

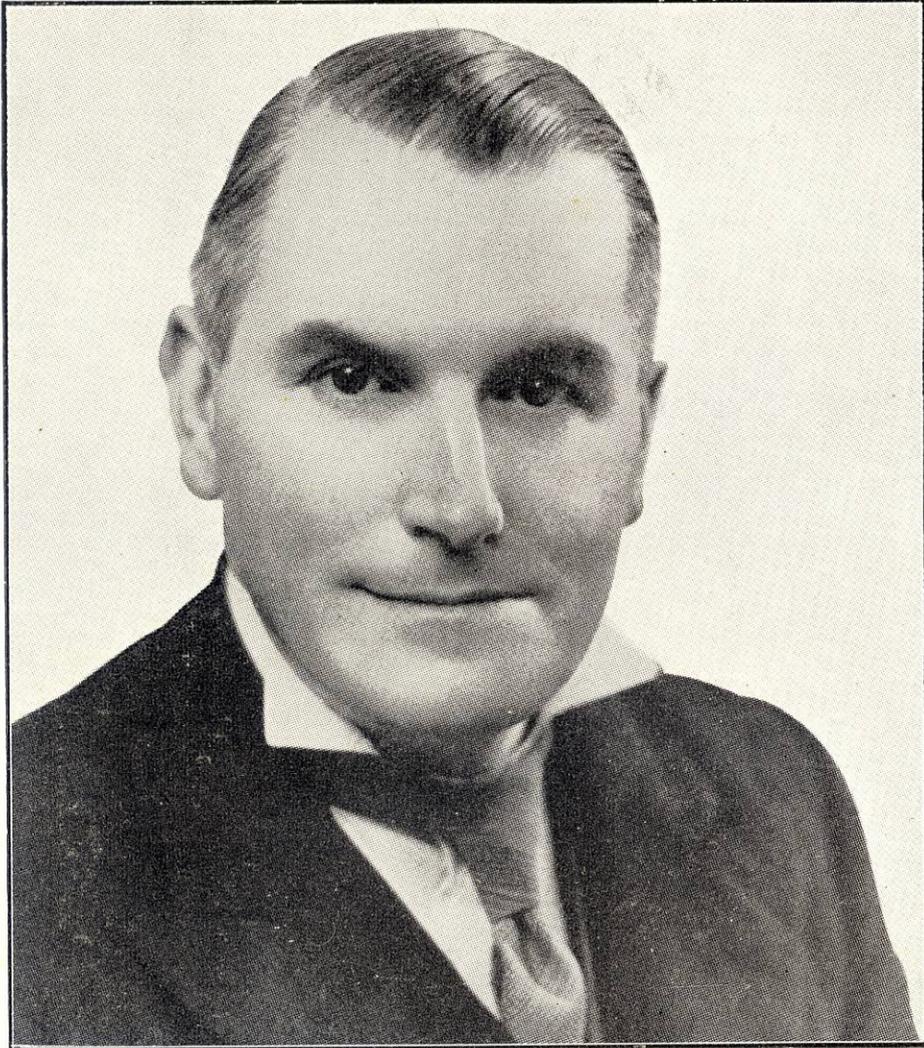
Links Through Space

by

William Blackwell

I Dedicate this book
to my Daughter, Doreen.

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Sincerely yours,

William Blackwell

PREFACE

"There is a Divinity which shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will."

These words from William Shakespeare sum up the position of mortals wending their way through this stage of their journey; of mysterious influences surrounding their lives.

In spite of our planning and scheming, things frequently go wrong, as we say. The better expression would be that they have not gone the way we intended. Viewed in the perspective of Time, how many of us have discovered that things have worked together for our good.

The Author once heard the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain state: "That man proposes, but the disposition is in other Hands." How true! Mr. Chamberlain realised that in spite of all our proposals, desires, ambitions and designs, there was a Divinity which regulated our lives and altered our course.

Some of us have already found the source of this and are happy in the knowledge that loving and wise souls are at the helm.

We should plan and scheme. We should do our very best to make the most of this life according to the light that is given us, but we should not complain if our plans are upset. All the complaining will not right them.

In these days, in particular, we need some Anchor to which we may securely attach ourselves. The safest and most reliable Anchor is from above.

The Author commends the following pages to your careful consideration in the hope that in them you will find some measure of comfort.

Maybe you have not discovered the source of this 'Divinity which shapes our ends.' If this is so, I strongly recommend you to take steps to acquire that higher knowledge which will give you the Peace that passeth all understanding.

WILLIAM BLACKWELL.

Birmingham, January, 1941.

LINKS THROUGH SPACE

Most people have outstanding experiences on their journey through life. The many and varied spheres of human activity make life rich in interest. In these experiences there is one which eclipses all others, and as the years pass, no event steals pride of place; on the contrary, life's added course only serves to tinge that one experience with an even deeper hue. The Author is constrained to pen what he regards the supreme experience.

Having taken a keen interest in scientific subjects, philosophy, psychology, etc., the commencement of which dates back forty years, his studies were searching and thorough. Almost daily some contribution was acquired. Peering into the hidden mysteries of Nature and Science brought its own reward. The world of knowledge is wonderful and creates an irresistible thirst for higher and deeper issues.

This path of study is made known so that the reader may not come to a conclusion, hasty or otherwise, that what the Author will relate hereafter can be dismissed as deception or credulity.

Twenty-three years ago the Author decided to carry out an investigation in psychical research. As a seeker after truth and not baulking any issue, however ugly or problematical, he made bold to tread this new road: (1) To investigate the truth or otherwise of spiritual survival; and, (2) If proven, its possible bearing on human affairs.

You and I will one day have to face up to the irrevocable fact of departing from this life; and, to be quite candid, its close presents an enigma to thousands. An honest doubt exists in the minds of many people as to the next stage of existence, if any.

Be it clearly understood that my entry into this new and foreign World was taken with an open mind. I had no leanings towards psychical matters, nor did I allow my childhood training in the tenets of Christianity, which most of us have, to weigh with me one iota.

As a believer in truth I had nothing to fear from the disproved efficacy of a faith if it were found wanting in effect. If my childhood's, training in scriptural subjects, when submitted to the bar of experience and reason, and the acid test of investigation, left me dissatisfied, I should take up an attitude of respectful detachment. On the other hand, if I were satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt, I would proclaim its veracity.

Whatever Calvary's Cross may mean to most Christians, the Divinity of The Carpenter of Nazareth or the vicarious atonement of His last act in redeeming man from sin, all must be the subject of belief - the essence of faith. Proof of resurrection removes survival from the domain of faith to one of knowledge - quite a different matter.

At the outset, investigating the merits or demerits of survival, I was not predisposed to immortality, as part of my belief. If in doubt, rather would I say - I do not know!

About the time of my deciding to institute my investigation, a dear friend of mine lost his son in an influenza epidemic - the 1918 wave. I had carefully guarded my intention to investigate.

It was customary for me to spend my winter evenings in reading, and often times I would sit beyond the midnight hour engrossed in my favourite subjects. On a particular night I retired to rest about 1.30 a.m. Nothing untoward had happened. After making myself comfortable in bed, ready for restful slumber, I heard a voice cry out: "Mr. Blackwell! - tell Daddy I am all right and happy!" There was no mistake about it. I was not dreaming for I had not fallen asleep. Immediately I jumped out of bed and went to the window, which I opened, and called out: "Who is there?" No reply. The stillness of the night was unbroken by the slightest noise. I closed the window and returned to bed, settled down, and again the voice rang out the same message.

Who could it be? Where was the person? I seemed to know the voice, but could not place it. I sat up in bed and tried to fix it. "Why, it sounds like Claude!" Now Claude was the son of my friend. I was satisfied it was his voice, but where could he be at that hour? I had been already to the window, and no one was there. That I had heard Claude and got the message was beyond dispute, so I left it at that and went to sleep.

Next day information reached me that this boy had died the previous day - mark you, prior to the time of my receiving his message! Naturally I thought it most peculiar, but I was still satisfied it was his voice I had heard. My lips were sealed. I thought: "Well! That's that!"

About a week after the funeral, his father came to see me. He asked if I were at home, and on hearing his voice I called out: "Come in, Claude!" (Claude was the father's Christian name also.) As he approached me he said: "Billie, I have a load greater than I can bear!" "Yes! I understand. Sit down, Claude," I replied.

I listened with the deepest sympathy. He was greatly grieved, and, believe me, he was a broken man. His eldest child, aged 11 years, had gone! I knew what the blow meant. I looked at him, and as he was talking to me in broken tones, I thought of that 1.30 a.m. message. Shall I tell him? He knew me sufficiently well to appreciate my practical view of life and destiny. My reputation in that respect was at stake if I uttered words which afterwards were found to be incorrect.

Having told me his trouble, I looked at him intently. "Claude!" I said, "you have known me long enough to appreciate what I am about to tell you. Now, Claude, man to man, here it is!" And I related my experience.

"Billie!" he exclaimed as he stood up, utterly amazed, "do you mean to tell me you heard Claude say that?" "Yes, I did!" was my answer. "Good God! Would you repeat it to my wife?" "Certainly!" I replied. He went back for his wife. On returning with her, he said: "Billie, will you tell Lizzie what you have told me?" I repeated the message.

Claude continued: "Billie, you have taken a load off my shoulders!" "Well, Claude, you can take it as gospel. You know me!" I exclaimed.

We sat awhile and chatted about things in general. Before parting, I remarked: "Claude, I am thinking of investigating Survival, and this seems a good opportunity to commence. To you it may mean much from a more personal angle. To me, it will be a discovery, new knowledge!"

I suggested that we should find out where a séance was held; that we should go and take his younger son with us, on the strict understanding that we sat apart, his son sitting with me. Further, that should the father receive any message, he would exercise the utmost care not to give anything away. That he and his wife should not go in mourning. He readily agreed.

"You see, Claude, I want the truth and I know you would wish everything to be above board." Neither of us had been to a séance. We turned to the newspaper, and found services were held on Sunday. "Well," I said, "shall we go there?" - indicating one of the advertised services. "Yes; and we will go on Sunday." "Right! That's agreed." I answered.

Sunday came and we made our way to the appointed place. Not having had any previous experience of Spiritualist meetings or Mediums, I took careful stock of all that transpired. Still, I was quite sincere and not out for any nonsense or foolery. My investigations had commenced! The service proceeded with the singing of hymns, prayers were offered, a Bible reading, followed by an address, after which it was announced that clairvoyance would be given. The Medium who had given the address sat down, and while a hymn was being sung, she went under control. That to me was entirely new. She proceeded to give messages to people in the audience. Soldiers came through, and parents, sons and daughters, and, in most cases, recognition appeared established. I listened attentively.

At last the Medium pointed to my friend, and said: "Standing by you, Brother, is a boy. I should say about eleven years old. He has auburn hair. There is a very close relationship. I should say he has very recently passed out. He had some chest trouble, which caused his death." (*He had pneumonia, following influenza.*)

Having given a very good description, the Medium asked: "Do you recognise him, Brother?" "Yes!" my friend replied. The Medium proceeded: "He gives me a message for you." An appropriate message was given and the first verse of his favourite hymn. Frankly, it was a very sincere attempt, and left one with a sense of: "Well, it is worth pursuing further!" One séance and one message could prove or disprove nothing.

The Medium proceeded to give messages to others in the room. My friend was seated in the second row from the front; I was at the back with his younger son. As the Medium passed from one to another, giving to each a description and message, she finally pointed to me and said: "That boy who was here (*pointing to the second row*) is standing between you and the boy sitting beside you." I sat silent, waiting for

her to continue. He tells me that the boy sitting beside you is his brother!" Quite correct," I replied. She gave another appropriate message.

That was our first taste of communication, and on all counts it left me ready for more. We went home and discussed the matter. What should be our next move? After a short time we put in another appearance at the same place and contacted a person, a member of the congregation, who was sufficiently interested to suggest that a circle should be held at my friend's home - by his hearthside, as he called it. Eventually, it was agreed that we should try it, and I was invited to be present. A Medium was to be there to help and instruct us in the procedure of private circles.

We met, some eight or nine of us, around the fireside. I should make it perfectly clear that while I fully appreciated the reverence of the occasion, particularly as the Name of God was invoked, and that it was a spiritual service, I was in no mood to fall an easy prey to trickery or credulity. I was on my guard. We sang hymns, and prayers were offered. Some very remarkable messages were given to the sitters.

During the evening, while I sat quietly listening to the several messages, I saw what appeared to me to be someone passing across the room. It was a man, and he was a foreigner dressed in gorgeous robes, wearing a turban with a very bright jewel set in the centre of it.

All the time the electric light was on. There was no darkening of the room, no spooky preparations! Everything was quite normal save, of course, for the reverent spiritual atmosphere. This gorgeously dressed personage purported to be an Indian of very high rank - a Prince - who had passed over many years ago. He crossed the room, and although the door was closed, he appeared to me to pass through it and vanish. I recalled the incident at the close of the séance, saying it was remarkable. That I saw him with my eyes open, fully awake to my surroundings, there was no question.

It had its sequence at a later date, for on my going to another Sunday evening service at quite a different place where we were all strangers, the Medium, whom I had never seen before, gave me a message, saying that the Guide I had seen at that private circle on that Wednesday night, who crossed the room, was my Guide. That he had been attached to me for many years - unknown to me - and instanced several happenings in my earlier life. That was another step forward.

As time passed, I decided to ring the changes to obviate any collaboration or collusion. The next occasion, I decided to take another friend with me. She received a message that a little baby was placed on her lap by the Spirit friends. The name of the child was given. The baby had died quite early in life. The message was correct, my friend informed me. So astonished was she that she took up the matter for further investigation, and has since had proof upon proof of survival.

What I have stated may be regarded as but the ordinary style of message. To me at that stage they seemed rather unique, to say the least; but I have since learnt that they were not extraordinary. It is the extraordinary that I am coming to a little later

in my narrations.

You will understand that I had not finally decided after these early experiences that SURVIVAL had been proved; it rather suggested it. I desired to be indubitably convinced before I took any stand. It was a matter of some importance, for, having come to a conclusion based on unmistakable evidence, it was not to be lightly accepted. I had been encouraged to go deeper. One may have felt I was a little irreverent in remaining unsatisfied, but, you see, I was testing, and I cannot be blamed for comparisons and wanting still more messages.

My investigations were carried out over a period of two years, when I was satisfied that life beyond the grave was as certain as that tomorrow's Sun would rise. More than that - our loved ones could commune with us, guide us, help us, and it is from this point over the subsequent years that I wish to draw your attention.

Permit me to inform you I am not a Spiritualist in the general acceptance of the term as one who attends Spiritualist Churches each Sunday. I am free and open-minded where creeds and dogmas are concerned. Be it understood, I was out to find the truth along purely scientific lines regardless of feelings or faith. I wanted the naked truth! Having obtained that, the question of its evolution and development into a sublime philosophy, a living reality in my life, was a matter of time. Conviction must mature by degrees; but once it reached that stage, it would not be a rite reserved merely for the Sabbath; it would clothe my soul, dominate my life, my all!

One's vision widens when the continuity of life beyond the grave is securely and serenely established. The very thought emanating from conviction is an urge to do and dare, to serve higher impulses, and, in the words of the poet, a challenge:

Oh, Death! where is thy sting?

Oh, Grave where is thy victory?

Right well can one prosecute the courageous path with a mind permeated with a ringing confident note such as this.

In dealing with the various cases proving survival, I will ask the reader to forgive my not revealing the identity of the persons involved. In special circumstances, however, the identity will be made known.

When my daughter, Doreen, was about ten months old - just over 22 years ago - she developed leg trouble: She had what was commonly known as 'bow legs.' While a bonny child in all other respects, the apparent deformity of her legs was a matter of deep concern. Naturally, I thought of her growing up. I consulted a doctor, and, after careful examination, he informed me, to my horror and not a little pain, that the deformity arose from spinal trouble, and strongly recommended me to take her to a spinal hospital. You can well imagine my anxiety.

When attending a séance a few days later, I was informed from the Other Side that I had received medical advice on my daughter's deformity, that her legs were bowed,

and that it was due to spinal trouble. "Disregard the advice absolutely!" was the message. "Get a pair of special boots with irons fitted, and let your daughter wear them. In six months her legs will come straight, perfectly shaped, and you will have no further trouble. When she reaches womanhood she will be hale and hearty. You need not worry!"

I procured the prescribed boots, and after six months they were discarded.

There could be no doubt about the diagnosis of the complaint by the doctor, but some very outstanding points emerge from this case: (a) that the message from the Other Side was proof of communion with an intelligence beyond the ken of this World; (b) that the advice given by that authority, and acted upon, produced the desired results within the specified time; and (c) that that part of the message which said: "When she reaches womanhood she will be hale and hearty," foresaw (1) her reaching womanhood, and (2) a satisfactory physical condition in womanhood.

Who dare forecast, with any degree of certainty, the fulfillment and accuracy of so many years ahead; that a child, ten months old, would reach womanhood, and, further, state what measure of health she would enjoy - who but an all-seeing Soul from beyond the grave? It is a simple case, but one which has borne fruit.

There were periods of quietude, sometimes long periods, when no messages were received. Carefully noting these over the years, I observed that messages received coincided only with something of importance, something approaching in the near or distant future; something of personal or general interest.

WARNING SAVES FINANCIAL CRASH

One of the most remarkable conversations I had is revealed in the following case: it concerns a business man who had made satisfactory progress in building up a very sound and profitable business. Years passed and each year recorded advancement. Attending a séance, he was informed that within twelve months a serious financial crisis would appear; that when it came certain instructions would be given to him from his celestial informant. If carried out, the crisis would pass. That a substantial bank balance would follow, and subsequent years would register the rise of the firm to a position of financial stability.

In a busy world, these things are noted at the time, but forgotten! The information was given in the early summer of 1919, and exactly twelve months later, when the firm was preparing to exhibit its products at a North of England Show - The Royal Agricultural Show, held at Darlington - the crisis revealed itself. Nothing was known at the time; it developed suddenly and for no apparent reason.

On the night when one of the Principals was about to leave for the North by the midnight train, while standing at his front gate taking a final look round and having a refresher, he observed what appeared to him to be an elderly man slowly walking

in his direction; but as he came nearer, to his surprise, he recognised the supposed elderly man to be his father - a partner with him in the business! It was most unusual at 10 o'clock at night, the more so since they were at the office together at 7 o'clock that evening. The son noticed a complete change in the father's face - he looked haggard. The mental distress was reflected in the slow, hesitating steps, so different from his smart gait and cheerful demeanour.

"What is wrong?" the son asked himself as the father came nearer to view. "Why is he coming to see me?" "Hallo, dad, come in!" "No! I will not come in. Walk back with me to the tram," was the reply. Realising something was amiss, the son obeyed without hesitation. "What is the matter, Father?" he asked. "I will tell you. After you left the office to-night, for some reason or other I checked the pass book, and to my surprise found that a credit balance of only a few pounds was shown. I cannot understand it. The position is hopeless, utterly hopeless. How can we meet the extraordinary financial commitments due for payment within ten to fourteen days?" queried the father. The son listened intently, almost equally bewildered at the news, which, to say the least, was stunning.

The father suggested that the son should cancel his visit to Darlington. "If a crash is imminent, and I cannot see anything else, I want you with me." "But, father," said the son, "how can I postpone my journey? It's Thursday now. The stand has to be erected and all exhibits in their place by Saturday at 5 o'clock. It is impossible!"

"Well, there it is!" the father continued.

The son endeavoured to bring cheer into the conversation. "There's a silver lining to every cloud, and the darker the cloud, the brighter the lining. I will defer my journey twenty-four hours, travelling by to-morrow's midnight train. In that case I can come to the office in the morning, and we can look over things, and, maybe, find a solution."

The son bid the father "Good-night," adding: "Go to bed and sleep well! Do not worry. That cannot help and it may seriously affect your health. Sleep well, Good-night"

The son proceeded to return home, wondering what was wrong. Was the position so impossible? If so, his life's work was done, and he faced stark ruin. To the son it would be fatal, because the idea of bankruptcy spelt failure in his work, and then there was the disgrace of not being able to pay 20s. in the £ to his creditors. It spelt dishonour! On he trod. It was heavy going. Little by little the sky darkened; the crisis deepened.

Arriving home, the son was immediately questioned. "What is the matter? Why did not your father come in?" his wife enquired. He explained what had transpired. "There you are!" she exclaimed. "What?" the son ejaculated, leaving her no time to complete the sentence. "There you are! Have you forgotten the message given to you twelve months ago about the financial crisis?" "Good heavens! Yes! Of course I had

forgotten. How foolish of me. Well, it must be true!”

A sudden calmness possessed the son. He sat by the fireside peering into the smouldering embers as the midnight hour tolled departing day. What of the morrow? Every strike of that midnight hour was a link in Destiny's chain. Yesterday with its bad news was a memory, but what will the dawn of another day bring? Will it add to the already dismal outlook, or will something miraculous happen to prevent disaster?

The son retired to rest. He closed his eyes in the knowledge that a problem of supreme importance awaited solution in a few hours. The day dawned. He rose earlier than usual, prepared himself for the day's task, and went to it. Brave of heart and open-minded, he arrived at the office, and looked around. He thought of yesterday's normal leaving, as had been so with the 'yesterdays' for so many years; but to-day all seemed changed! Is this the epilogue? Is this journey's end to the business? Suddenly he thought of the message - that instructions would be given to him when the crisis arose.

He remembered, too, that he was to follow those instructions, and all would be well.

An inspiration came. A thought-message vividly flashed across his mind, impelling him to act as indicated, and to act Now. The nature of the message was to write 75 letters to 75 customers whose accounts were not due, but the aggregate amount of the payments would discharge the financial commitments. The money, however, must be in the bank to meet the contingency, otherwise the outgoing cheques could not be met. He settled himself down to the job. Name after name of customers came to his mind. He noted them; then, by thought-transference, a letter was dictated from that unknown sphere where mortals cease from worrying, and the weary are at rest. "Remarkable!" he thought.

By evening the letters were finished and ready for post. The father enquired of the son what he had done.

I have done the only thing possible - written letters to 75 of our best customers, asking them to favour us with a cheque within the next two or three days," he explained. "Well!" said the father, "they will think it unusual. We have never done that before. What have you said?" "Here is a copy of the letter." The father read it. The son added: "There is nothing in that letter that will raise their suspicions or cause them any annoyance. "No!" replied the father. "Well, there it is! Yes! and I am going to Darlington to-night," said the son. "One thing I ask. Let me know how the money is coming in!"

Wishing the father good-night, the son turned to face his journey north. Dismissing all fears, he travelled through the night, reaching Darlington at 5.30 next morning - a town asleep but for a few workmen early astir. It was a lovely summer morning. He witnessed the sun rise over those Yorkshire Moors!

The stand was erected and the exhibits in their place by the appointed hour.

Sunday! - all Exhibitors were asked to attend a special service in the park, to be headed by the Mayor and Corporation. This service marked the opening of The Royal Agricultural Show Week. Prayers were offered for the success of the Show and its Exhibitors. That marked the inauguration of a momentous week. Momentous because of the gathering financial clouds over the home town.

Monday arrived; little news was expected. Tuesday saw the official opening of the Show. Still no news! Wednesday: "Why this silence?" In the evening a letter arrived, hoping (*inter alia*) that everything was progressing satisfactorily. Not a word as to whether replies were being received from those 75 fateful letters! Thursday: No news. Friday: Another letter acknowledging receipt of correspondence from Darlington, but not a word about the financial position.

The son could not understand why nothing had been said for good or ill. Was the absence of information an ill omen or did it betoken a solution? Determined to end the silence, he decided to make the journey home next day at the close of the Show instead of waiting until Monday. He made hasty preparations for a speedy departure. Enquiring as to the trains, he was informed there was one at 5.15 p.m. Any other train earlier in the day would not be convenient since the Show did not close officially until 5 p.m. However, a hasty pack-up, and a telegram was sent to his home town saying he would reach his destination at 2.30 a.m. (Sunday morning).

A last look at Darlington, and the 5.15 train carried the son homeward. During the journey he conjured up all kinds of thoughts. Would the week seal his fate, or would it bring relief to the obvious distress of mind consequent upon so vital an issue?

The train steamed in precisely at 2.30. As the son stepped on to the platform, to his great surprise there were his partners to meet him. The son's first words were:

"How has the money come in?" To which he received the reply: "You need not worry about money matters at this hour!" But he was not going to be put off with a reply of that nature, after travelling from Darlington specially to hear some news, and, if necessary, take up the task anew. Oh, dear no! - that reply would not do. He persisted there on the platform, again pressing the question, which could do no other than demand an answer.

The answer came in ringing, confident tones: Oh, the money is all right, and I have paid all the accounts!" All the accounts paid! The son's appetite grew to know more. "But tell me," he said, in expectation of knowing exactly what had transpired during those preceding days of uncanny silence: "Tell me, what was the reaction to the letters, and how many replied? In fact, since you have been able to pay all the accounts, how much money came in?" The father smiled, saying he should think some Guardian Angel must have been hovering about. There were replies from all! Cheques poured in immediately and, with them, a covering letter, saying: "It is a pleasure, and you can always rely upon our co-operation should at any time exceptional circumstances warrant it."

Dear Reader, that may sound like a good fairy tale if you are disposed to be at all sceptical, but I can assure you it was no fairy tale. It stands out in unchallengeable proof of the efficacy of help and intervention from denizens beyond. Since that day, the firm never looked back. The crisis passed, and the future years saw a stabilising and consolidating effect to its financial position.

My examination of this case is that the message received twelve months before the event, indicating the approach of the crisis, the action to be taken, the guidance to be proffered, and its realisation, exactly within the specified time, constituted not only proof but practical assistance in a bread and butter struggle.

There are many souls moving unobtrusively about this world who know that life beyond the grave is as certain as their conscious existence; who know from tangible evidence, accumulated year in and year out, that communion with departed souls forms a companionship too sacred for carping and trifling criticism that would relegate it to the realms of hypothesis.

Communication is a very human affair. Once you have made contact, there is no reason why a celestial acquaintance should not develop into an abiding friendship. An old saying runs: "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" What could be more fruitful, more beautiful, than the never-ending joy of someone beyond who cares, someone to whom your prayers can ascend in thanksgiving for mercies shown and guidance given!

In my opinion, it sublimates life, moulds character, makes one conscious of one's responsibilities as a citizen of earth with duties to discharge, and a prospective citizen of the New Jerusalem across that territory bounded and canopied by the blue vault of Heaven.

My psychical activities were as wide as varied. When possible I sought strange Mediums in order that the utmost secrecy might be preserved. Hearing of a Medium who hailed from Walsall, I endeavoured to contact her, thinking she might be another channel whereby I might pursue my studies of the After-Life.

She proved to be one of the best Mediums I ever met. Her mediumship was trance. Personally, I always preferred trance control because it eliminated the possible danger of the Medium's personality and thoughts entering the conversation. Moreover, once the earthly instrument was physically unconscious, the controlling agent had full play; unfettered and unhindered, it could exercise its maximum power over human agency. Thus a mannerism as well as tones of voice or methods of speech would be available for the sitters to observe. Most of us have personal peculiarities and mannerisms, so that quite apart from the subject matter of any spirit conversation, one could look for known distinguishing characteristics as indicated.

Very well! - and here is a most remarkable message received through the mediumship of the lady who hailed from Walsall, the report of which appeared in a

Midland newspaper in October, 1932, which was headed: Dramatic Séance Disclosure - Reservoir Tragedy Recalled.

Almost immediately after the Medium had passed into a state of trance, she wished everyone "Good Evening." The controlling spirit was that of a child - a little girl who had departed this life in her teens. The vocal control was that of a girl. Turning to me, she said a boy was standing at my side and she described him. I could not place him. I had a hazy idea of the description, but could not bring my mind to place him. I told our little friend that I could not recollect whom it might be; whereupon she said he had passed from this life by drowning. This enabled me to place him, and I confess the description was a detailed likeness of him. I shall make my comments on this most unfortunate death at a later stage, so as not to break in on the evidence.

"Drowned where?" She proceeded to relate that he was drowned in a reservoir. "Where was this reservoir, and how was he drowned?" I enquired. "In the hills, and he went on a bicycle, which he left, and walked up the hill." "What did he do after he had walked up the hill?" "He went along the bank and attempted to cross a lock-gate, lost his balance and fell in. He tells me he saw you and his Daddy." As he said he saw me with his Daddy, whom I was with at the graveside, I asked him where was I with his Daddy, and was he there, too? "Yes!" was the reply. "Do you remember what happened?" was my next question. "Yes, and he is glad you said what you did to his Daddy." "Well! What did I say?" I queried. "You held his arm and said it was useless to worry, he is gone; this is not the end but the beginning - you know that - now come along, buck up." That is exactly what I did say! The spirit control continued: "He saw his Daddy have a stimulant at the gate, given to him by a big man. (That is correct.) You made him happy!"

So far I was well satisfied, but I thought the moment had arrived to apply the acid test by asking the Spirit control to give me the boy's name. She exclaimed: "Yes, I can! Give me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I will write his name as he gives it to me." The paper and pencil were placed in front of the medium - still in trance - and in capital letters were written the christian and surname.

The conversation at this stage became more familiar. I was satisfied I had contacted the fifteen year old son of my cousin, who had passed over about five years previously.

The Spirit control said that this boy called me a legacy. "A legacy!" I repeated; "what does he mean by that?" You are named after your father, but your father was not named after his father. - (*Quite right.*) "But what was the name of his father - my Great Grandfather?" "THOMAS!"

This I did not know at the time; in fact, I cannot say that I had ever heard his name mentioned, and considered it would add to the already amazing evidence if I could obtain the name and verify it later. The name given was correct.

I was informed that he had seen my father's brother in the Summerland, as he

termed it, and that my father was to take care of himself, because he was not well. This was quite true.

The Spirit control then requested me to take the paper on which the boy's name was written, to the father, and to tell him his son sent it, and that he wants to have a talk with his father about his mother. He says he is sorry it all happened.

This future meeting of son and father I will deal with in another section because it deserves a special place.

Now this boy went for a week to the hills, as the Spirit control called them. Friends of the family resided there; it was thought nice for him to take his bicycle and to have a holiday. After he had been there several days viewing the surrounding country, he heard there was a reservoir in the hills, and decided to go. That was the last time he was seen on earth alive. His bicycle was found near the reservoir. A search was made, which proved abortive. Then his description was given over the wireless as 'missing.' Finally, his body was found floating on the surface of the water.

From tests which I applied during the sitting I am convinced that the information imparted to me came from no other person than the one who was drowned.

Calvary takes on a new lustre in the light of these discoveries, It is a sign-post to the world that shows that those we loved and lost live on; that the parting is merely a transition from one state of existence to another, and the unconsciousness of 'death' is a transitional chloroform during the process of evacuation, the individual finding, on regaining consciousness, that the physical body has been discarded.

MOTHER'S ILLNESS AND DEATH FORETOLD

One evening in September 1934, when attending a private séance, the controlling guide addressed me in this manner: "Hallo, Billie!" "Good evening," I replied. Then came these words: "Your Daddy's mother is here!" "Is that so?" I queried. "Can you describe her to me because she died before I was born; and can you tell me her name?" A detailed description was given, and her name, which afterwards I confirmed. That requirement was therefore satisfactorily met.

The Spirit control proceeded to inform me that my father's mother had been with him quite a lot lately. "Why is she with my father so much?" I observed. "Your daddy had a bit of a rough time with his Miss-a-lady. That is why his mother is with him." (*The Spirit control was a little girl - a foreigner who spoke English quite fluently, and Miss-a-lady was her designation for a woman*).

"My father has a rough time of it!" I echoed. The answer came: "Yes, Billie! You see, your mother is not well, and he worries. She is better than she was, but she is not well." "Will she get better?" I enquired. "For a little while, then she will be ill again," was the reply. "In what way?" "A seizure - a stroke, and it will be the last illness." "By that, do I understand she will not be long on earth?" "Yes !" she answered.

“I hope her end will be peaceful, and I trust she will not suffer!” I exclaimed.

The Spirit control continued by informing me that my father’s sister-in-law was present. “On which side of the family?” I asked. “Your mother’s. Your mother is named Eliza, and your mother’s sister says she called her ‘Our Lizz.’ She has been dead many years!” (*Correct.*) She tells me her name was Serah, and she was called Seran.” (*Correct.*) “Your Auntie tells me that she remembers you as a piccaninny (*the Spirit’s control’s designation for a child*) when you lived in that house without a hall in High Street.” I was born in that house in High Street 53 years ago.

Let me proceed. The Spirit control told me I was born there, and that I hit the warming pan.

This was beyond me for I had no knowledge of the pan. Naturally, I was desirous of probing deeper, for I had hold of something about which I knew nothing. I interrogated the Spirit control, saying: I do not remember the pan,” to which the control replied: “That warming pan belonged to your grandma - your daddy’s mother, and she gave it to your daddy. When you were a little piccaninny, you wanted to make that pan a drum, and hit it hard.” “Did I?” I exclaimed. “Yes ! and your mother was so annoyed that one day she said she would not have it in the house!” “Where is this pan? Is it in existence?” I asked. “Your daddy has got it,” was the prompt reply. “It has a black handle with a bit of string at the end. It is bright one side and dull at the back.”

So intrigued was I about this piece of boyhood information that I made enquiries as to whether such a pan ever existed and, if so, what was it like; if I could see it, and who presented it to my father? The pan was produced; in every detail the description was correct, and the donor was my father’s mother. “But tell me,” I asked of my father, “did I try to make a drum of it, and did my mother get annoyed?” “Yes!” came the reply.

The Spirit control called out the name of Tom - “What about Tom? You know - when you went to his house to see him after his mother had died.” (*Tom is a cousin.*) “Yes, I did go to see him.” “Tom asked you if you would care to have a last look at his mother?” “And what did I say?” I persisted. “Yes! I should like to have a last look at her, Tom.’ And you went upstairs together.”

“But tell me, how do you know about my visit?” I exclaimed in astonishment. “I was there!” “You were! Then perhaps you will please tell me what transpired.”

The Spirit control went on: “Tom lit the gas and walked round the bed to look at his mother. You stood by the door. You looked at his mother and then said: ‘Your mother is not here!’” (*I was referring to the life-less body.*) “Your description of what took place is correct,” I assured the control, “but can you tell me anything else; if so, what?” “Yes! Tom walked round the bed to where you were standing and kissed his mother on the forehead!”

All this, dear reader, is the natural behaviour in a death chamber, but I wish you to

take particular note that all I was told was coming from a complete stranger. The message communicated to me from a celestial source was one of the most convincing I had ever received. There was clarity in every statement.

The sitting was a long one. More evidence was forthcoming. Striking a more personal note, the Spirit control addressed me in the following terms: "You have not taken Insulin, Billie, but you take those other things. Don't worry, Billie - nothing to worry about! You will get better, but not yet." "I will not worry!" I exclaimed. "Billie, worry would make you worse!" The reference to my not taking insulin was extremely good, for I was suffering from diabetes and my doctor had prescribed a special tablet for me to take after meals. The complaint lasted three years; then it passed completely, and I have had no recurrence.

This constitutes the bulk of the conversation I had at that séance, but it made its contribution to my ever-growing stock of evidence. In my opinion, there were no flaws in the chain of information. Let me revert to that part of it dealing with my mother. You will have observed that her next illness would be the last, and that her sojourn on earth was to be short. The value of these messages must be in the actual happening of the forecasted events.

Mother was suddenly taken ill in March 1935 - that is, the following year. It was a Friday. She retired to rest, quite normal and bright, about 10 o'clock, when suddenly she exhibited unusual behaviour. What could be wrong? My father sent for a doctor, who said she had had a seizure and that she must rest quietly. She lost consciousness.

I saw her the next day; she looked like one sleeping peacefully. You can well imagine my thoughts with knowledge of that message only six months ago. Anyway, I contented myself that she was unconscious to suffering.

I saw her again on Saturday evening, as the doctor was calling twice each day to watch symptoms. Late that night her condition was unchanged. Father discussed the matter with me, and asked me what I thought about it. Did I think she would recover? I told him I would see him again on Sunday morning, when one would be better able to judge.

That message haunted me! I knew that this marked the last phase of her earthly life, and yet I must not reveal any presupposed knowledge lest others should discern apprehension on my part.

Sunday came, and I saw her during the morning. No change. I informed my father that I would see her again later in the day. In the interim period I had thought of the significance of that message. What was best? Should my lips remain sealed; or should I break the sad news? I made up my mind that it was just useless to hold out hope where no hope remained. If that message were true - and I had no justification to regard it otherwise - then the hours were passing and life ebbing out its little day.

I returned that Sunday evening with my mind made up to tell all in case my father

sought further information. Mother lay there as she had been placed on the Friday night, still unconscious. The doctor had paid two visits that day. He had informed my father that she might regain consciousness if the clot of blood moved or disintegrated. Father was getting anxious and visibly distressed. My duty was to appease his suffering, whereupon I said: "Father, she is not suffering; one would think she is asleep, and to all intents and purposes she is asleep."

Then he asked me point-blank if I thought she would get better? I took the plunge: "To be quite candid, I do not think so. I am afraid this is mother's last journey. One consolation you have - that her passage is peaceful.

He looked at me obviously stunned. I knew his thoughts, but he braved himself. He seemed to sense that I knew something but would not divulge my information. I had gone as far as I thought desirable to break the news of the sad prospect. A spade may be a spade, but on certain occasions one does not say so.

I spent more time at that bedside on this call because I knew it might be the last occasion I should see my mother alive. We parted. My final words of comfort to my father were that mother had reached a good age, and if my last hours were to be as peaceful, I should be thankful. Could I say more?

On reaching business next morning I was informed that the doctor had called again on the Sunday night after I had left, and said that mother would not live twenty-four hours, whereupon I made straight to see her. It was 10 a.m. Father opened the door. "Hallo, Father!" I said, to which he replied: "Come in, Will; it's all over! "I know, I understand!" I answered quietly.

I went upstairs alone, and there lay the lifeless body of mother, still in the same position. I touched her. I thought and thought again.

Dear Reader, these poignant experiences come to us all, soon or late. Believe me, the message had its culmination that Monday morning at 9.15 a.m. There are more things in Heaven and Earth than many people dream of. Could a message have been more explicit? Could one have greater proof?

THE PASSING OF MY OLD FRIEND, CLAUDE

Time rings its changes. To some the call to the Higher Life comes sooner than later. My friend, who had so closely associated himself with me in psychic matters, and was a confirmed adherent to the proven and established fact of survival and communication, fell ill in February, 1935.

In the previous year, the autumn to be exact, his health became altogether indifferent. Of the many conversations we had with the 'Other Side,' none were so ominous as the one on that autumn night. Claude, enquiring of the Guide as to his health and of the immediate prospects of recovery, was informed that he would recover. The message continued: "Brother, during your life you have ascended and

descended hills - descended into the valleys. Next time you go down the valley, you go down with me!

The Author of this book realised the full significance of that message. Metaphorically speaking, the Guide referred to life's ups and downs, as hills and valleys. Quite appropriate. As the subject of health was under review when the Guide so aptly illustrated the way of life, the only relevant conclusion was that the next illness would mark the close of Claude's earthly life.

Unlike previous sittings with our celestial friends, this one in particular left an undeniably heavy atmosphere, which was sensed by me. I gathered from the message that the next illness would be fatal. My friend was 56 years of age. Could it be true that his life was measured by months? You shall see!

In February, the following year, he had a heart attack. Medical aid was sought and rest recommended. He took to his bed. I saw him daily, as almost had been the case since we first met in 1914. We had much in common; we were 'bosom-pals.' There is something which words fail to express in the ties of a pal!

The rest appeared to have the desired effect, for while still confined to bed his progress was sufficiently satisfactory to give rise to hopeful signs of recovery. Despite this, through my mind rang those words: "Next time you descend, you go down with me!" There could be only one interpretation to that message. The accuracy of the forecast began to dawn on me with painful reality. Going down that vale with my friend spelt passing to the next World!

March and April came along, and although the recovery permitted his leaving his bed, he convalesced only in his room, taking things quietly. Still further progress was recorded. April saw his 57th birthday. The following month witnessed a relapse and he was compelled to take to his bed again. The ebb and flow of health was almost daily observed.

In June there were perceptible signs of weakening. I received a confirmatory psychic message that this was the illness instanced in the autumn of 1934, and that already preparations were well advanced for the reception of my friend beyond the Veil.

The message was well guarded from him, but in the early part of July, he said to me: "Billie, my days are numbered; I shall not work again!" I could not deny it. We knew each other too well for me to attempt to throw him off the scent; moreover, I respected him too much, and also the information I had received. In sympathetic and understanding conversation we discussed the great issues of life and death. To us, Death had no sting; the grave no horrors. We looked upon it as a natural birth into a newer and better life. While cognisant of the gravity of the subject under these circumstances, my friend freely reiterated all that the years had taught him of the next stage.

The days passed. Then there came over him a wonderful mental calm and peace. I had evidence that ministering Souls were hovering around to soothe, to comfort and

to bless. He knew it, and this confirmed his belief that his days were few.

I have witnessed the final days of those about to take that long last journey, but never before have I witnessed such radiance and expectation from one about to depart. Right up to the last moment it persisted.

July 15th, 1935, saw the last hours of my friend, and as I knew he was going, I remained near at hand. That day he murmured: "Billie, I am going on a holiday; my trunk is packed and I shall be gone soon!"

Conscious to the last, he passed out at 8.15 p.m. Thus the curtain fell on a life and severed, at any rate physically, a friendship that had been all in all to me; a friendship that had outlived difference of opinion, and the divergent views we held on various subjects. On the subject of Life Beyond, there was only one opinion!

A PROMISE TO COME BACK AND GIVE A 'TEST MESSAGE'

When his wife was with him alone that day, unknown to me, he had promised her proof of his triumph in passing through the portals of death to that sweeter and nobler life. When he sent her a message she would know it was from him. There could be no question as to his identity. He did not tell her what the message would be, merely adding that it would refer to something in their lives known only to them. She kept the conversation strictly secret.

Within a week it fell to my lot to see Claude in his ascension robes. I saw him clearly, and he said he had a message for me to give to Lizzie (*his wife*).

What followed puzzled me and left me in a quandary. I was nonplussed. He built up a trap and pony, stepped into it, and was driving from a passage between two buildings to the main road as if about to make a journey. I was disturbed. That I had seen Claude and the trap was beyond doubt, but he seemed the last man in the world to me to drive a trap! He had never mentioned anything of the kind to me, and I doubted the truth of the message. However, I had a duty to perform - to impart that information to his wife. It seemed so unlike him!

I lost no time in seeing his wife and giving her the message. Prior to telling her, I said I was afraid I had been told something which would shake my confidence. I gave the message, and to my surprise she exclaimed "Well, that is remarkable!" "Remarkable!" I interjected. "Do you mean to say you understand it?" "I do!" she replied. "Now I will tell you," she continued. "That was our first meeting. Claude was driving the trap from a passage at the side of a shop in the main street. I was approaching the crossing just as he was coming out."

I expressed great surprise on learning he drove a trap, and pleasure that the message was genuine, and was the answer to that secret promise made on the day of his death.

Our long friendship did not cease with the departure of my friend. In loss and

distress, I felt it incumbent upon me to do all I could for the family. Claude was missed. The gap to me was distressing. We had whiled away our evenings sometimes playing billiards, sometimes discussing topics of civic, national and international importance. Claude was a good debater. Frequently we took opposite sides, and thrashed out the subject from end to end. At times our argument would become heated, but we parted with the usual friendly "Good-night," as pals do.

Sometimes, however, questions were not debated in that calm and dispassionate atmosphere. There were occasions when we differed, not deliberately for the purpose of debate; we differed as East is to West, and then the display of oratorical fireworks was fast and furious. But it made no difference to that abiding link of friendship. It weathered all, and here I pay tribute to my old pal, whom one day I shall meet again on equal terms.

Twelve months after the passing of Claude, his wife had occasion to consult a doctor, since she had experienced considerable internal pain. The diagnosis revealed a malignant growth which was not amenable to treatment. There was a fortnight's rest awaiting a bed, and then the fateful journey to hospital. I made that journey with her and her daughter. We parted. Only telephonic contact was possible for several days.

On her entry into hospital, a message was received from beyond the Borderland that the operation would be successful, although it would be a major one fraught with grave danger.

The operation was successful! It had been a mighty job, as the appearance of the patient revealed sometime afterwards. From external appearances, the outlook was most unpromising. The patient looked very ill and, in fact, was very ill. The daughter had doubts creep into her mind and visibly displayed her grief and distress. But within a few days both daughter and son received a further message that my Guide was present at the operation and, to use his own words, "saw everything and knew everything." He went so far as to say that their mother, at one period during the long operation, came near to the Border, but Divine intervention had saved her.

Assurance was given that she would survive the ordeal; that within a few weeks she would be home again at the fireside, and that the recovery would be final and complete. Also that assistance would be given over a period of convalescence, and that the dark cloud would be a memory lost in subsequent years.

Dear Reader, the recapitulation of these experiences in their ordinary setting may make just ordinary reading to you; but as information vouchsafed from that World to which you and I one day will depart, their absolute accuracy, both in foretelling and actual coming to pass, constitute something more than reading ordinary things. It is in that light I want you to assimilate the knowledge.

I have no time to waste writing novels. I can vouch for the accuracy of every statement made throughout the whole of the recordings. Take it then from an ordinary soul, like yourself in pursuit of the truth, who, having found it, records it in

case it might be of consolation to some bewildered, distressed or doubting pilgrim on this hard and sometimes sorrowful journey!

We are all in it! There is no dodging the evolution of Nature. If we can discover the truth about life and death, let us seek and find, so that the days that weary, and the life uneventful, will be filled with the comradeship of sustaining and ennobling thoughts that will comfort in the hour of need.

Revelation of the remarkable results obtained at a séance where, you will recollect, an unfortunate tragedy had befallen a relation of mine, led to a father discovering the validity of life when our work here is done. His son had given me a message to deliver to his father. This I did. The father had had no previous experience of psychic information, and I was not certain in what manner he would receive the message I was charged to give him. I had a moral duty in carrying that message, whatever its reception.

My cousin knew me too well to know I would fall an easy victim to some trick. He listened most respectfully to my story. He evinced sympathy. His son had passed on several years.

The gist of the message was: (1) that I had contacted his son, received a long report of his passing; and (2) that he wished to speak to his father about his mother's health, and, generally, make known his work in the After-Life.

My desire is that you will follow carefully how I arranged the proposed meeting, my obvious reason being to eliminate all possible collusion, to place the onus of meeting on his son.

The arrangement was as follows: When his son requested that steps should be taken to make an appointment with his father, I readily agreed. Immediately I suggested that he should watch the movements of his father, so that when he entered a séance - time and place to be decided by the father - he would come through and speak to him. Therefore, I informed the father of his son's wishes, and that it was left to him when and where he went, but his son *would* meet him.

That, to one not already possessing any knowledge of psychic phenomena, was a bit of a teaser. Anytime, anywhere, and I was totally ignorant of when and where! I preferred to remain in ignorance, because (a) it would be a further test of survival; and (b) satisfy my cousin that no possible measures had been taken by anyone to fix the meeting. He agreed. We bade each other "Good-bye!"

Almost six weeks to two months later, my cousin called me up on the telephone, saying he would like to see me. I met him the next day, Tuesday.

"Will," he said, "I went to Sutton Coldfield last night to a Spiritualist Service. I took Tom with me. (*Tom was his brother.*) The service had commenced, so we sat at the back of the room. It was packed. Ultimately the Medium gave descriptions and messages, which were recognised and understood. She had given quite a number

when, stepping from the platform, she walked down the centre aisle to the back of the room. Pointing to me, she said: There is a youth standing between you and the gentleman next to you. He claims relationship. He tells me he is your son and has kept the appointment!" (*All this was foreign to everyone except the father and brother.*) The Medium went on to describe the son in detail and gave such intimate information as to leave no doubt in the father's mind.

When relating to me what had transpired, he said: "One thing Ken said which only Ken could have said, and it was known only to me!" It was not made known to me, what was the nature of this secret and I did not wish to know. The father went on: "Ken told me about his mother's health, that I was to watch her." The character of the illness was given, which would necessitate a minor operation; also that she would come through the operation all right and recover. Further, the son wanted his mother to go to a séance so that he could speak to her. The father agreed.

As to the subsequent meeting, I will deal with that shortly, but this was the message my cousin had received, and before we parted he said: "Billie, the result was amazing. I am convinced. It has bridged Earth and Heaven!"

The mother attended a séance and contacted her son. This time he gave information as to the whereabouts of her sister in France, saying that she had a baby. His mother had not heard of her for years and did not know where she was.

Writing to the address given by her son, she received a reply from her sister, who was puzzled how her whereabouts had been discovered. There was a baby, too!

Many messages have since come through from the son.

Sufficient has been related of this case to show that yet another found joy and consolation in the reunion of son with his parents. Its effect upon them was a magnanimous reward for the pleasure I had in delivering the request.

Having passed the initial stages and established the fact of survival, my cousin continued to attend séances. This leads me to my next case.

Months after, his son spoke about his grandma - his father's mother - saying that she would have heart trouble and it would be fatal. At that time the grandma was in good health. Later she was not well, and a doctor was called in. My cousin, on hearing of his mother's illness, got into touch with the doctor to enquire about the nature of the sickness. She did not recover, and died from cardiac degeneration, which was given as the cause of death.

The most ingenious argument has no merits whatsoever if it attempts refuting what has already been proved by results. Just as we know a table to be round by viewing it from a point directly over and under its centre, so we know our loved ones live by personal evidence, which places guess work outside the pale of possibility.

MY FRIEND'S SON RETURNS TO ME

Soon after I was a new recruit to psychic research, a very emphatic piece of evidence came along. I was sitting in my kitchen reading the newspaper when I heard distinct knocks on a metal bath which was hanging on the wall in the scullery. What caused that? I asked myself. Heat? Could it be a sudden change in temperature which caused the metal of the bath to move and produce the noise? This did not offer an explanation as there was no heat or cold extremes prevailing in the scullery. I was not disposed to leave it at that. Then the thought occurred to me: Is it someone trying to attract my attention? Is it Claude - the boy who had spoken to me on the night of his death? I will test it. Speaking aloud I said: "If that is you, Claude, rap that bath again three times." Three distinct knocks came in response.

There was a basket of vegetables on the kitchen table. I was sitting by the fire well away from the table. I thought that here was an opportunity of testing further. Again speaking aloud, I said: "Claude, will you come into the kitchen and knock that basket of vegetables on the floor?" I waited a few seconds, turned my eyes in the direction of the basket, and to my utter astonishment, over went the basket on the floor, just as though someone on earth might have walked to the table and landed the lot overboard.

Dare any critic suggest that my thoughts caused the audible knocks on the bath, and then removed the basket to the floor? I am not possessed of any magical qualifications.

The evidence I was accumulating constituted a monument to Immortality. This ethereal crusade was bringing to light hitherto unexplored regions of Life beyond the territorial confines of this World and its graves.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

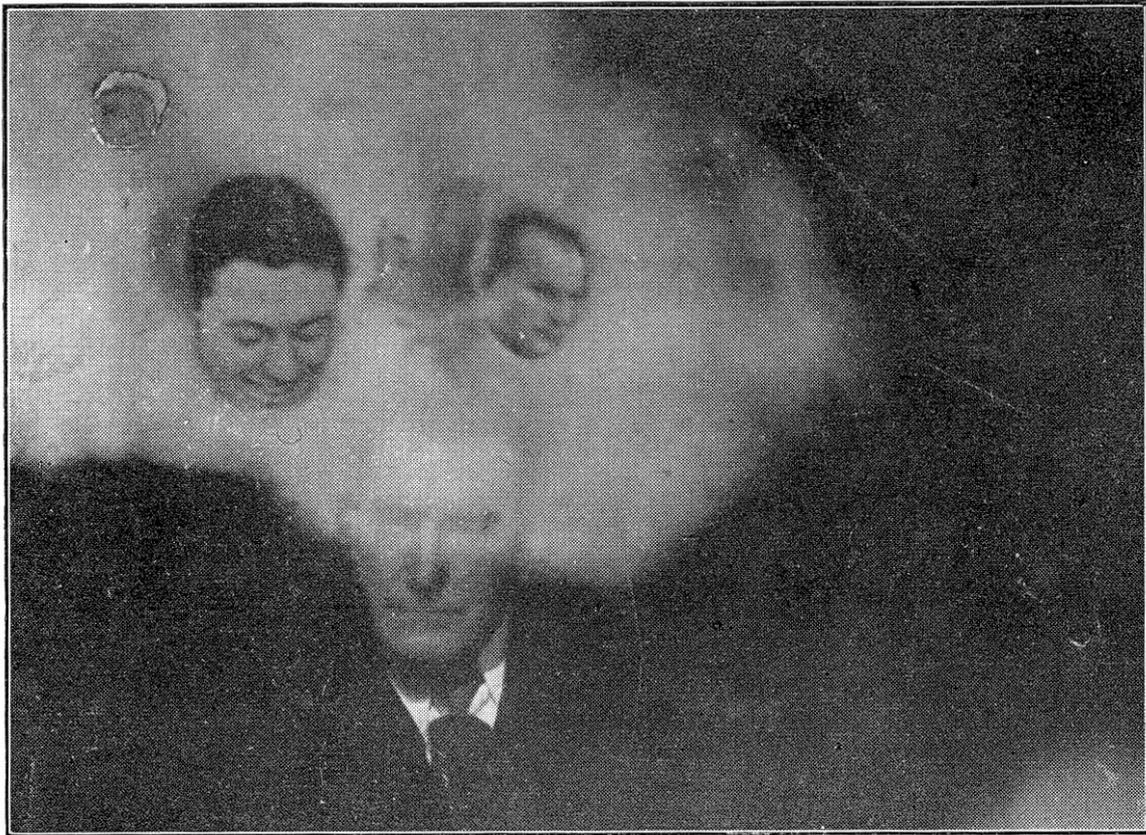
The years rolled on. I had heard of spirit photography, but had no experience by which to test its genuineness. One day I decided to make a trial. Seeing an announcement in a psychic paper that Spirit photographs were taken in London. I decided that next time business took me that way I would make an appointment with the photographer. A sitting was arranged. I was ushered into the waiting room. The photographer came along and led me to the studio - a small room but comfortable. There was a gramophone in the corner and a large camera on a tripod. He asked me to be seated opposite the camera. He placed a record on the gramophone - a hymn, after which he offered a short prayer, asking that success might attend the sitting. Then another record.

While the hymn was being played, he placed a plate in the camera, waited a few moments, closed the slide, took the plate from the camera, and said he would test it. Did so, and reported a negative result. Placing another plate in the camera, he put on a third record. This time, as distinct from the former, I felt something touching my

face and head. Funny! I thought. "There is no mistake about it this time," I said. You have an extra !

I felt someone touching me.'

He removed the plate, tested it, and said: Yes!" He asked me to view the plate. I did so. I saw myself sitting there, and two men, right and left of my head. I was careful to note the men. One I could recognise, but could not remember his name. That terminated the sitting. The reproductions were posted to me later, and for your information are reproduced here.



The Author with disembodied souls

My observations are as follows: The extra on the right of my head is the exact photograph of a man I knew in Birmingham years ago. I have forgotten his name because I never had much to do with him. We met at a cafe, saw each other there occasionally, and just wished each other the greeting of the day.

Why do I remember this man? I will tell you. He was outstanding for his immaculate dress. Personally, I looked upon him as a dandy. He was tall, had fair wavy hair, an aquiline nose, high forehead, and walked with a springing gait - rather foppish and effeminate. Why he should have come through to me I cannot answer, but there he is, and there I must leave it.

I am passing no judgment on this single sitting. It is the photograph of a man I knew in Birmingham years ago, and it is a true likeness. Maybe one day I shall find the

sequel. I shall not seek it. These things just happen, then I examine them.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

Beyond the related results I have nothing to offer in regard to the above. I am not desirous of witnessing a séance where tambourines and other instruments fly about the room. That proves nothing of survival, in my opinion. It may be amusing. I want something more searching, please, something absolutely beyond the power of mortal man.

ETHERIC REGIONS

The passage of souls to other worlds is an experience as unique as it is delightful. Scientists, like the late Sir Oliver Lodge, satisfied themselves that human personality was dual. Quite a number of tests have been carried out establishing this fact. Persons, not necessarily mediums - for we are all dual in the ethereal sense - in their sleeping state were found to travel and to be capable of relating in detail all they had seen. Distance and time were no obstruction. These tests were carefully recorded and checked. The findings proved that such people were capable of visiting other places, and there was no bar to what they saw or heard. This is different from the state of hypnotism, where a subject is directed by the controlling commands of the hypnotist. The visits are unconsciously initiated, and I know of no explanation why they are able to travel other than the two-fold personality.

At a séance which I was attending, the etheric body of a medium actually left its earthly abode and travelled to Mexico. Through the tranced physical mouthpiece, he reported to the sitters all that the etheric body was viewing- buildings, streets, architecture. Then, to the particular interest of all, the tranced medium said he had arrived at a sports ground or field.

Two aeroplanes were manoeuvring in the air for a particular position. He said the one is trying to get directly over the other. As soon as this was accomplished, a man jumped from the top machine and alighted on the wing of the one underneath. It was a breath-taking episode. The sitters were highly amused, partly at the incident, partly on grounds of incredulity. They felt it was just a bit of riotous imagination.

The incident occurred on a Wednesday evening during the winter months. The medium reported that it was quite light where he was, and many people had gathered to witness the event.

On the following Sunday, one of the sitters, reading his usual Sunday paper, was astonished to see a picture of a man jumping from one plane to another. An account of the affair was given, and the place was Mexico. The details of this piece of aerial acrobatics, recorded in the newspaper, corresponded in every respect with those reported by the medium.

The explanation is that the medium's etheric self had travelled to Mexico, and had witnessed the scene. These are mundane matters, but they give an insight into possibilities; they form the foundation on which to build.

Mediums with special psychic gifts occasionally pay visits to other Worlds - usually accompanied by their chief guide.

The visit to Mexico has some bearing on what is to follow. It is only a question of degree; the principle of vacating the earthly body is the same. The distance to other Worlds is much greater than travelling over our own planet; but, to the etheric, distance is no barrier. And again, the etheric does not need oxygen for respiratory purposes, so its journey through the stratosphere is taken quite naturally.

We are apt to view life too much through physical eyes - to limit our vision within the survey of our immediate surroundings, with the result that we are imprisoned within the circle prescribed by our own limitations.

Information obtained from spirit ambassadors is of an exceptional kind and adds a wonderful fund of knowledge which we should otherwise not possess. One cannot very well form an opinion. The facts are made known, and as facts they must remain. It seems utterly useless to contest such facts, just as it would be useless to contest the existence of the Sun if we failed to see it. Although hidden from mortal eye, the immortal sight enjoys the benefits of that after-life, and these visits are but a foretaste of things to come.

Let us proceed. The medium having become completely unconscious (*trance*) his or her etheric body vacates its earthly tabernacle. The journey from this world is uneventful in the degree that all sense of travel or speed and time are entirely eliminated. These dimensions do not form part of that ethereal sphere.

The etheric can see the physical body which it has left. On arrival in one of the spheres, it describes what presumably is the destination-station of souls leaving the earth life in death. In a great hall are gathered people of every colour and from every clime. A never-to-be-forgotten scene! And yet, the organisation there is just wonderful. Everything works smoothly.

It was explained that the departed soul is partnered by a guide. Everyone on leaving this life is partnered, so that you need have no fear about that unknown road. The new stranger awaits his or her instructions as to where to take up residence.

Our heavenly habitation is determined by the life we have lived on earth, and *thought* plays a major part in its erection and character. That in advance is well worth knowing, since it may give souls here an opportunity of mending their ways, and striving for something higher. There is no dodging the consequences of one's earthly record, be it good or bad.

You are told your sphere and your guide escorts you there. The disposal is as efficient as it is speedy.

A word about the 'atmosphere' of this plane. The light is diffused and one does not see a Sun. There is no central light-giving orb. It is just evenly bright with no shadows. The poet who wrote 'No shadows yonder,' was indeed speaking the truth.

Buildings are made from the material of the planet. They look very much like those of the physical world, only more beautiful. They are spacious and lofty, in wide open spaces. These spaces are suitably bedecked with flower beds. Flowers of the most exquisite colours adorn the beds; flowers of varying hues.

The word 'atmosphere' is used in a qualified sense. It is different from the atmosphere of this world, which is necessary to earthly vegetation, and life. The atmosphere is rare! There is no rain or dust. Neither rain nor sun is necessary to plant life. The atmospheric elements provide the essential nourishment to plants and flowers. What these elements are is a matter for explanation by an ethereal alchemist. He knows, but, again, name and constitution are foreign to earthly standards. Comparisons, therefore, are odious since they would not help one to understand. That there are parallels is beyond question: but there are no parallels in elements, as the analysis of these elements reveals component substances so different from those of Earth. It is chemistry, in another World, on a higher scale.

TRANSPORT

Transport is by thought. Thought is the *anima motrix* of one's celestial body. You can walk leisurely in the ordinary way, when strolling about; but if you are to take a journey, then you have the knowledge and power. You just *think*, and the power of thought transports you bodily and gracefully to the place where you wish to go. It's all so simple and easily accomplished. Again, let me repeat, Time and Space are no part of celestial existence, so that the question of how long it takes to travel, or how far one goes, does not come into the equation. You just get there!

In the levitation of celestial bodies, one rises gracefully and speeds away. It is just as easy to pass from one sphere to another as it is to pass round a sphere. I use the word 'round' in its literal sense, for these spheres are round. They exist in space - space as we understand it - like our world. In the design of the Universe one discerns uniformity. It is possibly due to the rotation of the planets which gives them their circular shape.

The only bar to reaching some spheres - the higher spheres - is one's incapability, since the soul must progress, evolve, before it can penetrate the rarer atmospheres. The earthly body, of itself, cannot rise from the earth and take its flight upwards. It cannot be done. Its make-up is physical, and this, plus gravitation, precludes its ascension. Limitations, therefore, are fixed.

In passing from sphere to sphere, one observes a delightful colour-scheme. Flowers grow and bloom in a variety of colours. The order of colour is in accordance with the sphere. Maybe this is determined by the constitutional elements of the star and

surrounding atmosphere, just as the minerals, soil, sand and rocks, etc., of this world are of this world - physical; they are part and parcel of the planet.

In the higher spheres, colours are of a deeper hue, surpassing the most telescopic imagination of the greatest artist. The blending of these colours, too, is exquisite. The reflecting light changes the colours as one moves from different angles of view. There are as many colours as positions one is able to take up, near or far, right or left!

This colour-scheme applies alike to buildings and gardens. Flowers of unusual shape are seen. It is Paradise, and all that word implies to mortals looking forward to something better and more beautiful when they bid farewell to this world!

There are schools for children who have passed over in childhood. Their education is continued from the stage at which they terminated earthly life. Study, however, is less tedious and not laborious, since one is possessed of higher powers of acquisition which make learning facile and a pleasure.

There is justice everywhere. This is instinctive. Hence there are no Courts, no Assize, since there is no wrong or crime.

Souls are segregated - allotted to spheres - according to their character, and, as previously stated, their life on earth.

The pursuit of Art and Science are the principal occupations in the advancement of education. Here, again, these are a continuation of the most advanced stage yet reached by the greatest artist or scientist. Everything passes into a superlative degree. Learning is never ending. There is no finality in anything here or beyond.

There are centres of learning for still higher and greater knowledge beyond the confines of the sphere on which one resides, so that when one has sufficiently progressed to justify promotion, one is not ignorant of the new life and surroundings.

This imparting of knowledge of the higher worlds is of itself a great incentive to labour in the service of one's fellow-pilgrims, which is the ultimate passport to a higher life.

CREATIVE THOUGHT

One of the God-given gifts possessed by the souls in these spheres, is the power of creative thought. Perhaps we do not appreciate its significance, apprehending the subject with a human or earthly mind. Some people may be inclined to view it as romancing. Well, if you feel that way, you must do so; nevertheless, it does not alter the fact that creative thought *there* is a part of life's functions, and one day you will know it.

Let us see just how this faculty operates. There is a psychological dictum of earth

that reads: “As I think, I feel. As I feel, I act. As I continue to act, I form my habits. As my habits grow, I form my character.” You will take note that all this comes from THOUGHT.

Our thoughts are the springs of supply and are made manifest in our actions, but thought must precede them.

Creative thought in the Beyond has a far wider meaning and far-reaching effects. On earth your creative thought can only manifest itself in material make up: thus the creative thought of an architect in designing a building must be reduced to plans in the first place; then comes the long process of obtaining materials, and building these in the prescribed way. At long last your eyes gaze upon the stately edifice.

But in Heaven, according to your capacity to LOVE, so is your power to THINK. The heavy labour and toil of earth is a task of the past. You think and produce. Some are blessed with a greater degree of creating, just as we on earth are blessed with different gifts of varying degrees.

The capacity to love is determined not so much by one’s ‘inherent kindness,’ as by service in that higher Kingdom. It is a love differing from the known emotional affection of earth. Rather, it is an emanation of the Great Master which reveals itself, and grows, in the degree to which one seeks to render service. To use the oft-repeated phrase of my chief Guide – “Where all are loved and love!” *Love divine, all love excelling!*

Before this subject of the celestial sphere is concluded, a word about those in a lower order will enlighten you.

The Biblical Heaven and Hell are broad terms of states of existence about which the world has been taught for many years. You can disabuse your mind of hell-fire. There is no hell-fire *as fire*; no eternal punishment. One could hardly reconcile this with a loving and most merciful Father. He is slow to chide and swift to bless; but you and I must work out our own salvation here and hereafter. Make no mistake about it.

Life in the lower spheres, as they are termed, is just terrible to a right-minded person. By right-minded, I mean all outside the society of evil-doers, criminals, dictators responsible for war, suffering and death, anyone of high or low estate who, wilfully and designedly, goes out of his way to satisfy wicked ambitions or desires.

The average man or woman who slips by the way - and we all slip sooner or later - sometimes, or often, is pardoned for these errors, especially if we are sorry and strive to amend our ways, to atone for misdeeds; but the ‘out-and-outer’ is consigned to these lower spheres. The utterly detestable find their sphere in accordance with their own society. It must be so. Relegation is determined by life on earth.

Punishment comes by retribution and remorse. The dismal surroundings are added to by the despondent mental outlook. Thoughts crop up in an endless train as one

awakens to one's sinfulness.

A short description of these lower planes will enable you to gauge life there. The light, in contrast to the beautiful light of higher realms, is like advanced twilight. It is diffused as in other spheres, since there is no centre of light. The buildings and dwellings are drab. Everything synchronises with the dull atmosphere. Grey is the universal colour. One's cloak is grey - so unlike the beautiful robes of those in the higher spheres.

There is a curious atmosphere - a stillness, a haunting stillness! The buildings emit a most peculiar vapour - greyish white, and it moves slowly and continuously. This vapour is what you SEE - it is a product of your thoughts there, rather than actuality. Its purpose is to give effect to the horror of the surroundings.

Some souls persist in their wrong thoughts and ways. Their wilful disregard of loftier thoughts is very pronounced. They appear to be given every opportunity to expend this energy as a corrective to better ways. One gathers that there is a law which 'tires' the wrong doer and leads him to enlightenment. They cannot harm anyone, but the thought is satisfied in thought, and as long as they choose so to live, so long will they remain there. On the other hand, some are amenable to spiritual influences. Teachers from higher spheres are specially charged to visit them; and to impress the willing soul, who regrets evil ways, to look forward to the prospect of delivery.

Their sorrow does not entitle them to immediate, or even early, participation in the better things of higher realms; but as in the higher spheres, there are still higher spheres, so in the lower planes there are higher planes through which souls may advance by merit.

The author is of the opinion that this after-life is marked with an amazing degree of justice tempered with mercy. Those whose work takes them to the lower planes, are specially chosen. Their descent does not in any way vitiate them; they are immune from harm, because in the past they have fought temptation and overcome it.

Just as astronomically we know there are stars beyond our vision, that there are other constellations beyond the one of which our planet is but a speck, so in illimitable space other spheres go on in unending continuity.

Friend, you and I one day will know! Even those who have passed over have as yet learnt very little about the still higher forms of existence.

ETERNITY! Honestly, can we comprehend Eternity? I doubt it. A never-ending existence! A going on forever! What does it matter? All that does matter concerns us here and hereafter, while we are conscious of our existence. We had no conscious existence in the embryonic stage prior to our entry on this our mortal life, so that what happened in that stage gave neither pain nor pleasure. The same may be the ultimate stage; but if we are to go on forever, there can be no ultimate. What may result is that in the passage of what we regard on earth as Time, our advancement from sphere to sphere may erase entirely from our memory knowledge of a previous

existence, or even our entrance to that higher life. I do not know. Suffice it to say that where we are going when the life on earth is done, we do know; and that we shall meet our loved ones again on a fairer shore.

In the early days of my enquiry, certain knowledgeable facts were brought to light which the sitters had the advantage of hearing in advance. At the time I could not pass any opinion upon them or form any judgment. Our séances went beyond the usual personal messages of wellbeing. I propose therefore to reiterate certain information given at that period.

1918 PROPHECIES REGARDING THE WAR

Your mind must go back to 1918. We were informed that certain years thereafter would be fateful for the World, particularly the years 1939 and 1940. These would be fraught with the gravest dangers to civilisation. The guide stated that our country in 1939 would be involved in war of the first magnitude. He stressed the inevitability of its happening, and gave the waywardness of man as the prime cause. There could be no doubt either as to the culprits. We were not wholly free from blame, for he stated that the Peace following the Great War would be insufficiently far-reaching to prevent a recurrence of the struggle at a later date.

When the information was being given to us we had not even thought of the terms of Peace; at any rate, we laymen knew nothing. Whether our Statesmen had ideas was not within our knowledge. That we should win there was no question.

To prevent a repetition of the holocaust it would be necessary, he said, to disintegrate Bismarckean Germany into its several States, which should be self-governing. There should be no reparations in kind or monetary; total disarmament, and an allied army of occupation. The German people should have free choice in their domestic government to enable the fullest expression of individual life to manifest itself so that the higher Teutonic culture of a lost Lutheran Germany might rise again.

Those were his terms; terms, dear Reader, framed in the wisdom of celestial spheres. In firm tones these terms were made clear to all hearers as the only terms for future security.

In 1919 Peace was signed. There was partial occupation of Germany, but we withdrew eventually. There was disarmament, but only for a period.

This is not the place to discuss the merits or demerits of the Peace Terms, only in so far as the information given to us in 1918 proved all too true, as at long last, in 1939, the clouds gathered and the storm broke.

Permit me to draw your attention to that message about War in 1939 - twenty-four years later. Those who were present at the séance that memorable night have frequently referred to it. We had waited. We had to wait for its fulfilment in order to

test the accuracy of the forecast.

Years of reconstruction followed the Great War, and possibly some saw a kindlier sky in the years ahead. During this, and subsequent sittings, we heard quite a lot about the 'pledged word,' the sanctity of treaties, the right of smaller states to live unmolested. The case put to us by that Guide of the great White Brotherhood was unanswerable.

I must leave the message with my Readers to ponder upon. War foretold in 1918; 1939 named as the fateful year! It is now 1941. You and I know now!

The author would crave your indulgence to make one or two observations. The factor of coincidence must be ruled out. Conjecture must be ruled out likewise. No man or woman can make known, with any degree of accuracy, events of a period hidden in the mists of futurity. The message and all it conveyed was the emanation of a wiser intelligence than mundane knowledge could foresee; a discarnate soul speaking to souls on earth, and cancelling completely those words which were oft repeated in the days of yore: "From whose bourne no traveller returns."

Bearing upon the message, you will recollect that certain newspapers in 1939 were persistent in their slogan: 'There will be no War this year or next year.' They laboured the slogan, taking pains to publish their reasons why there would be no war.

I had had sufficient experience of psychic messages to disregard these journalistic assurances. In the early part of 1939 I became uneasy. Added to the message of 1918, came a supplementary one from quite a different psychical source. This was in 1937. I was informed that clouds were gathering on the distant horizon; that, in fact, preparations were well advanced in Germany to break what they (*the Germans*) regarded as an Armistice only. My personal opinions and hopes frequently clashed with the information I was receiving. I was not inimical to the messages. Like you, I had my opinions on matters of national and international importance, but these differed from the messages I was receiving from a reliable authority beyond the political, social and physical circles of a mundane world.

From these series of very useful messages I was able to acquire knowledge beyond the bounds of books and men.

At the 1937 sitting, emphasis was laid on the approaching disaster in two years. To use the words of the guide: 'War is inevitable.' He went on to explain the nature of the struggle. He regarded aerial warfare as the principal arm of attack and defence. When questioned on this point by a sitter as to whether bombs would fall on her home town, the guide replied in the affirmative, indicating, through the human instrument, the falling and bursting of bombs by the raising and lowering of the medium's arms, at the same time saying that many bombs would fall, that buildings would collapse; that there would be large scale destruction.

These words at that time meant no more than a statement. One may go as far as to

suggest that it is an easy matter to visualise the falling of bombs. I agree, but the essence of this message is not in the effect of the bombs falling, but that they would fall, and fall on a certain town where one of the sitters lived.

The same sitter asked the guide if the bombs would harm her. "No!" came the reply. "Bombs will fall around you, but you will be preserved from danger; in fact, your home will escape the destructive effects of raids."

To-day I am in a position to state that bombs have fallen around this home - oil bombs, incendiaries by the score, H.E.'s exploded and delayed action, and yet so far all is intact.

THE THETIS

Soon after the tragic sinking of this submarine, one of the crew made his appearance at a séance. The medium gave the impression of drowning. It was evident that the spirit control, whoever he or she might be, was greatly distressed. The medium's arms resembled one sinking in water. At this stage the sitters were totally ignorant of the identity of the control. Eventually the medium's posture became more tranquil, then audible expressions were heard. A little patience and words could be distinguished quite easily – "Member of crew of *Thetis*." One of the sitters took up the conversation (1) to help our disembodied comrade; (2) to gain information as to the cause of the disaster.

Our friend seemed consoled at making contact. He proceeded to say something about a door not shutting, about the tap not working, a rush of water when it was too late to effect the salvage. He said something about the hatch. The sitters' knowledge of submarines was so meagre that we had to listen to his story for the most part, asking an occasional question in order to clarify points. He was clear on one point - that no one was to blame. "Something went wrong; then the rush of water!" Asked if the crew suffered? He replied that they were overcome very quickly and did not suffer. It was all over so soon - no time to do anything!

One observation he made left a lasting impression; he said that at the enquiry into the disaster which would be held later, the findings would be on six points, the first being the one he had dealt with as the initial and prime cause.

Apparently resigned to his fate and new life, he talked about the War. One of the sitters asked if we should go for our holidays in 1940. His reply was an emphatic "No!" Holidays will be cancelled by order.

He was interrogated as to the future phase of the struggle. His reply was that the War will be decided on the sea and in the air, but the sea would be the deciding factor. That it would be different from the last War in most respects, and that Germany would be beaten thoroughly. "She could not win," he said. He exhibited pride when talking about the Navy's role. It was crystal clear that the clutches of the

Navy were more than Hitler and his satellites could escape.

The subsequent enquiry confirmed our disembodied informant's message. The operations of the War so far are along the lines he indicated as factors on the road to Victory, but it is a wee bit premature at present to estimate the part played by the three fighting forces.

DOREEN



DOREEN BLACKWELL

My daughter, Doreen, has inherited her father's psychic gift, but in a measure which promises to surpass my mediumistic faculties.

It is worthy of mention that some years ago I received information that Doreen was psychic, and would be taken under trance control quite unknown to her; but that I should have due warning so that no one would be alarmed. Doreen did not know of

her mediumistic gifts and we refrained from informing her.

The Author awaited the signal when this control was to take effect.

My daughter is of a bright, cheerful and generous disposition, fearless and confident. One would not expect to find this type so readily amenable to spirit control.

In due time we had the warning - the control was to be quite natural. I knew the day and the hour of the control. We were gathered round the fireside talking about matters of common interest, when my daughter, who was sitting on my knee, suddenly faded out. She just fell back into my arms, and remained in that apparent unconscious state for about fifteen minutes, when the control was released, and she resumed her normal self.

On coming round, we asked her what had happened. She did not know. What was it like? She did not know. Everything "just went," - as she put it.

That was yet another message faithfully fulfilled. Nothing more was done. The incident passed; but a few years ago, voluntarily she developed her gift, and has been the vehicle of much evidence and information, which I shall now enumerate.

During the Winter sittings of 1939, my daughter's guide gave some illuminating information about the War. I propose to use her exact words:

We should go to the very brink of disaster and it would seem as though all were lost; but the Hand of God would turn the tide when the roses bloom. We should ultimately fight alone. There would be a great betrayal - someone whose sympathies were with the Nazis. It would come as a great shock.

This war would turn out very different from what we expected. Its main operations would move Eastwards, where victories would lead to the issue being decided in this theatre of the War.

A great sea battle would be fought in the North which would cripple German sea power.

The Nazis were planning for an invasion of this country, but their plans would come to nought.

Some event would happen in the East which would not be the result of the hand of man; something which the enemy had not catered for.

We should obtain assistance from an unexpected quarter.

In the Autumn of 1940, she said that the present year had been Germany's year, but 1941 would be Britain's year. Our progress, in spite of reverses, would be slowly but surely assured. The forces of Heaven were on our side and would make possible the palm of Victory being placed in our hand.

The enemy would collapse suddenly, and it would not be so long as anticipated. This would mark the close of hostilities.

Well, that is enough to go on with! In 1939 none of us knew what the future had in store. Few, if any, anticipated the events of 1940. 1940 is now a memory! We may well consider the message in the light of what has transpired.

- "Going to the brink of disaster. The turn of the tide when the roses bloom. Fighting alone" - all this obviously refers to the capitulation of France.

- "The great betrayal." Time will have to reveal the culprit. "The war would turn out different from what we expected. Well, I think you will agree that is correct! It may do so even more yet. The situation changes almost daily.

Sir Archibald Wavell's wonderful victories in Africa were in the South-Eastern theatre of War. The enfoldment of the message we must await. Much is likely to happen as yet hidden from mortal eye, and maybe our retrospect will reveal the truth of our disembodied informant's vision of things to come.

Then we have that part of the message – "Some event would happen in the East which would not be the result of the hand of man." This may be the Rumanian earthquake, or it may be something even greater which the future holds.

The guide said 1940 favoured Germany. We agree!

1941 is not yet over. Time must unfold its events, but recent months have brought somewhat better news - more heartening news, and we are encouraged to cherish high hopes.

That portion of the message dealing with assistance from an unexpected quarter may be America's contribution; it may be something else.

As to Heaven being on our side - without being guilty of the wish being father to the thought, we can safely assert that if ever we took up arms in defence of right, we did so in 1939.

The message speaks of 'sudden collapse of the enemy' - that is comforting. Ultimate victory for Great Britain is the heart-wish of all right thinking people. The sudden and unexpected defeat of Nazism may be veiled from present view, but our energies are expended towards that goal. Our prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace for the Will of The King of kings to prevail, and to grant the restoration of Peace and the triumph of Right. There we must leave it for the present.

DISEASE CURED BY SPIRIT GUIDANCE

A girl whose name is Dorothy, when 13 years of age, had the misfortune of an accident, the result of which was spinal trouble and impaired hearing.

The accident was a fall. Nerve disorders followed, and on medical advice she was removed to a nerve hospital. The spinal trouble led to a deformity, and her hearing completely went.

Although everything possible was done for her, she was doomed to permanent loss

of hearing and the spinal deformity. The doctor at the hospital said that she was 'one of the unfortunates.'

The years went by. She became depressed and despondent at the prospect. Anyone would feel sad in such circumstances.

By accident or design, I do not know which, one day she asked her mother if she would take her to a séance she would like to see what they did. Her mother consented. My daughter happened to be present. During the Service, my daughter, passing under control (*trance*), extended her hand to the girl, who was sitting opposite. My daughter's guide spoke of her sickness, and told her that healing influences from Beyond would surround her, and if she would return to the hospital for treatment, another doctor would assist, and her complete recovery would result.

Upon the strength of this message, Dorothy decided to attend future séances. My daughter's guide had singled her out for special treatment and care. Her mother was deeply interested, and accompanied her. Hope began to rise, and finally, after some psychic treatment, she returned to the hospital at the request of the guide.

The hospital authorities made a plastic case for her back, which she was to wear for six months. The six months passed; then a leather case was substituted for the plastic one. Concurrent with healing through the agency of those from Beyond, the deafness and spinal deformity yielded to treatment. At last she could hear my daughter's words of comfort and hope as the guide spoke. This brought confidence, cheer and joy. Time's healing period had set in, and the hearing was restored. The leather case is to be discarded for a larger one, because she is getting more bonny, and all that remains is a small lump on the back, the size of which is slowly being reduced.

This case testified to the wonderful assistance afforded by Spirit guides through mediums on earth, and that, as of yore, "there is still healing in that seamless dress."

CRITICISM

Before I come to the closing sections of this work, it would be appropriate to address a few words to a possible critic who may wish to take me to task. Therefore I shall anticipate his criticisms. It will not be the first time one has been attacked for standing up for truth. In the realm of psychics, better men than I have received the attentions of those who are out to destroy. One has nothing to fear from this section.

I have heard it stated that the results of séances can be reproduced by the paraphernalia of magicians. The tricks of this fraternity are fairly well-known. As tricks they are clever and beyond the penetration of the average man. As an amusement they are in their rightful place, but to say that magicians can reproduce what takes place in a séance-room is a colossal display of super ignorance. The whole nature of the proceedings is so different, and the conclusions are equally different.

One might just as well argue that the imitation jewel, having something of the appearance and brilliance of a diamond, proves that the value of a diamond is an illusion, just because out of a cheap paste the chemist has been able to reproduce something to all intents and purposes like the genuine mineral.

A seeker after truth will find it! He need not fear the criticism of the sceptic. Whatever the sceptic may bring to bear in his attack, the citadel of fact and experience will withstand any and every onslaught, laying waste all artifices and devices!

I have left my place in the scheme of psychic things until the penultimate stage. The journey from that day twenty-three years ago, when I decided to look into this business, has been a long one.

Life's vicissitudes have intervened, the ups and downs of a busy world have intertwined many seasons. Hopes and fears, success and failure have interwoven the tapestry of my life.

A great writer once penned these words: "We are part of all we have seen and heard." How true! To-day my armoury of psychic knowledge is wider and my life richer and fuller for that celestial knowledge, for that never-ending companionship. Be it understood, dear Reader, this companionship is far above the best friendship or relationship on earth!

One thought dwells, one thought persists; I entered my mortal existence unconscious of the great power and presence of loving Souls from beyond the veil; but when I bid farewell to this physical plane I shall know that in those final hours there will be guides awaiting my passage from this terrestrial scene. The prospect is made certain in the proven and established fact of spiritual survival.

Almost daily I am conscious of my link to that Greater World. It is not that I have the time to think of it. One has so much to do, and even more to attempt to accomplish, that each day calls for the utmost concentration of thought. But what I have experienced is a challenge in any adversity or difficulty; in fact, those psychic experiences have coloured my life, rain-bowed every cloud with promise! Candidly, rather than disown them, I should have to deny my own existence, so patent are they to me, so evident, transparently evident now!

You will remember I sought Truth. *I found it.* Since that day it has been cemented with experience.

When the last glimpse of this world is taken and my eyes close in death, my immortal eyes will behold loved ones waiting to escort me to that Higher Life. I KNOW this, dear Reader. It is not faith, it is not a creed - IT IS KNOWLEDGE born of something already discovered, just as you and I are conscious of the Sun, Moon and Stars. Now I work and wait! I render all possible service to my fellow-travellers, contributing to their happiness, making their lives sweeter and richer in the knowledge that in my physical form I go this way but once, and in that form I shall

not pass this way again.

Let me go back for a while - back 23 years. Early experiences set me thinking. On returning home from business one night, I sat reading the day's news. I was alone. Suddenly, to my amazement, I saw a black cat pass in front of me, as if entering by one door, crossing the room, to go out at a door on the opposite side. This cat, as it crossed, paused and looked at me; then went on. At that time we had no cat. We had recently lost one; it had died. The cat which passed through that room was the cat which had recently died - Tommy!

The newspaper fell to my lap. I sat and thought. I had seen my own cat! Well, I just thought! I could not reconcile this with my psychic experience, for my limited knowledge had taught me that only humans survived physical death. How then could this be accounted for? Several years later the answer to that dilemma was given. My teacher from Beyond, in a lengthy conversation, solved this and other problems. Firstly, that I had seen my own cat with mortal eye was confirmed. Secondly, the explanation given was that the vibrational speed of the cat's spirit form had been reduced, and, unconsciously, my vibrational speed of sight had been increased so that I was able to see my old Tommy again.

The reason he had returned is because, when alone in my study, that cat used to sit at the end of my writing-table where I was at work and watch me. Occasionally, he would step forward and tap my pen or pencil with his paw, lick my hand, and then resume his place at the corner of the table.

A well-known Bishop, once questioned as to the possibility of pets passing to a higher life, replied: "Well! I should not consider Heaven complete without my dog!" That may or may not have been a wishful hope on his part.

The vibrational explanation of my seeing the cat led me to enquire of my spirit guide for an elaboration of this vibrational matter.

He proceeded to explain. "You see, everything is finally reduced to a vibrational basis. Even the make-up of the physical world is vibrational, varying in degrees of speed just as colours, for instance, throw off different vibrational speeds and strike the retina of the eye, producing the colour there."

Further, he explained that the case of being able to see (*clairvoyance*) those passed from earth life, and hearing (*clairaudience*), was just a matter of vibration on the part of the human agency.

The act of sitting passive, of losing oneself to mundane affairs, of severing one's consciousness with this world, increased the vibrational speed of sight, and instead of looking through mortal eyes, we looked through their spiritual duplicate, which operated on a higher vibrational wave, so that any spiritual soul from Beyond coming within the compass of our vision was seen as we see them on earth and just as naturally. In that condition it is the same with hearing. Dear Reader, those of us who have already entered this path of investigation have trodden the path of Science

in a new sphere, the Psychic Sphere. Quite natural, friend!

Science, to my mind, will one day make this communion with loved ones a commonplace experience for the many. There is nothing uncanny about it. It is there; it is natural! It is a matter of discovery, just as ether waves were discovered to carry the vibrations of sound and sight - wireless telegraphy and television. To 'listen in' on the wireless, as we call it, is universal, so that the element of surprise or even doubt has gone. If anyone had predicted its possibility one hundred years ago, such a one would have been regarded as romancing in the most fantastic degree. As we explore this celestial region and become acquainted with its inhabitants, our knowledge is increased.

Passing from my first lesson on vibrations, I was informed that as each soul on earth has a guide, or, maybe guides, attached to them, the hierarchy of things celestial reveals an ordered and well governed existence, immortal in its evolution from sphere to sphere.

In contemplation of another existence, most Christians - believers in immortality as one of their fundamental beliefs - look forward to another stage. Pre-Christian times shared in the belief of the immortality of the soul. Plato, Socrates, and even earlier seers and sages, subscribed to this school of thought.

To-day we are heirs to an inheritance of scientific knowledge which places immortality beyond the realm of speculation. My research into the hidden mysteries of supernatural worlds brought to light many things that had remained obscure.

Veiled, we plod on in the dim light of hope and faith. Unveiled, we behold the majesty of the hitherto unknown Universe - its glory and grandeur!

THE LINK BETWEEN GUIDE AND MEDIUM

This attachment of guides to souls on earth led to my being told that in the case of a guide who is permanently attached, or who controls the one to whom he or she is attached, as in mediumship, a vibrational link connects in their absence. Between the one on earth, pursuing his normal daily life - and the guide engaged on duties above - there is an unbroken link along which passes strength to the one on earth, or messages may be transmitted to the waking mind in thought-waves which are persistent and outstanding, overshadowing even the most concentrated normal thoughts of an active and robust mind.

Sorrow or trouble, adversity or bewilderment, are states of mortal existence likely to arise at any moment on our journey. The machinery set up, so sensitive in its operation, instantly and automatically communicates this state to the guide, who has the power of responding immediately. An unconscious S.O.S. may therefore be vibrationally telegraphed. Reflection for a moment on the speed at which this carries, renders it incomprehensible. The calculation would assume astronomical

proportions far beyond the conception of finite mind. And yet, there it is. Do we need to be able to reduce the fact to a mathematical calculation to know of its existence, or to be a partaker of its benefits, any more than we need a knowledge of alchemy to know the potency of a deadly poison?

The Carpenter of Nazareth said: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." That forms part of the Christian edifice. It is a promise that the preparation of some habitation somewhere was anticipated. Be that as it may. Those words were uttered over 1900 years ago, accepted by some, rejected by others. But what is the position to-day? Whether we accept or reject them is not now a matter of belief. It forms part of our evolution, and the fact that we may not know of such mansions is just ignorance.

Many have had irrefutable evidence of a future existence and indubitable proof of souls in residence.

Communication as a Science is in its infancy. We are learning by steps, just as a child commences with the alphabet before it is taught to spell even the smallest word. We must be patient. The greater knowledge will come by degrees from generation to generation, just as the progress of civilisation has slowly been recorded through the centuries. Fifty years in the life of a Nation is small; in our lives it is well nigh beyond its meridian.

Happy indeed are those who know! Their travail here is sweetened by that knowledge, and the prospect of futurity is brightened by the light from above.

In the curriculum of my celestial schooling was a subject of absorbing interest – 'Spiritual life on the Stars' - a stage further added to my already useful and delightful new encyclopaedia. Astronomy holds a proud place in the scientific world. It is wonderful how astronomers, by mathematical and geometrical equations, calculate the movement of the stars in the firmament. We know this because we can witness such a phenomenon as the Sun's eclipse, partial or total, or the passage of a comet across the silvery way. How much more wonderful is the discovery that these planets, and many millions more beyond the reach of the greatest telescope, are the worlds to which you and I go when our brief existence here is over. We have been 'coming through,' as it were. We have been coming down the ages. We are the product of those ages in one form or another, progressive or retrogressive.

From seed came the living embryo which developed a consciousness. This consciousness advanced according to its duration on earth and opportunity. At the time of its exit, be it early or late, it continues. Not only does the Creator provide for the conservation of consciousness, but He provides also for its individuality. The personality persists. Recognition of a loved one is therefore purely a matter of memory. The mind of man outlives the physical vessel. Mind is indestructible. Mind is resident in a mortal brain, but the personality, having a spiritual counterpart, which evacuates the body at death, takes the spiritual mind with it. Mind is not

entirely a condition of mental states, as some would have us believe. It is not subject to and dependent upon the operation of some physical condition. It is separate and distinct. That it functions and develops in the brain is admitted; but the mind of the body which vibrates to the physical conditions of this world, is transcended by the greater mind of the spirit which functions in the higher states.

There are still many things which puzzle which we would like to know, but if we were told, I wonder how many of us would comprehend? It is only in the degree of our assimilation of knowledge that we are able to comprehend, therefore the unfolding process is hindered.

Puzzled at the terrible number killed in war - the thousands of soldiers who have crossed the bar, when maybe there was much to live for, to strive for, hope for - prompted me to put the question of this phase of our existence. The reply was as terse as it was devastating. Instead of viewing it from the human standpoint, with, as I expected, some measure of sympathy and sorrow, I was informed it was only a question of time, only a matter of years, for any of us. Those killed in action simply pass sooner into the Higher Life.

It is natural to cling to physical life, to wish to stay on earth as long as possible, provided of course we are not the unfortunate sufferers of some incurable complaint. Quite rightly we feel that way; yet to pass on is merely taking the 'next step' much sooner than we anticipated.

Is there really sorrow or anxiety for the one so relieved of his mortal body? Invariably the sorrow is with those loved and left behind!

What of the future? Maybe when we have disposed of the burdens and responsibilities of this War, when indeed our attention turns to reconstruction, when we have realised that spiritual values should take precedence over material and monetary gains, Scientists will devote time to the probabilities and possibilities of Spirit communion.

Maybe we shall hear of a chair for Psychical Research being established in our Universities.

Ether waves which carry our wireless messages, music, etc., round the globe at an astonishing speed, will point to the field for research.

Men of Science - world renowned - men and women from every walk of life belong to that ever-growing body of witnesses whose life is sweetened, whose outlook is broadened, whose sympathies and love are awakened because of their association with denizens beyond the veil.

Many discoveries have been made which have proved a boon to humanity, but no discovery could compare with the linking up of life on earth with life in Heaven.

For all time the riddle of death is solved, and when our appointed day arrives to cross the bar, we shall do so in the knowledge of seeing our Pilot face to face. Death

has no terrors. In the spirit of the author of those beautiful words, shall we not say:

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not,
Abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord,
Abide with me!

With only this little course to run, we may patiently await the moment when life on earth for us shall be no more, and in the distance we hear the call of the escorting angel, saying:

“Guess now who holds thee?” DEATH, I said.
But there the silver answer rang,
“Not Death! - but Love!”