemicals of the body. I believe that is why it is so rare. It is quite unusual in that it requires a certain physical condition 'en rapport' with the mentality. It is hard to get the balance. But distance here means to us, the grossness or fineness of the particles. The mental medium is quite another matter.

Elizabeth: Tell us, when you get the white stuff – ectoplasm - how do you build a face on it?

Felicia: That requires a very special concentration on our part, on the image of the spirit. The reason it is often rather vague is due partly to the fact that a group has to concentrate on the image, to give the requisite power.

Elizabeth: And *you* have to give the likeness?

Felicia: Yes, the key-note. Now I was known to the spirits about my dear friends, so it was simpler in my case, they had not to acquire the knowledge of my image or face.

Elizabeth: You were trying to give what you used to look like?

Felicia: Yes, I am now a very much younger Felicia. I am now in appearance the sum total of the thoughts and emotions of my earth life. Do you understand the full force of that? You can visualize the deformity of the evil thinker over here? It is a crushing punishment for those who begin to realize when they come here, the importance of the thought in life, as well as the deed.

Elizabeth: Can they grow out of those deformities?

Felicia: In time - but they very often have to go to what is known as the sub-world, or rather the under-world, an old term which is still useful. They go to the 'Twilight place,' but not all of them. I am told there is a lower grade still - the world of 'sensuous desire.' They obtain the extreme punishment of having their most violent desires gratified, I mean the desires of the body. They become revolted, life is a nausea to them, they are sickened. They struggle to escape from that place, and then they can come to a higher level in a fairer form. But it is not always sensual desires that cause them to enter that world: The sin of cruelty seems the worst. Such people go into the world of desire; cruelty is often due to perverted desire. Those who are guilty of the lesser sins of the flesh can pass quickly, having learned through gratification the stupidity of that craving. They need but a short time there. The others, the sinners who have the passion of cruelty in their natures, these must stay long in the shadowy land.

Elizabeth: Are there those who are appointed to help them?

Felicia: Yes, but they must send out the desire for help. They build up this wall about themselves, and until their attitude of mind is changed, they must remain in that state. It is a world of ceaseless struggle for some, the conditions vary, there are indeed so many it is hard to give them all. I have much yet to learn.

Elizabeth: Are they ever sent back to this world?

Felicia: Not in the way the Theosophists teach, at least I have been told that only in special cases is there a return. But there is not the systematic round of birth, death, and re-birth; no long cycle of lives through the ages. You see there are many lives before this earth life, but these, I am told, have often been spent on other stars in other conditions. But what corresponds to re-incarnation is the mental inheritance.

Elizabeth: Tell us what experiences you have had of re-incarnation or of other lives?

Felicia: I have been told these things by my guides, but when it comes to the basic facts of existence, there is, for me, still mystery, and one can only speculate to a certain

degree. But undoubtedly there are certain people who choose to return to the earth because it is the most rapid way, in their case, to make progress. But I see no systematic return.

Elizabeth: Not even to serve or to make good?

Felicia: Yes, in both cases; also the Great Teachers re-incarnate, and also the Tyrant. Usually the extremes return. But I want you to realize that only a certain number are condemned to other earth lives, and they can choose. Sometimes, without that return, it is harder to make their way here.

Elizabeth: We should like very much to talk to you regularly, but feel scruples about taking up your time.

Felicia: But it helps me to speak to those I care for. I can come when called. In your busy world you must suit yourselves in that way. I have now found the road here, so if you just send out the wish for me I shall hear it. Your desire is a sound here. It is only "au revoir" and love to my friends; tell them I am much more alive now than when they knew me - isn't that an awful thought for them?

FOURTH SITTING .

June 1927

Present: Elizabeth and Ann.

MENTOR is here.

Will you let the quick silver spirit speak?

Elizabeth: Tell us what you can about yourself.

Felicia: I feel so inadequate. First I will tell you of the Sphere we first come to, and that is what dear Vale Owen sets down as "Summerland," or the "Lowland of Heaven." But I prefer to call this land the "Reflection of the Earth," or rather the "Melodious echo of the World." All the beauty of the earth is expressed in this Sphere, but pain and evil have gone out of it. Partly because it is the place of Rest for the ordinary people who have tried to lead decent lives, people who have not thought deeply, who are neither wise nor profound. There they live in conditions that outwardly are the images of the earth, I might call it the Etheric reflection of the earth. Now you may wonder why it should be so similar, that is because these millions are not fitted for the higher spiritual life. They could not grasp it, they could not enter into the vastness of space, without losing their reason, and becoming the prey of the evil forces, which lie latent there. There are certain evil forces in this life, and these may break through if a soul tries to go beyond the measure of his spiritual Progress.

Elizabeth: I thought the evil forces were kept in their own sphere?

Felicia: You must know it is not evil as you would call it, I merely mean by that dangerous to anyone who tries to go too rapidly. That person is flung back and has to rest awhile in dimness. Now beyond this world I have described there is a very fine web, that seems to those who would venture into it like something that has the buoyancy of the sea. I have only been told of this, but it is in its ultimate constituents created out of what you would call electrons, but very much finer than the kind the scientist knows. Now this is the Mind-World, and it is out of this very pliable stuff, I can't find another word, that our minds can create form, and we make our own world, our own surroundings here. We draw from memory to build up our landscape, and those who on earth could love intensely, and had also the feeling for beauty and joy, those who were tolerant, with a wide vision, come here into their Kingdom. They are no longer in time, they are in a state built up out of mind, space even is conditioned by their mind. They are spiritually in what you might call Heaven, for they live in richness and colour of light that is the measure of their own moral character, and their own feeling of love and beauty.

Elizabeth: Are you there?

Felicia: I have stood on its threshold and loved it. I have not yet started to build up my world. I want you to know that we gather together, and create together, out of this atmosphere. I shall be with my friends in this. I shall first enjoy their world, their creation, then I shall be permitted to add to it.

Elizabeth: Are you helping W .T. S.? (Mr. Stead).

Felicia: He is just the dear, impetuous person he always was. He is called on so much by various mediums he finds it difficult to organise his constructive work on this side.

Elizabeth: Has he much to do for the peace of the world?

Felicia: He is doing very good work in that respect. He is troubled at times because Spiritualism is not yet popularly known. He would like every household to know this truth and believe in it in England. The work for Peace so far has been difficult but they feel happier now. Control of the governing forces on earth is being more strongly held. We see in the far distance that time, when Europe, save for Russia, will become a Federate United States. I think eventually Russia may be compelled to come in, but it will be a troublesome factor.

Elizabeth: The 'League of Nations' outwardly?

Felicia: There will be an 'Inward' one later, the 'League' only being the outward. It lies with the great financiers to control these countries, through the formation of a kind of 'trades union' of their own, one that is secret, but in the hands of fine men, will go for

much in maintaining the Peace of the world. Such men will be far too rich to be bribed, they will not be bribed even by electoral pressure, since they do not need to depend on public opinion like politicians. That is why the solution, I am told, of war and peace, lies with such men.

Elizabeth: What becomes of such a man as Stinnes, to what world will he go? So Spartan and hard working?

Felicia: One that will surprise him I fancy. It is difficult for me to tell, as I have not seen his whole life, as written on the Subtle body of the spirit. But I fancy that for him there will be a further physical existence, not on earth. There are planets on which some very fine people are born for certain reasons. They may be needed by that planet in order either to teach, or lead, or fulfil some further function of that nature. It is like a soldier conscripted for a certain service. Each person of considerable ability has his task in what we might call the "Invisible."

There are so many conditions, and I am told there are existences in the flesh in other worlds that are very fine and even happier than some conditions in certain Psychic worlds; so much depends on the nature of the man who passes over, and also he can choose. Some are longing for the physical life; they desire again the struggle and keenness of striving in the physical conditions.

Elizabeth: Is the Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life, to all those who go over to the other side?

Felicia: Yes, and I believe that I know now what men on earth have not realised, and that the finer teachings that Christ gave have perished, at least they were destroyed, so He was an incomparably grander Figure than any have realized. Those lost years before the Gospels open, I am told, were full of a marvellous life of Teaching and Prayer. The other Teachers, the Buddha, and the worship of those other religions, were not at any time to be compared with the Christ. They had only a faint conception of the Truth in comparison. Only at times their intellects banished the pure Spirit that existed within.

Are you not glad to feel this?

Elizabeth: Did Christ ever teach the doctrine of the Atonement - namely shedding of blood for the remission of sins?

Felicia: No. Those ceremonies Christ taught not at all. There is nothing of that really in the Gospels.

Elizabeth: But it is in the Old Testament.

Felicia: Yes, but not in the Gospels, at least I am told this. Christ's Teaching ran on very simple lines. It was based on the manner in which the Spirit might control the body. That part of the Teaching is lost, it was the finer part, the precious secret which could

make man so dominate the physical that he could achieve the miracles wrought by the Master. You know the disbelief of orthodox Churchmen in many of the miracles is utterly wrong and mistaken - we see it so well here.

Elizabeth: Does the Spirit of Christ pervade your world? And are you conscious of Christ?

Felicia: I am conscious of Him when we assemble for worship. I have been conscious of His love in that time when first I knew of the great Change. All the sting of loneliness in the loss of you and others, for a time, was taken away by the sense of His love. We are more conscious in every way of His reality here, for in these worlds we can grasp the mystery of His being more easily. The men on earth, who were his disciples, could not really understand Him, or express His Teaching adequately. Here they are more fully realized.

Elizabeth: Does He stand to you now as the Spirit who came down to save the world?

Felicia: You know I have had my religious adventure, you know that I have roved occasionally, now I am sure that Christ was in a historical sense, and in a spiritual sense, a Reality. Being the son of God he was of God. He came down to earth and manifested his pure spirit. He had to endure the penalties of the flesh. Some people have believed that He did not suffer really because of the power of God within Him; but he suffered more intensely than most men, I am told, for the pure Spirit has always a body sensitive to suffering. There will not be again another such sacrifice on the earth. Christ is for me pre-eminently my Teacher, and my Master now. The other beliefs have their beauty, but they are nothing to the Teaching of Christ, much of which is not known.

Elizabeth: Which body of Christians has the Christian Faith in the greatest purity?

Felicia: Those who worship Christ in all simplicity, and believe in Him. Not the Ritualists, nor those who must always have ceremony and drama in their worship. That is my feeling, but my dear, I am very young, and considered still a child here. I have much I would like to discuss with you now, but I see I must go, so we will say *au revoir*, I shall see you in sleep.

FIFTH SITTING.

1927.

Present: Elizabeth, Ann and John.

(5th Sitting (2nd half—the 1st was private).

MENTOR is here.

Elizabeth: Can Felicia speak now?

Felicia: I am always ready to talk, but not always to be silent.

Elizabeth: That is right, John has questions for you.

Felicia: I am sure they are conundrums that nobody could answer, it is just like him.

John: Have those on your side any consciousness, or recollection, of the many things, good or evil, which they have done on earth?

Felicia: Yes, certainly, but not all the time, by that I mean we go through the rather horrid period of 'facing up' to all our actions, seeing them in a procession of images.

John: If you want to meet an old friend how do you get in touch with him?

Felicia: That depends partly on the conditions that govern his development. If he is very fine spiritually, he is only attuned to very subtle vibrations, and then it is hard to reach him. But this is roughly the method for a friend who has been dear during one's life. I think hard of him, using all my faculties in the fine web of mind I possess. I think with emotion of him, recalling perhaps all the good memories of him, until at last my thought is so strong it goes out on a wave that might be called a mental wireless. He hears me because of his essence, through our memories of each other. He is tuned up to my thought vibrations. I expect I am obscure in my explanation, but that is how it is done.

John: Do you form close friendships over there, or are you merely casual acquaintances "passing in the night."

Felicia: I am meeting new people all the time. Now that is partly my fault. You know I had the weakness of liking to be among many people, but loving only a few intimate friends.

John: Is there any distinction of sex in these friendships?

Felicia: That raises an interesting point. I find here that sex persists, but not as we know it. I mean that the masculine type of thought and mentality exists here, but it really finds its root in another. Emotionally there are still two sexes, but the interesting part is that a man or woman who have loved another passionately on earth, often finds here that they are quite indifferent, and some, a man or woman, who had only been regarded as a friend, becomes the beloved here. That is easily understood, the passions die with the body, only the psychic love, or love of soul and spirit, persists.

John: Does each keep their own sex?

Felicia: For a time certainly, but later we evolve so that sex no longer exists. Its function here is not required, but enough still lives in this finer body of ours, and I will explain the link of sex here, in the sense that we must work in twos, in order to attain

completeness, in order to do fine creative work.

John: Do we form new friendships over there?

Felicia: Yes, and sometimes the old friend becomes the lover, and the lover becomes the stranger, if his or her passion has been only physical.

We form friendships with those who help us to an understanding of life here. I had to be taught, for instance, how to use my new perceptions. I see in an amazing way, I read the mind, like an open book, of a soul over here. You will understand I had to be taught to use that kind of very piercing sight.

Elizabeth: When you work in couples is it a man and woman, or two of the same sex?

Felicia: Two women often work together, and sometimes two men. The whole idea of sex is different. It is sex of the mind, what made it sex on earth was the body. Here a woman with a masculine habit of thought, will naturally be a man, and vice-versa. It is rather marvellous, the creative bond here.

Elizabeth: Does this change take place at once, or is it gradual?

Felicia: It does not happen in Summerland. I know that place is very early in our progress here, people have believed it meant a very considerable development, but I do not agree. It is too easy a place for that, you understand.

Felicia had not yet understood, what is explained later, that 'Summer-land' had many stages or planes - the 'Lowlands of Heaven' being the first 'Happy Stage.'

Elizabeth: Of which sex do you find yourself?

Felicia: I am hoping I shall be masculine. I have been told my life on earth was in a way the expression of a masculine mind.

Elizabeth: But ought one not to have the experience of both?

Felicia: But don't you see there comes this very complete union with another mind or being, for when I obtain that other part, so necessary to me, all the feminine attributes are supplied by my other soul. The union here is so much closer; it becomes the ideal, having no experiences that are strange or foreign to the other.

Elizabeth: Have you spoken through any other medium?

Felicia: I spoke very briefly in another way, just a few words to give a friend a message of proof. It was to the guide, hardly anything, because I could not stay long in that atmosphere.

Elizabeth: Do you remember the message you gave?

Felicia: About reading, and about the way to impress one's image on the physical material. I could not go far, as there was no familiar link to hold me.

I want you to give Mr. Gow my love, tell him I am vividly alive by this time. Tell him that when he comes here he will be thankful from the bottom of his heart, because all the tired feeling his body gives him will have quite gone, and his wonderfully brave and active soul will be extraordinarily alive here. I do want him to think of that, in those hours of weariness and pain that I know he has at times.

Elizabeth: Are you able to help those of your own family, not so advanced as you are?

Felicia: No, not properly. My dear, I have tried, but I find the power is not strong enough yet. There is not sufficient desire, belief, or sympathy. I want sometimes to explain communication to you. I am beginning to understand its difficulties now.

Elizabeth: You gave splendid evidence in quoting lines from the "Quest" which no one present knew.

Felicia: That was to show you. I wanted you to get also the idea behind it. I wanted it in a double sense, as evidence, and as certain knowledge.

I must go, but will come again. Good night, my dears.

SIXTH SITTING.

1927

Present: Elizabeth, Ann and Dr. Munro.

Elizabeth: Who is there?

Mentor: The lady with the long name says it is her turn to speak. She is nearer than the others.

Elizabeth: Who do you mean?

Mentor: She was called Rudolph-Fina, she wants to speak.

Dr. Munro: Please, are my friends here?

Felicia: I see you now, the light falls on you where your etheric body makes contact. I am glad to see you; I want to talk about your ideas. You know a great many of mine have been changed. I don't know quite where to start.

Dr. Munro: Political ideas?

Felicia: All of them. First of all politics. You know I have changed rather since the days I was President of a Socialist League How enthusiastic I was then! Now I see the only way to reconstruct the world is to get the educated, moneyed people, and to work the great change through them. Over here I have joined the 'Brotherhood of Peace' as it is called; we are working on a plan of collective suggestion. The principal is the breaking down of the idea of nationality, through education. We want to modify merely fanatical

patriotism, as we see it. It is only through training the youth that we can do it, working on the minds of people who have wealth and therefore power.

Elizabeth: What about educating the people?

Felicia: We want them to be trained also, but if you do not get at those who have the power it is difficult. After all the lawyers and the merchants have individual power which is dangerous, when it is chaotic, I mean undirected. I told you we were going to try to bring about a 'Trades' Union' of earnest powerful Financiers, who would be sufficiently broad to bury National interests - in short the 'Intereconomic Federation' seems now to me the most helpful solution.

If we can make a Leader, who is also a great Teacher, from out of these wealthy men. We have concentrated here on a particular man, still young, and we hope to make him a World Leader, whose first thought will be the people.

Elizabeth: Where is this Leader?

Felicia: He is not an Eastern. He is in America now, almost a boy, he will come into great wealth. He is of America, and will try to organize the world from above. It is no good trying to do so from below, I mean in any great measure. Security from war is what the young man will work for in coming years. You will hear of him perhaps, in five years time. We are not permitted to give his name as long as we work on him physically.

Elizabeth: Do you belong to an organization?

Felicia: I am only a student in that organization. I have found it and I hope to serve it as my principal work, because I love the poor people on earth. We can make our choice here. I am studying the process by which we can direct a certain collective radiation of thought from here, which contains within it the germ of constructive Peace - in other words our 'League of Peace' over here is educating, or trying to, the collective super-conscious mind of the world.

Elizabeth: How do you carry on your work? Meetings

Felicia: Yes, we talk here, not with words, but with images or thoughts. I hear a thought, I speak a thought - the words are useless here. You know what we call the sub-conscious, was recognised as speaking in symbols or pictures. Here we converse thus, we need not be together to meet, it is sufficient that we should think in, as it were, in connection with those who are akin to each other, thus we can, though widely separated, perceive each other. Space, you see, depends on similarity of mentality and state, in other words space is really a state here - it is hard to explain.

Elizabeth: Does the theory of mental images still hold?

Felicia: Yes, but the Psychologists are wrong in one respect; the sub-conscious with

them covers all activities of the deeper mind, or spirit, and the lower activities of the instincts. Now those lower ones belong to the subconscious, but the super-conscious is that part that works miracles for you. I mean does mental work for you without any conscious effort on your part. Now there is what we call the nerve memory about the physical body, we see it like a liquid shape, it is this part of your being that is the expression, shall I say, of the Freudian Idea. It is closely connected with the Astral or Emotional body. This Emotional body (my name for it) is really what the Spirit (soul), occupies after death. It is growing through all your life, bearing on it the marks of your emotional thoughts. It seems to us here to blend with the nerve memory.

Elizabeth: Do the mental images control the psychological process?

Felicia: Yes, you have got it. The nerve memory is very sensitive as regards the mental images. I think it is really an emanation from the nervous system. It is like a fluid above the human form - not visible to you, of course.

Elizabeth: Do you now understand better those mental processes?

Felicia: I want to go on to that - I suppose the Psychologist would define concentration as the direction of nervous energy towards certain special brain cells. We have that analogy here. The spirit directs the spiritual energy towards a number of mind centres. Now very little, during the earth life, comes through mind centres to the brain, for they must travel, as it were, through a narrow stream with locks in it, like a canal, so you must regard a brain as merely a focus for a number of powerful mind centres. When you cast off the body, you will, if you are developed, come into this little kingdom of the mind. Now the principle that gives unity to these mind-centres is the Parent Spirit, it holds them together; my mentality has therefore increased in power tremendously by coming here and getting in touch with all these mind-centres; but there is this point to remember - the mass of rather unthinking undeveloped people who come over here are still shut out from their deeper mind, for they have forged for themselves a body of memories, as it were, or rather they have a collection of semi-material habits and illusions, all of which hinders them from coming into this Kingdom.

Elizabeth: I should like to return to the subject of the coming Leader - why is he to be above all wealthy?

Felicia: Because this Leader will make the sacrifice of all the wealth for the cause of organized peace. He will live as an Ascetic, he will live more poorly than the pauper, and will hold his wealth in trust, using it and spending it for Peace. He will get others to do the same by force of his personality. He will in fact, overturn the 'Golden Calf,' but he must possess wealth in order to use it for humanity. This Teacher will work upon men in more than one way. I am not clear as to the whole scheme. He is the product of England, in that his ancestors are from that country, his wealth, which he

devotes, is from America. He will organise a 'League of Peace' in which there are no politicians bound to their country by that country's need. A weak point in the 'League of Nations' lies in the fact that each representative of a country depends upon public opinion among his own people, so he is tied by that.

Elizabeth: Do you consider that the 'League of Nations' is successful?

Felicia: It is not sufficient. It has done good work, but wait till the various forces gather again! When it faces a big crisis it will find its limitation, in that the representatives are first the servants each one of their own nation, only secondly the servants of mankind - that is its weakness. But it is a beginning, it will become something much bigger when the Leader comes, for it lies within him to gather together the finest living brains. These men will evolve a system in time that will meet for complete International control, but they must be able to control the money-lenders; no nation can make war properly without the backing of finance.

Elizabeth: Is war to be anticipated, then, before this organizing of the Financiers?

Felicia: Not a world war, but small outbreaks may not be able to be checked. There are tendencies making for these small wars now. But no big war will now, I believe, occur, for these coming people will get their grip on the world in this way. It will not be for some time, you must be patient. It will work underground for a time.

INTERVAL

Elizabeth: Is Felicia still here?

Felicia: I am very much here. I have been studying you people drinking your tea. I must tell you that I no longer envy you - no more tea for me! Oh yes, I adored it, but it is so pleasant not to be dependent on stupid stimulants. Would you not much prefer to be so stimulating yourself that you would not require these gentle incentives to effort?

I too have been getting refreshment, drawing from the group. Getting more Psychic energy. You all contribute a little, and I see tiny threads emanating from you, which all come together in the psychic light which is with the medium.

During the Interval the Scribe rested and tea was brought in.

Elizabeth: Will the Christ come again to the World?

Felicia: I want you to realise that you can never have a repetition of the same great Teacher. Christ was unique, original. You could not have Him again during earthly history. His time will come when earth has run its course. Each new Teacher or Leader must be original, must run on lines somewhat different from the others, though with the same purpose, for life is always changing, new circumstances create new needs. This is not the moment for Christ to appear. He came in an hour of very dark materialism. He was needed most then. What the world needs now is one who can

make the Christian life possible for the average man.

In speaking of Christ's appearing, I refer to His physical presence. His reign is coming, that is the carrying out of His principles; but there are forces working against it, for there are always two roads. Fate is not absolutely fixed, it lies with human beings collectively, even in these big matters.

Elizabeth: Is our Father near you to-day?

Felicia: Yes, he will speak for a moment. Your dear Mother is near too. She and I had been together just before I came to you.

Elizabeth: What does our Father feel about this future way to Peace?

Father: It is a complicated matter. We see this big disruptive force coming from Russia, we see that only through organization can it be stopped. It is a serious danger, worse than you think. We are trying to make the people who have power over, not only the Banks, but over fuel and the necessities of life, we are trying to give them a sense of responsibility, so that they may wake up to the menace of chaos and world-war. Now a section of our league for Peace is working, as our friend told you, upon a certain soul who is at present young, but full of possibilities. They may succeed, but there is also the chance of failure on his part. I cannot see far enough to judge. Your friend Felicia is an optimist - she believes that he will succeed. I see further into the complicated web of human forces, and I cannot be sure In the time of Christ this evil prevailed in just the same menacing manner, it was reaching its height. In your generation it is reaching its climax again.

Elizabeth: What evil do you refer to?

Father: The hosts of Darkness - materialism. It has different forms, it comes to you in the terrible intense struggle for life. It came in other ways in old days, but it took the same form in that it led to a kind of collective despair. Your thinkers are very frightened at present – that is natural, for the pressure of this evil will increase, but there are breaks to check it. I am not alarmed, for I see the forces for Good are more than holding their own. You must not believe that any great catastrophe is looming, that is not so. We get a sense that spiritual values have greatly increased since your trouble, the War. We see the turning towards the Light Spiritual among men, that means they conquer the Dark threatening the future, and beyond ordinary trouble there will be no great disaster in the world.

Elizabeth: Thank you so much for helping my little Felicia.

Father: My dear, she is very happy and very active. She is an amazing individual mentally, she entertains us all. But she lets her ideas rather run away with her occasionally. She is so surprised by everything, like a small child. She is so much

younger now because her mentality, being released from the prison of the flesh, surprises us with her quickness and eagerness.

I must go - God bless you.

SEVENTH SITTING

July 1927.

Present: Elizabeth and Ann.

7th sitting (2nd part: 1st part was private.)

MENTOR: I must let her through.

Felicia: I would like to hear your questions; I feel I talked like an old gossip last time.

Elizabeth: No, we were very interested. Can we look back and see our mistakes, for instance?

Felicia: Yes, gradually it comes to us, it is part of the beginning of life here. I have tried to get some of the psychic problems solved, but the mistakes - the personal ones - come under a different heading. I have to see, for instance, the effect of my mistakes on other people; what they thought of me; it has been rather devastating, and also splendid.

Elizabeth: Do the doctrines of the Christian Faith interest you? For instance the doctrine of the Atonement? Does that mean more to you than it did on earth?

Felicia: I know that on earth I did not really understand its significance, here I feel it has a wider meaning. I have learned that after the sacrifice of the Master there was a spiritual or psychic sacrifice, a spreading abroad of that wonderful Spirit of God, which is part of the inner meaning, as I know it now. That was the real ordeal, in a sense, for Him.

Elizabeth: Do all souls that pass over, come eventually to the Christ?

Felicia: They come to Christ after long ages, but it is a gradual purification, and there are myriads of experiences first. We preserve our individuality, it is not absorbed, so I have been told.

Elizabeth: Do those who follow Buddha, or Mahomet, come to the Christ as Highest?

Felicia: Yes, but their spirits do recognise Christ over here, only under another name. It comes very gradually, worked out through their own beliefs; they come to a point when the last outward sign of their creeds fall away, like a worn out garment.

Elizabeth: I understand *Le bon Dieu change l'adresse* as Philemon loves to quote.

Felicia: *C' est vrai!* I see now that what makes the Creed of Christ supreme is the

Doctrine of Love coming straight from God.

Elizabeth: Have you met Philemon yet?

Felicia: Yes, I am so glad to realize him at last. He is still, in comparison with me, of a very much finer Order. I stand on tip-toe, as it were.

Elizabeth: Will you tell us more of your life?

Felicia: I learn something fresh every hour, though there are no hours here. I am rather overwhelmed by the change in ideas.

Elizabeth: Do you see many new friends?

Felicia: Yes, quite new, more strangers than old friends. But I have kept away rather lately, so as to digest the new knowledge. I have too, looked into what the Bible has truly called the 'Book of Life' - my life! It is strange and awful to see, not only what one has done, but all the effects on others. So many strangers, I never knew, also come into the picture. I see how words of mine have affected these people, some for good, some for evil, I mean through misunderstanding sometimes.

Elizabeth: But you always tried to help your fellow creatures.

Felicia: I did my best, I am very pleased with a good deal I have seen. But I must be honest and own up to everything, though the good is greater than anything bad. I am able to see now it is the intention that counts for everything almost - mine was fairly sound I think. The sins of omission seem the worst in my case, but I may be different from others. I see now I often helped people who did not quite deserve it, and might have given what was bestowed on them to people who made no fuss, and really mattered more: But that is the way of the world.

Elizabeth: In looking through the 'Book of Life,' does one face it all? Go right back to the beginning?

Felicia: One faces it all in time - but one has to go through it slowly. It is so overwhelming, I mean the emotional side. I am in the early time now; I see my own rash zeal - and marvel!

Elizabeth: Do mistakes one has realized and repented of, have to be gone through again?

Felicia: One sees them, but coldly, without fresh sorrow, I mean. Some one does not see, there is a blot out of many things.

Elizabeth: Those one has frankly faced and judged ones' self?

Felicia: Quite so, but those not judged are surprising eye-openers. You've no idea how one accumulates thoughtless acts in life, it is astounding! But I have not been hurt much so far.

Elizabeth: Is one allowed to return in spirit, not body, and make reparation to those one has injured?

Felicia: Not often - I understand that in certain exceptional cases, when the wrong is great, one may be permitted to try and influence, by thought, the life of the wronged one. I mean by great effort and by suffering to alter circumstances sometimes. But many things cannot be paid for - that's the rub.

Elizabeth: Can you see from where you are if evil spirits can possess people here?

Felicia: I have been told there are many cases of low psychic entities that control certain people: madness mostly originates from the supplanting of one of these low intelligencies.

Elizabeth: What becomes of the original inhabitant?

Felicia: The other is in a kind of coma for a time. It is like this: There are several minor consciousnesses connected with the brain, controlled by the spirit that makes them one, and if the spirit or entity is cut off, these are in a state of disorder without their pilot. Then the entity fails to steer the boat, and chaos continues to reign.

Elizabeth: What is the remedy for this?

Felicia: I know the great Masters could by controlling certain superior vibrations, drive out the evil with certain words. I mean as you shatter a glass with a sound, so they could make it impossible for the evil to remain, by sending out from themselves this strong vibratory force, a matter of mind and spirit worked in a powerful way.

Elizabeth: Did you see the spirit who spoke before you?

Felicia: I know there was someone, but I was concentrating on speaking and did not pay much attention. We get into a special state when we wish to speak.

Elizabeth: Give us your blessing and come again.

Felicia: *Au revoir*, I am not far away.

EIGHTH SITTING

October 1927.

Present: Elizabeth and Ann.

MENTOR: Elizabeth, Mother, and the Quick-Silver lady, who is beside her, are here as if they had been together. There seems some psychic link which has just been made between them.

Elizabeth: Will my mother talk first, please. Do you realize the difficulties of communication?

Mother: My dear, I think I know - it is clear to me sometimes, sometimes it is dark, when it is clear I get your thoughts and I love them.

Elisabeth: Every day do you get them?

Mother: I keep gathered into myself at certain times, waiting and hoping for them, not always, but quite often, they reach me, and I do get each time that sense of the bond of emotion that matters more to me here than the idea of the thought.

Elisabeth: Did you get my thought of Mrs. M's sufferings? Was it you sent that helpful idea?

Mother: It was partly through me, but not altogether, I received the suggestion from one higher, who had heard your call, and could give, through me, the idea which I put in your mind.

Elisabeth: I suppose we must take the text - "whatsoever ye shall ask" as applying to spiritual help?

Mother: Too apt to think it only applies to spiritual things. In this case there was not, in the sufferer, the capacity to respond in the way we need, if we give the spiritual help.

Elisabeth: But she had much faith!

Mother: Yes, but something more than that was needed, a certain strength of will, a driving force behind that will. You must have a strong nature as well as faith.

Elisabeth: You told me not to expect to regain my normal life.

Mother: I meant by that the active life of hurry, of doing a great number of things, social things for instance. You can lead a life that is careful, but in which there is no hurry. The other after all is not such a great loss to you. There is for everybody that quiet time, that 'going into Arabia,' that happened to St. Paul in his need. You can be in the world, and yet not quite in it - you understand?

Elisabeth: Indeed I do. Will you tell me about Felicia - is she with you?

Mother: What a nice child she is! You know, I look on her as a very young child, so wonderfully eager! I mean I am old spiritually, in comparison. She looked for me, she was very confused for a while, trying to do too many things, and not letting herself grow. So I did what I could to explain to her that she could not swallow the whole universe at once, she seemed to think she could when once she was out of the body. Dear child, she has a lot to learn still.

Elisabeth: She was always so selfless - never lived for herself!

Mother: That is her fault, if you can call it one! I mean she was trying to communicate with numbers of people, friends on earth, and she was trying to help an old friend here with his plan for a better earth. She was confusing things rather in consequence, not

getting her messages through quite correctly, a bit incoherent through hurry.

Elizabeth: I am so glad to hear you are in close touch with her.

Mother: In one way she is like an old friend, because she has brought so much news of you that I wanted to know.

Elizabeth: I used to try to make her concentrate her powers more, and scolded her sometimes - did she tell you?

Mother: She said she wanted me to fill your place, while she was waiting for your coming. She said you had all the sense she had not, but she admitted you had not her capacity for collecting people and getting things going. She wished there could have been a combination of both natures. She was beginning to realise that fault of hers.

Elizabeth: If we send a thought message, is it well to speak it aloud?

Mother: Yes, the word helps, makes it clearer in mind, it sets more shape on it. You should always, if you can, speak the words, if only in a whisper.

Interval

Mentor: Will you let the Quick-Silver spirit speak - I cannot prevent her?

Elizabeth: Felicia, I want to ask you, have you any new light on the subject as to when the soul first starts evolving in man?

Felicia: Yes, of course, I made that one of my first quests. How I have laughed at the solemn scientist still clinging to his apish grandparents. I mean it is quite correct; what amuses me is that this particular ape is what should matter so much to him. For as I have learned here, there are three stages of consciousness as regards life - the primary, which is simply what you get in plant life - the second in animals, but the third degree of consciousness was simply waiting till the machine was sufficiently fine for that consciousness to take control of it. What the scientist does not see is that it was one step upwards, when man arrived at using the ape-machine, which was for this higher consciousness at last possible to work. It is not a case really of gradual evolution, at a certain period, so far as I know, the jump was made 'and man became a living soul!' In the earth life there is the emanation from God, which constitutes what enters into vegetation, and all that lives and moves, but there is also that emanation from God, constituting the idea, the Image of God, which means the idea of Soul; that is where man begins and the ape ends.

Elizabeth: Is a living soul sometimes found in dogs?

Felicia: It would look as if with some animals, the more intelligent, it might be so. When the machine, which is the dog's body, becomes sufficiently refined, it can receive faintly the Image of God, the Image, or Soul. When that happens the dog's soul after

death is a potential part of what goes to make up the human soul.

Elizabeth: Do some human souls first start in this way?

Felicia: No, I did not mean that - I said it was only a part. The human soul is not that unconscious force I call God's emanation that is life, it is what I call the Idea, the Image of God, the rays as it were from the mind of the Master Designer of the Universe.

Elizabeth: But still many dogs survive death, according to the accounts we have received.

Felicia: Yes, one must bear in mind the psychic law, that things bound together by strong emotion on earth, very likely come together on this side. Love or hate draws them by that law; so a man's dog, if there is a bond between them of an emotional kind, will meet him here.

Elizabeth: Your parents, who came to meet you, are they still much with you?

Felicia: Not so much as at first. They do not need me as on earth, for they have found each other far more perfectly here. It is so different since the physical part has dropped away. They lead a curiously quiet life, they seem so contented, so glad now not to strive for a while. But I want to strive as hard as ever, I want so much still, I would be miserable if I were contented! It does not suit my temperament.

Elizabeth: Have you seen and had it out with Houdini yet?

Felicia: I have been near him - and shall I say I have sparred with him! It sounds so bad that Felicity in Heaven should be sparring with a conjuring man!

Elizabeth: Was he surprised to meet you?

Felicia: He was decidedly depressed at first. He said 'just another of them to tell me I was wrong.'

Elizabeth: But he was not a materialist?

Felicia: No, but he is aware now that we can talk with you, and he does not like to feel that he made any mistakes.

Elizabeth: Have you any idea by what means he accomplished the feats which were not, and could not, be done by conjuring?

Felicia: In those rare cases, what happened was this - certain low entities, raised through black magic, served him in his work and utterly possessed him, so that he did not know it, and they could cause the atoms of his body to disintegrate, and dematerialize for an instant - he did not really know what power had done it.

Elizabeth: Is he progressing?

Felicia: Yes, he has been getting free from that low power, which had got hold of him.

All that was bad is gradually going - still it is a slow progress.

Elizabeth: Was not his love for his mother a redeeming factor?

Felicia: It helped, because it drew him out of the Twilight place, where a complete egoist often stays for some time.

Elizabeth: Were you able to help him?

Felicia: Very little.

Elizabeth: How do you measure time in your world?

Felicia: I could give you chapters on that. There is your measure of time, which we get into when we speak to you; there is our measure, which is the eternal rhythm of the Universe.

Elizabeth: Does it seem a long time, or rhythm, since you came last?

Felicia: I measure it by my progress - by that it seems long; but it is not really quite right to say there is no time here.

NINTH SITTING (2nd Part)

November 1927

Present: Elizabeth and Ann.

Ann: Is any friend now waiting to speak?

Mentor: Yes, two are close - your sailor brother and also the mercurial lady.

Ann: Let the brother speak first please. Do you get the thoughts I send you?

Dick: I do, but rarely. I have got your thoughts at certain times; times of crisis.

Ann: Does it help if I have your photograph there?

Dick: Yes, the image always helps, because it stirs your deeper feelings, that is the energy that drives the thought to me. Thought without emotion cannot reach us.

Ann: You would say thought without love does not reach you?

Dick: Yes, love behind thought is the strongest of all emotions. It is really our law of gravitation here.

Ann: Do you ever see Our Lord?

Dick: I cannot say I actually see Him. I sense His Presence, but I am not yet so holy and pure that I may see His Real Presence. I find it hard to explain. Many of us have seen Christ, in the sense that we have seen our Symbol of Him. In that way I may say I have

truly seen Him.

Ann: Many communicating spirits, amongst those who fell in the War, speak of seeing Christ at once. Is this so?

Dick: Yes, but always the Symbol. It would be quite impossible for them to see into the heart of the great Mystery. They were not fit for it, but their yearning for a Comforter was answered by a Symbol of Christ appearing to them, and giving to them that for which they had longed.

Ann: But they feel that they have actually seen Him?

Dick: They certainly feel Him, but only according to the measure of their feeling and understanding. You would indeed be a mighty and pure spirit if you could feel the Master, and understand Him as He really is.

Ann: In your Sphere are all followers of Christ, or are some Buddhists?

Dick: There are many Planes in this Sphere, and on some of them you will find those who follow Buddha, and other great Teachers, but they are slowly coming to realise that Christ is of God, in His last fine essence. I want you to understand that many of them lead a dual existence; the higher existence corresponds to the sleep of man. In their case it means intense spiritual activity, the lower life is the one which corresponds with day, and wakefulness in man. It is when these spirits dwell in their ethereal bodies. So you see that even here there is a likeness to the principle of life on earth.

Ann: Buddha being the lower and Christ the higher?

Dick: Yes, that is so.

Ann: In sleep then we can go to a higher Sphere?

Dick: That is often so, there is a kind of renewal of the spirit during that time; you drink again from that Fountain.

Ann: Can we cause ourselves to do this? For we have no recollection of it.

Dick: No, because it is only through a certain change in yourself that you are aware you have been so refreshed.

Ann: What change?

Dick: The feeling is often regret for what you have had to leave; the enchanted world of spirit is still lingering in a link of drowsy memory.

Ann: But does one feel no refreshment? Only regret?

Dick: Unhappiness sometimes strengthens, you know, and also you will find at certain times a greater serenity of mind, that means you have renewed yourself in sleep at the Source.

Ann: We are going away - will you come if an opportunity like this should occur?

Dick: Yes, trust me to try and come, I want to be near you. Our love is with you. Good-night.

TENTH SITTING.

May, 1928.

Present: Elizabeth. Ann and John.

MENTOR: I see several here, your Mother with her son, and then there is someone new. She holds up a bunch of roses, and says the flower means her name.

Elizabeth: For whom has she specially come?

Mentor: She says that her little boy friend, who is now a big man, is somewhere about. She says "John," and says she is his Godmother. She has a message for him, shall I let her give it?

Rose: Dear John, how nice that we can talk about Heaven now! I really know about it. Do you remember how I said I would go there with you?

John: Why did you not come before when my thought called you?

Rose: Just because I was stupid, and did not understand, I thought it might seem strange to you if I came.

John: I more or less expected you to come.

Rose: Well, here I am, it is all so homely. I feel it can't be wrong. I know it is Sunday, so am sure it is right to speak to-day.

John: Is it what you expected, or totally different?

Rose: It is very different - but it seems quite right now. I was very shocked at first, I thought it would be the place we all know about, but it was not. At first I believed I was still on earth. Everybody I met seemed so like what they were before, only much kinder and no worries or anxiety. But I did not find what I expected, from the Bible, you know.

John: No harps or wings?

Rose: No, I thought I must be in a bad place at first, but now I am so glad that there are no people with harps and white robes. It is much nicer, we have our own Home with very beautiful surroundings, and I am not a bit lonely. I have an awful thing to confess - when I was here first, and they told me I had died, I thought how dreadful and lonely, if I have to appear before the Throne and give an account of myself. Even if I was one of the Lord's lambs, still it was terrible to think about. But it was all so simple!

Elizabeth: Did not your loved ones come and help you?

Rose: Yes, that was so wonderful. I found I had not to go to the Bible heaven I had pictured. It was so much nicer having a Home and everything easy and natural, but no food, no money to worry about.

Elizabeth: Who came to you first?

Rose: First my Mother, and what they call a Spirit Guide, and my boy has been very close for a very long time. He says he helped me to get free from what was holding me back after I died. I thought I was going to sleep for years and years waiting for the Last Trump, and I felt, in a way, it was blasphemous to be awake at all! For some time I was in darkness trying to sleep, but I did want company and help. So they all came round me, and tried to explain, and it was your Mother who first made me feel it was not wrong to be awake. But when she told me my earth-body would not rise up on the Last Day, I thought it quite wicked of her to say that. But I have my own spirit-body here, and I think there must have been some mistake in the Prayer-Book about that. I want you to know, so that you may not have the shock I had in being wide-awake when I expected to be asleep.

John: Have you any idea now as to what is meant by Eternity and Infinity?

Rose: I used to think Eternity meant being always in the Presence of the Lord, and seeing Him and worshipping. Now I know we worship Him by being happy and loving. Here in this strange world of colour and Light, there are not any hymns, but we sing by being happy and making others happy. That is all the Eternity I have learned, and all I want.

Elizabeth: Which of your sons met you?

Rose: The eldest has been here some time, but he did not meet me. I want to tell John he will have a friend to show him the way to the real Heaven when he comes over here.

John: You will be there?

Rose: Yes, my dear.

Elizabeth: I am so glad Mother met you.

Rose: Yes, she was so good and understanding, she did not mind when I said it was wicked of her to say my body would not rise on the Last Day.

Note after this sitting.

The Lady who was allowed here to have a little conversation was, when on earth, strongly opposed to anything connected with Spiritualism, about which she knew nothing. She was a good woman and given to good works, but with a limited outlook.

She was very devoted to John.

There were other friends who came quite unexpectedly, like the last speaker, but though the evidence they gave was overwhelming, it is not for everyone, and the conversations were of too private a nature to be given here.

The Scribe left London for the summer and in the autumn Elizabeth had to undergo a serious operation from which she never recovered. So these interesting talks with our "Quick-Silver Lady" came to an end, and in the second part of this Script, which mostly concerns Elizabeth, she only occasionally has her lively word. But she is with Elizabeth, and constantly referred to, being still her cheerful, investigating, devoted self.

1929.

ELIZABETH

PART II

It was in the spring of 1929 that Elizabeth passed from earth's trouble to the happiness awaiting her on the further Shore. She had been ill, after a serious operation, for some months, but it was "out of the Blue," as she describes it, that the end came.

She was unaware of its nearness, and after but a very few hours, passed into a state of coma.

Her sister watched by her side, held her hand and occasionally spoke. She was breathing heavily and the nurse said she was unconscious. Suddenly she opened her eyes and her sister bent over her. Her eyes were full of mystery, gazing intently.

To a whisper "have you had a nice sleep, dear?" so often said in the past that the words came automatically, Elizabeth seemed to draw strength up from every part of her body, raised her head, and in a strange intense voice said "Lovely!" then dropped back and resumed the hard breathing, which shortly after gradually ceased, and she was at rest.

This description is given on account of the frequent mention afterwards of that strongly spoken word "Lovely," which the writings will explain.

She passed over on Friday night, in the early hours of Saturday. On Sunday, before any outside news was possible, Ann went to see the Scribe.

She had seen Elizabeth once or twice during the past months, but not very lately, and when Ann appeared she quickly inquired 'How is your sister I hope to see her soon.' For these two were very sympathetic to each other. Ann said quietly 'I am sure she will soon wish to talk to you.' The Scribe had no idea of the reason for this 'sitting', and Ann did not expect any word from her sister so soon after her passing; but between Elizabeth and her Mother there was the strongest bond of love and devotion. During

the twenty years that had separated them, this spiritual link had increased, and when the 'sittings' commenced, the greatest ease in 'coming through' was experienced, for the 'little Light' as the Scribe was called with affection, had the necessary 'vibrations' to make the communications clear. Therefore Ann felt sure that some word from their Mother was almost certain to be sent.

As soon as the 'sitting' commenced, Mentor said a man was waiting - the sailor brother - but he spoke hesitatingly about a shock to Ann, and then said 'Mother will talk.'

Mother: I am wanting to tell you about a tired soul who has slipped over here into our care. I speak only of temporary weariness that comes after a sudden change. There is such Peace about her now, you would hardly grasp. It is so beautiful, but she must rest. I took it on myself to meet her, it was better Dick should wait outside, because you know I could do more, and understand. She has been in 'the Quiet Place,' half dreaming, half awake. She knows I am watching, and she has perfect trust.

Ann: She said to me 'Lovely,' were you, with her before she said this?

Mother: Yes, she came out of her body several times, and I took her to a bright region, to the borders of the 'Mount of Inner Light.' I wanted to strengthen her spirit for the last moments, when the threads are broken.

Ann: But does that cause distress?

Mother: It was absolute peace, because we had prepared her before coming, and strengthened her soul, so pain was entirely absent, and there was no dread and no loneliness.

Ann: I kept her hand until you took it - ?

Mother: I received her in my arms, her eyes opened and looked into mine. She knew me at once and said she had come 'Home.' That was the first thing she said 'I am Home at last.' I took her soul and drew that spiritual balm from high sources and she was cradled in it, and it flowed through her. Now she looks beautiful in her Spiritual body, so young, so changed, the stamp of youth and joy is on her, you would hardly know her in this fresh beauty. As she rests you can see her spirit shining through. She will soon be able to rise and realize again that she is with us, and we are all about her. It was necessary I should take sole charge; I wanted so much to welcome her Home, and Dick understood that I could make it easier, so he waited outside in the Shadow Land. She will rest for a while, then come into the Garden of our land of Eternal Summer, and there among the flowers and the children, she will be refreshed and repaid for all the sorrows of earth-life.

She asked before she rested, to give you her dearest love, and to say that you helped her over the darkest part of the road. Your prayers drew the Spiritual power about her, and

helped us in the work of freeing her from the prison of the flesh.

(End of Sitting)

The rest of this communication concerned only Ann, and what her Mother wished her to do in the following years.

The Scribe had, of course, realized the situation, but she knew nothing of the inner life of those for whom she wrote.

Ann feels that any account that throws light on the passage of death - the opening of the 'Gate into Life' - may be of much help to those who dread that unknown journey. Those, perhaps, whose minds have been filled with the grim and dark ideas of the past, to whom the 'sting of death' and the 'victory of the grave' is still a secret terror.

The teaching of the old days is even yet with us, and the light and comfort brought to us through Christ's teaching has not always been fully realized. From the earliest days of Spiritualism, and 'Teachings' from the 'Other Side,' the fear of death has been rejected. For the simplest soul, who has loved and has sought the Light, there is nothing but a sleeping, and an awakening to all the light and love which that soul is capable of receiving.

So this description of the passing of a beautiful soul into the bliss of the next World is given in the hope that it may really help other souls to understand - and be at peace.

SHORT SITTING WITH A FRIEND.

June, 1929.

Owing to the Scribe's many engagements, Ann was prevented from having another 'sitting' for some weeks. A friend of hers (Helen), who sometimes wrote automatically, had found her hand continually writing 'go to Ann' - but she waited until the sudden idea of asking her to come, occurred to Ann, and then the following message was given:

Elizabeth: 'Helen! Ann! Oh how glad I am you have come - we are with you. Ann, dear Ann you must not be so much upset, it hurts us, dear, keep your mind calm and know that we are with you. Mother is always here with me. How shall I tell you what I now see, and what joy is awaiting you. Oh! my darling sister, you have been so much to me, I now see and understand your loving care of me.'

Ann told her sister she had arranged a meeting with the Scribe for an early date, and her brother was coming with her.

Elizabeth: 'Yes, dear, come with him, I will try and make you feel the lovely, lovely light, light, light! Love is all, all, all, and oh! so wonderful. I cannot make you understand yet, but I will be with you and will come when you call. I cannot always

control the pen.

Ann: Were you conscious of me until you found Mother?

Elizabeth: Why! my dear, of course, and there is no separation, I just came into God's wonderful Peace. No fear, no distress, oh! you will come to us, and we will keep you until then. I am so glad Helen is with you, and you have loving friends.

Ann: Did you know I could not get to you through our little Scribe?

Elizabeth: No, for I am with you, but Ann, you must be conscious of my nearness, always communication is of the mind. Ann, Ann, be certain of me. I am with you, loving and watching over you. Mother has given her message.

Ann asked if she had met her great friend, Philemon.

Elizabeth: Yes, yes, my dear, he is oh! a most wonderful spirit, I am sometimes in his Light - but he is far away. I shall meet him soon, and be near him. Now I am with Mother in this wonderful resting place. Later I will tell you about the Spirit. It is getting dim, Helen is not able to give more now, but let me convince you, dear, of my nearness. You are not alone - Helen tell her *she is not alone*. Good-bye darling Ann.

This was written while Elizabeth was still in the half-dream state of the place of Rest, but apparently felt the need to comfort her sister.

SITTING I

June, 1929.

Present: Ann and John.

MENTOR: May I just tell you that your friends say "all is well." There is a group here, and they are going to give power to the newly-born soul to speak.

Mother: My dears, she is coming now to speak. She may be slow at first, but she is just her old self, having wakened up from the deep sleep to come and greet you.

Ann: Is it good for her to speak so soon?

Mother: She longs to speak, and it will give her the necessary peace. She will go when she is tired.

Elizabeth: Oh! My dear friends, how lovely this is! Both of you, it is what I have just been longing for - a glimpse of you two, I have so much to tell you.

Ann: Did you feel me all the time until Mother came?

Elizabeth: Yes, I felt your hand, and saw your face, until Mother's face came between for a few minutes. She held me in her arms, oh! the bliss of that moment! The comfort!

I shall never forget that first joy. But I begged her to let me, or help me, to get back for a short time into my body, so as to tell you. I had a little struggle, then I found myself looking at you dear, again, and I tried to say "it is lovely," I said - but I wonder if it reached you? "Mother is here." Only I was slipping away then, perhaps it did not reach you?

Ann: Only "lovely" but I understood the rest.

Elizabeth: I cannot put into words what that feeling of release was, what it was like afterwards was a glory I cannot describe. I was free again, floating, caught in a silvery mist, and all the time Mother was with me, looking, so young and beautiful.

John: Is Heaven as you pictured it?

Elizabeth: It is something beyond what I ever imagined. There is a kind of pure light here, not like any light on earth. It heals one. It soon made me feel so free from weariness, so rested. I was taken for a time into oblivion, and sank into the darkness of the greater Mind. While in it Mother told me my Spirit body became mine. I came out of the rest a new soul. I was led into a country, prepared, they said, for those like myself, who had suffered much and wanted loveliness and rest. Can you picture green hills rolling away into the distance, great soft pine-woods, then cliffs and a dark blue sea? A little rose and gold town on a hill-top, like Italy - and then, with me, all the time, Mother! And this radiance that seemed to put new life into me, hour by hour, though I have no sense of time here.

John: Is it possible for you to come at night in the quiet?

Elizabeth: I am going to try soon when I understand how to use your powers. Will you sit quietly for half an hour each evening? You will have to wait for quietness, both within and without.

John: What time should I wait in the quiet?

Elizabeth: A little before you go to bed, that is the time when peoples' minds are getting still, they interfere often, I mean living minds, so I am told by Felicia. It is as though they made a rough sea about you, so that our more delicate vessel, our message, cannot reach you. But I find I forget even now what time is, isn't that splendid. Feeling that no horrid clocks have to be watched, ⁽¹⁾ no long night of pain without end, or waiting for that grey dawn!

Just absolute peace and this time of rest in a beautiful land with my friends.

John: No work? You will never like that?

Elizabeth: First I am learning how to use my new powers. This strange etheric body, which is so supple and free, has to be understood. Besides I have so much to tell Mother, and she is going over all the years of our separation. It gives me such joy, just

living with memories, telling her of all our love, and hearing of what she has accomplished.

I am promised music for my work later. Now I know I am one of the children whose kingdom is music, not words really. ⁽²⁾

I am to learn how to produce healing music, for it has that marvellous quality here. It heals souls who are embittered or warped, and who thus have marred spirit bodies. That will be my work - making music for sufferers.

Ann: You will love such work.

Elizabeth: This is all happiness - but I will rest for a moment.

The rest of the sitting is not given.

(1) These are the exact words so often spoken by Elizabeth in describing her weary nights to Ann.

(2) The Scribe only knew Elizabeth had written books. Nothing of her music.

SITTING II

June, 1929.

Present: Ann

Ann and the Scribe had spoken together for a short time when Mentor wrote:

They have been waiting

Ann: Who is here?

Mentor: Your sister with your Mother. They heard your mind calling and have been listening to you. Whom shall I call first?

Ann: My sister.

Mentor: Yes, but she cannot stay long.

Elizabeth: My dear, it is so good to have you to myself. All has been realized of which I dreamed. I have escaped from the prison, and now I see boundless freedom, and I have boundless hope. You must not mind if I talk extravagantly, I am so happy with our Dearest. I have told her of everything you did for me in those last months.

Ann: Were you lonely any time during those last hours?

Elizabeth: No, as I felt your hand slipping from me, I awoke and saw our Mother's face. It was just as if you gave me to her - those are her words. Your touch is the last thing I remember. It grew misty for a minute, then I was with Mother. I had no feeling of loneliness in those last hours, there was no pain, and I was gone before I spoke those last words. But I struggled back, you should know, you understood them? I was with

Mother, and she helped the others to break the threads. I know Felicia was near, but I only saw Mother. She was all I wanted, and I forgot those months of pain in that bliss.

Ann: Thank you for coming back to me.

Elizabeth: I could not have left you without a word, and Mother understood. She helped me back, and told me you knew how peaceful was my passing. I tried, dear, to make you feel me in that church-yard.

Ann: (Startled and distressed) Were you there?

Elizabeth: I was able to reach your inner self, and somehow, strangely enough, I used your eyes for a minute. It was a passing picture like something in a cinema, and I was so glad just to make that contact with you then. I tried to breathe peace into your soul; but found it hard to reach you there.

Ann: Did you see flowers?

Elizabeth: I loved the flowers - for it was all joy. I wanted to tell the owners of those sad faces to smiles that it was the great hour of my deliverance, and they should be glad.

Ann: The birds were singing, did you hear them?

Elizabeth: Yes, through you. I hope in time now and then to use your hearing. I heard them all singing, it was like a triumph-song. It seemed to me they understood and were glad.

Ann: You were only conscious of flowers and birds?

Elizabeth: The flowers and a feeling of early summer. ⁽¹⁾ All the pleasant things of life came back to me as a memory in that moment. Mother was with me, then I was back in the "Place of sleep." It was like a gentle dream, and was given me because I wanted to drop peace into your soul, when you were leaving me, or my shell, there.

(1) It was a lovely day in the middle of May and the birds were singing in a chorus of joy.

Ann: I felt that peace. Then you slept?

Elizabeth: Deep, dreamless sleep, that gave me back my clearness of vision, gave me back vigour of thought. I feel now stirring in me new melodies I had never thought of before. I feel myself on the threshold of fulfilment. All the music I knew was there, which I could not express in life, I feel now stirring, as the birds stir in the dawn. It is there waiting for me to draw it out of myself.

Ann: Do you remember Helen?

Elizabeth: Yes, tell me about her.

Ann: Did you impress her to write, and come to me?

Elizabeth: I had such a funny experience about her, as if I dreamed while I was half

awake. I was with her, and told her to give you a message. I was very drowsy while I did this, and I could not be sure afterwards how far she heard me. It was so dream-like because I had not the power over my spirit body that I have now.

Ann: She said you told her to come to me.

Elizabeth: Yes, quite right. I wanted you to hear from me, and as I did not see our “little light,” I thought with Mother’s help I might reach Helen. It was not when I was fully awake, only in this short time I have felt a new being and my real self again.

Ann: I rejoice to think of “no more pain.”

Elizabeth: No more of that! I bathe in radiant light, which each day gives me more strength; and I laugh at Felicia who longs to drag me here and there. I tell her I have Mother, and through her I will grow, until I have the power for one work at a time. Felicia wants me to go with her to attend “sittings” but I say “on no account, my dear - I leave it to you and your friends.”

Ann: Tell me of Philemon.

Elizabeth: I have sat at his feet, as it were. He is a very wonderful Spirit, for he has gone beyond the Spheres about earth. He has been in what he calls the “Calm of Eternity”; that is how you would describe the “Bosom of our Father.” It means he has entered within the “Imagination of God.” I cannot find another word for it. His experiences are indescribable, and he has brought to me a spark of power that has healed all wounds, and is giving me that joy which will break out soon in my music. He is with me quite often, for he has more in common with me than I ever imagined. We have a Psychic bond which was made in past ages, in another world, in another life. But we do not go back to earth. I am sure of that.

Ann: He called you his “spiritual daughter.”

Elizabeth: Yes, and he will show me how I may develop my perceptions, so that I may produce my music again, and he will bring me to César Franck. (1)

Ann: You will be glad.

Elizabeth: The Master! I cannot tell you how much I am longing for that meeting. I dream of all he will tell me of his work. He is at the head of a Company of Musicians - they give us the beauty and the dreams here, of which the earth receives the echo only.

The rest of this sitting was private.

- (1) Elizabeth had a great devotion to the music of this Master; the Scribe was quite ignorant of Elizabeth’s gift for music, and only knew vaguely that she had written books. The Scribe was almost startled as the word “César” was spelt out. She did not connect it with “Franck” at first, for she was not familiar with his music.

SITTING III

1929

Presnet: Ann and Phyllis. (A young friend in whom Elizabeth took great interest.)

MENTOR: She is ready; she was quite agitated as you came in. She is calm now and I will give her name - Elizabeth. She says "Is not my child here?" She wants to speak, she has only seen one as yet, but feels the other.

Ann: Which has she seen?

Mentor: She sees Ann - you know her sight has to be adjusted to the earth surroundings. She feels someone called Phyl or Phyllis, near.

Ann: Will it help if I look at her?

Mentor: Yes.

Elizabeth: At last, my dear! I feel perfectly happy now. First I must ask for the dear baby. (The Scribe knew nothing of the baby referred to.)

Ann: I am going with Phyl into the country to see baby.

Elizabeth: Oh, please do go soon. I feel I should be so near if you and Phyl, and the baby, are all together. I can use your eyes, Ann, now, so through them I shall see baby, I know. Promise to sit quietly beside the dear child, and wait. After a short while, if you both think of me, I shall see just as if I were there. My dear, I have set my heart on seeing baby, you know that.

Ann: Yes, we will do that.

Elizabeth: How lovely for me, all I dreamed has come true.

Ann: I want to keep in touch when our "little Light" goes away. Ask Mentor if he can help us?

Elizabeth: I have talked with my friend Mentor already about it. Philemon says he will come with me, and then with Mentor's help I shall write. You know when I make up my mind to do a thing, it is usually accomplished. I shall not fail. (Phyllis laughed, and Ann said so.)

Elizabeth: Yes, Phyl knows that little weakness of mine.

Ann: I call it strength.

Elizabeth: Oh, it was weak sometimes to want so much, I should have been more serene.

Ann: Can you use my hand in writing?

Elizabeth: In time I hope to force my way through to you, but you must not be

disappointed if at first only a few words come, you must get more quiet, too. I am so anxious to write through you.

Ann: Try and get Felicia to help,

Elizabeth: She will be delighted to try. She loves speaking all over the place. I have had to scold her again and again, and still she goes off and plays truant; then comes back so meek and mild, saying she simply had to do it, to please someone or the other.

Ann: Our “little Light” must rest, but do not go.

Elizabeth returns.

I have started my music again. I have talked with the great Master César Franck - his ‘Redemption’ was given him from ⁽¹⁾ this side, and when he came here he found the source of it. I am finding now the source of my music; I can’t tell you what it means to me, for now I am rested, I shall learn to make music with colour and motion, as well as with the delicate sound vibrations. Do you know that I can even hear the sound of the flowers growth, when I draw near to earth, though I cannot hear the loud earth sounds. All this is so marvellous to me. I could go on telling you of the wonderful difference between this life and yours. Can you imagine a state without pain, hunger, or fear or worry - a vigour and feeling of boundless life! And then the pure light, not of the sun, something infinitely more beautiful! If you can imagine me with all this, you will realize that I have at last come “Home.” I only long for you both to share it with me.

(1) The Scribe did not know the name of the work referred to. It might have been an allusion to his individual salvation - but Ann understood it.

Ann: In all this happiness how does Our Lord come into your life?

Elizabeth: Some day, when I have earned that great privilege, I shall see Him and feel His Presence closely. I feel it now when Philemon prepares me for the moment to receive that divine Communion. There are only special times, and one must prepare for them.

Ann: Is our ‘Communion’ a shadow of this?

Elizabeth: A very poor shadow in comparison. For we make ready in the radiant light. We prepare, of course, by being alone, then I meet Philemon and Mother, and they draw me near to that “Mount of the Inner Light.” Then we wait for the sense of His Presence, and slowly it comes like the dawn, and brings with it an ecstasy no earthly Communion can give to us. It is a very precious and sacred thing here, I find it hard to express what is so transcendent; “caught up into the third Heaven,” where St. Paul saw and heard things unspeakable. I know what that means now - it was the hour of Communion. I have felt it once already deeply, strongly - I shall soon feel it again.

Ann: The “Light” is tired, I fear we must go.

Elizabeth: My dear, I shall be with you and baby so soon again. My dear love to you both.

THE LETTERS.

Summer of 1929.

The Scribe left London for her country home at some distance, having arranged with Ann - and the friends on the "Other Side" directed by "Mentor" - that occasionally when she felt a call to do so, she would give her hand into their control and write to Ann.

Ann, with no knowledge of when the Scribe would feel called on to write, would receive a letter, and write in return thanking for the letter, making no comment on the contents beyond saying they were interesting, and occasionally referring to some subject in a vague way - i.e., "tell me about your children" or "I like to hear of your music" and "what you are doing". On many occasions as will be noted, Elizabeth or Dick mentioned things unknown to either Ann or the Scribe, and often Mentor or Elizabeth alluded to Ann's affairs, when it was impossible for the Scribe - who had no friend or acquaintance in common - to know anything of Ann's actions.

The letters often refer to things known only to Elizabeth and Ann, and the way of expression and the whole atmosphere was as if Elizabeth in truth were writing to a dear sister.

It would seem in these intimate letters - written at a long distance without any possible connection of time or thought - that the medium had super-normal faculties for acquiring knowledge.

FIRST LETTER.

The Scribe feeling impelled to write takes up a pencil. And Mentor announces himself -
Mentor is here.

I have brought the White Soul to you today. She is so happy and glad, for tribulation, tears and sorrows are all behind her now. She gives out a certain radiance by which she is recognizable to us, as one of the "Children of the Kingdom."

She is now beginning to train for important work, which is to be partly in connection with your earth and the souls which are passing daily. She has the qualities of leadership in her, she has them even more so than your Mother, and later these powers of hers will be used in a high and noble cause. But before she undertakes this important work, she will have other and smaller tasks, which will help her to find

herself. For there is for such as Elizabeth a mightier self behind the earth self, and this hidden part of her soul she will discover in the coming months, and once she has become merged in that larger self, she will be ready to take up this work . In that latter time she will be known to us as one of the “Light Bearers” and that in its highest and most spiritual sense. For she will be one of the Messengers of the High Spirits, those too remote from the earth to be able to approach it. She will be a link between the “Shining Ones” who are incarnate and those Pure Spirits who dwell “Out Yonder.” In other words she will help from this side to forge the New Church of the Spirit, one with a Church built on the foundations of the old Christian Church ; but a Church in which the Spirit of Christ will, for the first time, truly prevail on earth, bringing with it Peace for men. But I have looked forward into the earth future, this is for coming generations. Elizabeth does not even know of this work yet, and years may pass, according to the earth tune, before she will undertake it. You may meet her before she becomes that link between man and the Divine Power.

But I am telling you all this, for I want you to feel glad that because of the strength of her spirit, the pureness of her vision of truth, she has been selected from among the myriad journeying souls for such a purpose . “Many are called but few are chosen” - few are chosen to bear the Spirit to the earth. But she will be one of that small company. Only the strong can bear power, guidance and pity, from the High to the Low, but she, in the future earth time, will be one of these.

Now Elizabeth will speak.

Elizabeth: At last “Little Light” I use your hand. I know you will send for me a short message to Ann.

My dear, you must not grieve and be lonely any more, be glad because of my great gladness.

At last I am beginning to understand the meaning of pain. You alone, perhaps, know what I went through in the past two years, as regards physical weakness and suffering. For I see now that without that crucifixion of the flesh, I could not have known in all its fullness, the joy which I share with our Dearest here.

The rest of this letter was purely personal, except that she mentioned the happiness of having seen the baby.

SECOND LETTER

1929.

MENTOR: I am not going to talk to-night.

Dick wishes to write. Afterwards the White Soul will use your band, her light mingling

with the light on your forehead. (The Scribe's of course.)

Dick: My darling Nan, I feel I am going back to old copy-book days when I write like this to you; might be at sea writing my news to you.

I want to tell you of a very happy gathering here. We decided on a special time when just the family would all welcome Elizabeth. They had seen her in two's or three's or singly before, but this time we were a regular party. First came Mother and Father - we have a Home, a sort of centre for all of us, as you probably know, over here. Mother and Father welcomed the new Pilgrim from the world, and then the rest of us crowded round her.

She was quite surprised to discover she was perfectly familiar with Theo and Louis, (1) "just," she said, "as if she had only been parted from them for a few weeks." We explained she had frequently met them in sleep, and then she understood the mystery of this knowledge of them. What you see in sleep, dear Nan, lies in what we call your eternal memory. It is the splendid Kingdom we come into here after death, we have left all pain behind.

(1) Two brothers who died in childhood.

When Louis and Theo had made much of Elizabeth, Kitty ⁽¹⁾ demanded her share. She is such a dear. It was pleasant to watch the two of them together. But later, just all of us who were children together, and, of course, those two who spent such a short time with us on earth, gathered round Father and Mother. We saw the old memories as pictures, trooping by; saw ourselves as small children playing together, saw our games, the mischief we boys got into, saw all the anniversaries, birthdays, Christmas, year by year saw you as a small child; how we laughed, how happy we were seeing the good old times! You were such a nice baby, Nan dear, and what fun we had watching you in those memory pictures, seeing you just learning to walk! Do you remember that eventful day? Perhaps you don't - anyway as a baby and as a small child you were the great success of the entertainment. For we did indeed enjoy seeing the memory pictures of those years when we were small, of the best days in our lives. Elizabeth loved it, she was so gay, so bright, so charming, indeed she was like a child, delighting in those pictures, seeing beauty and joy in every one. But now I must let her talk. I told her I should tell you, Nan darling, about our party, so she will write of other things.

(1) A young cousin to whom all the family were devoted.

Elizabeth: My dearest, how happy I am to write to you again. Dick has told you of the gay time we had together. I never realized what a dear baby you were till now. Those memory-like pictures, which were a treat and a surprise to me, appeared like real life without any of its bitterness, with all the pain taken away. They are imprinted on the ether, and by being together in that way, we were able to see ourselves as children, and

yours was rather a dear little self. How we laughed, how we enjoyed seeing this small reproduction, this tiny image of the Nan we loved so dearly. Oh! how we tried to break through the veil. We so longed to make you feel all our love. We hope and believe that some morning you will wake up with the living, throbbing sense of it. You may bring back no definite memory, but at least we want you, some bright day, to open your eyes to the morning with the conviction that you are, as it were, bathed in our love; that no earth day passes without our sending out tender thoughts to you. And now to answer your questions dear. Yes, I saw the baby quite clearly, and I saw Phyl's charm in baby, and so was very happy. It seemed to me to be afternoon, but I find it hard to read earth time. For we see by another light than the light of the sun. It is the fusion of Spirit Light that gives us vision. But it must be actually ignited by our mutual desire, that is if we are to see with real distinctness. Your light mingled with mine in that quiet room, and I saw with such sureness, it was almost as if I held the baby in my arms.

The rest of the letter was private.

THIRD LETTER

Summer of 1929.

MENTOR: The White Soul is near you to-day.

She is with the "Quick-Silver Lady" (one of Mentor's many names for Felicia). She discusses the old world and the new - now they part - the White Soul draws near.

Elizabeth: Yes, I hear your question. ⁽¹⁾ You would like me simply and briefly to describe my first real and vivid impression of the life beyond death - of the true Reality.

It was a personal one - I write now of that time which followed rest in the "Quiet Place." For we all must pass through that period of dream and peace, of half-asleep. It is necessary so that we may grow accustomed to our new form, to the image of our Soul, which is our covering, our body, in this new world. I told you Mother met me at the Gate of Death, and gave me back the sense of loveliness and joy, released me from the weakness and darkness of death. Now I will describe my first tremendous realization of this existence, which came with my complete realization of our Beloved.

I saw Mother coming towards me out of a blaze of colour and light that caused me to hold my breath in wonder. I have to use the earth terms if I am even faintly to convey the keen ecstasy of that moment. As regards appearance, Mother appeared as in her prime. But there was about her an ethereal quality it is impossible to express in words. A great glow of freshness, a positive fragrance of purity. She came from the "Fields of Light" to me, and perhaps that indefinable spiritual radiance she bore can only be described by Wordsworth's trailing "clouds of glory." Mother is one of the higher

Spirits, one of the Children of the Kingdom, and I think I may truly say that no human being has ever experienced what I experienced then, in my first meeting with a child of that 'Kingdom of Heaven.' Other souls, who have but lately journeyed from the earth, will tell you what I describe in such feeble language, as being true of their first personal experience here, that is when they contact a Higher Spirit .

(1) The scribe held Ann's letter, thanking for her last letter, in her hand and mentioned any reference made in it.

My Mother possessed the old familiar lineaments, the same features, the same face, and she was as well incredibly beautiful. For her soul, the record of her blameless earth-life, shone in her eyes, radiated outwards from her whole being. The poor physical body darkens and conceals that fine essence of the soul. Equally here, those who have led a foul earth-life, express it in a hideous and marred appearance, and such souls remain in that dim sphere until they rid themselves of their false and evil ego, and through that process are transformed, and are then able to look upon each other, and to bear the light and colour of Summerland.

Mother, when she took me to herself on this occasion, and brought me Home, enveloped me in a sort of passion of tenderness. And I was glad of the pain of all my life, because of the intensity of joy this experience gave me.

Those who are the 'Children of the Kingdom' are much with me, and all have the same quality - this kind of divine radiance which on earth I have not found, even in a small and perfect child, though children possess at a certain age what most nearly approaches it . You are perhaps dimly aware of what I mean, that indescribable little air, in a few small children, of knowing nothing in the world but love. Yet accompanying it in the higher Spirit is a serenity, a wisdom, that gives to the tired earth soul absolute confidence and peace. Ann dear, the first great experience of those who have conquered their earth selves, is the re-union with the Beloved, with the one soul who matters above all others, who brings us Home. I write out of my own personal experience, according to your "measure shall it be meted out to you."

We grow naturally out of the earth life into this life. There is no tremendous jerk, no sudden leap into the void, no swift passage into a state of pure intelligence, of abstract life, of existence in formlessness. Here the body no longer rules, mind is paramount. Those who have gone before us shape out of what Sir Oliver Lodge calls the 'ether,' a likeness of the earth. They draw from their memories idealized pictures of the places they most dearly love; and their minds build up for us familiar surroundings; but surroundings bathed in a light more beautiful than the light of the sun. And because we earth souls are not ready to adventure yet 'Out Yonder' to that Heaven Paul described. We can have night and day, hours for work, hours for rest, when we commune and mingle with the Source of Life.

But the power of mind is so intensified here we soon learn to make our own time, we live with those we love, and arrange certain measurements of time, I had better term 'Community' time. To it we all adhere. But if we desire to visit someone in another 'Community,' in an instant we may pass from ten o'clock in the morning, to five in the evening. On earth physical things, substance, dominate us through the senses. Here we, through our minds, govern substance, shape form as we will, and manufacture our own time.

You ask me what we wear - we make our clothes out of this fine ether of space. We shape them according to our fancy, weave them out of our dream, embroider them with all the wonderful colours of our imagination. Of course if the imagination is ugly and limited, the garments made by it are ugly. But imagination has its roots in spirit, and all those who belong to our Community are usually closely allied in spirit. So, though there may be variety of pattern, aesthetically we are more or less agreed. Perhaps the early Greek costumes are the nearest approach to what we wear in our Community.

I am working at music now with my Master César. He is the leader of another Community, but teaches only those few of us who, musically, have affinities with him. My work at music was not wasted on earth; it was all a preparation for the study of it here. Colour, motion and sound, these three blend here in music. We first learn how to listen, how to detect the various melodies of birth, growth and death. Later when I have advanced sufficiently, I shall hearken to the vast orchestra of the stars, listen to the thunderous murmur of the planets revolving round the sun, draw near the earth and, passing into a new phase of consciousness, listen to the melodies of the seasons.

Mentally, I shall visit other solar systems in my quest for music, but, of course, I shall not become incarnate.

Through music I am learning to pass into new phases or states of consciousness. When in one of them, the range of my vision increases surprisingly. 'Fire of the Soul', some call music here. It warms us spiritually, mentally, shows us the secret spring of nature, interprets the vast sea of life for us, and draws us nearer to the ultimate purpose, to the heart of all mystery.

Sometimes I am away with César for what you would call days, but as soon as I feel the need for rest, I return Home. I take up what resembles earth life again. It differs in that we do not need food - as the 'lilies of the field' we are clothed. Those mysterious words of Christ 'take no thought for the morrow' are here fulfilled.

There are lovely flowers here, rarer blooms than any on earth. We have spacious gardens about our dear old Home. Can you imagine my returning from my work? I will allude to one of them, comparing it with an hour which I loved on earth. All is quiet,

the day still lingers, the call of the last birds sound in a flushed sky, from the old trees. The sounds of evening drop away, the rooks stop cawing in a golden sky. An intense hush follows, and in that unspeakable minute, my Beloved comes to me. I rest in her arms again, just as if I were a little child, and tell her of all I have seen and heard, of the strange adventure of this new work. And then we talk of you, dear, and all of you who are still wanderers away from our Home.

My dear, of course, there is no question of your being behind me. We are all in our lives interwoven in the pattern of Eternity. You are just different from me, and that is the principal reason we shall never be far from each other.

Separated for a little time, but always meeting again. We shall nearly always come in together on the same beat in the endless rhythm of the Universe. As there are a number of notes in a scale, so there are a number of souls bound up with my destiny. Think of yourself, Ann dear, as one of the notes in my scale, then you will understand.

There is much else I might say, but our "little Light" is growing dim.

One last word - I see you, dear, in two ways, in that beautiful young body of the soul, which you will enter after death, which sleeps now, and grows in that state of half consciousness. I see you also, as your very dear self, just as you are. Goodbye, my very dear love, Elizabeth.

FOURTH LETTER

1929.

MENTOR: I want you to let the White Soul talk to-day again. I told you I would let you know when she would like to speak. - (Addressed to the Scribe.)

Elizabeth: "Little Light" may I write to my sister Ann again? My dear, I have so much to tell - I fear I shall leave out what is important and just chatter on about myself and our Dear Ones here.

Felicia has been very sweet lately. She gathered all her "Williams" together and held a sort of "At Home" for me. They were all very kind. The "Great Peace Maker" W. T. S. ⁽¹⁾ has great hopes of influencing the minds of certain men in the present Government, guiding them in their work for the World Peace. He finds their minds more pliable than those in the last Government. He believes in the co-operation of England and America, says that if they now unite, the Peace of the world is secure for this generation. So our two optimists, Felicia and W. T. S., are working together with this object in view. Perhaps you will perceive the result of their work later on.

(1) William T. Stead.

It has been a great pleasure to me to meet Sir William Crookes. He has such an

interesting mind. He endeavours to influence the collective, scientific mind of the world, for he believes that through knowledge it will grow to wisdom. Only through light, and more light, will the primitive, pugilistic instincts of men be checked. Such is his thesis. He tried recently to communicate the design of a machine that would receive the communications of discarnate beings, just as a wireless set receives living voices. It was to be a pendulum whose oscillations indicated certain words. Unfortunately a very delicate mechanism has to be attached to the pendulum, and so far he has been unable to find any Medium through whom he could communicate this knowledge.

You ask me why you do not bring anything back from sleep. Your higher soul or spirit leaves the temporary habitation of the body when you rest. Now when you are awake and conscious, your soul occupies your body, and because it is imprisoned in the flesh, it is as if it were dulled and drugged. It is only capable then of recalling those memories imprinted on the physical brain. What happened to it when away from the body during sleep was only registered on the etheric counterpart of your physical self. Only under very special circumstances can a fragment of what happened to you while you were asleep, be brought back to consciousness.

If your psychic power or fluid is very strong, just when you are awaking, we can throw an image upon the brain, of some experience you have had here.

When the higher soul meets the lower in the body, we are able to illumine the brain with this psychic light of yours, and use its force to disturb the grey matter in a brain-cell, so that it reflects one experience of yours in sleep.

The moment of meeting between the higher and lower souls is the moment of half consciousness between sleeping and waking. Many factors have to be taken into consideration. The psychic power is an emanation from the etheric body, our power as well as yours must be used. For the two mingle in order to register the memory of the brain. Again very strong emotion felt by the human being has force, looser, freer, easier to use.

You, dear Ann, are tired after the long strain of my illness. So your power is not sufficient to enable us to make you remember any experience of yours out of the body. But I am not discouraged - some day, perhaps quite unexpectedly, we shall find our power strong enough, and will break through all barriers.

It is far easier for me to use your eyes, than for you to remember that other Life when your body sleeps. For me to use your eyes a certain passivity is necessary on your part, that releases the psychic fluid. Some acquire the secret of passivity through long training, and they are then able to receive our messages accurately. Others are, without knowing it, passive mentally for a few minutes at a time. That is what happened in your case, and so I was able to see Phyl's dear baby through your eyes.

When I use them I must draw my light from our psychic fluid, draw the power from it also. The mind behind the eye sees the picture it registers. And when that mind is passive, quite conscious, but absolutely quiet and static, then the mind of the discarnate being, can enter into the mental stillness of the living human being, and perceive the picture recorded by his or her eyes.

I see your mind as a cloud about your head, united by many little threads to the memory cells in the brain. The emanation from the etheric body, lights up with its rays the darkness of the physical body for me. I hope soon to make you feel my presence when I use your eyes.

Do not think that any of us will progress beyond your spiritual reach and pass out of sight. In sleep you dwell upon the borders of Summerland, and through experiences remain in touch with us and with our life. The memory of those hours will be re-captured by you, when you come to us; for all those experiences are remembered by the subtle, invisible body, which will be yours after your passing.

And now the “little Light” grows dim so I must go.

God be with you, and my dear love, Elizabeth.

Ann had been told of the experience of a friend.

In a Sitting with Mrs. Garrett - the well known Medium - and as the Scribe was very occupied in many ways, Ann decided to try through another Source if she could get in touch with any of her friends on the Other Side.

She did not care, as a rule, to visit other mediums, feeling that with the “little Light” whom Elizabeth knew, and “Mentor” to guide the “Sittings,” she was in spiritual touch of the best kind. But having heard so much of Mrs. Garrett’s powers she arranged a “sitting” through a friend, and met Mrs. Garrett, who knew nothing whatever about her. The interview was very interesting - Ann took notes very rapidly and re-wrote at once.

FIRST SITTING WITH MRS. GARRETT

1929.

“It is I, Uvani. Greetings to you - peace be with you, in your house, in your life, in your heart .”

He then described two ladies as being there - one had passed on a good while, one only a short time ago.

I will talk first of the second lady - she was a very developed soul, very indefatigable,

she had many sticks in her fire. She had been breaking up for some time, but her mind kept her going. Prior to her passing she was very ill, then she passed quickly, unexpectedly, it came as a shock to you, and to her friends, she went so quickly. Her heart had troubled her for some time. It was the sweetest way to go. She is very fine looking.

Ann: How do you see her?

Uvani: She is a little way from you. (He then explained that the Guide was helped to come into easier contact by describing the spirits who came.) She is very charming, very definite, a fine face - so vital. She has grey hair and a good deal of it, and hazel eyes - lovely eyes - so steadfast! For some time she wilted like a flower. She has a wonderful mind, brilliant! She always took up the cudgels for the under-dog. I see MSS. She wrote, I see books. Is it a sister? She has been gone about three months. She was a confirmed Spiritualist, but one who works for certain ends. She gives the idea of one who worked calmly.

Ann: Can you get her name?

Uvani: Elizabeth - and Ann - you are Ann, her sister. This is pleasing her, you told her you were coming some time back. (I had asked Mentor in writing with my own hand, to help, and to let her know I was trying a new medium.) Before she passed, she went into a kind of coma, but an awareness of you.

Ann: Did she know she was going?

Uvani: Then before passing, her face lit up - she tried to give you something, to let you know. She remembers you touching her hand. She remembers something put in her hand, something living; her body went on its journey with this in her hand (some flowers sent by a friend).

Ann: Was life in the body then?

Uvani: Life had passed out of the body, but she was aware of you. She gives the impression of being devoted to you, but sometimes you saw other sides of the question. She tells you that you were done up. She gives feeling of love and happiness.

Ann: Did she know she was going?

Lrvani: Not at the time - some time before you both thought she was going, but she recovered, and began life again. Then "out of the blue" she says, she found herself out of the body. There was a lady to meet her - her Mother was waiting. They were intensely devoted to each other. A wonderful person that little Mother - magnificently steadfast - such youth about her, her hair is so beautiful - I love seeing her hair! That little Mother, so fastidious. The re-union was too delightful ... You are a very united family - Mother knows, and is so happy to meet her. I feel something about Phyl - when

you spoke to Dr. (rather vague for a moment – then -) she had a watch, a clock, it was always there - went with her everywhere, you keep it . (She had a watch-clock, which was with her day and night.)

Ann: Does she speak of 'Phyl?'

Uvani: She is very fond of him, 'Phyl' missed her, looked after her, he is not very well now. (Dearest Ann, I am a little worried) (this seemed to be an interpolation of Elizabeth herself). She is very devoted to Phyl' - a pause – 'Is there a husband?' (Uvani then seemed to realize Phyl as a woman.) She seems to say she is delighted over an event, she was looking forward to Phyl's life; her hope was centred on something - on seeing something. She goes into a building, in a garden, she sees through your eyes - is there a baby? She wants to look through the windows. She bends over a crib, almost as if she picked up the baby - bending over. But she never saw the infant in life, but through the windows - your eyes are the windows! She had photographs of the baby.

In the evening she is closer to you - she has to get into a kind of ectoplasmic envelope to speak to you, and in her desire to get too close 'I forget those things I came armed with, I am so strung up.' But she loves to come.

She can talk for herself later. Evidence is going all right, the other source knows, knows her and you, Mother and Felicia - She was almost one of the first hands to meet me, she has not altered a bit, I am not doing this with Felicia's help - she wanted to get through, but I said "no, we must weed out names, you might make conditions mixed." She sends loving messages. I have a new great interest in life - I met Myers, and Francis P.—both of them S.P.R. workmen – "She speaks of Crookes and L., also of Jane, but not in this connection. Also your Father's family, a good number of them, "in many ways he is still like a child and so happy to see me." ⁽¹⁾ (Ann asked about a friend's mother. Name Ellinor.) Uvani answered "There is a gentleman here who was very devoted to Ellinor, a very sad loss for her when he went. He was a dear, protective personality. He says he is more alive than ever, and sends his love to 'dear Ellinor,' and wants her to know she is ever and always in his thoughts. (This is wonderfully true of Ellinor's brother.)

(1) Elizabeth did not speak in *exactly* her own voice, but a different voice to Uvani's - and very like Elizabeth's.

There is an old lady here. She passed in low health. She had a wonderful mind - she was Ellinor's mother, to whom Ellinor was devoted. She was not frail in mind but in body. She is now a hundred years younger than in life. She is Aunt to you, Ellinor's mother, nothing like Elizabeth's mother, she had a different outlook, mentally a very good state of mind, but opening windows very slowly.

Elizabeth: Darling, in our early communications there seemed so short a time, it was

over before beginning, it seemed. I made one last determined effort to leave a *word*.

(Ann asked about music.)

No, I want to speak of Marian.

Ann: But you know we do not talk to Marian about this subject.

Elizabeth: No, but make her keep me alive in her thoughts - alive to her.

Uvani: She speaks about another one, a girl, the same household as Chris, and Marian - she needs a lot of care, she needs watchful understanding .

(The names were correct, and referred to young friends in whom she was much interested.)

Ann: Tell me of your music.

Uvani: In life she was inspired with music, and had some connection with Schubert, her own great Master brought her to him. It was one of the most joyful moments of her life when presented to him. She speaks of Debussy, Schubert, Liszt, Wagner, Mozart, all in this group.

Elizabeth: I had to make a preparation for this meeting, all so much greater and higher than I am. First I made self abnegation, and asked very humbly to reach the source of inspiration by prayer and meditation, and was then able to be led by my Master into the other great source of Mendelsohn, whom I have so admired. It was like a great bathing of feeling of those who had done so much to give the songs and sounds of God into our lives. I cried, I think you will understand - a great sense of loneliness came over me and I wanted you. My Master was so kind - in life he inspired me. I was not good enough to have such impressions.

Uvani: She wants to talk about a house. She goes with you to a house and you are sorting papers and looking at photographs, she is with you.

Ann: Who lives in that house?

Uvani: You have a brother there, I see him, and a brother here - he is more to you than to her, but she won't let him come. 'I want to talk to establish identity. He has made great strides, and is very fond of you and is often with you. She passed over in May and was with you in June. You have a picture ⁽¹⁾ in your room of this brother, he likes it, you look at it when you arise first, and last thing at night. You are necessary one to the other. She also speaks of a beloved bother - the power is giving out.

So the Séance ended. It had been really marvellous, very clear, names came very easily, and they and every allusion were correct.

(1) This is correct.

FIFTH LETTER.

Autumn of 1929.

MENTOR: I am always glad when I am asked to call the White Soul. She possesses now an untroubled serenity which has been won by her spirit, through those long hours of illness and sleepless nights of distress. Not one moment of that bad time was wasted, for it led to her conquest of herself. Hers is a triumphant victory, and she is, in her vision, and in her capability of seeing life whole, a very advanced Spirit.

Elizabeth: My dearest, what joy to write another letter.

⁽¹⁾ I spoke to you in a different way through another. It was very rapid and I cannot be sure how much of my message reached you. We convey our thoughts at different rates of speed through different 'Lights.' Felicia told me beforehand I was in this instance to be quick, and that the method would perhaps be more jerky, and must depend on the Guide to a considerable degree.

(1) This refers to the sitting Ann had lately had with Mrs. Garrett of which the Scribe had no knowledge.

I liked the Guide and the whole atmosphere was pleasant and bright. It was difficult at first, I am such a novice, but it became easier. I tried at the beginning to give my initials and to get through to the Guide a description of myself that would convince you. I was so excited and eager, I fear it may have seemed rather confused to you. I wanted you to learn through this channel, too, that I was with Mother, that I was at peace in Summerland and had found those I loved. I also made allusion to music; but, of course, I know that by that method of communication, all one shapes into a message does not get through.

I was in the Children's Land lately, Mother took me to their very happy home, and I made music for them. Poor little things! Some had only known misery when on earth; some were born diseased, and dragged out a brief, wretched existence until they were released. Now they live in a Paradise of flowers and fruitful trees, they play in the fields and in the gardens, among splashing fountains, and the little sad souls are like flowers opening to the sun.

I composed some songs, for them, easy, simple melodies, which they could learn themselves. These made colours for them, as they sang, of every imaginable hue.

There is a plastic substance here, finer and lighter than water, but a little like it, in its all pervasive qualities. We shape our surroundings out of it; we make our musical instruments out of it too. For instance, I shaped for the children long reed-like instruments - I called them my 'Pipes of Pan' - and to each child, who had a gift or taste for melody, I presented one of these. By concentrating my thoughts on this very ethereal substance, which I will call *Aeros*, I was able slowly, and at first with difficulty,

to create an instrument really suitable for a child's soul.

The 'Pipes of Pan' are different in form from any earthly instrument, nor had it been thought of by anyone here previously. It is entirely my own invention, as the result of certain illuminating suggestions made to me by my dear Master Cesar.

I am so proud and pleased because he has praised it, and said 'You alone could make a musical instrument for the child, because you have the key to the child's heart.' You see it can be easily mastered by one of these little innocent beings, and the vibrations of sound it makes form also lovely patterns of colour among the blossoming apple-groves, in the children's Paradise.

I have composed music to the poem 'Sur le seuil de l'Eternité.' The 'Pipes of Pan,' played by little bands of children, sounds its melody through the garden. They have made a hymn of joy out of the beautiful words -

"Il n'est plus de Provence ni d'Angleterre
Tout se perd, dans la lumière
Et l'éblouissement ."

You know how it flows on, and you can imagine how pleased I was when Mistral came himself to listen to the children singing his exquisite poem to my music. He told me it was the perfect interpretation in sound and colour of the idea he had sought to convey in verse. I have been so longing to tell you of this Ann dear, because I know that you of all people will understand my joy in this new creation of mine. I feel I can compose as never before in this marvellous atmosphere, so buoyant, so gay, so care-free. It is as if at last I had found wings for my spirit's fancies. And here the music matter and the artist are one and the same. The melody paints the picture as it sounds through our world. You understand my joy when I find that not only have I created an instrument, but I have also composed a melody, which is, Mistral tells me, fine art both in colour and sound.

(The Scribe had very little knowledge of French, and could not normally have written out these lines - also she did not know of Elizabeth's friendship with Mistral, the poet of Provence.)

Of course I have been improvising, making other music for my 'pipes.' But these other fancies do not satisfy me yet. I have much to learn before I embark upon musical creation of a more complicated character, which will appeal to the fine minds here. Of course, I may never succeed: breadth, vigour, and nobleness of view may be lacking. But my mind is fertile with ideas, themes, fancies, as never before, and in that lies my hope. My dear Master has been so encouraging. He tells me that he believes that my earth sufferings will nourish inspiration, and that out of them will some day spring a noble symphony. You will judge at least from this that I have found in myself un-

dreamed of possibilities.

The music inspired by the 'Fields of Light' has healing properties also. Great Masters like Cesar Franck and Schubert, are Physicians of the soul here. Many of the newly-dead come here so soiled and embittered by their earth struggles, that their mental condition re-acts on their etheric bodies, warping and twisting them. The great compositions of our Master musicians heal and make whole, restore to these unfortunate beings the heritage of beauty which should be theirs as children of God. Wide is the scope of music in the Spheres. We were right on earth when we believed that music is the greatest art of all.

It has been a great privilege to meet Mistral again and talk to him. He is an intellectual giant. He tells me he will write more poems for my children and that I am to set them to music. I use the word write, but we do not write as on earth. The act of intensified thought, when we are in a completely absorbed and passive state, will be imaged on 'aeros,' so that those who understand may read it, and gather its meaning and shape it in language.

I had many existences before the earth life. I am not as yet acquainted with the character of some of them. But I know I have had only one earth life, in the human form, and I am told I shall not return to earth in any guise. Only those whose inner nature desires instinctively this return, go back to your planet. There are not at all as many as is supposed. Before I lived on earth, I spent certain periods of time on other planets. But the body, or bodies, I occupied in such existences, travelled either faster or slower than the human body. So even if a man in the earth body were transported to one of those planets or stars, he would not be able to see the beings who inhabit there for his body would be vibrating at a different speed from theirs.

The earth life is distinctly one of progress. Indeed it is very important in the long cycle of evolution towards the life of Pure Spirit.

We call the earth the 'Place of Pain,' for though some primitive and evil souls meet with pain in the lower spheres here, it is nothing to the suffering all mankind meet with in their terrestrial experiences.

But this pain should mean to those who learn its lessons, an immense advance. We regard an earth life as a short cut from the tortured limitations of matter to the fine, free, illimitable existence of the soul. Some travel by a much longer and easier road, incarnating in subtler substance on other planets. But I am glad I chose the road to freedom through the earth plane.

Though the discipline was painful, the experience hard, it was of shorter duration than another on a different road, or line of progress.

Our 'Little Light' is growing dim, so I must close, Ann dear. All our love goes out to

you, Elisabeth.

One word more - when we communicate with you, we are not asleep, we are intensely alive and awake. But we have to concentrate very hard upon what we are saying, and upon getting it through.

So, as in life, people with great powers of concentration, seem absent-minded and dreamy. We may seem to some on earth drowsy, and caught in the web of dreams.

SIXTH LETTER

1929.

MENTOR: I am glad the message gave happiness. The White soul has come into her kingdom, found her true Home at last. So this new life engrosses her attention. She longs to impart its joys to one who understands, and delights in her own pure delight.

Elisabeth: My dear, it gave me great pleasure to write of my music and of the children. You understand what they mean to me, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," only now do I grasp the true meaning of that wonderful saying. I have found Heaven in the children and in my music here. I see now that every event in my life, every sorrow, every care had its place, as each stone in a building, so each part was necessary to the whole.

Only the elder children sang Mistral's songs.

When I use the term 'elder children,' I mean those who, through a long sojourn here, have almost grown up to maturity. For here the soul grows and blossoms as a plant in radiant sun-shine, and a time comes when the little folk become possessed of such wisdom, that they pass from out this innocent Paradise into the fuller life beyond, where there is work and noble achievement awaiting them.

I have composed simple melodies for the younger children. Mistral presented me with a sheaf of gay little songs, which could be understood by the youngest of them all.

I have been setting them to music, and my mind is full of melodies at present.

What I can only call the adult souls, converse and sing through a medium unknown on earth, through a language of images or thoughts, also when they choose they talk in their native tongue. But the language of images, or thoughts, is so rich and eloquent it is their favourite medium.

However, few children are sufficiently advanced to be capable of using it. So many songs are English and French, and some are exceedingly simple and childish. When I have thoroughly mastered the language of the soul, as I call this Universal tongue, I hope to set its images to music.

But I have much to learn, indeed my ignorance is vast. And now I want to answer a question in your mind - believe me we are not in timelessness until we pass 'Out Yonder,' and are in the immanent Presence of God. Each Sphere has its own rhythm of time; the greater souls within the Sphere create its time-rhythm, when creating its soul-ward form.

I am not permitted to convey the songs composed in this life into another life, for they would bring too great loveliness to earth, to a place that must remain within its own darkness, if it is to fulfil its purpose of evolution, the wise law of gradual growth. Now and then a genius who travels far in sleep, catches an echo of our song, but very rarely of the music of the Masters. In his waking hours he gives to the world a faint, blurred impression of it, but never a true and certain interpretation.

My dear, you were always so helpful and encouraging about my work but I know my own limitations. However, I believe that nothing is impossible here, if the soul really seeks the Higher Life. For through the lamp of beauty and of love, we discern the Light of God.

So perhaps sometime the power may be mine to compose that Symphony. But I am only at the beginning of things, so it may be that you will have joined me here, before that work is accomplished.

I shall be very happy if you are the first to listen to it.

You do not disturb me when you call. And now I must try to explain a mystery. I can, now that I am mistress of my deeper mind, be in two states at once. One part of me speaks with you, or writes to you, or comes to you at night, while the other is with the children, or is creating. I am conscious of both activities at the same time. It is a mental process that can only be achieved by those who are no longer incarnate.

I saw your old friends. ⁽¹⁾ Their home is in a beautiful country. They will remain in Summer-land for a long time. It satisfies them, they do not desire more than its peace. Intellectual power, and above all a passion for beauty, and the sense of the Divine, are necessary for those who build up form, and create appearances here.

(1) Referring to an old maid of Ann's about whom she had asked.

I speak of those Spheres which are fashioned for the simple simple and ignorant. They do not understand creative principals, so the more highly developed spirits, those who are also spiritually endowed, usually build worlds for the mass of souls who pass daily to us.

Certainly mental development on earth, if it is accompanied by largeness of vision and a sense of beauty, helps enormously, and makes a considerable difference in creative work.

The power is failing, the light grows dim - my love always -

A good deal of this letter is not given. The last words came very feebly.

SECOND SITTING WITH MRS. GARRETT

UVANI came through quickly, and described two men and two ladies, he seemed a little confused. Ann asked him about the ladies, he said.

One had great charm, an independent spirit - very frail - about sixty-seven, but you cannot tell ages very well. Gives the name of Elizabeth and Ann.

Uvani: She feels so well and has such joy in coming to you. (Uvani became rather confused about some anniversary. Ann then asked if he knew some one called Felicia, thinking her help might clear conditions. After saying he knew so many people he really could not remember, he said suddenly 'Yes I do - she comes for Sahib Mead. Ann was thinking of Dr. Munro who she knew saw Mrs. Garrett occasionally. Uvani, however, left that subject and returned to Elizabeth.)

She is fine looking, has great power in expressing herself, has a wealth of words, but in other ways too. She has so much knowledge of people, it makes her very human. She passed out very suddenly at the last, had been very ill for some time, then better, then a collapse. She is calling 'Ann,' she is sister to you, she is very happy to get in connection with you. She says 'Our Felicia' is much with me, and we take up again our points of discussion.'

(There was a little confusion over, the name of Scatcherd, which had not been mentioned before, and a duality. And then Uvani said, 'They have written to you.' Ann asked 'How?')

Uvani: They write through an old man who holds the door.

Ann: Can you give his name?

Uvani: He is a Grecian - he allows people to enter - this is to verify. She gives me the impression of having passed over eight, no, six, months. You feel she is not there - *But she is*. There is a great friend of hers in spirit life, not a brother, but the other held communication with them before she went and is now in touch and happy.

She is with 'Our Dear Mother' - she was devoted to her. She was very frail, she was a most sweet nature. She was quite old when she went over. She was fastidious, a very keen mind, a great personality. Elizabeth, and you are Ann.

She is giving me the impression her mouthpiece has been away - something is interfering with her. You can manage better through the "scribe" woman: Evidence is not needed, between you and me and she brings through my personality. She wrote

and loved music, she has met him before, who inspired her, and is happy to be with him, the personality spoken of before. He also shared her love for music, and he brought the other one to her.

Ann: Tell me of your work.

Elizabeth: After going over it was rest and peace with Mother. Felicia was there - reality of it all more than I can express, so stupendous a thing.

Uvani: There is also a brother - it was a family re-union and they spoke of you. She has an organizing mind and a wish to help. She gives the impression of being very fond of children - has a way with them. You have heard of this, she tells you. She gathers the children with her music, she is bathed in it. "You were keenly appreciative and that has strengthened the link between us. This is joy and peace, I am able to hear, as I told you, those men who wrote their feelings in music - I have so much to learn! Music deepens - is an expression of love and peace, it is a living reality of God. There is new scope for me. I wish you were clear-audient so that you might hear." She says she will take you by *both* hands ⁽¹⁾ when you come, to a beautiful garden where she works. "Mother thinks of you always, she feels that having me, she has more of you." Your interest in all they tell brings you closer. Elizabeth says "this is good for me." But she misses using the hand of "Harry" (Ann thought the name was a mistake) no, she says "Harry." (and then suddenly, almost in Elizabeth's own voice) came "You know, Ann." and Ann grasped that "Harriet" was meant. "Yes, a lady." She was away and I miss our letters - and now the absence is being prolonged. Ann said that the Scribe had taken up other work. "I know, I know, but I miss our Scribe." Felicia then spoke; she was delighted to have Elizabeth there "so enervating only to have a crowd of males."

(1) Elizabeth had injured one wrist which prevented her using her hand freely.

Ann: Who do you mean?

Felicia: Barrett - Crookes and W.T .S . I needed Elizabeth's moral and mental support. Now the battle is not so one-sided. (Felicia seemed to be in one of her most frivolous moods.) Ann asked what they were doing.

Felicia: Crookes is busy trying to get a machine to work for intercourse instead of human minds. W.T.S. is busy with children and is writing for the house by the river.

Ann: Who lives there?

Felicia: Stella Wilson Stead, that is his chief obligation, and our work to spread by any means, whether in the Antipodes or in America, by touch, voice, deeds, he is the Town-Crier!

Ann: But what for?

Felicia: For rights of all things - the rights of spiritualism, he is still chief Town-Crier,

also important research work with Myers and American James, and Hyslop.

Ann: Anything else?

Felicia: All these irons in the fire! and Peace against War - a great spiritual endeavour.

Ann: Yes, I thought that.

Felicia: Yes, I kept you on tenter hooks, I knew that you were expecting it, so I kept Peace-League up my sleeve.

Ann: Felicia, you are as bad as ever.

Felicia: Oh! yes, I am as intractable as ever!

My dear old friend George Mead accused me of chasing round my tail, or running round in a circle. I know his criticisms - but he is honest enough, and we always spoke out freely to each other.

Ann: Isn't there another friend?

Felicia: I could speak of two friends just recently come over - all the good ones are coming over our side!

Ann: I meant one you knew well on this side.

Felicia: Are you referring to my little patriotic Scotsman? Ask him when will he take a seat in the House.

Ann: That seems very unlikely, if we are thinking of the same man.

Felicia: My little doctor! Watch his face when you say this - the "House of Commons" is what I was thinking of, a Parliamentary seat. I am very fond of him, he thought I put off things too long.

Ann: What things?

Felicia: Oh, health and such things, he gave me scoldings, get messages through to him both directly and indirectly. When he is up against it he comes here.

Ann: Tell me about Elizabeth.

Felicia: She is in a state of ecstasy, she felt she could not do all she wished to do when she was ill. Now she is bubbling over with life and joy, a body never tired, knows no pain, and is at her command, and she is now so busy.

Ann: Who helps her with her music? To this came no answer, so Ann asked about Philemon, the friend with whom you wrote.

Felicia: I met him at once (some hesitation) we had sittings together - Felicia says he sat this side and she in the body. Then he went over, but very soon was with them. Felicia and Elizabeth got his messages. I see very much of Elizabeth, I can speak of her

she is so modest. She is a beautiful soul - I think in her way she does more than I do. She listened - I wanted to be busy, all things to all people - Elizabeth is different.

Ann told Felicia we all loved her for her great unselfishness. There was knocking at the door to show the time was up. Ann told Uvani she feared they must stop.

Felicia said quickly, "Glad to see you, come again."

Uvani: "I could not go when she was speaking!" Suddenly Elizabeth spoke – 'One word, Ann dear, I still see things through your eyes, and still see the baby - sweet little soul, sweet little soul'

End of Sitting.

Every allusion in this sitting was correct and very typical of the two personalities.

The mention of a Parliamentary, seat for the doctor was quite unknown to Ann, but she found out that the idea had been seriously entertained.

Neither Elizabeth or Ann ever spoke of the Scribe by her Christian name or heard anyone else do so, and Ann was therefore very puzzled for the moment when the name "Harry" for "Harriet" was given. Elizabeth's voice, and its expostulating tone, was extraordinarily like herself. Felicia spoke easily and rapidly, but not quite in her own voice, though much like it - and different from Elizabeth or Uvani.

SEVENTH LETTER

January 1930.

MENTOR is here. Will you tell my good friend who writes this letter, that another Guide, who is stronger than I, for a time is giving some communications through my child. But I will try now and then to hold the door, so that her loved ones may speak.

The White soul is at hand. She brings with her a great peace for she has found herself as never before in her children and her music here.

Elizabeth: (After some very private remarks, she began.) Dear Felicia has been very kind in speaking for me through that lady. (This referred to the second sitting Ann had had with Mrs. Garrett, of which the Scribe had no knowledge.) She is a very remarkable medium and will be very useful to the good doctor. I see the doctor has a new friend, who receives messages from another source, conveying healing and other important matters. Felicia asks me to say that the doctor should encourage his new friend, who is in touch with an important group on this side. Felicia sees the talk about the doctor lending this man a room for work. He could not do better, excellent results will come of it. Only she would warn her doctor that this man is very sensitive and has to be treated tactfully. Felicia spoke of this to me some weeks ago and asked me to put it through, if I

had the opportunity. It may not seem important to you, but it is important, that this man should accept the room and be free to work in it, for he has vision and great ability, and will do important work that will benefit spiritualism in the distant future.

(This message to Felicia's friend Dr. H. Munro greatly astonished the good doctor and his friend—for there was talk between them of the loan of a room - neither Ann nor the Scribe knew of this.)

And now, my dear, as I have given Felicia's message, I feel I may talk of our wonderful life here.

Mother and I have been in the children's world, working among them, ever since last I wrote. But, of course, we spend many happy hours at home, where we see our friends, all those we love.

We have, out of the etheric substance here, through thought and memory, shaped a house according to our fancy. It is a very lovely old-world building, set in the midst of a garden of roses and many other flowers, some of which you would not know, nor could you even faintly imagine them. For they are exquisitely shaped, and have scents and colour which you could not possibly visualize or for a moment conceive. With us the limited physical senses have been replaced with very fine perceptions. These embrace a far wider field of vision and observe subtle distinctions of line and form, with which human beings can never be conversant. So no words in any earth tongue can convey an impression of their loveliness to you. The children play in our garden, and I have been composing dance music for them, and this dancing has a fairy-like quality and rapture that is a perpetual delight to me. You can picture the graceful flight of birds, the sweep and dash of a band of swallows, the soaring of the lark, how it rises upwards and upwards, and then descends swift as an arrow. Watch the birds when spring comes in the country, and think of my children dancing to my music.

Your feet are bound to earth, you cannot rise a foot above the ground - but we, at will, can rise and float above our world, can swoop and dart, twist and swerve as merrily as the swallows.

It is part of the children's play here, they drift to and fro, make lovely patterns in their dance, hovering above our garden, passing through its valleys, in and around its walks, to the sound of my melodies.

Do you remember the little boy with crutches and the heart of a soldier? I have met several of his kind here, and they rejoice in the dance far more than the others - for them it is an intoxication of movement, a complete and marvelous freedom. (This referred to a true story, quite familiar to Ann, but of which the Scribe had no possible knowledge.)

Felicia says I ought to give you an outline of existence here in plain, simple English.

There are seven Spheres about the earth. All who die pass into them, each one according to his life and character, gravitates to his own level.

Each sphere is as a bead upon a string, and when we have, through spiritual development, reached to the highest one of all, we can look back and see all the beads upon that string, and we are faced with the memory of our individual life, from the very beginning.

We perceive all the mistakes, all the pain and sorrow, and the mystery, of love - the joy and suffering it brought us. We see the time before birth into the earth. We perceive how our consciousness gradually was assembled, before we entered the place of discipline or the 'Place of Pain', as some call the earth; and at last we perceive the purpose of it all. After that, if we have courage, and are prepared to face further efforts and struggles, we may pass 'Out Yonder,' 'Yonder' has neither place, state nor time - call it that condition of Grace in which we have complete communion with God. There are seven places of consciousness which correspond with the seven Spheres. In the highest of these seven Planes, before we depart 'Out Yonder,' we learn how to apprehend the whole of Creation.

We learn through the power of sympathetic imagination, how to conceive the myriad forms that exist throughout the Universe. By such a conception we come to understand them all, and from such an experience is born infinite love, and infinite compassion. Then only may we journey 'Out Yonder' and become one with God. And that is what we earthly pilgrims call Immortality.

It was said to me more than once on earth, 'Yes, there may be Survival, but is there Immortality?' Now I am able at last to answer that question - 'Yes, there is Immortality for every soul that has occupied, or will occupy, the physical body. But not every soul chooses it, and many never leave the Spheres. They are content, they feel they have reached their journey's end. They are very happy in their various existences, but they do not know the unimaginable bliss which is the portion of those eager seekers, who lift the veil, and after aeons of experience, perceive the mystery of God.

Elizabeth has occasionally described Summerland' as the 1st 'Sphere' or 'Plane' after Earth Life - and that land embraces many Stages or 'Mansions' which word should be translated as 'Resting Places on the Upperward Road.'

EIGHTH LETTER

1930.

MENTOR comes, and after some general observations, Elizabeth speaks:

When I spoke of 'Out Yonder' in my last letter, I wrote of the Highest State of all, which can only be attained to in a far distant time. It means absolute purification. I shall live

in time, and so will you live in Heaven-time, for many aeons, many ages, before such bliss is attained. But even now, when I am in a state somewhat analagous to the half-sleep of earth, I can go 'Out Yonder.' It is only for a brief while, I catch but a glimpse of those splendours indescribable. It is like living in rarified air on a mountain top. It can not be borne for long. That ecstatic dream-state has only come to me three times since my passing; and Mother tells me I am fortunate in having had that vision of the Mystery of God, three times.

It has renewed and refreshed me, given me strength of heart, which no words can describe.

You say you are puzzled by the words *Survival*, and *Immortality*. Possibly I was not quite clear in the expression I used. Certainly the final end of all things, of all spirit, is complete union with God. But there are milestones along the road of progress.

When the earth dissolves and finally passes away, all the just will rise to the Highest Heaven - will pass 'Out Yonder.' But consider the myriads of savage and unformed souls who have lived evil lives on earth, then passed into the great Hereafter. When the earth is rolled away like a parchment, when it no longer materially exists, these myriad souls will still be crude and unformed. So they will continue to live in the 'Many Mansions', some in 'Summer-Land,' some in the lower Spheres.

Many new earths will be created out of the never-failing substance of the Universe, and those souls who were monsters on earth, men like Nero, will still have something of the principle of evil in them —they are not easily purged. Such beings may have to 'dream-back' as we call it. They may have to take on flesh, not in the old earth, for it will have passed away, but on the newly created planet.

In this second and last incarnation they will at last learn to understand, and to need, love. Then good will prevail, for them there will be no further 'dreaming-back.'

After that second physical life on a new earth, they will pass to etheric realms, and this time will know how to live so that they may progress, and finally, having been purged of evil, they will become merged in the Mystery of God.

Only a small part of this letter is here given.

When the Scribe returned to London for a short time, Ann had a few sittings with her - and the letters were resumed when possible during her return to her country home. Sometimes a good time passed before she was free, or well enough to write automatically.

FIRST SITTING

May, 1930

MENTOR came. Ann thanked him for the help he was giving her and her circle, in the attempt she was making, at their suggestion, to write automatically with her own hand. Of this attempt the medium knew nothing.

Mentor: I am with you often, trying to develop your psychic force.

Ann: Who comes with you - to whom do you give your help?

Mentor: I come with others; I mean I hold the key, as it were, of the door. When you sit I try to increase the psychic power in you. You are too intense, it makes the force rigid.

Ann: With whom do I try to write?

Mentor: I have brought more than one, I was so anxious your sister should get through, but you understand it is still very difficult for her. Then you know of course, your two brothers come and make the circle.

Ann: Who is here now?

Mentor: Your sister and your sailor brother, your Mother comes behind them, they make the circle about you, so it will be easy to speak. Which shall come first?

Ann: My Mother first. (After some private talk.)

Ann: Are you and Elizabeth still with the children?

Mother: Yes, we love that work - but it is necessary for her to learn other things here, and she is still a child in many ways.

Ann: Are you in a higher sphere with other work?

Mother: Yes, for special times, I leave all I love and seek the great adventure 'Out Yonder'. As St. Paul was caught up into Heaven there I see things unspeakable, and I experience what cannot be named. I have no words for these wonderful visions.

Ann: 'Out Yonder' that is the ultimate height?

Mother: It means communion with God in the highest sense. St. Paul, when he passed from earth, in time went to his Great Adventure to the Highest Heaven.

Ann: Then you come back to the Home?

Mother: Yes, the Home is the centre for all of us in Summerland. I call it the 'resting place on the road'. All of you dear ones, who are still on earth, must come to that place first. The tremendous force of family love draws you and the boys, to us after your passing. That is why the Home is so essential to us, and why I return, because my heart as well as my mind is there.

Ann : Elizabeth says aeons must pass before one goes there permanently - do you go straight to that Highest Sphere?

Mother: I do not go 'straight' as you put it, I must go into solitude first. I must seek my God in prayer, and I must cast aside the subtle body, which I wear in Summerland, and certain practices must be accomplished before I am robed in a body of Light; in the silver garment that I must wear in my journeying 'Out Yonder'

Ann: Is there nothing between the Spheres of Summerland and 'Out Yonder'?

Mother: Yes, a number of Spheres, there are seven round the earth, and there are other higher Spheres beyond the radius of the earth. Our sailor boy visits the seven Spheres, and he is also able to journey across space, through the Universe. He is so eager to be a pioneer, in a sense that he should experience and know the myriad stars which the Universe contains. He was always adventurous and liked to see new lands. Now he is able to fulfil his dream, and he has travelled many millions of earth miles in his quest through the Universe. (Mother went and Elizabeth came.)

Elizabeth: My dear, it is such a joy, I have written words through your hand - I must tell you that first. You must go on with it, because I am just beginning to understand how to use the power. Now I want to tell you I have been busy with other work. I have been an apprentice learning the whole sorrowful state of death. They have been teaching me to help those who are coming over.

Ann: But I thought your work was with music and the Children?

Elizabeth: I go only for a short time and return to my Children's Paradise, after I have helped souls to die, and pass into this life. I have been with the Healers - you know I do not care to shirk, I must see the dark side as well as the beautiful one.

Ann: Is there a terrible side to death? You did not find it, nor did Mother?

Elizabeth: We were prepared. But I was with F. D. helping her.

Ann: Was it hard for her? (Neither Ann nor the medium, who, however, knew nothing about her nor her name, had seen any notice of the death of this lady the mother of Ethel.)

Elizabeth: When she came here and realised this life, she was frightened. That is the hard time for those who do not know what we know, and have never really believed in the to-morrow of death Poor thing, she was so troubled because she failed to see those who were waiting for her. She turned back to earth, and tried to speak with the living. She did not realize she was dead - then my chance came.

Ann: Did she recognise you?

Elizabeth: Yes, deep down; but she was so agitated she only half knew me. I was able to

enter my astral body, which we drop soon after death, then she could see me.

Ann: Was her daughter there?

Elizabeth: Not at first, because Ethel has not yet been able to control her powers, so she cannot enter her astral body when she wishes to do so. She remains in one Sphere, but when her Mother is able to see her, then they will advance together.

Ann: But Ethel is getting on?

Elizabeth: Only slowly, she hankers after her work on earth.

Ann: Will she re-incarnate?

Elizabeth: No - she will learn in time that here is the splendid life before her. She is still shaken by the discovery that she is not dead, not blotted out, that she can only develop slowly. She has too impetuous a nature.

Ann: Did not Philemon help her?

Elizabeth: She looks inward so much, it cuts her off from others. We must develop our own souls.

Ann: You told me it would be aeons before we reached 'Out Yonder', yet you talk of going there.

Elizabeth: Before we can go there permanently. That means we are merged with God - and few souls can bear such a fierce purity, such an intensity of living. Mother has glimpses of it. You can have no conception of how beautiful she looks when returning from that Vision of the mystery of God.

Ann: You also go there? But perhaps not so fully?

Elizabeth: I am in a dream state, but I go to the borders, as it were, of that wonderful Mystery.

Ann: You told me of seven-Spheres, and seven Planes, are they the same?

Elizabeth: The Plane is really subjective, and the Sphere objective. When you reach the Highest Sphere, you look back and see your own earth life before you.

Ann: Is all this compressed into Summerland?

Elizabeth: No, the higher divisions are beyond Summerland, at least I think so.

Ann: Then one moves up slowly?

Elizabeth: Yes, but many live on in Summer-land, until the earth passes away. They are content without ambition.

Ann: I hope I am not like that?

Elizabeth: My dear, of course you won't remain in Summerland, I need your

companionship.

Ann: Dick says I shall be glad to be there and to work.

Elizabeth: But not for always. When you come here, you will find that only a small part of you expresses itself through your phenomenal body. When you die and have cast off your Astral shape, you will come into an intellectual Kingdom which will astonish you. Your brain is like a canal, there are locks, only a part of you flows through. The locks are down in sleep.

Ann: Do I belong to the intellectual side, as you belong to music?

Elizabeth: Yes, the things of mind always interested your super-consciousness, I know it. I have been able to look into that part of yourself, and it has astonished me - I never knew you were like that.

SECOND SITTING

1930.

MENTOR: A circle of spirits gathers round you.

Ann: Will you let my sister speak ? (After a talk about private matters.)

Ann: Is not the Etheric body always used where you are?

Elizabeth: When I am in the higher Sphere with my children, I use a finer body, I call the Subtle body. It is something that can vibrate to the finer life of the children's Paradise.

Ann: Is not that in Summerland?

Elizabeth: Yes, but it is a part that is cut off from the rest - I mean there are two Planes. One on Summerland for little suffering children, the other I call Paradise, and it is beyond Summerland. In it dwell the unsoiled, innocent children that know not the evil of earth in any way. In that Sphere is endless Spring and flowers that seem to sing songs to me, so beautiful, so inspired are they.

Ann: In which Summerland did you make your "Pipes of Pan ?"

Elizabeth: In the higher Plane at first, but I brought them down to the other land when I was permitted to do so, because of the healing properties.

Ann: How do you talk? You said that you used French and English, but there must be other children in the Paradise.

Elizabeth: We talk in two ways, either the language of the Spheres, or the earth language the children bring with them. The language of the Spheres is one of pictures, or idealized thoughts. It is a marvellous tongue, but can only be used here freely

because it requires finer perceptions to apprehend it.

Ann: Is the Home near the Children's Paradise in Summerland?

Elizabeth: You know distance is hard to explain - so different from earth distance. It is much more a state of consciousness, our own family is possessed of qualities which has led them to reach finer states of consciousness than ordinary souls. So their Home is on the border of Summerland, near to that fine and happy state of being which I call the children's Paradise.

Ann: It is not 'Out Yonder?'

Elizabeth: No, of course not! 'Out Yonder' is highest of all - symbolizing the Mystery of God.

Ann: Then after Summerland there are seven Spheres?

Elizabeth: Yes, I would give the number seven, because of the increasing changes as one rises. Then there is 'No man's land,' a state and place after death.

Ann: That sounds so dismal - you did not go there?

Elizabeth: It is a place for those earthly beings who have led animal existences. Ann dear, think of the myriad of human beings who have led mechanical lives; so thousands flock to 'No man's land' where they must rest and grow in dimness, so that at last they escape to the Light.

Ann: Then missionaries go to help them?

Elizabeth: All such work I must take up in my turn, for I intend to taste of every experience here. Only by doing so shall I qualify for that mystical state when I can venture 'Out Yonder.'

Ann: But only for a time as yet?

Elizabeth: Yes, as I told you, aeons pass before a soul can live permanently in the 'Mystery of God.'

Ann: But your mission is *Music*, surely others can go to 'No man's land.'

Elizabeth: Music is my occupation here, but like a student of the Universe I want a slight acquaintance with other subjects. Because I wish to become a citizen of Eternity, so I must acquire more than the usual share of wisdom, only gained by these various experiences.

Ann: Can Dick help you there?

Elizabeth: Yes, when he is not satisfying his pioneering power, and conquering space!

Ann: Something like flying here?

Elizabeth: Yes, somewhat - but a far more marvellous experience. Can you imagine what it feels like to spin through the Milky Way! To enter into that glowing and terrible path, to see and know all the ages as one passes among the fiery nebulae, and traverses the great spaces, meeting again with the past ages and the planets.

Ann: It frightens me even to think of it, I should wish to see the past historically, as in a cinema.

Elizabeth: Yes, you can see that more easily. But you need not be afraid Ann dear, always remember the higher part of you is not incarnate. There is a serene self without this harrassing burden of flesh. It stands without it, because it has no need of the scarifying experiences of earth life. Your very dear earthly self will be merged in that higher self when you pass to us. Then you will know strength as never before.

Ann: Have you seen anything more of F. D.? (the friend, Ethel's mother who did not believe in a future life.)

Elizabeth: Yes, I am glad to say she is resting now, and was permitted to see Ethel as in a dream. It helped her - she sleeps and wakes like a feverish patient, and when she wakes we hear her thought calling, and I hasten to her to soothe her. For, poor thing, she is lonely, and misses her husband so much. Imagine the weight of fear which is liable to overwhelm an agnostical mind with that tremendous thought that you live and must go on. My work is to make her see the beauty and wonder of this life.

Ann: But she was very kind and good in her way, and mentally, if not spiritually, developed.

Elizabeth: This is only a temporary state - the one real offence is sinning against the natural law of faith. Remember there are sins of thought, hers was one of them. But she will soon pass into Summerland, and will wait for her husband there.

(This law of faith is further explained in the next letter.)

NINTH LETTER

Summer, 1930.

MENTOR to the Scribe - I will call the 'White Circle,' they are not far off. They have communicated through another channel.

(This refers to sitting with Mrs. Garrett (not given). Also Ann had been trying to write automatically herself, under the direction of Mentor, and of this the Scribe had not been told.)

'Will you tell Ann that I have been trying to give her power so that they might communicate with her. I hope she is pleased. I set a light upon her forehead and

though it is a very small flame, still it will grow brighter. She has psychic power undoubtedly, but she must have more confidence. She seems deep down to be rather distrustful of her capacity for receiving messages; however I believe in time she will overcome it. I want her to continue to call them and then to listen for the message. She has been in touch with them in manner which satisfies me. She must always seek communion with her dear ones in the Quiet, in every sense. For her mind must be untroubled and like a still pool.

Elizabeth: My dear, how glad I am to write you a letter through the 'little Light' again. I want to talk to you about yourself first. Do you realise that I see you more clearly now that there has been a drawing together? At certain times there is a star upon your forehead. It casts a glow about you, brings your dear self nearer to me than before. I hope you are pleased at our being able to give you messages.

Mentor helped us very much. For a year you had no light on your forehead, it has come quite recently. It requires much concentration, but it will come more easily later. At the moment of giving a message one must be absorbed, completely concentrated on the one object, that of putting it through; even if it be only a few faltering words, but it gives me great happiness when I succeed.

Only a part of you is incarnate, but you are wrong in saying you are divided. The part that is not incarnate feeds the other part. It is as a lake is to a river, in a sense. All the finest flashes of thought, all inspiration comes from that non-incarnate self. It is that part of the Self that is too spiritual to dwell within the gross covering of the flesh. But it is in communication with that other self, which is the daily consciousness, is bound to it, and gives much help to those who are spiritually evolved.

After death the two are welded together and that high spiritual, part shows the other how to understand and live, in what scientists might call the four dimensional body, which is ours after death.

The lower type of human being possesses no non-incarnate self. It is a terrible limitation not to possess that higher self.

Oh there is much to tell you.

But there are no words which can convey the real beauty of my life here with Mother. My dear, if you could but be with me for an hour and realise the enchantment of music, the joy that comes to me in the creation of fresh melodies for my children, the sense of power for good it gives. I was making music for poor tired, sad little souls, who come trooping here from the world, just now. It caused me to realise a little the significance of those words 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' For while I am creating music I am mystically in touch with the Divine mind, and I see the sadness disappear from the faces of the children, the cruel, sorry memories of earth drop away, and the

wonder of that first smile, as the realization of Heaven dawns in their eyes.

Yes - there is a 'Law of Faith.' Every human being is born with the Divine spark in him, which is his capacity for the belief in God and in his own spirit, which is his link with God. When he denies the existence of his immortal spirit, he sins against this law, even if it is merely an error of the mind, it can be very harmful. For our thoughts as well as our acts, influence human beings. A powerful mind like that of S.D., one so positive, has a great unconscious influence over others. Even if she rarely expressed her materialistic views, her thoughts would travel here and there, lodging in many minds of a weaker calibre and of a receptive kind. Like birds our thoughts journey around, nesting in strange trees and sometimes in distant lands.

The law is that we are bound to keep alight through the whole of our adult life, that capacity for belief and faith which is innate in every little child - 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Christ perhaps was thinking of the innocent faith that reigns in the hearts of small children, when He spoke those words. Poor Ethel, that lack of faith still hinders her here.

The full significance of this gift of the spirit is only brought home to one here. Faith is the power to see the Eternal in the Transitory, and in those things which are seen, the unseen things of which they are but the shadow. It is in its highest form, the secret of communion with God.

And now, my dear, I must close, but bear in mind, when you are sad, those rare moments of which I wrote, when there is communion of spirit with spirit between us.

TENTH LETTER

1930.

Ann had asked if the beauty of the sun, moon and clouds was lost, when there was no longer sun or moon - what takes their place?

Elizabeth: My dear, the world is a very gross image of the finer worlds of form and colour here. I have visited numbers of them, and they vary very much as regards their outward appearance. A whole book could not describe even roughly their endless variety. In certain of the higher Spheres, there are neither sun nor moon nor stars, but there is a golden light that comes and goes, changing into lines of infinite variety and beauty. Colours you have never seen play upon the hills and valleys. Wonderful combinations of light and shadow flit over them, a divine glow and a velvety dimness, gentle as the softest night of summer, succeed each other, according to the need of the souls in this happy Sphere. In such worlds the soul can wander through immaterial shadowy forests, through gorgeous vegetation built up of light and colour, and these

forests are hung with festoons and trailers of fire, and glow with the light of myriad flowers, such as earth never knew. I called them forests, but really they might be called the Gardens of Paradise. And behind and beyond them are the Rainbow Mountains, made glorious by the palette of the Supreme Artist. This golden light, streaming from God, has a strange and wonderful quality in it, giving, as it does, a sense of extraordinary exhilaration, bestowing an increase of spiritual power on each newcomer, filling the being with gladness, youth and mystery.

I cannot put into words half the wonder of these strange worlds; I can only call them the mighty 'Dreams of God.' That phrase alone can convey a little of their glory and their mystery. Advanced souls, and those who have come through great tribulation, live in them. And out of this stream of vital power, they may, with the aid of their imagination, create their actual surroundings. They have in truth become Masters of form and colour, and through thought can mould substance according to their will. But their dreams and fancies can never, when shaped into form, match those created by the Great Master of all. Then there is that world after death called Summerland, which in appearance more nearly approximates to the earth we know in colour and form, according to the needs of the individual soul that enters it. 'Illusion Land,' some call it here. The Guardian Spirits who are appointed to materialise and mould this peaceful world, or sphere, endeavour to keep it, in more or less degree, in the likeness of earth; but it is an earth etherialized and inspired. These guardian Spirits draw out of the Loom of Time a sun and moon, hours and days, the seasons, and even the years. They weave them out of their wisdom and imagination. But they are like copyists in some great gallery, of Masterpieces, they copy the creation of the supreme Artist. Summerland is therefore not an original, but an imitation. However, it has its own beauty, and it is utterly satisfying to the weary souls who come to it from earth. They could not face the splendour of the higher Spheres. Their souls could not bear the light of that wonderful day. They need a world that resembles the earth they have come from. They would be lonely and terrified without the friendly sun and moon, the kindly stars, the blue spaces of a serene sky. But these stars, this sun and moon, are not those you perceive while in the flesh. They are created to give peace, repose and happiness to the travellers, who come in all stages of weariness from the earth.

So you will see again in Summerland the wonder of moonlight and of clouds. But Summerland is only a place of preparation for the great Initiation, for the entry into the higher Spheres. (In answer to a question about certain friends whom Elizabeth had known on earth.)

Elizabeth: M- and C- have not yet journeyed 'Out Yonder.' The reasoning earth-consciousness has still too strong a hold upon them. They lack the mystic sense. They are still the Enquirers, searching, seeking, tremendously interested in all they see and

feel. I might almost say they are too intellectual still to be capable of climbing to that 'Hill of Vision,' from which we put off on the Great Adventure, 'Out Yonder.' They are still intensely interested in the earth and in mankind, and they form part of a company of noble souls who are endeavouring to communicate a new Wisdom to the earth. I will write of that new Wisdom, that finer Religion, which is soon to be given to mankind, on another occasion. J.H. will soon be one of their company. But because of his doubts when on earth, he has still certain things to learn, before he is qualified to be one of these Light Bearers.

The Sailor Brother then wrote. It is not necessary to give that communication - he referred to matters unknown to the Scribe.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

September, 1930.

MENTOR writes: "Tell my good friend, Ann, that distrust of herself and her own powers are, for her, the principal difficulty as regards communications from those she loves. She must cultivate the silent will, which, when it has grown stronger through confidence, concentration and faith, will cause her inner mind to be as a deep tranquil pool, on which her loved ones can picture their images. Before she sits let her say to herself, 'there is only a closed door between us, now I shall be so peaceful, so passive it will open, and those of the Invisible will make their thought visible to me.' Let her visualise the opening door and then the star upon her forehead will light up the dark pool of the inner Self, and in that starry glow it will reflect the words that are given.

(Mentor often gave some few words at the beginning of the letters, either advice to Ann or something about Elizabeth - her work or happiness. It is not always given here, but this description of preparation for Auto-writing may be useful to others.

Ann never alluded to her own efforts to write by herself or gave the Scribe any clue to her own affairs. She only asked an occasional question, or thanked Mentor and the Scribe for what had been written.)

Elizabeth: "My dear, I am very happy to be able to talk in this way again. I have been interested in new work, which in time will become part of my life here. So I must write to you about it. From time to time various little groups have endeavoured, from this Sphere, to influence men for their good. They, however, had not enough of the necessary spiritual power and inner wisdom, to change, to any great extent, the spiritual history of mankind. But now, certain high spirits, who, because of their lofty natures, cannot enter the gross atmosphere of the earth, are becoming linked up with it through lesser spirits we call the army of 'Light Bearers.' They are endeavouring to bear from 'Out Yonder' some glint of the rays of true wisdom. Their task will be long and

difficult, and many years must pass before their purpose is accomplished. I am permitted to name that purpose. First, very gradually, will come a spiritual awakening among men. As the mists of dawn before the sun, so will roll away the fog of the last horribly, materialistic century. Man will be compelled to believe, not only in Survival, but in Immortality again. Science will be no longer the enemy, but the friend of the higher Spiritualism. There will be a 'Temple of Wisdom,' which will gather to it the great Mystics, as well as the great intellects. Their study will be both the material and spiritual worlds, and the co-ordination of man's material and psychic activities. Within this will be fashioned an inner Brotherhood – 'Knights of the Holy Grail,' who will set out on a great and noble Quest - the linking up of the Invisible and Visible, the Conquest of death. And the hour will come when these men, though still alive, will be able to pass into their subtle bodies, enter our state, and return again to their earth bodies, retaining all the while full consciousness. Scientists will describe it as passing from your three-dimensional bodies, into our four-dimensional bodies. It will be as if they took ship to our world, and then sailed back to earth, bearing, like travellers, tidings of dear ones who have passed to us. This passing from the Visible to the Invisible, this journeying from the Known to the Unknown, will not be scoffed at as fraud or myth, it will be recognized in time by men, as now wireless is recognized, and known to be an accomplished fact.

This conquest of death will bring about a great change in the outlook of mankind. Material things will at last become secondary to spiritual things, and war will become an incredible legend of an ancient and primitive day.

Then earth is changed into a place of joy and hope. Men lose their narrow arrogance, their belief that they are the 'Lords of Creation,' for the earth, to them, is a mere ante-chamber, a confined space, in which to wait patiently for the infinite life beyond the tomb.

The new dispensation, the new age, has begun, and before this century closes I believe that man will thus conquer death, through the inner wisdom we hope by degrees to convey to him. Once this wisdom is his, all things will be changed, and there will come the fulfilment of prophesy, the 'New Heaven' and the 'New Earth.'

I will help in this work with my music; but now it is only at the beginning, and I am still with my dear children, working among them. I will explain this more fully on another occasion."

(Ann had asked for further information about the seven Spheres in her letter to the Scribe.)

"The seven Spheres I spoke of are beyond Summerland. There are many degrees in Summerland. It contains many wonders - dream cities, high mountains, great seas and

lakes, smiling pastoral landscapes, noble forests, soft valleys and gentle slopes.

For the pure souls, those peace-loving folk who come from earth, there is a delectable Paradise that is as a likeness of the earthly Paradise, that was about the Sea of Galilee in the time of the childhood and youth of Jesus. When He walked the Hills of Galilee it was the fairest spot the earth has ever known. I have seen that fair land, as it is pictured on the etheric memory. Its counterpart in Summerland was, I have said, the Home of earth's Peacemakers, of the pure in heart, and our Home is set upon its hills.

This reward has been a very great joy to Father and Mother. Here they will meet and renew the old loves, as each child of theirs comes wandering from the earth, comes seeking rest from the weariness of its strife. The loveliest region in all this vast Summerland is the Sea of Galilee, and it is truly a wondrous image of the earthly Home of Jesus.

(Ann had asked about journeying in the Spheres.)

Yes, I visit the Spheres, but my abode is still in Summerland. Those who can bear the subtle and more spiritualized state of the Spheres can return at will to Summerland. The higher may go to the lower, but the lower may not go to the higher. That is the condition of progress. The great majority of the inhabitants of Summerland are not sufficiently evolved to enter the Spheres. They live each in his own region and world, within the vast area of Summerland.

Note. It had been explained that the 'Many Mansions' of 'Summerland' contained the 'Lowlands' for good simple Souls; and also in the 'Higher Mansions' souls who could journey out into High Spheres, outside the boundaries of Summerland. The letter ended with communications from the Sailor brother - who did not always have his 'share' he said - but it is unnecessary to give any details.

TWELFTH LETTER

1930.

MENTOR: Ann's White Circle - —as I call the group - are about you now.

(Ann had asked in a letter she wrote for the Medium to read, before writing with Mentor, about Inspiration in the Gospels.)

Elizabeth: "Yes, my dear, the Gospels are inspired and illumined as no earthly book has ever been inspired and illumined. But they are not correct in every minute particular. Men, and the perfect, cannot be created by the imperfect. You will understand my answer to the question you asked better when you realize that Matthew's Gospel was not written by an eye-witness. It is a Chronicle founded on records and oral traditions.

Why should you think that Our Lord was bodily gone after the three days in the Tomb? He appeared in His physical body to the Disciples. If he had appeared a mere wraith or ghost, the statement in Luke would be untrue – ‘Behold my hands and my feet that it is I myself! Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.’ This statement is true. It would have to be denied if the Spirit of Christ appeared as a materialized form appears at a séance. So far as I can understand, through a certain process, the atomic structure of the physical body can be changed in the millionth part of a second. It can become very much compressed or condensed, so that it is able to pass through the spaces of other atoms. You know there is infinitely more space than substance in an atom. The actual process Crookes has described as the alteration of the speed of the atom. Alter the speed of the atom in any body and it passes from visibility into invisibility. While Christ blessed His disciples, Luke tells us, ‘He was parted from them and carried up into Heaven.’ His physical body did not know earthly corruption - it was transmuted. He willed that the rate, or speed, at which each atom in it was travelling should be increased so that it would no longer be seen.

In the ancient time certain great Masters knew the secret whereby they transported their bodies. But only Christ among all the sons of men has been able to suffer crucifixion, know the bitterness of death, and then re-entering His body in the tomb, so control it that He was able to appear to His Disciples and Cleophas and then to speak with them and eat with them. The supreme marvel of the Resurrection lies in that conquest of death by Our Lord. No Master, no Magi, of the ancient days could have accomplished this miracle. For not one of them was utterly pure, as Christ was pure, physically and mentally. Our Lord had power over matter before His death, and used that power on more than one occasion. But He desired to be known by His Teaching - rather than by His Miracles. So He only made use of His transcendental gifts on certain special occasions.

You ask what is *real*, if our sun and moon are only created by thought?

Our sun and moon as you call them, are the creation of the mind, and that is behind everything in the Universe. The tiniest speck of matter is organized by mind. Each human soul is the thought of God. So, however, innumerable the creations of man, and of the spirits who serve God, yet is He thus, in a sense, the original inspiration of all creation.

God is pure mind, and before that mind created all things, there was merely chaos and endless night. One might say everything has been created by God, because though His creations have become individualized, and have created in their turn, they were the original creation of God, or as J.H. called Him, ‘The Great Mind behind the Universe.’

My dear, of course I understand how difficult it is for you to grasp conditions of life that have never been perceived by the physical senses. It is difficult for us in our turn,

to express things for which no words have been coined. We have our own language, and our terms for them here; but those terms would mean nothing to you. The earth languages are not used by us when we talk with each other. That is one reason why it is difficult for our communicators to remember proper earth names. We often speak of you for instance, Ann dear, but we know you by another name, or term.

You ask about the picture gallery of lives? Yes, I have been through the 'Gallery of Remembrance,' and have seen my earth life, picture by picture, scene by scene. Its sorrows, its terrors, its misunderstandings, and its joys. How small they all seem now! What does not seem small are those moments of love and devotion - devotion of yours and others. Those scenes are beautiful to me as far off hills in the dream light of sunset and sunrise. For they showed the lovely promise of spiritual things, and were truly the expression of the Divine in each of us.

It gives me such pleasure to write of my experiences here, and of knowledge I have gained. We used to talk of them together - do you remember?

And how eager we were to learn what was behind the 'Closed Door.'

(Ann has asked if there were 'Etheric Pictures of the life of Our Lord.)

Elizabeth: Yes, there are 'Etheric Pictures' of the Life of Our Lord, but a soul must be highly developed before it can see 'Etheric Pictures' of the general past. But its own personal past is more easily seen, and no very high development is required for such perception. On the other hand a very great number of souls do not wish to see their past - it can be a decidedly painful experience.

Sometime, however, all must pass down this long Picture Gallery, and assimilate the lesson it teaches. Only through such an experience is the ego of the narrow, worldly man or woman, freed, so that it may evolve 'Rise on the stepping stones of their dead selves, to higher things.'

The sun, moon and stars of your earth are also thought creations, grosser thought creations certainly, than those of Summerland. My dear; reality is a big word. Don't narrow it down to what your earthly eyes can perceive. The eyes would be of no use whatever, if there were not some kind of intelligence to interpret the picture.

(Can you say anything more about the coming Leaders? was a question asked in the 'Letter' written to the Medium.)

Elizabeth: Yes, some of the men and women who are to be influenced by the 'Light Bearers' are already on earth. Some are being tested and tried, and, if found worthy, they will be enlisted in this new 'Quest of the Grail.' Just a year ago a great future Leader and Teacher was born in Western Europe. The greatest advance of all will be made when he reaches the years of manhood. But in the meanwhile the new Wisdom

will be slowly and surely distilled, dropping into the minds of those who open the windows of their souls to it.

Felicia sends you her special love, and says she is going to 'pop in' and write through you quite soon. I tell her she has far too many irons in the fire already. The dear thing won't concentrate enough - even so she is doing fine work here. I will tell her to send a message another time, as Dick is clamouring to speak.

I am always your loving Elizabeth.

Dick writes:

Nan, my dear - Elizabeth has cut me out again. She is quite right as she can express things so much better than I can. She has just gone off to her friend Mistral. She says to tell you they are celebrating his birthday here with music, as they are celebrating it in the South of France.

(Neither Ann nor the Scribe had known that the celebrations of Mistral's 100 anniversary was being held in Provence, until Ann read an account of it in the following Sunday's Observer.)

(A question had been asked as to how he travelled in his journeys through the starry spaces.)

Dick: No, I don't travel in an aeroplane in my journeys through the Universe. That is indeed a slow old boat! I travel sometimes as fast as light. Can you imagine the excitement and thrill of that! I always had a venturesome spirit and I love my journeyings across space. I have visited stars that were blinding in their lights and colours. I have been to planets that are but dreary wastes, and others that are ghastly and sinister, and have thrilled me because of their strange contrasts.

I have seen the small enlarged so that it is great. I mean that I have seen the microcosm working as well as the macrocosm.

I have seen life flowing in to all the millions of cells in the human brain and body, and then, by changing my intellectual measurements, I have been able to pass from star to star.

I am taken good care of by the Great Guides who travel with me.

Another time I will tell you more about my wanderings. In the meantime remember I am close at hand, only the other side of the door, and trying to help you all I can.

I am your devoted Dick.

THIRD SITTING

December, 1931.

After Mentor had spoken, Elizabeth came.

Elizabeth: My dear, this is a joy, I have been waiting for this with Dick . He is to have his share to-day.

Ann: Have you written with my hand lately?

Elizabeth: Yes, I wrote most definitely through your hand since the 'Letters.' Do you not recognise my manner of writing, and my way of expressing myself?

Ann : Have you anything to tell me about Phyllis?

Elizabeth: I know about her baby, also I have seen about her move. I think it was about the baby I wanted to get through to you. (This was good, as Ann had asked her when writing herself, to mention in the 'sitting' she was going to have quite soon, about the new baby's coming, and of the change of house. But the next remark got confused, and Elizabeth asked Ann to rest her hand on the medium's, as the contact brought her closer.)

Ann: (With her hand on the medium's, moving the pointer): Is that quite clear? Are you awake, or are you in a misty state?

Elizabeth: Quite clear - I am quite awake, you are still in the earth dream.

Ann: About Phyl? I told you something you were to repeat to me to show you were really with me.

Elizabeth: Yes, you spoke of her need - told me about herself, didn't you? I remember something about the possibility of someone coming – wait - a new life for her.

Ann: You mean a child, I wanted you to tell me that.

Elizabeth: Yes, I have been watching near her, and because of certain emotions the thought of it aroused, I found it hard to put through at once. I was deeply moved for a certain reason.

Ann: Can you tell me the reason?

Elizabeth: I must explain that the new life is to be sponsored by me. You understand that part of my spiritual self will go into it. It is hard to explain, but I shall be a guide - as it were - to that new life - if all goes well.

Ann: Will it be a boy?

Elizabeth: It is not yet determined. (It was not yet three months.)

Ann: Tell me about yourself.

Elizabeth: I am tremendously excited about a Symphony I have composed. I never believed I had the power for that. My dear, it has absorbed all my mind. It was inspired by the spirit children and is an offering to the new life. I think of this Symphony as the sign of the new life in a double sense, mine, and this one that has to face the earth and its troubles.

Ann: Which one?

Elizabeth: This one we spoke of. I am trying in music to get all the pain of birth and death – they are both the same. There is the travail and joy. Only a woman's spirit can understand birth and death in its innermost sense. I think I have succeeded, at least César Franck has praised it, and he will play it for me.

Ann: You said you would keep it for me.

Elizabeth: My dear, inspiration bloweth where it listeth! We must secure it when it comes - I shall have one for you. (A little further talk on family matters, then Elizabeth remarked) I understand, because it is so dark about the earth at present.

Ana: Does it get lighter?

Elizabeth: I am told there will be two bad years, but then England regains gradually her old position.

Ann: Two long years.

Elizabeth: Or eighteen months of difficulties - I must go for Dick to come.

(Dick comes. After some private talk, Ann asked:)

Ann: Tell me of your flights?

Dick: I have been near the star that has arrived as the sign of the new spiritual beginning of an age.

Ann: Which star?

Dick: One called Eros.

Ann: Is it good for this poor little world? Is it new?

Dick: It is new to your earth - it has drawn nearer to it, much nearer. And so I have been exploring Eros, and learning that it signifies the New Age for earth has begun. It means progress out of the dark years.

There is coming a small light, like the little star - it will gradually expand and in a few years great will be the dawn!

Ann: A few years! We need it soon, for troubles abound.

Dick: Trust me, there will be no great disasters ahead.

(The light was going so Dick said farewell.)

Neither Ann, nor the medium, had any knowledge of the star spoken of by Dick, and 'Eros' reminded them only of the Piccadilly Statue then being replaced. But shortly after, the newspapers mentioned a little star which - though not new - was coming nearer to the earth than it had done for many years. And the little star's name was 'Eros.'

THIRTEENTH LETTER

May 1931.

MENTOR is here. 'These last two years herald the beginning of a new age, and so it has been a difficult time for Sensitives. The world and its life reflect the struggle that is going on in another and far greater Sphere. The one re-acts upon the other, and power is needed to resist the effects of the world-wide spiritual stress and strain, which are always attendant upon the birth of a New Age.

Now I must give place to the children's "Fairy God-mother," as we call her here. For her music wipes away all tears from the eyes of the little travellers from earth.'

Elizabeth: My dear, it is good to see the 'little Light' again, and to be able to write a few things which are near my heart.

(Ann asked in her letter if she remembered an anniversary about that time).

Elizabeth: Yes, I shall not easily forget the hour of my happy release from the Valley of the Shadow. How lovely was that first vision of the light of a new world. Do you remember how I struggled back into my poor worn-out shell of a body, just for a moment, so that I might tell you of its beauty? I could only find one word, for strength and power were gone. But I think you understood, for remember your face changed when my lips moved for that last time.

My dear, I want you always to think of the hour of my passing, as the hour of ineffable joy for me.

I sent you a message concerning my birthday - for we call our birth-day the hour of our translation into the life of the Ever-living.

I come to you at intervals to use your hand. Sometimes the light is bright, and all is well. Sometimes it flickers, then I feel a mist comes between, and on such occasions, I am not sure whether you have heard me. But you have registered messages for me. We see the writings as in a mirror, the flame upon your forehead lights up the mirror for us. If the flame is steady we know we have succeeded - if it leaps and flickers we cannot be sure. Never sit for writing if you are worried, or in any way emotionally disturbed,

when you are serene in mind I can draw close to you.

(Ann asked in her letter to the medium if Elizabeth heard when she called or spoke to her.)

Elisabeth: Yes, at times I hear your call. It is not like a sound in the earthly sense. When you speak to me I receive your words, as a thought is communicated from a printed page. If I were to be quite correct, I should say I see your voice rather than hear it.

At the time you call, unless there is a considerable amount of psychic power, the images of your words are faint, so I cannot always read them. But my perceptions are becoming finer, are quickening, and I expect soon to be able to see everything you say to me.

What is uttered reaches us far more easily than the unspoken thought. The Guides are usually present and act as censors when human beings speak to one of us. With certain exceptions they will not permit us to hear of earth's troubles or sorrows. So though we may be vaguely aware of your earthly cares, we are not aware of them in detail.

But if there is a medium present, and the power is therefore strong, do not suppress your difficulties, speak of them to me. They do not hurt or trouble me then, for I am able through the greater psychic power, to be more fully and spiritually present, and so able to bring with me the necessary Serenity, which enables me to understand that out of human pain, springs up in this Land rare beauty, as surely as a plant, in the first season, springs from the bare, dark earth, breaking at last into exquisite blossoms and flowers.

I perceive in other words the glorious gain that will be yours, if you bear such burdens bravely and hold on even to the end. Yes, I can see Phyllis when you talk of me to her. Your very dear and sweet thoughts and words bridge the gulf between us. I may not always know what you are saying, but the love which comes from you both at such times enables me to be with you. I see you as clearly, when you both talk of me in that way, as if I were actually using my physical senses and were in the same room with you.

My work among the children, who come trooping from earth, is delightful and all absorbing. You cannot imagine the happiness of giving to them, of healing the hurts some of these poor little souls have received in their short lives. A child suffers much more keenly than any grown human being. I feel almost as if I were a weaver of spells, as if I waved a fairy wand, when gay music I have composed dispels their sorrow, heals the wounds the gross brutality of earth-life has inflicted upon them. You would be surprised at some of the airs I have been inspired to write for their need. My music is very gay, at least any I make for the newly arrived children.

For I have found the secret of joy. I know now the source of Mozart's inspiration. He

was spiritually in touch with the Children's Paradise here.

Of course there comes a time when these small things begin to grow and develop. Then, as they have missed most of the experience of earth life, they learn of it in a gentler, far kinder way, through solemn and sometimes sorrowful music. The whole story of the life of man, of his temptations, of his despair, of his gentleness, his littleness, can be contained in one fine symphony.

César Franck has scored many a grave and glorious symphony for the older children. Later, when I have greater experience, I shall take up that work.

Yes, I can read the earth's signs, in time things will be easier for you all. You must be patient though, for the change does not seem really to come till 1932, and then slowly.

Now dear, Dick is impatient to write, so I will close. With my dear love to you, always yours, Elizabeth."

(Dick's messages were private and unevidential.)

FOURTEENTH LETTER

June 1931.

MENTOR comes, and brings with him the 'White Spirit,' whom he calls a gentle and understanding communicator.

Elizabeth: "My dear, it is a joy to write to you again. I feel quite a culprit sometimes, I am so perfectly happy and at peace, and you, poor dear, are struggling still with all the petty cares and anxieties of earth. I fear I may seem too absorbed in my own radiant life when I write to you, for I am still caught in the spell of enchanting delight this new world has put upon me. It is joy beyond all earth's dreams, beyond the vision of all the greatest artists, mystic, or sage. Only the dreams of a little child can faintly image it.

In answer to your question - yes, they tell me Our Lord ate and drank after the Resurrection, and He could, directly after eating, dematerialize the body, and disappear. In doing so no natural law was broken by Him. By reason of His Divine knowledge, He was able to control the laws of the Universe. He knew in short how to shape matter, how to dominate it. The secret of his power to materialize and dematerialize His body, seems to have lain in the secret of speed. To put it crudely, He changed the speed of His physical body, so that He travelled faster than the bodies about Him, and therefore might no longer be perceived by their physical eyes. There is a natural explanation to every so-called super-natural phenomena. It was as easy for Our Lord to change the speed of the food and the water He had drunk, as to change the speed of the atoms comprising His physical body.

Felicia sends you her love, and I am to tell you that she and I still disagree in certain matters. That is the charm of our friendship. You see I try to bully her into thinking of herself occasionally. She agrees with all I say, and then in action shows her entire disagreement, by sacrificing herself to a number of people who don't deserve her precious attention. I call her an incorrigible woman, utterly and shamefully unselfish.

You ask about Eros -

Yes, I know the meaning of the star Eros. (1)

Besides the Cosmic significance of its approach to the earth, it has also a spiritual significance in regard to the psychological change in mankind. It heralds the end of what I can only call the bestial spirit - the spirit of cruelty in its lowest sense. The star Eros heralds the beginning of a new love-consciousness in man. Through all the ages the "Children" of the Kingdom possessed this love-consciousness, during their lives on earth. But it is now to become gradually prevalent among the masses. Fierce, unjust economic wars will still continue, greed and crime there will still be in plenty. But it will become more and more difficult to practise brutal cruelty in civilized countries, and that is because of the dawn of this love-consciousness among the masses of men. It will first find its expression in an increasing sense of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, and in a wisdom that will teach nations, in spite of sharp differences, to pool their problems and seek in a measure the good of the whole, and not merely the selfish interests of each National unit. Spiritualism in its finer, nobler sense will, in this respect, be a powerful force for good. It will gradually lead man out of the dark night of materialism, by giving him a knowledge of his own soul, by bestowing on him the precious sense of his immortality, and thereby his sense of oneness with all men and women. As the influence of Eros grows more marked, the influence of Mars will lessen, and with its going the danger of a great war lessens also.

You ask me to define spirit. The spirit of each human being is a thought of God.

The soul is the bridge between the spirit and the body. For spirit; being of the essence of God, is entirely pure and without soil. When soul and body close the door to the message of the spirit, then there is darkness and evil only in the man. The Spirit never works directly upon the mechanism of the human body. It must employ the soul as its interpreter. For the spirit is remote from the grossness of the flesh. It is timeless, and in its pure state, knows all things.

The daily consciousness is largely composed of the soul-body. The spirit is the Divine spark that inspires its highest vision. When we have experienced all things, understood all things, and come to love and pity the whole of life, then only can we exist without form, and our souls, merged in pure spirit, become one with God.

(1) First mentioned by Dick in Dec. 1930.

FOURTH SITTING

October 1931.

Elizabeth was away for some little time, and explained to Ann the cause of her absence. She has passed through a great Initiation, which she described to Ann, for herself alone. Afterwards she spoke in a 'Sitting' with the scribe, of how much increased power for good her music had attained.

She said 'that tests were for the souls who have special gifts, one is music and because of my poor powers I was considered worthy. You know the line (1) - 'We are the Music-makers, and the Dreamers of dreams.'

These words express what I mean. I belong to a special Company, so that I may serve by bringing healing with my music, and my dreams of the Spirit.

- (1) These lines were quite unknown to either Elisabeth or the Scribe, and it was long after in 1936 that Ann came across them, when, set to music by Elgar, they were broadcast by the B.B.C. The poet being Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Ann: Have others special things to do - has our Mother?

Elizabeth: Yes, Mother had another form of 'Initiation' - she had, as you know, a special gift for Motherhood. So she is to help the young souls, the children.

Ann: But you do that too.

Elizabeth: But she comforts and consols with her gentle spirit, caresses with her benign personality, which is specially hers.

Ann: Are you not now too advanced to go to debased souls? Cannot those who are nearer them do that work?

Elizabeth: Those nearer have not the spiritual strength to serve them as I can.

Ann: But do you go yourself?

Elizabeth: No - I am the leader of a group. I have my messengers, who bear my music to those souls. I am the centre for that work. I must be apart, remote from the darkness about lower beings. I dwell in the high air, in the finer state of being. I am the essential link between Spirit and the Soul world. I have passed beyond Summerland for this work. I do not of course devote all my time to it. Intense concentration is required, and I can only work at it occasionally. Imagine a performance, when I actually give out healing rays to my messengers. Behind are months of work - but just one supreme hour when I pass on all I have prepared.

Ann: You still go to the home in Summerland?

Elizabeth: Yes, much time is passed there. With my beloved Mother I find joy, rest and

peace in our Home. Do not be afraid, I am not becoming more remote. In one sense I am growing more human as greater understanding comes, with greater share of power to love and to perceive the pathos of human sorrow.

Ann: If the Spirit is always pure and holy, what need is there of the training in soul and body?

Elizabeth: Spirit does not get rid of the Soul - Soul becomes so refined it merges into Spirit. After all the body is merely a garment cast aside.

Ann: But still?

Elizabeth: I can explain further, but not altogether. Spirit had to gain wisdom. When Spirit came first out from God, it was pure in essence but also innocent. It was necessary Spirit should gain wisdom, and wisdom is only gained through painful experience. Spirit had to express itself if it had to evolve. There cannot be stagnation there must be progress.

The flowers, in a natural sense are the outward sign of God's presence, always expanding and growing. So must Spirit grow in Wisdom, first expressed in matter, and then in finer matter. For the etheric bodies we have in Summerland are composed of fine essences of matter, but of a kind that cannot decay while the soul occupies it.

Ann: You mean then that Spirit returns to God, greater than it came out from God?

Elizabeth: Yes - you have expressed it in a phrase.

Ann: Why do you talk of three bodies, Astral as well as Etheric?

Elizabeth: The Astral body I will call the Sleep body. It is with you all your life. Your soul works upon your brain through the Astral body. The Astral body disintegrates soon after death, it serves the physical body. It is the instrument used by your Ego which works upon your brain. Your Ego cannot directly manipulate your brain.

Ann: Then there are three bodies ?

Elizabeth: Yes - soon after death you pass into the Etheric body, and then you have done with the Astral shape, which is merely a link between matter and soul, which you use on earth. It is of earthly extraction, and does not pertain to our world.

Ann: Is all going well now with E.A. and your friend Ethel?

Elizabeth: All is well with E.A. she is in a very lovely place. My poor dear Ethel is at last admitting that she really exists, and it is such a relief to her. You have no idea how materialism limits progress over here. It held Ethel as in a chrysalis.

Ann: But her people have joined her.

Elizabeth: She believed they were only going to exist for a very short time, and that

they merely lingered through a certain vitality which remained, but they would soon dissolve.

Ann: But you told her?

Elizabeth: She was too proud to listen - and had to pay for a strange arrogance of soul. Now she is humbled, and so she is happy, and only wishes she could convince friends on earth. She said to me she wanted to convince an old friend. When I offered to send a message for her, she was a little snubbing - she would learn to do it herself, no one else could be trusted.

Dear, I must let Dick have his say. It has been lovely just seeing you closely. Your young body I find charming. I love it and its youth and grace. I shall compose a song for you.

Goodbye.'

Dick comes:

Ann: Tell me, have you had any more of your venturesome journeys?

Dick: Yes, one - don't worry about me, I go well protected.

Ann: Never alone?

Dick: No, in a group, so we are stronger. I could tell John a good deal about the construction of the Universe - he is getting very muddled about it.

Ann: How do you know that?

Dick: I have amused myself by drawing power from you, in order to peep into his mind on one or two occasions. I could make some points clear to him. (John had been puzzling over Jeans' book, and kindred subjects, which of course the Medium could not know.)

Ann: Now what are you doing?

Dick: My principal job at present is this – there is a large and evil group of souls on the Astral Plane, which is seeking to gain control of the world through Russia.

They work on certain people who are in power. It is through them that the principal trouble occurs - so secretly they work it is hardly realized. Well, we endeavour to cut their lines of communication with the heads of the organization in Russia. We attack them with stronger waves of vibration. Picture thoughts as colours, shapes of one colour may over-come another colour, kill it. We send out certain colours in the form of rays, which meet the thoughts they are sending to earth, and often neutralize them. But it is difficult work, and sometimes dangerous, for they try to attack the seat of consciousness in us.

Ann: But surely you are stronger than they?

Dick: Yes, but we have to draw near to the low Astral Plane, and on it they are more powerful, and drive us back, but we are getting more control.

Ann: And in England, what troubles are there?

Dick: Persons underneath make trouble, but only small sections of desperate Communists will make things difficult - especially in Ireland. (It was just after writing this that there was grave trouble in Dublin.)

Ann: I fear we have to stop. Try and write with me soon.

Dick: Yes, the pencil will be ready, don't fail me. I have many nice things to tell you when you are quiet.

Good-bye. Your loving Dick.

1931 and 1932.

EXTRACTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

Elizabeth writes:

My very dear sister, it is a great joy to write to you again in this way. But still there is our own subtle intimacy, our inner communion, which has been deepening in these last months. Over here, in this last year, my life has taken on a dual character, and in that way has been all the more absorbing and wonderful. My work and play have been so engrossing. I call play those blissful hours spent with my children, and in making music for them. I have composed a fantasia called 'The Kingdom of the Fairies' for the little ones. It has been approved by the Master, César Franck - he says it is full of Elfin music, and a very real achievement so I feel proud and pleased. I have also taught the children a song called 'Among the Trees and Birds.' But they like best my 'Dance of the Waves,' they have all learned to dance it now. I know at last the feeling of the creator and true artist. I am expressing to you the rapture I have received from the composition of this particular work of mine. It expresses the varying moods of the sea.

First a slow movement, expressive of a summer day, with all the sounds making colours, the colours making sounds. Picture to yourself golden sands and a sapphire sea, little clouds like flocks of sheep, wandering over the horizon edge, sea-gulls swooping and calling, dark red cattle standing knee deep in the tide, and in the distance, across the glassy waters, steal the white sailed ships.

I tell the children these are like their small white souls, stealing home to their Father in Heaven.

In the second movement the sea is rough and boisterous. The waves sparkling and dancing and tossing their foaming heads. This is all full of colour and life, but gradually

it becomes changed. The world grows dark and shadowy, and a great storm crashes out its solemn and tremendous music. The dance changes into a march, with a wild and stirring beat. The pace quickens and becomes breathless, storm changing to tempest, all the clamorous voices of the ocean crowding into a vast volume of sound. I bring it to a sudden dramatic close.

Then comes the third movement - gay and soft and full of laughter. It is expressive of a spring afternoon, which ends in calm and in the stillness, when the wind drops at sunset, and the sea is a sheet of burnished gold.

The children lie down and rest, while the music becomes sweeter and softer, expressive of the changing twilight, and at last of the 'Peace that passeth all Understanding.'

Forgive me, dear, for allowing my pen to run away with me. I have been trying, but oh, so crudely, to convey in words to you, that joy of creation which on earth speech can never really convey, to one who still dwells in the world of men and women.

Over here there has been a great conflict going on between those I call 'Angels of Light' and the 'Angels of Darkness.'

I have spoken of a part of my life being devoted to what I shall call *work*.

Dick came to see me some time ago, and pointed out to me that it was my duty to use any special gift I had in the service of the Light.

The struggle was for the souls of men. I say was for though the struggle is not over, we in the Higher Life have conquered. And so, in the coming days, the principle of evil will not dominate on earth. Of course, it will have power, and will cause trouble and sorrow still. But for men, the turn of the tide has come; and the English people are going to lead in the spiritual awakening that is coming out of the sorrow and hardship of these dark earth days. So I want you to be courageous and full of hope. For thanks to our efforts here and with you, the Christ Sphere is pressing through, lighting up, like a gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day, the hearts of certain men of resolution, who will be able to check, and hold in restraint, the evil of the present time. It is hardly necessary for me to add that the revelation of Spiritualism will help to save the nations, by gradually penetrating among the masses, and winning them from the dark materialism that would, if it prevailed, lead them into complete and irretrievable disaster.

Our Father, Mother, Felicia, and Ethel (this is the strong sceptical friend, whose strength is now used with helpful courage) and all our family have been working for the light, doing all they can in this tremendous conflict. Though at times it has been stern and hard, we have always been able, when pressed, to return to those Higher Planes, where true joy reigns, and where we may bathe in the Fountain of the Holy Spirit.

I could speak at length on St. Catherine and St. Francis of Asissi. They are on the Fifth Plane and at times on the Sixth Plane, which I count is nearest to the 'Mystery of God.' There is but one higher state. St. Francis loves the children, he comes and listens to my music, and I receive from him a glorious sense of spirituality that transcends imagination. I will tell you more of him another time.

As for Santa Caterina, she has a strange, strong personality, so that I was quite overcome when in her presence. She is still the brave follower of Christ, and she has chosen to carry His Light into the darkest depths of the unseen world. Only those of a very lofty spirit, who are infinitely wise, undertake such work. (Ann had asked Elizabeth if she could tell her anything about those two very much beloved Saints.)

St. Francis of Asissi was known very slightly to the Scribe in connection with his 'Birds' but St. Catherine of Siena was quite an unknown Saint - yet the description of her character here given has a very sure touch to anyone who had in some measure realised her wonderful spirit.

I see what you mean by that bearing of suffering for another, there is as you say, a certain satisfaction in it, but that does not take away from the selfless love that is the motive force behind it.

Yes - we should all pray that our Souls may grow the earth life is for the creation (growth) of the soul. The Spirit is the root, but the soul is the stem and plant that grows from it, and when we come here we learn whether it bears but barren leaves or a glorious flower.

My dear, I long to share my experiences with you, and it was a great pleasure to try and put into words the lovely life I enjoy here.

But I can give only a faint impression of it, and of its absorbing character. My heart bleeds for you, when I think that you live on in a tiresome, shoddy world, which seems so shadowy to me now - so unreal. You can have no true conception of reality until you come into the Children's Paradise, or into the life of the Higher Planes.

I am keenly interested in the little book you are going to prepare. Please put into it some glimpse of the Children's Paradise. For I feel it would be a comfort to all bereaved mothers to know that their children enter into a Kingdom of Beauty, that transcends all that the human mind can imagine.

I feel that Felicia's message should be a prominent feature of the book. She was so greatly loved when on earth. She has asked me to say to you, that if you insert any of her communications, you had better severely censor and revise her grammar, she has

written slovenly English! That is so like Felicia, isn't it? (Of course no alteration is made in any of the communications given, unless it is to omit anything, or make a sentence plain.)

There has been a great re-union here of those who were active working Spiritualists, for the purpose of giving greeting to Dr. Lamond. Vale Owen, Conan Doyle, all the 'Williams,' Barrett, Crookes, Stead; Felicia tells me were present. I was not there, for I have been very much away from the world of the newly dead, because of my creative work. It would hinder and check the pure flow of inspiration, if I was much with the newly dead.

Of course I have been with my musical friends, but not for a little while may we foregather because my work for the children would keep me absorbed, until at any rate my Symphony is completed.

I am afraid the life of the artist will appear as selfish here to you, as it has to be on earth. But that is the only way in which fine creative work can be accomplished, even here. Also I am not permitted to bring any suggestion of death into the Children's Paradise. So only on rare occasions, or at the bidding of the Higher Guides, do I go down into Hades, to assist those who are dying.

Now before I forget, Felicia has asked me to give you a message about our book.

It is as follows: -

'The ever living known to men as the dead - must not be regarded as infallible in their statements when they communicate with earth.

They are all at different stages of evolution and can only write of their knowledge. Their knowledge is very imperfect. They are sometimes misinformed, or they accept as reality what is illusion. They convey to men a certain measure of the truth. But they can only convey what they have experienced, and their experience depends upon the nature and character of their soul.

Secondly - we travel many roads on our long journey Home. Infinite is the variety of the landscape on their journeyings. So the descriptions of the Other World conveyed to men by the 'Ever-Living' will frequently be dissimilar in character, and may even at times seem contradictory. Nevertheless they are all true in so far as they express the personal experiences of the travellers?

This paragraph might appear as the commencement of the book. It makes our position clear.

You ask for further news of St. Francis - need I say that he is a very lovely soul. He dwells in the lofty regions of pure Light. But on rare occasions he comes to the Children's garden, for he loves them very dearly. They are dearer to his heart than even

the birds! He has asked me to gather the songs of all the earth birds into one tremendous rhapsody.

I fear I am not yet fitted for such a task. But next year I hope, partly through you, to enter the Springtime of earth again, and gather thus certain needful memories, which will help me to compose some 'Fancy,' perhaps a little in the manner of Mozart, who I believe had a bird soul - so exquisite were his earth melodies."

THE END

MESSAGE FROM MISS ESTELLE STEAD

These messages, so carefully recorded by Ann, must surely bring to many who read them the sense of happiness and freedom that comes to those who pass onwards knowing that the death of the psychical body means the release of the spirit to a world of greater realities. The description given of their actual passing out and arrival, by both Felicia and Elizabeth, are so different, and yet so typical of what one would expect knowing them both. The eager energy of Felicia, who couldn't rest, but must search and explore the new land at once. One can imagine her darting here and there like quicksilver, not really staying long enough in one place, or with one set of people to get more than an impression and yet, with seeming lack of concentration, able to form an opinion and gain some insight into the deeper workings. Her vitality and loving sympathy with all people and things came through very clearly at times. Her power to describe concisely and vividly is there too, yet one realises she had so much more to say had it been possible.

As I read I felt her near. I asked her what she thought of the result of her efforts. "Not too bad," I sensed her to say "considering the difficulties. So much, so much, I wanted to tell. I used to come bubbling over with news and then had to curtail and curtail to get anything through before the power was used up. But I hope I have got enough of 'Felicia' through to prove her reality."

I think she has, and I feel others who knew her will find 'her' in these messages,

I only met Elizabeth occasionally. She impressed me as a strong personality, calm and forceful with great power of concentration. A contrast to Felicia who found it difficult to concentrate, always turning from one thing to another - never really still in body or mind.

Elizabeth's description of her arrival; the joy of finding the source of her music; her meeting with the Master César Franck; her joy in studying the relation of colour and

motion; of hearing the sound of the flower's growth; the feeling of boundless life; the meeting with friends, all give to the reader a tiny taste of what she is enjoying to the full.

Two fine women, yet so different - it is just that difference that adds to the character and charm of this book.

To me there does seem to be real proof of identity running through these messages. I should like to draw particular attention to the conditions under which certain of them were received, which makes them particularly valuable from the point of view of 'water-tight' proof. I refer to the 'Letters' given by the communicators to the Scribe when she was in the country, far removed from Ann. The only comment Ann made when she received the letters from the Scribe was to say they were interesting, only once or twice did she ask questions or suggest subjects. Yet there is matter contained in these letters that bears very strong evidence of the personality of the communicators, details are given and events referred to only known to the communicators and Ann, and of which the Scribe could have had no knowledge. In one or two cases things mentioned were not even known to Ann and had to be verified by her. It seems to me that unless one stretches the power of telepathy to the point which makes it an absolutely impractical suggestion, it must be ruled out.

ESTELLE W. STEAD.