

LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE

**PREFACED AND EDITED BY
HENRY THIBAUT**

**WITH A FOREWORD BY
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PREFACE

THESE communications from the Other Side were received by A. B. and C. D.; A. B. putting the questions, and C. D., as amanuensis, receiving the answers from the Communicating Spirit, through the method of automatic or, more correctly speaking, *inspirational* writing. A. B., the friend with whom the Communicating Spirit held these conversations, and whom he had known well on earth, took no part in the actual writing, but merely asked the questions, concentrating meanwhile upon the subject in hand and awaiting the reply, but throughout having no premonition of what form it would take. This was almost always unexpected by both sitters. The questions asked were mostly those to which the scribe had given little time or thought, her mind having up to the time of those sittings been absorbed with other interests. A significant point, also, is that she had no acquaintance with the Communicating Spirit in this life. She knew his name only, but had never heard him speak, nor read any of his writings. The messages were received while she was in a state of normal consciousness, her mind passive and receptive, consciously registering the ideas which were flashed with extraordinary vividness and rapidity through her brain, one part of which seemed to receive the thought, while the other almost automatically furnished the word-clothing, and this word-clothing more often than not was in form curiously similar to that used by the Communicating Spirit when on earth. It is as though he had deliberately selected one who could have no preconceived or subconscious idea as to what would be in keeping with his character and thought; one also who, though highly evolved intellectually, was unusually free from settled convictions and theories on the vital questions here raised, thus offering no impediment to the transmission of the messages he desired to deliver.

The name of the Communicating Spirit is withheld at his own request. Those who knew him on earth as a spiritual guide and friend will recognise him without difficulty. Those who knew him in other relations of life, but to whom his spirit remained a stranger, will have no more interest in his thoughts now than they had before; and to attach a name to messages from the Other Side when it is manifestly impossible to give other than internal and inferential evidence for that personality, would merely be to raise a useless controversy. The real names of A. B. and C. D. are of no value in themselves in connection with these writings, and they prefer not to give them.

The conversations recorded here were begun without any idea of their going beyond the two who took part in them; but as the interest of these communications deepened, the conviction was gradually gained that, since the questions here raised and answered were of wide interest for thousands among those for whom the Great War has changed the face of life and altered its centre of gravity, messages bringing both light and comfort should be regarded as a solemn trust and given to the world.

HENRY THIBAUT.

FOREWORD

THE book to which this is an introduction occupies a definite if humble place in a long evolution of the philosophy of mind. The primitive doctrine of Animism was an attempt to explain first the phenomena of organic beings and then of inorganic. Every body was under the control of a soul or spirit, figured sometimes by the *breath, anima, or spiritus*, and sometimes by the *shadow, ~~~~, or umbra*. Spirits, or shades, were then endowed with a power of existence beyond death, but such existence was deprived of the full-blooded intensity of life in body, and was consequently deprecated by Achilles as comparatively worthless.

Animism has probably not entered at any time into the structure of religion, though on the other hand it may, as a primitive form of psychology, have contributed to the form taken by it in its evolution. It does, however, underlie historically modern Spiritualism, by this being understood "the belief that the spiritual world manifests itself by producing in the physical world effects inexplicable by the known laws of nature." This definition implies, of course, the possibility that Spiritualism would cease to stand apart from the domain of science so soon as its phenomena were brought under the sway of ascertained law. To help towards this consummation is the aim of all inquiry such as that of the seance-room, and of all records such as those contained in this little volume.

Ever since the Fox family in 1848 experienced a series of "raps" in Rochester, U.S.A., and Andrew Jefferson Davis in 1847 published his *Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations*, said to have been communicated in clairvoyant trance, the Spiritualistic movement has become endemic everywhere. Some years after the movement was started in America it began in England, and flourished as an exotic. It has been to some extent regularised

by the careful investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, and adorned by the names of Daniel Douglas Home and W. Stainton Moses among mediums, and Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, F. W. H. Myers, Professor William James, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Charles Richet, Lombroso, and Flammarion as trained and competent investigators.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are either physical or psychical, *i.e.* objective or subjective. The former consist of sounds such as "raps," the movement of heavy bodies, table-tilting, materialisation of spirit forms, the handling of red-hot coals, as by D. D. Home, the ringing of bells, the playing of musical instruments—all, as is supposed, due to the activity of some form of energy at present unknown to physics.

The second class embraces clairvoyance, automatic writing or drawing, in connection with a pre-arranged system of signs, trancespeaking, and assumption by the medium of the face or voice of a supposed spirit. To this class belongs this present work. The hand that has written it was the psychic's, but the mind which directed the hand was, it is claimed, that of one known to the scribe by name only when here, but now behind the veil in the Western Land. The validity of the claim will be necessarily determined in the long run by the general character of the records. And those alone who know both the alleged communicator and his amanuensis are in possession of the materials necessary to determine the question whether the communications do in their entirety proceed from the other side, or are to be ascribed to Dr. Carpenter's theory of unconscious cerebration on the part of the scribe, or to the psychologist's theory of her subconscious mentation, or, lastly, are a blend in some degree of both.

All that the present writer of this Foreword feels called upon to do, beyond guaranteeing, so far as he may, the *bona fides* of the writer, is to underline the psychological problem which is responsible for most of the lawful hesitancy with which all Spiritualistic phenomena are encumbered. The mind of man still remains much of a mystery in spite of the marked advances recently made in experimental psychology. In particular, a difficulty is caused in our present inquiry by the now accepted doctrine of the mind as a *continuum*. We are endowed with, or we achieve, a presentational continuum, a memory continuum, and an ideational continuum, to say nothing of the continuum of "the sensitive and appetitive self," and that continuum or fixity of the Self which bewilders us in the form of temperament.

In the individual mind the memory continuum alone is enough to give us pause. For it is difficult even for one trained in selfanalysis to mark out the limits of what he does and does not contain in his memory. His memory is like a dark and unexplored treasure-chamber where things valuable and trifling, beautiful and commonplace, are stored on an unknown plan and in undiscovered profusion. Some "interest" will produce from time to time quite unexpected prizes, but the law of the working of a man's system of "interests" is still unformulated, and for aught we know may remain for ever unformulated. We need not to go further and invoke Plato's Reminiscence, for memory as experienced in daily life is sufficiently large in its reach to teach us caution. Who can say for certain, when he is told a truth which he accepts, whether it is more accurate to say, "I have now learned something new," or, "I remember that from of old"?

But the doctrine of continuity will open up further difficulties if we extend it, as we certainly must, beyond the bounds of the subject himself. For not only is there continuity of content in any one man's mind, but to some degree and in some manner there is continuity of content between all distinct minds.

How far am I every moment in contact with other minds? How much that I am apt to regard as peculiarly my own is in fact the common property of me and my fellows? Who at this time of day will be hardy enough to preach any doctrine whatever which rests on the supposition that minds are hermetically sealed the one to the other? And if this be so, how can we be sure in any given case of the precise share which my mind, or the mind of some other, on this side has contributed to a given product, say the writing of these communications?

Considerations such as these do not necessarily point to a negative conclusion, but they do insist on a caution in forming a positive judgment comparable to that of the masters of scientific knowledge. But one consideration has not yet been referred to, which to many at least will carry great weight as a presumption removing beforehand many opposing prejudices—such as are, for example, many of those "apperceptive masses" into which our mental furniture is sorted out.

Apart from the self-imposed limitations of speculations such as those of Mr. F. H. Bradley, and apart from the practical materialism which shuts out metaphysics altogether, man has come to hold a belief, the more ineradicable because largely subconscious, in his persistence through death. This belief is based on a judgment of value, of his own value as a person, and asserts as a corollary that man as man is not bound to the fate of his body. Moreover, this persistence of his through death attaches to him as an individual, and is not a mere property of the universe considered as spiritual in nature, nor of the Supreme Being in whom are all things. That focus of will, intelligence, and feeling that we knew as Mandell Creighton or Basil Wilberforce is still a finite centre of the same kind of personal life as when they were here. We should be, therefore, within our rights in holding that such a person *can* communicate with us here still, even though in a different way, unless we are assured that

the obstacles to communication are insurmountable. But if the absence of a physical body be alleged as such an obstacle, we can but demur, and inquire why it should be thought that mind *cannot* work except through that special kind of form we call Matter. And we may further urge that on the hypothesis of the spirit persisting, when deprived of its material instrument, it is not improbable that it might welcome the opportunity of using *ad hoc* the body of some medium offered to it for the purpose.

The question before us resolves itself, then, into the single question, not whether a spirit *can* communicate with us, but, "In a given case has a spirit from the other side been active, and may we legitimately conclude that the records offered to us of his doings are to be accepted for what they purport to be?"

The first of these questions each reader will have to answer for himself. As to the second, I am prepared to vouch that he may trust the accuracy and honesty of the amanuensis, even though he may doubt her explanation.

For the rest, let Butler's famous dictum be weighed, that "probability is the guide of life."

W. F. COBB, D.D.

ST ETHELBURGA'S CHURCH

BISHOPSGATE, E.C. 2 *March 1919.*

LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE

October 1916.

My Friend,—I cannot do more than greet you, but I should like to say that human experience is a most valuable spiritual training. No one should want to leave the school of life before due time. I see from here how sadly people undervalue this opportunity of education offered by the resistance of matter, and the strength engendered by the force necessary to overcome it.

Q. Please tell me who you are?

P. Do you not know me? I am P. R., henceforth Philemon. Here that is my true name, and I hope to write much over that signature. This is only a flashlight, as it were, truly from myself, but clothed by another mind functioning through another brain. Yet it is I, and I greet you with fullest love, sympathy, and gratitude. Oh, that I could satisfy heart and brain alike!

His will be done!

PHILEMON.

October 1916.

P. I am P.R., Philemon.

Q. Did you know how our thoughts were with you those last days, when it was not possible to see you?

P. My friend, I know—I know—I knew.

Q. Did you consciously come and bid farewell, when your spirit was freed from the body, to some of your friends?

P. Yes, I did—that last day of unconsciousness (physical) my spirit was active and knew much that the veil of flesh had hidden. You see, dear friend, freed from the body, yet united with the physical forces, the soul of the dying man has strength, *i.e.* material energy, that the soul, finally severed from the body, lacks. It is strange that it should be so; and when the silver chain is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, then the soul depends upon the love of those left behind for the ladder of light by which it can descend to the abandoned world of matter.

Q. Can you still come wherever that ladder of light exists? P. Yes, I can come, but to whom I cannot say. Q. Are you with your beloved ones where you are now?

P. I am with my beloved ones, but in ways difficult to express so as not to convey false impressions; but, believe me, the best you can conceive falls short of the realities of life beyond death. Beyond the spiritual, and transcending it as that transcends the physical, lies the celestial, the abode of the truly blest, those who have attained the Beatific Vision. I will write more fully another time. God bless you and keep you now and ever!

November 1916.

My Friend,—Let me be simply Philemon.

Q. Shall we ask you questions, or will you speak to us—tell us what you will?

P. I should like you to ask me questions, for that method focusses thought and so helps us both.

Q. Have you seen the Saviour Jesus Christ?

P. I have not yet *seen*—I have sensed with, as you would express it, closed eyes a glory that I dared not yet gaze upon.

Q. Are you nearer to Him than on earth?

P. I do not feel nearer than I felt at times on earth, but I feel more continuously in His presence. I am at present exclusively dwelling in the soul of the earth—or in the next grade of substance to the earth matter. But it is my choice to do so—otherwise I could not write, as I now am doing, and could not manifest sensibly to earth dwellers.

Q. Are you not in close touch with your beloved ones on the Other Side?

P. I visit my beloved ones in the spirit-spheres of earth, during seasons of rest, when earthly friends do not seek my presence as you do now.

(But I would not draw you back here for anything.)

P. But I would not wish to be with these beloved in the spiritspheres of the earth, except for spells of refreshment.

Q. Are they not working with you?

P. No; they have their own work which takes them far afield in the heavenly aethers, but in *thought*—no, rather in *spirit*—we can be together when we wish.

Q. But all this seems vague—misty—unsatisfying.

P. This communion is not "vague, misty, unsatisfying"; it is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

Q. But it feels so vague to me.

P. The vagueness is in words, in expression, not in facts of experience. In this world where I now find myself, one of the strangest of my discoveries was this. There were spirits here utterly "unprogressed," although they had been "dead," as you count, fifty, in one case nearly one hundred, years. They were holding "views," theological teachings, abandoned when I was a lad. And another wildly perplexing fact was that some "atheists," who had been here only a few years, have become the leaders and teachers even of such as myself.

Q. Do we get nearer to each other by passing over?

P. The event of death does not bring us nearer, but love is not held in bonds as it is on earth. The only ones cut off from us are those below, unless we seek them. Our beloved can *always* come down to us, however far they have ascended. The more progressed, the more surely. The nearer to the Godhead, the nearer approach to His qualities and capacities.

Q. Have you still sight and hearing as a means of holding intercourse?

P. How shall I express it so as not to crush you, my friend! *Your* sight! It is limited to *one* octave. *My* sight takes in *two* or more. I have not less sight than you except in the sense that I only see the octaves that you do not see, while you see *one* that I have lost the power to see, except from time to time through a psychic, I have lost one octave and have gained *two*, and those the more transcendent and more beautiful.

Q. Have you flowers, music, where you are?

P. Have we heavenly flowers and music? We *are* flowers, we *are* music, we are lovelinesses of inconceivable grace and glory. Oh, I cannot express it! You—poor, poor you—poor me, when I was on earth! All these graces, glories, fragrances, splendours, were *without*. Now they are not even within. I am these things; I am their heart, their essence, yet am I also their bodying forth. Yet I am not a bodiless thing. I have a spiritual body of like substance with the substance of the world in which I now have form and being. I can create *your* earth forms for your delight. I can—at least, others can: why, then, not I?—reconstitute objects that should convince you of my very self being present with you. But the conditions must be present, and I, alas! am no more and no less a scientist than when on earth. I have to learn. I am most fortunate to be able to write thus. It is really myself, but coloured with the writer's personality (less than with others, perhaps, because she has little hold on her "self," and hence we—we spirits, I mean—can get better opportunity for expressing ourselves than with a more self-centred writer).

Q. How did you know when and where to come?

P. Your love and longing drew me with their eloquent entreaty, and I benefit, because through this communion I am able, as it were, to take stock of this

borderland realm, and plumb the depths of the gulf that separates the quick and the dead. I use the old words.

Q. Can you come and speak with me through the medium, Mrs. S—?

P. I cannot know what will happen until we try to get results together.

Q. Do you remember hearing of the person to whom I refer?

P. I cannot say I do. Do you know that I am, as it were, but semiconscious while communicating thus? It is one of the reasons of fragmentary communications.

* R. B. died of cancer at 30, owing to an accident incurred at his work, and neglected until too late

"As, when they fall in trances, men
Forget the things that happened then Until they
fall in trance again: So might we, if our state were
such,
As one before remember much
When those two likes should meet and touch."

Q. Do you remember R. B., whom you helped so much as he was going over? Have you seen him yet?

P. Do not mistake me. Memory is persistent. Its transmission is intermittent, and only fragments of what we remember come through any medium. I have not seen R. B.,* as yet. I sent him flowers and a greeting, but I did not see him. He was met by friends of his own. His grandparents met him. He will see me when the time comes. He is getting well and reconciled. He is in more

beautiful surroundings than I am. His broken spirit could not stand the strain of near-earth conditions as my mature and vigorous one can. For R.'s inner spirit was rebellious and bitter that a *young* life like his should have been cut off without visible, tangible reason. And when a soul is sleeping it needs, not busy, over-occupied presences—only kindly watchers. And when R. is able to truly appreciate and enjoy my presence he will be accorded that happiness. Do you now see more clearly what appears strange?

Q. Can the dying take messages?

P. I feel sure—I do not know, but I feel sure—that the dying can carry messages entrusted to them to those in the beyond; although it may be aeons before one can trace the intended recipient.

Q. But how terrible to wait aeons

P. Dear friend, this world does not confer omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence. Alas! these "terrible" things are "truths." You would not have me say otherwise. Now, do not try to *understand*. Just know this. Your beloved does not need extraneous help or messengers, human or angelic, to transmit your heart-throbs of love and affection. I gave you only a general answer to a general question.

Suppose that you were endeavouring to carry out a vital reform, very near the heart of someone you loved when on earth: do you not realise he or she would—nay, must—seek for its fulfilment through their truest and dearest earthly representatives? So reforms are carried on and carried through, long after the reformer has ceased to be visibly present in the scene of his former activities, and so the union between those who love truly grows ever closer and closer. On this side, when I met my beloved wife, I became herself—she

was transformed into me. All that she *knew and felt* became the content of my consciousness. All that I had attempted and achieved, all that I had failed to accomplish, yet battled and struggled to complete, was known to her as no words, no thoughts even, as earth uses the terms, could have conveyed. We were one, yet individually our own very separate selves, knowing as we were known, to the full extent of each other's capacity. Capacity is the only limitation in the spiritual realms.

Souls at different levels of spiritual consciousness and celestial attainment meet on the ground common to both: love for each other, love for God, love for Christ, for angels, or even—smile not, but I have known truculent souls at enmity during earth-life meet in loving sympathy through mutual affection for a well-loved bird or faithful dog.

Q. Have you met your little canine friend Khaki?

P. Khaki was—how can I say it?—*her* herald. I knew she was coming when Khaki appeared. I mean just what I say. "Ye gods and little fishes!" Tell it not in Gath! I *saw* Khaki before I saw *her*!

Q. Has Khaki's character improved?

P. Khaki is an imp! Khaki is as unheavenly as he can well be, although I tell him that he is in Beulah land. Khaki will never become angelic; he will never, I fear, become human in the sense of feeling conviction of sin—never, never! He is hopelessly selfrighteous!

Q. Is he subject to the law of evolution?

P. I see no sign of evolution in Khaki. He snaps and barks and swears ferociously. He will have none of other spirit-doggies, and I verily believe such as he survive through the fostering love of their human friends, who would not be "in heaven" lacking the affection of canine and other animal friends.

Q. Have dogs and horses a future of progress independent of human friends?

P. I should like to be able to assert that these beautiful embodiments of affection and less amiable qualities have an independent, permanent future of progress. But I do not possess evidence on this most interesting point. I will inquire, and, should denizens of other "mansions" or conditions in our Father's House visit me, I will endeavour to inform myself as to the state of animal existence in those "spheres"—a bad word, like "plane," that has passed into the vernacular.

Q. Are wings symbolic language only?

P. The language of symbol is a universal language in the inner realms, just as pictorial art is universally comprehended on earth. A dog name is different in word, but his form is known wherever it may be seen. Wings are actual as well as symbolic. They are appendages that supplement spiritual faculties, that belong to some orders of angelic beings and not to others. Our Lord has no wings. He does not need them. I have wings if I wish to have them, but can do without when my spiritual powers are fresh and full; for in this borderland world where I elect to stay, one needs refreshment and rest. The war holds me to earth no less than affectionate interest in those who desire to learn how it is with me, and how fare the great armies of the 64 slain in battle."

Q. Are you taking part in the war?

P. I hear about this great spiritual conflict; I do not see or take part in it as I thought I should. I use my "wings" to become a "Christmas-card angel" to a dying youth who would be surprised at seeing only a man like his old Rector when he "died." And I leave aside my wings when a swearing, cursing, valiant atheist is thrust into the unseen. The "wings" would be regarded as "darned flummery." So I assume a sober clerical garb and mien—I am giving you a fact of experience,—and my atheist says, "I always said parsons would find themselves in the hottest part of hell, and here if the first person I see is not a 'holy Joe'! Old chap, I am sorry for you, and I'm real grieved to see a decent old gent like you here." We became friends, and that man will race me, and perhaps outrun me, in the spiritual contest. Oh, my dear friend! we bring such weird, unreal, unnatural conceptions of spiritual verities and states into this world! And we must drop them all, we must clarify the windows of our souls to let in the truth.

Q. Can you see how the war is going? Will it be a draw?

P. The war is going very badly, and Roumania will suffer severely, but it will not be "a draw." We shall triumph—the tide has turned; but there will be many a backwash, and Roumania is one such.

There is a prophecy which I have heard here and before I came over, to the effect that the Jews have to get back to Palestine—the religious Jews,—but not till that part of the world is linked with the rest by rail. And only the Germans have the means and the energy to build that Bagdad railway. They have pierced the tunnel in the Taurus Mountains, and will be allowed to succeed until the line is nearly complete. Then the Allies will use that line for the Teutons' destruction. So runs the prophecy.

Q. Can you see how long it will go on?

P. Time is not as with you. Events make time. The tide will definitely turn, I believe, with the taking of the Asiatic end of the Berlin-Baudad line by the Allies. I wish when F. R. S. writes on India she would put in a word for the Indian troops. These will help us there, and, properly officered, can be trusted.

Q. Do you see this war as the prophesied Armageddon?

P. No. I see this war as a natural culmination of natural factors. From where I am I see that the Lord is doing His best to bring good out of evil, but that, given freewill, He had to take the risk of its outcome. The causes are spiritual, but confined to the spiritual effects of man's wilful and unwitting disobedience to, and ignorance of, the things that make for his peace. Look, my friend, how small a matter may kindle a great fire!

He that is guilty in one point has broken the whole law. How hard! how unjust! But here is the mathematical proof of that truth. If two lines, intended to be parallel, deviate from the true *parallel* by one-thousandth part of an inch, they will never run parallel to all eternity—they will diverge or converge. Mankind, on this planet, has diverged from the rectitude of the moral and the righteousness of the spiritual law. This world conflict is the result. Armageddon is a spiritual conflict waged in the spiritual realms, and is apart from this world's happenings. But sages and seers who are semi-conscious or fully conscious of these spiritual conditions bring back recollections which they translate into earth terms. Now I go. God be with you now and evermore!

PHILEMON.

December 1916.

P. I am Philemon.

Q. Does thinking of an ascended friend bring that friend to the thinker 9

P. Yes; also the presence of the spirit causes the friend to think of him or her.

Q. Will you tell us more, or shall we ask you questions?

P. Question me; remember, it focusses my thought as well as yours.

Q. Have you lost touch with C.? He says that at one time you were great friends. I know how he valued your friendship.

P. We have not lost touch so much as appears, because we meet during sleep, and he comes here now, during sleep, and we—that is, my circle and his circle, in the unseen—exchange thoughts and manifestations of sympathy and affection. But the physical brain is somewhat fragile, and, though good for much useful work *along* accustomed channels, must not be taxed to record experiences that can wait for recognition.

Q. Can you tell me anything of the spiritual condition of our friend E. L., who recently passed over?

P. The mentality is somewhat obscured—not yet clear; but do not let this distress you. His development will go on naturally and slowly. He will achieve much, later on, but not yet.

Q. Is he happy?

P. He is not happy, but merely resigned to the inevitable. Happiness is not possible to all immediately. All that can be done is being done.

Q. Is he working?

P. He is not doing anything yet. He is still an invalid, and still cast-iron-bound in prejudice and prepossessions, and these must be dissolved away by

the solvent of spiritual and mental affections, and even afflictions, in order to free the spirit from the self-imposed restrictions. Imagine a Chinese woman's artificially bound foot, and you have some notion of what a man can do with his soul-vehicle—not his soul.

Q. How do you see all this clearly?

P. I know through *you*, because your soul has gone after him into Omar Khayyam's Invisible, and what your brain has not received your whole being knows. I read this, as a medium would say, in your aura, and along those lines I have been able to get into touch with those who have charge of such cases. Your soul simply gave, as it were, the number of the ward in which inquiry should be made. Thoughts of sympathy help us as tapers in the dark to find a way to those in need. That is the rationale of prayer.

Q. Can F. M. help this friend as he would wish to do, I know?

P. F. M. will send a helper if he go not himself. Your friend could not fail to receive a thought from F. M. or yourself, but it might not be expedient for him to leave a more urgent duty, though he would not neglect to attend to such a call.

One reason why messages are withheld is that relatives cannot bear the truth. I have given you the true spiritual conditions. He is not yet a free creature in Christ, but you can make him happier by rejoicing that his self-forged chains are falling away. It is because he has become aware of his limitations that he is unhappy. His case is one of transcendent value and interest to both worlds; for when the gyves that manacle him are riven asunder, he will be as powerful for freedom as he was determined in restricting activities that did not appeal to the intellect. I grieve beyond measure that I have to pain you on this

account, but you are of those who can bear the truth. He will eventually help in this great struggle for freedom better here than on earth with his former limitations. Mental fetters can be cast as we grow, but soul and spirit fetters continue into, and through, the unseen.

Q. Is he helped by our prayers?

P. Such prayers ere they are uttered are heard and answered. God bless us and keep us now and evermore PHILEMON.

January 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Will you tell us what you have learned *re* the vexed question of reincarnation?

P. I am beginning to think that there may be truth in a wild idea, as I then thought it, which W. T. Stead told me: that the ego—the spirit was as the hub of a wheel, and that our varying personalities are the earth-clothing of rays from the central self—the "Higher Self" of the Theosophist. I have no remembrance of former lives, distinct and definite. It seems to me, and I like to feel, I came direct from the Central Glory to earth, and by reason of that fact could retain some of the pristine clarity of vision impossible to those who came *upwards* to earth. You remember that great spirit—all true poets are great—and erring mortal, Byron, said:

"Methinks we must have sinned in some old world, And
this is hell."

To you, my dear friend, this world is not a heaven, not the "best of all possible worlds," as I heard you say just recently. Nor was it to me. Now, this may be because we have both come from a premundane, spiritual sphere, of which I, at least, retain no memories.

The finite intellect of man, the feeble intelligence of mankind, needs some such hypothesis to make life-conditions bearable.

I have no further recollections on this subject, no further light than when on earth—for a very good reason. I am still with my face turned earthwards, still living the life of a man with men, save that I have no longer the physical instrument. I meet them, as Tennyson said, "spirit to spirit," and what I gain through that direct interchange I lose, to some extent, in surface values. But it is necessary for my evolution that it should be so, *because* I wish to leave no lesson of earth-life unlearned, so that I need not fear rebirth in the flesh. I have never denied even its probability, still less its possibility. I rebelled against it. It is a deep-rooted antagonism in my very being, and that you must take into consideration when I express my views on this matter.

Now, I see quite clearly that it is not, if true, an inevitable necessity, an essential means of soul-growth, because that which I am at present is supplementing my deficiencies, rounding off my angles, removing my mental and spiritual accretions; and when that process of purification and upbuilding of character is complete, why be born again on a planet, in a body, where you cannot progress from perfection to perfection?

Q. Will you explain what you mean by "from perfection to perfection"?

P. I advisedly used the term "from perfection to perfection," because, remember, the limitations of the physical permit only of certain types and degrees of perfection, and in order to transcend those degrees and types one must leave behind the limitations imposed by the corporeal frame. There are

great ones who willingly assume such restrictions, for definite, specific purposes. Of this I have no doubt, but that fact does not constitute a general law for the evolution of human life and character.

Q. Was Christ only one of these high spirits, who came to this earth to show us the way to the Father—the same as ourselves in essence, though not in degree? Or was He something quite different—the Saviour of the world in a quite other sense, as the Bible in the main teaches?

P. My answer is Nay and Yea. It is useless to attempt to get an unadulterated statement through, though the fact that the "scribe" has no settled convictions makes it one of the best opportunities for expression that is available.

I have now seen Him, and dare not *after* that say we differ, He and myself, only in degree. Yet my mind still clings to the Elder Brother theory, the first-born of the Sons of God.

Q. Is Christ our spiritual centre of life as the sun is of our solar system?

P. You here on earth, the scribe for instance, are lights or sensitives, and I can impinge my "body of light" on the auric sphere which surrounds the fleshly envelope, and thus communications between the spheres are possible. Now, my dear friend, do you not see that if our scribe is as a tiny star to the spirit world, while yet in the body, could not a Christ become indeed and in very truth the Sun of our solar system, one of myriad such systems, even vaster and more stupendous and glorious than our present minds, even those like my own, liberated from physical trammels, can even faintly apprehend?

Q. Are you nearer to the worlds we call the stars than when on earth?

P. We are not nearer the stars than you are. We are closer to some, farther from others; so the average is about the same. We see the soul of the stars, not their outer crust.

Q. Is Christ Jesus the animating spirit of our sun?

P. I do not *know*, but surmise that it is nearer the truth than more matter-of-fact theories. I know that the heavenly bodies have souls and are spirits as men have and are. These are the great planetary spirits. The star-beings are really spirits of the nature of the sunspirit—celestial beings. There are also inter-planetary beings and inter-stellar spirits. The macrocosm, no less than the microcosm, is infinite—infinately great, infinitely minute. It is not my knowledge, it is my belief verging on certainty, that the Logos, in whom dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily, is the centre and circumference of our solar system. But what transcends that conception I dare not attempt to fathom. Imagination reels in the contemplation of what lies all around us.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

January 1917.

Philemon. I am here.

Q. If you and I can hold communion like this, why not all those friends in close sympathy with one another in the presence of a sensitive able to transmit thought messages?

P. Why can I speak thus, and not others in closest love and sympathy, is one of those divine mysteries to which faith must bow. I will give you my thought—those others so near to you, to me, have not yet found, and may

never find, the mind and hand that respond to them as those of the scribe to myself. I wanted, I wished, I *willed* otherwise. But I had (as have others before me) to accept the way that was open, and to use the means at hand. I should have wished to express myself to a group, visibly and tangibly, and not to have to pass my thoughts slowly and at second hand.

Q. Are you communicating more freely, more satisfactorily, elsewhere?

P. Where I have lived in the body, spoken, thought, and prayed, I have, in common with all living beings, left *images, pictures*, that may be galvanised into the semblance of life when I direct my thought or attention to the old persons and places. But much that is regarded as coming from me now is merely the cast-off, effete resultant of past activities, only slightly permeated with my living, vital, ascended self. Some of the communications received are largely due to past associations much clogged and hampered by self-directed thoughts.

When writing here this objection does not hold good to anything like the same extent. The *quality is purer*.

Q. Have you shown a materialised form to any of your friends?

P. I have shown, I believe, an etherealised body to several friends; but I should not care to really *materialise* unless some most vital spiritual service, or rather duty, demanded it. Then I would try to do so, for I have modified many of my ideas since my ascension, that among others.

Q. By whom would you like your life to be written? P. I should like a life written by J. or M., or someone *not* of my own community of thought and doctrine.

I loved J.'s writings, and knew him. That is why I want him or M. But there must be others—monographs are the best thing; then a soul who knew and

understood me will combine these sections into a whole. To do *anything* or *anyone* justice, one must view it or him from outside, as well as from the intimate knowledge of spiritual and mental friendship—or rather I should say kinship. I beg you, my dear friend, to make your contributions to the finished whole, which can never be completed lacking your tribute of love and friendship.

I cannot give names through this scribe; I can only give associations that already exist. I made her see *Hibbert Journal*. Had she not known of such a publication she could only have received a general notion. I want things done by those who feel impelled to do them. I have a horror of the "pious" biographer, one chosen as "fit" for such an honoured task."

Heaven defend me! I think I should contrive some disaster to overtake writer and MS.; a dog "Diamond" incident would not hurt the world, and would relieve my feelings!

You see, here, in this borderland, we feel much more vividly, and can be easier helped and hurt, than when protected by the material envelope of the body. That is why comparatively few return to the earth-sphere. They would reap sorrow rather than joy. It is not pleasant to feel that your place is so soon filled, that you have become a "blessed memory" when you are more palpitating with life and love and light than ever before.

I want to say that the Church, our beloved but very faulty, very erring Mother, can only prove and continue to prove a ghastly failure while she retains, unrescinded, the awful doctrine of hopelessness for those who pass on, outside of, or at enmity with, her communion. To the learned we tell the truth. To the simple, to the little children in the faith, we still deal out the old dogmas, and so drive them to seek refuge, sometimes in very doubtful folds of

faith and practice. I must write no more now, except to tell you that I do come into touch with other friends, but only partially. Some have erected certain insuperable barriers between themselves and the emancipated soul, by what are termed "truths," basic truths of Theosophy, etc. Others have much—nearly all, in fact—to learn with regard to the world with which they believe themselves to be in daily communion. So they are; but much that they believe to be imparted to them is merely, as it were, their own mental conception mirrored forth in their own objective consciousness. God bless and keep you!
PHILEMON.

January 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. How do you feel things are going? Is there any desire for peace among our foes?

P. This peace agitation is the smoke arising from an actual fire. The Teutons are feeling the pinch where of all places they dread it most, in their cupboards and on their hearths. The civilians are being slowly starved. They hate scarcity and detest cold; and the bulk of the population is both cold and hungry. The soldiers, too, are rebelling against the *brute* rule of their officers. They kill them when they dare. That is a source of weakness of which you do not hear. They, the soldiers, contrast their officers with those of the Allies, and are not pleased. This spirit is growing. A Teuton victim of his own men's just revenge, if revenge be ever just, has told me this. Revolt is not a sin in such cases.

Q. Are you in touch with the spirits of the German slain?

P. I am a missionary spirit, and know no divisions. This soul cried out to me, and I came to his aid. He had been over some time, wandering in darkness. I was with others, going into the highways and hedges of the "borderland," and met this and other poor remnants of humanity cast on the void by this great and awful, yet holy, war.

Q. How much of the future do you see?

P. I can see the future to some extent, but only from where I am. I cannot rise above the conflict if I would do my work, and therefore see only just around me. But from what I do see, I fear there can be no cessation until more blood has been spilled.

Q. Is the spirit of K. with you on the other side?

P. K. is with us, and of us, the "great majority." But his spirit is directing, and sustaining, and encouraging the troops in Egypt. You do not know how much need for vigilance has existed there. And K. has been there all the time. He is now at Kut, and will bring about a *denouement* in that part of the world which will have the most vital results. His friend F. has never left him, never. And the two are much amused at being so often taken for angels when they bring help to those lost in the scorching desert. But angels they are, of a very substantial order. K. is much changed. Out of his body he is a very emancipated, responsive spirit. He fell on my neck and kissed me, but said I was wrong to have taken his part. He had grown impervious to the logic of changing circumstances. His brain would not adapt itself. Physical incrustations hindered the spirit's outlook, as opaque windows shut out the landscape.

Q. Is the communication you hold with K. in the nature of speech?

P. Yes, we have speech, in the sense that our thoughts are actually pictorial. He thinks; I see.

Q. Is it possible for you to see a man who is still alive in the body on earth functioning as a spirit on your plane?

P. It is possible for a spirit, still in the body, to manifest at seances, to "materialise," to be photographed, to be seen in spirit form—in short, to appear just as if death had taken place; and if we can accept "spirit" testimony, it is possible for spirits to believe that this manifesting spirit is discarnate when all the time death has not supervened. I can only tell you that K., as I have seen him, believes himself "dead," even as I am, and that to me he is in no wise different from those whose dead shells I myself have seen committed to the earth. I am not so far away as to be able to look down and gauge all these differences. I am still in touch with you all and with those like myself. K. is as one of us here, yet I remember all the strange complexities of life, the trance conditions when the spirit roams freed, as it were, from all earthly bonds, and yet returns to its physical tenement once more. We know not as definitely as the simple among you state. The silver cord and the golden bowl are beautiful poetical symbols. I believe K. is arisen, is with us here. He, too, is of that opinion. Yet it is quite possible, as I have already hinted, that *invisible* bonds might still unite him with the body while yet his whole mental and spiritual activity could be centred on our plane. But it would be a very rare case, just as Mollie Fancher's case was unique in the annals of psychology.

Q. Is there sound of voices or music in your world?

P. The soul of sound, of colour, of fragrance, of taste even—I cannot convey these things, except to say that all these earth joys are almost infinitely multiplied in our world, rightly called heaven. You remember Tyndall—no, I think it was Huxley, who talked of *hearing* the grass grow. You know about the microphone, which renders a fly's footfall like the tramp of an elephant.

Sound is a substance, sound is creative, sound is form. Music is the language of the spheres, the means of intercourse between the worlds of interstellar space. All these glories—even on earth they are such— are *minus* quantities and qualities compared to their after-death equivalents. These are all that the earth *minuses* are, *plus* the heavenly qualities for which you have no name and of which you can only vaguely conceive. They are *real, actual* as on earth, only more so, infinitely more so. Symbol is our only means of conveying heavenly truths, symbols, colour, and sounds.

Q. Are the flowers and gardens a symbol only, or have you the real thing—not only your own thought taking form?

P. The flowers, the gardens, the rivers, the mountains, the scenery of our world would exist if none of us from the earthplanet had ever come here.

Q. In your world are there only earth souls?

P. There are spirits who have never been on earth, in this world. There are beings from all parts of our solar system, but I am not aware that there are any extra-solar-system beings within our radius. Our learned spirits deny its possibility, as your astronomers deny that beings from other planets dwell upon earth. We are none of us spirits in the sense of transcending the stream of events you call time, and the juxtaposition of worlds and objects that men term space.

Q. But you are not—even in your world—all equally developed?

P. We spirits are not a democracy but a hierarchy—an ordered grade of beings, ascending beyond our capacity even here to follow its upward ranges. But there is no injustice. Each occupies its position by reason of capacity and

fitness. Democracy on earth will fail unless it become a brotherhood, older and younger brothers.

Q. Can you tell us about the solar systems other than our own?

P. I cannot go in thought outside of our system in the sense of attempting to outline other systems, their nature and modes; but of this I am sure: they are like our solar system, and we human spirits shall find ourselves at home in any member of any solar system, because God rules and reigns in all, and we are His offspring.

Q. Just as the spectroscope revealed the unity of substance in all even the most distant of stars? P. You have got my thought precisely.

Q. Did Christ influence the other members of the solar system?

P. He would, I believe, be *Lord* of the earth only. In what manner He has manifested in other worlds it is not possible for me to say, except that He must have exhibited, or made known to their inhabitants' His transcendent moral and spiritual qualities, as was the case with us; but the needs are different in each world. I have met spirits from all these worlds. The moral and spiritual attributes of those beyond the earth orbit are in advance of our own. Those within the earth orbit are inferior in spiritual evolution to man.

Q. Why is this? What is the controlling factor?

P. The conditions are better or less advanced, as the case may be. Crude spirit is like other crudities—spirit not at its best: this is a paradox. The Sun, the Christ sphere, the centre whose Light is Jesus Christ—that is spirit at its purest and best. It would follow that the worlds nearest that radiant centre would be the most Christ-like. Not so. Their inhabitants are crude spirits, lacking experience, lacking maturity, lacking all the training necessary to evolve wisdom and goodness. Life is too easy on those worlds, just as

existence in the tropics fails to develop a sturdy humanity. The planets further from the centre are the homes of the more developed and ripened spirits. Q. Surely this world is the hardest school of all?

P. It would seem that, in a sense, our little earth is really the centre of the Spiritual Universe, for souls that pass through it, having learned its lessons, become leaders and teachers. Joy is their portion, and sorrow is theirs no longer, because they have become co-workers with God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. They *understand*, and bitterness and disillusionment can never touch them again.

Q. But surely very few of us do learn that lesson?

P. The majority learn the lesson of earth in *proportion* to their opportunities; or rather, learn it so far, that the borderland life finishes the education begun on earth. For the advanced soul this earth is hell; for the less evolved the borderland is the place of reaping and consequent repentance.

God bless you and keep you! I must now leave you.

PHILEMON .

28th January 1917.

P. I have kept this hour for you—and myself. I know you prize this imperfect intercourse; yet, believe me, we are nearer than are many who meet face to face. I help you and others, and you and they help me, in ways undreamed of by us when sojourners in the body.

Q. Do you know how much I longed to write and thank you, when you were passing away, for all you had done for me 9

P. I should like you to write to me sometimes now. Q. How could I do that?

P. I will explain. When you are in perplexity, no matter of what nature, write a question or an appeal addressed to me. Then become passive and write my answer, as I would write it, or as you would imagine it. The creative faculty is yours. The passivity would allow of my directing it along the desired channels.

Q. Would there not be danger of my deceiving myself in such a process?

P. You need not fear that you would be misled. I should assuredly inspire the answer you would imagine. As to the thanks you wished to express, it is not too late. Out of your too grateful heart you can embody what you felt and feel for the benefit of others. For remember that we help others every time we express admiration and love for those who have helped us. I have been very near while you were writing about me, and you have helped me more than you will ever realise till you too are on this side and someone is rendering you the same service. You have enabled me *to forgive myself* almost all my shortcomings, when you caused me to see what I had been in your life. And still you are helping me.

Q. But, as the years go on, do not the spirits of our loved ones recede from earth?

P. It is not true that the spirits who love recede from earth, while a loved one remains in the body. Rather do they and the loved one become one spirit, one mind, one soul.

Q. Can we still join in prayer with you as when on earth?

P. The question as to joint petitions is not affected by the transition called death. "Of one mind" is independent of the body. And you and we, agreeing as to an aspiration or a prayer for any object concerning our welfare, or that of each other, can rest assured that such united prayer is as acceptable as if we knelt side by side in the body. The conditions of fulfilment and response are as they ever were.

Q. Will you help as in the particular case now on our hearts? You remember Mme. L., for whom you prayed when here? She is suffering greatly. Will you pray that she may go Home soon?— that is, if prayer can alter the appointed hour.

P. I will try to go to her myself as well as petitioning the Father's help. I will see if she may go yet. Prayer does alter the appointed hour. Submissive to the divine will, we may ask for the desires of our hearts for ourselves and others.

Q. How will you go to her—find her?

P. I go to her as I come to you. And their desire for me has made the path of light along which I shall travel right to where they are. Even now, as I leave you, I shall find myself there. Man's extremity is God's opportunity—you will believe I will do this. When you have a thought to send to me, write it down. Why? It gives it form and spiritual substance. Do you not realise that the spoken word is more effectual in certain cases than the mere thought? The beautiful myth of the Hebrew scriptures teaches you this And God *said*, 'Let there be Light and there was Light.' And Christ "commanded" the evil spirits to depart.

In greatest stress the spirit expresses itself in words. In the extremity of fear or anguish the soul cries aloud.

The negative side of human experience is always the better portrayed in form, colour, sound. *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno* are masterpieces. Hell has furnished themes for the most eloquent divines.

But the glorious transcendent bliss of the Beatific Vision can find no expression, no all-satisfying outlet. *Paradise Regained* is insipid with its pictured saints and angels, cloying and often unmeaning. That is the reason of the conventional in Sacred Art.

Q. Was the vision once granted me of that Divine Face a materialisation of my thought, or a symbolic picture projected from a higher sphere?

P. "That one face, far from vanish, rather grows, ... Becomes
my Universe that lives and knows."

That vision was your translation of an actual happening. You registered: you did not project. It corresponded with a real, a veridical happening. God bless and keep you now and evermore!

PHILEMON.

February 1917.

Philemon greets you.

P. You ask, have I now got at the kernel of the wisdom of the ages, hidden within the husk of exoteric Masonry? I now know little more than when on earth, except that most of the teaching is only symbolical, having as little relation to the truths symbolised as has the plane-surface representation of a three-dimensional object to that object.

Q. Was Jesus Christ an Essene, *i.e.* of the Freemason Initiates?

P. He belonged to them but was not of them. He broke away and insisted on taking the outside world into the innermost of Truth, being aware of the fact that none can receive beyond his native capacity. Those who would keep wisdom from the multitude err just to the degree in which they fail to perceive the truth of what Christ was always insisting upon—that the soul, or rather the spirit of a man, must have unfolded the spiritual senses, before it can apprehend the truths of the Spirit.

Q. Then why did Christ speak of truths often so far ahead of their apprehension?

P. He spoke of those inner truths to cause their souls to yearn for them, just as the germinating seed strives to reach the light. Truth always precedes us. We follow after, press on, for ever learning, but never able to come to the full knowledge of the Truth. Where I am it is still so.

Christ not only did not give all, He did not *know* all as the Logos, the incarnate Word of God. "Mild he laid His Glory by." What Glory? Of the sun, moon, and stars? No, but of omniscience, and as the Logos He must defer to the Supreme Father. As undifferentiated Spirit there are no limitations.

Q. Can you explain more fully what I never quite understood in your teaching of the suffering of God?

P. I taugh of the suffering of God in and through all the sins and sorrows of humanity, especially in this fearful world-war. I exaggerated and minimised, as I see now, from my *own* experience. For instance, I know all you suffer on a given occasion; I suffer with and for you. But I suffer not hopelessly and despairingly, because I *know* the outcome. Just as, in a dream, when the tension is greatest and the stress severest, you remember it is only a dream and thus take comfort, so in similar way I realise the evanescence of the worst that can happen upon earth, and that comforts me. And I joy to think that even so the Father Himself seeth of the

Travail of His Soul and is comforted. This is poor and inadequate, but as "Christ" He is limited, and limitation is suffering. The Christ within was to me the offshoot of God, of Deity which makes of animal man a living soul. When God descends into manifestation He becomes limited to or by that manifestation, and thus suffers, as I have said. But the Transcendent God cannot limit Himself to the bounds of Himself in manifestation. He sees the outcome of all and is satisfied.

Q. What were the special conditions which produced the phenomenon of the "Angels of Mons"?

P. The "Angels of Mons" were manifestations due to the righteous and sympathetic outpourings of energy from the angelic friends of the combatants engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Their interposition was made possible by the agonised prayers of relatives and friends and of the combatants themselves, which generated forces the heavenly visitants could use, even to the extent of materialising bodies, or sometimes only hands wherewith to minister to the wounded and dying.

Q. Why did not the angelic helpers prevent the deportations and the worse precedent happenings in Belgium and elsewhere?

P. The Angels can only work to the extent to which men enable them to act by their appeals and sympathies. The force generated by the whole people was great enough to permit of the

Mons manifestation. The force generated by these poor mothers was not sufficient to overcome the destructive force that came out against it; just as black clouds of chemical fumes would darken the petals and blot out the

fragrance of fields of lilies-of-the-valley— this is but a simile. I can say more, but you could not bear it. There is, however, a silver lining even to this blackest cloud. God bless and keep us all!

PHILEMON.

February 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Do you know how grateful we are for this intercourse with you?

P. It is a privilege of which I gladly avail myself.

Q. Shall we continue to question, or will you speak to us?

P. Question me. That is the better method for yourself; it shows what you are ready to receive.

Q. Is there nothing on this earth we can do for you? You have done so much for us!

P. There is nothing you can do for me but that which is really everything— give me your loving thought. Why do I ask this? Because human love bridges, as with a span of light, what were otherwise the dark abyss between the seen and unseen worlds.

Q. Will you tell me something of the nature of the transition from the seen to the unseen world?

P. The nature of the transition varies in each case. I will tell you about myself. I fell into unconsciousness, and discovered that the two ends of the thread of severed consciousness were held together by a super-consciousness.

I fell into earthly oblivion, but awakened to full awareness in another set of surroundings. I was a spirit, among spirits—some clear and perfectly defined, others as it were in a fog. I did not then know that I was "dead." But I wondered at the fog-bound friends whom I knew so well, yet could not see. Later I discovered that the fog-bound spirits were incarnate friends. The clearly defined beings were the "dead," old college friends. "Khaki" and my mother were the first who made me realise I was a spirit among spirits—I now think I "died" twelve hours before my body ceased to function, because I went to all the dear ones, and could only see them as in a mist. Directly my body ceased to function, I escaped from the earth and saw the friends of my youth, "Khaki," and my mother, and then I *knew* that the change called death had supervened. I went to all who *really* loved me, not to those who just admired or respected me; and, dear friend, the latter were, they are, the majority. In the state between the two worlds no mistakes are made. The spirit follows, is drawn, by the bands of love.

Q. Were you able to help poor Mme. L. last week?

P. I only succeeded in dulling the pain, so far as I know. I reduced the angry vibrations to waves of rhythmic harmony, so I know the pain was lessened and the nerves stilled and tranquillised. I left a helper who will, I trust, stay to the end. I do not see a speedy termination, and I would leave the issue in the hands of the Father of Mercies. That is my decision after my visit. The suffering is not so real as it appears. Believe me, this is so. The daughter's love exaggerates every movement as a sign, an unmistakable evidence, of pain. Tell her, very gently, that the suffering is less, and will grow less rather than

increase, but the *self-control* will lessen with the growing decline in strength. Let her remember this, or she will torture herself needlessly. Just one or two more questions. To-night I cannot stay long—there is a great call for help, and I shall try to be seen of all those of our communion who to-night will find a watery birth into the unseen. Now, is it not strange?—I shall not appear as an angel. I shall look a vigorous, venerable priest, and shall take them by the hand and greet them. I hope to have with me helpers who have gone through the same experience.

Q. Can you not take with you my brother to help?

P. The dear spirit brother you mention must do his own work in his own place. Later we may work together. He would know me. You see, the *normal* breaks the shock of the new experience. Some who know me, by picture or sight, cry out with delight at a familiar face. They forget that I "died." Then they cry, "Oh, you cannot be he! P. H. is dead! But you are so like him!"

"You are 'dead' too," I reply, "and I am he. I am P. H." We laugh, and then all goes well.

Q. Do they ask for cigarettes as stated in Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*?

P. All the conditions are different, and our consciousness alone has remained unchanged. A man living in a submarine would not need submarine accessories on dry land unless his mind had become warped through long living under water. And no one wants the things when he realises their uselessness. The cigarettes and whisky-and-soda were *dreams*, realistic dreams. The medium was not subtle enough to be able to transmit Raymond's statements so as to be understood. In despair Raymond had to let it pass. But he does not stop at the ethereal whisky-and-soda and cigarettes, and those

who object to the book have never given themselves the trouble to go beyond the, to them, objectionable materialism of the spiritual world. These objectors "spiritualise" matter to such an extent that they live in a universe as vague and as formless as a mirage.

Q. If morphia were a "required sedative," and a beautiful soul entered your world, *i.e.* the next condition to the physical, would it be given if the longing for it was very great?

P. Yes, and No. I should never have allowed either on earth. I would withhold both or their equivalents in any state of existence. But those who would administer either on earth need not kick against their use in the next stage on the grounds of incongruity. That is all artificial spirituality to the extent to which it is not a subconscious condemnation of such practices anywhere. I should prefer to keep the sufferer semiconscious until the spiritual faculties were sufficiently powerful to lift the soul into the condition where these pseudo-physical cravings would atrophy and fall away of themselves.

Music, its equivalent, is one of the safest and surest means to that end. Love, true, brotherly loving sympathy, in addition, would be necessary in order to feed the starved emotional nature, the main cause of all these cravings.

Q. How do you know of Sir Oliver Lodge's book *Raymond*?

P. I only know of Lodge's book what I get from you and others, but I know of the boys and men who slept *here* and in their dreams enjoyed banquets (they had starved on earth); and, remember, these *dreams* are often transmitted by mediums as well as the waking experiences of those who are here. Raymond will explain this to his father some day.

Q. Will you tell me what you feel about publishing a book like *Raymond*?

P. The impression which I have received of this book is that it is the brave effort of a loving soul recorded by a cautious yet fearless investigator; it resembles the necessary breaking up of the earth, in order, later on, to bring about the beauty and usefulness of smiling cornfields and vineyards. *Raymond* is an essential step in many persons' advancement at the present stage.

Q. But might not such a book encourage indiscriminate experiments and seances?

P. It is better to make mistakes than to do nothing. And I am speaking now, not of the expert, but of the average man, who has no true touch with the unseen world, does not even wish for it, until it conceals from sight and touch all that he holds dear. For such *Raymond* is a way towards the light.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

May 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Do you sing in heaven?

P. May I smile a real old earthly smile? Do we sing in heaven? Why, my dearest friend, everything sings even on earth, but you cannot hear the singing nor the grass growing unless with a microphone. It is true, but mercifully we do not hear, because in an imperfect world, a world of tragic failure and shortcomings, we should catch more swan songs than hymns of

joy and praise. In the more advanced realms the senses, as we understand them, are interchangeable. We hear with our whole being, and so on—we return to conditions on a higher rung of the spiral of life.

With you, music appeals only to the sense of hearing. You only *hear* music. We *see* music, we *feel* music as you feel the winds of heaven, we *scent* music as you perceive fragrances: you do not feel as a physical sense impression, or see, or sense the fragrance. Your musical souls have only the spiritual perceptions of these things. Our soul senses react all of them to music in a way of which I cannot give you the faintest notion.

Q. Is the veil between the two worlds getting thinner? And is it intended to grow thinner?

P. No to the first question, and No to the second.

"The thinnest veil of matter lies
Between your world and ours,
And even that is rent aside
In life's deep, solemn hours."

Do you see the point of these lines? They contain the usual fallacy—attenuated, it is true, to the superlative degree. But the truth is, the Universe is *one*. The veils, the barriers, are formed by man's limitations. As these fall away, he sees deeper and deeper into the truth of things. The veil of matter is a figurative expression only. As men's senses grow keener and surer, the threshold of the seen advances, the line of the unseen retreats.

Q. Is it good for spirits who describe themselves as beings in darkness to try to get help from those on earth?

P. The ideally best does not obtain in any world with which I am acquainted practically. It is still ahead, for which I am profoundly grateful. It might be far better for these darkened ones to be helped from the other side, but they often get no help except through the incarnate, with whom they are in closer touch than they are with the disembodied.

This question, like all others, depends upon circumstances. Few are fit to undertake this work, and should not seek it of their own volition; but no request for prayer and help should be refused. On the other hand, to sit deliberately and invite that kind of visitant seems to me folly, if not even presumption.

Q. Do you often see Mr. Stead

P. I see Stead seldom. But when we do meet it is a soul feast. He has grown into an awe-inspiring, majestic spirit. He has shed the earthly trammels in a most strange and unusual degree. Stead shed them even on earth, and outlived much that some of us still carry with us through many stages of the new life. I look up to him with reverence, and he loves me and helps me in my work. But he is more universal than I am.

I cannot look down upon the world and see things happening, because I am not outside of or above it at present Stead is. I am in the middle only of the thought sphere and the emotion zone. I need earthly minds and intellects to name for me the correspondence of the colour sounds and waves.

PHILEMON.

Stead has been over much longer—also he has detached himself and hence can look down. In the midst of a battle one cannot see one's relation to the whole. I elect to stay for reasons given. I cannot have the advantage and escape its corresponding limitations.

Q. But do you get no rest—no repose from your labours?

P. My loving-hearted friend! I have renewed my strength as the eagles, that fly upwards to greet the sun. Yet I rest, as we rarely rest on earth after our first infancy.

Q. Have you anything corresponding to sleep?

P. There is here, as with you, an inner world of blissful peace and rest and joy which transcends our habitual enjoyment on our plane of comparative heavenly calm.

Q. Is there a transition, a sort of death, between your plane and the next?

P. I do not yet really know about this, as I have been so bent on doing all that I found at hand, needing attention. I am still but a newcomer in that strange world of which we sang:

"Heaven is our home."

I go. God bless and keep us all!

February 1917.

Philemon. How could you doubt my being here?

Q. Tell us, please, the meaning of—"And there shall be no night there."

P. The sun, as you see it, is the body of the real sun, which has also a soul body. By this I mean that the physical sun enlightens and vivifies the physical world. But the soul or mind of the sun is that which illumines and vitalises your mind, as the Spirit of the sun is the Holy Ghost to the spirit of man. There is action, with reaction; there is ebb where there is flow. "Endless day" is a verbal form expressing perfection, but it is only a poetical phrase. There are periods of retreat, of retirement within the heart of things, just as with you; but the periods are not of the same duration. We have a darkening which becomes our night, a silence which betokens the joy and duty of repose. Spirits rarely admit this, because they feel it cruel to needlessly destroy cherished illusions which might be difficult to replace. Every simile we can use only conveys a partial truth.

Q. What is your outward appearance where you now are? And have you need of food?

P. Where I am I look and am a replica of my earth self. We take in nourishment as you imbibe air. And, its virtues assimilated, we expire the residue, as with plants on your earth. There are no gaps in evolution. Very, very slowly our heavenly bodies will drop obsolete organs, but where I am the process is so slightly advanced that outwardly I appear a perfect man as when on earth. (The word "perfect" should be "complete.") But in reality my astral body is but a shell compared with my old physical garment. Many of these

spirits around me have outworn all but the form of humanity. They live in a body of light the rays of which fold round their forms and clothe them in living light. Every quiver of emotion, every thought of beauty, of aspiration towards perfection, changes the colours, scintillations, and folds of these living garments, so that we truly know as we are known. That is not my condition. I am, as yet, far from it. But I rejoice to know it awaits my progressing soul and evolving spirit. It was a knowledge of these glories which made St. Paul speak of our

light afflictions."

Q. Does the human form continue through all spheres?

P. Our real self is not even now human in form. It manifests through and in form, but is formless in essence, because it is nonmaterial. But all consciousness, as I know it, manifests in form, and the Great Ones are sublimated human forms.

Q. Is the problem of evil now made clearer to you? Were you on the right lines?

P. You ask do I understand more clearly the origin and mystery of evil. Was I on the right lines when I held that man was evolving upwards, not that he had fallen from a high estate?

Roughly put, those were my views. Now I see I held only one aspect of truth. Both are true as it appears to me now. It was not falling in the moral sense. It was rather falling into the physical condition. The spirits going into the earth conditions had to take on denser and yet denser matter until the low, slow earth vibrations were reached. It was like gradually darkening a window so that the light within and the sun without were more and more barred ingress

and egress. When the darkest point was reached, the spirit within and the God without worked sometimes in unison, sometimes hindered rather than helped by the indwelling soul of man, for the restoration of primal splendour; but the window is a living body, and the object appears to be to add to the God-consciousness in the Universe. And this brings me back to the idea I held that only through the choice of good and evil could intelligence be evolved that should companion and in some degree comprehend, as well as apprehend, the Parent-intelligence of the Whole. Otherwise I am no nearer.

Q. But what is the origin and first cause of evil?

P. I fear to give my answer, as you might regard it as a feeble evasion of the whole question. Evil begins with the first attempt at going away from God in the intellectual sense, the smallest departure from Him, and increases until we get to the hells you find upon and around your earth. Good is the return, during which you realise that your will is the Father's Will, and you cannot have any other. This lesson learnt, there is no more "going out." The fallen angels are still in darkness, not yet having learnt that lesson. They still seek self-expression apart from the Divine Will, and find supporters and victims in this and other worlds.

Q. Do they still find occasional adherents among the Heavenly Host?

P. I do not know whether they recruit the forces of evil from among the Heavenly Host, but I do know that the evil ones frequently see the disintegrating effects and final doom of evil persisted in, and through the intellect rather than the emotions return to the Right-hand Path.

Q. What of the Spirit Lord of this earth planet—is he not among the fallen?

P. The Planetary Spirit of this earth is struggling back to its place in the Hierarchy of Heaven.

Q. Is it a fact that this earth is at present wrongly polarised?

P. The polarisation of the earth is not wrong as things are now. It is orderly and sequential to its present stage of evolution. That is all I can give you on the subject at present. God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

February 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Is it possible in sleep to go on to the plane where one becomes visible to one's beloved?—"materialised" in a perceptible, sensible form?

P. Earth-dwellers who love with an undying love, mournfully sigh in the words of the poet:

"Here in the body pent, Absent from thee
I roam,"

and they do not know that in deep, unconscious sleep they and their beloved are together in a world, and in forms, as *sensible* to the senses of the soul as are physical world and form to the senses of the body. How else would there be instantaneous remembrance and recognition, even in cases where there has been the passing from infancy to full development, as with parents and young children?

Have I seen E. M. here on this side? I may say, indeed I have. Shall I tell you that I was—well, rather awed by her stateliness and intensity of purpose? She was not then looking for *me*. She passed as it were through me, beyond me, in her quest. And I knew where she was going and whereon she was bent. And I clasped my hands in my old way and prayed that she might realise her heart's desire. But I saw her again, and this time she saw me, and she rushed at me, not as the stately being who awed me before, but with the gladness of a child at seeing its father, and we were very happy. But these memories must fade with the dawning day, lest the earthly prison appear too dreary and too lonesome to be borne. But these memories are there, and are parts of the eternal or everlasting contents of the soul; and one of the joys of heaven will be the recovery of just these memories, these vital experiences which mean so much and yet have to die away in the light of "common day," as the stars faint from sight when the sun of everyday appears on the horizon.

Q. Why is it we retain no memory of the blessed experiences, yet brine, back such sad and painful memories, often of the old suffering, pain, and anxiety?

P. Have you ever assisted at the resuscitation of a drowning person? It frequently happens that the return to consciousness is most distressing and painful. I have known a man swear at his rescuer for bringing him back to "die over again." You see, the experiences of pain and suffering connected with our best-beloved have made their almost indelible impressions on the fabric of the mind, the memory of the earth experience. In these heaven experiences the spirit transcends this lower or mental plane, for the higher one of the spiritual intelligence. It has to return by the way it went out. The pictures of the heavenly realms fade out and the waking consciousness becomes aware of those deep impressions on what have often been called the tablets of the mind. These persist. The glories have died away.

Q. Are the appearances of Christ and the Saints, reported to have been seen by the faithful, projected by the minds of the latter, or are they real appearances?

P. It is very difficult to give an answer that covers all the cases. In all instances the vision is occasioned by some *real wave of loving interest* on the part of some spiritual being. A slum-child recovering consciousness in an accident ward, seeing a beautiful lady bending over her, may imagine it is the Queen. This is one extreme. There are other cases where I should judge the experience to be an actual one, to emanate from the Being personified. You will notice one thing: the *percipient*, as a rule, clothes, fashions the visions along some lines of convention. Where this is not done—which is rare— what I have said does not so much apply. Bernadotte saw a representation of the Blessed Virgin, who sent her an answering thrill in response to her ardent faith. "According to thy faith be it unto thee," holds good despite certain elements of error and superstition.

God bless us, one and all!

PHILEMON.

March 1917.

Philemon. I am with you.

Q. What do you feel about women being admitted to the priesthood?

P. I still retain a sort of prejudice, perhaps, in favour of a male priesthood, to which women may contribute almost more than the priesthood—remember, I said a prejudice.

Q. Yet we are told, "in Him there is neither male nor female" does this not apply to priesthood?

P. The delicate adjustment of the means of communication is so easily jarred, that it is difficult to know where the hitch comes in. But the answering of

questions always must be conditioned by the sphere of their application. I have hitherto dwelt on my world, my sphere, my present life. But when the questions deal with your world, your sphere, your life, they must meet those needs. Where is the priesthood of women to prevail? I feel at present that a female priesthood will fail as other priesthoods fail. I feel He did not intend the establishment of a Church and priesthood in the modern sense at all. To introduce good women into such a decadent institution as is the Church of to-day would degrade women without elevating the Church. This is *your-world* answer, not an answer which applies to an ideal world where the spiritual aspect is the predominant factor.

I just want to add that the Church of a few years hence will be utterly transformed, and then the Church of the future will return to its pristine form on a higher level, for progress is in the form of a spiral. The agitation for a female priesthood will hasten that day of reform; therefore I welcome and bless it.

The admission of women to the councils of the Church, as members of the Lay Council, would be productive of nothing but good. That is a different question altogether from the one of a female priesthood. The old bottles are ill fitted to contain the new wine. That is my sole objection. The new wine will be wasted and the old bottles shattered ere their full meed of service be yielded. That is the practical objection to the whole movement as matters stand. The reforms will come through the withdrawal of the spiritual elements, to such an extent that the body itself will break up, disintegrate. Women already are becoming the spiritual guides and teachers of the race. The two modern movements which, despite all errors and shortcomings, have prospered the most are the two which have accorded fullest and freest, nay, even perfect, equality to women: Spiritualism and the Salvation Army. Theosophy, though according equality to women, has taken to itself the deadly elements of a

priestcraft, and is on the highway to decadence and consequent decay. As yet Spiritualism is free from those elements of disintegration.

Q. Can our spirits function apart from their bodies, as is claimed for the Mahatmas?

P. It is quite true that spirits can function apart from their physical bodies; but if that constitutes a Mahatma, you have known two—W. T. Stead, and F. S. in a lesser degree. The work done under such conditions is of a mixed nature, and Stead did marvellous work on earth out of his body, though only fragments of his work came to his own knowledge; but he was more interested in recording the weird and unusual.

Q. Do you know anything of beings such as are described as Mahatmas?

P. I do not know of such as Theosophists describe, them, but I do know that ambitious beings, once men, desirous of domination, are playing upon minds of similar type. The deification of the intellect to the neglect of the heart is the main defect of modern Theosophy—absence of spirituality and love—cold, bare, wouldbe crystalline abstractions. Mercy, forgiveness, humility, self-sacrifice, all these Christ qualities manifested in Jesus are left out, though of late the intellectual folly of this omission is being met by robbing Christianity of these attributes and claiming them as a Theosophical treasure borrowed by Christians from "The Lord of Compassion

Buddha!

But I have no actual new knowledge on these subjects from my present position. I only know nothing to support the hypotheses as to the existence of these Masters of Wisdom and Compassion.

I bless you, dear friend, with all the spiritual fervour your devotion inspires, for this blessing is a personal one, due to gratitude I feel for what you have done for me. Remember, as I have volunteered for Borderland work, this helps me to learn the ways and means of intercourse with souls incarnate; they are many, each with odd limitations. It is an art as well as a science.

God bless you!

PHILEMON.

April 1917.

Philemon. Greeting! Now for our questions.

Q. What place ought the Holy Communion to take in the spiritual life of the Christian? Would the lack of it deprive the soul of some essential element, some vital sustenance?

P. What is a sacrament? You reply, "The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." I do not think that answer can be improved upon, for this reason.

We must let our light shine in order that the dark places of earth may receive light—those who sit in darkness need to see light. While the spiritual senses are closed, material acts only are perceived by the spiritually blind. When the spiritual senses are awakened and active, the inward and spiritual grace is perceived, and gradually the necessity for outward and visible signs passes away.

The Holy Communion is a vital necessity for those still in bondage to the world of form. It is not so to the fully spiritually awakened souls, though these benefit by the associations of the sacred rites of fellowship. But to them every meal is a sacrament, every breath an aspiration, every word prayer or praise, every action one of supreme adoration. It is a matter of the soul's stage of

growth. Prayer becomes the supreme means of grace in the fully developing and vigorous spiritual life.

Q. What meaning do you attach to the words, "Take, eat, this is My body"?

To me those words now apply to all who sacrifice material life for a great ideal—to all saviours of men and nations, of causes and ideals, to many an unknown victim in the great contest between light and darkness now raging and being waged on earth. This sacrament, like all others, is a means of grace, a symbol of the spiritual nature, one day to be manifested. When the thing symbolised is there in actuality, the need for the symbol will disappear.

Q. What, then, did Christ mean by saying that He would partake of that holy rite hereafter—"I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom"? Does He keep that holy rite with His disciples now?

P. I cannot answer except in the same language of Eastern hyperbole; then it will be mystic or spiritual truth, not fact.

Is God an earthly potentate and Christ like His Heir? Do we in heaven hold feasts as on earth? No, no, my friend. I tell you that only in essence can these things be true. "The words that I speak, they are spirit, they are life." What is the characteristic of life?— mutation, change, adaptation to ever-evolving forms of undying life; the new wine of our ascended life cannot be put into the old bottles of earthly terminology. So, if I say Christ does keep the tryst with His beloved as He promised, in a Kingly Father's presence, with sparkling wine and servants waiting on those disciples, I say what is not true.

If I deny that our Elder Brother has kept His word, does keep it, that is also untrue. Every promise is fulfilled beyond our dreams of possible fulfilment, but not in the form given by our dreams and poor imaginings.

It is this pouring of the wine of the new life and experiences into the old bottles of earth-terms and experiences, that makes it so difficult to carry on any adequate communion—otherwise than as spirit with spirit,—that has led to all the divergent views as to the wisdom of holding communications at all.

Q. What would you say to any of Christ's followers who asked you now what this sacrament should mean to them?

P. I would answer according to my questioner—only so could I give a true answer. The less defined the reply, the wider its range. Definitions limit and often distort.

To the young my appeal would be along these lines:—"Do this in remembrance of Me"—of My sacrifice and suffering on your behalf, by reason of My great love for you, and need of your love to complete My joy. Love is the sole aim and central fact of life: Love to the Father, His Christ, and all the Saints, as the Church would put it, and, for His sake, Love of all the brethren.

The youngest child can understand and feel this truth.

Of the more mystical side, I cannot from here speak as I spoke of yore. I cannot use the sacred old imagery which to me now obscures the presence of the ever-living and ascended Lord of Life—the radiant and supernal Truth which can alone bless and uplift humanity.

This great war, not yet ended, has not sufficiently torn aside the vestures, the grave-clothes, which hamper the movements of the Church. From where I am, I would have each soul to find its own pasturage after I had brought it to a knowledge and practice that left it capable of choice. I see, or rather feel, from here, how lifeless a formality such a rite can become, unless prompted by the deepest love and reverence. Unless it is all in all to the parent or teacher, it will mean little to the child, who will feel that it is observed rather for example's sake than because it is a vital necessity of spiritual existence. The clear vision of childhood always distinguishes the formal from the vital. It never errs. There are souls to whom these forms and ceremonies, these sacraments, rightly so called, mean the incorporating of the spiritual. In less material guise that spiritual would be overlooked, ignored, even be denied existence. Churches must always exist at different levels of spiritual service, to meet the various needs of evolving souls.

Q. Have you equivalents for all our earthly spiritual exercises and—means of grace?

P. Most certainly we have—united prayer being among the chief. Even with you, two of one mind produce, not double energy only, but an altogether new and undreamt-of source of blessing and effectiveness.

Assuredly souls in and out of the body, consciously or unconsciously unite in all dynamic spiritual effort—else were your prayer shorn of much of its power and strength, its efficacy to bring about results. "God moves in a mysterious way"; He works through His ministers in and out of the body.

I will come again, but can write no more now. It is not easy to transmit even as imperfectly as I do. My scribe is a good one because she has few preconceptions on these questions.

Q. But give us your love and blessing before you go.

P. Is that sacrament of love still necessary to be expressed?

As if my love, my deepest, truest love is not yours, and transmitted in each thought expressed! God and His Christ be with you and us all!

PHILEMON.

April 1917.

Philemon is here.

Q. Is it the case that a spirit photograph has been taken of you?

P. Things happen at unawares. I heard of a man whose photograph appeared, in his physical absence (he was seven miles away), on a plate. This also might happen on the spirit plane, because when I first came over here I brought with me my own physical appearance. That might be reproduced apart from my volition, having once existed in this world where I now am—just as old editions and ancient pictures can be reproduced. I need not of necessity have anything to do with it.

Q. Do you mean that a spirit photograph could be produced without your being present?

P. I do mean that a spirit might reproduce an existing psychograph of myself without my knowledge. I say that such a thing is possible.

The picture of Lady C.* was given by herself *consciously*. She knows and remembers. I might be photographed with a man whom I did not know on

earth, consciously, for some special end, but it might be done without my volition, as I can be photographed on earth without knowledge or volition; for it is true that we do not control everything here any more than on earth.

We have dream states here, as with you. If I assert I was there, then it would be so. If my picture has appeared, I do not know it. Ascertain. I feel as I then felt, that I would like to appear on a film, but I would not like an inadequate or uninspiring presentment to be given to the world.

The process of giving a presentment of oneself is not easy. I should like to give you a letter in my writing; but I feel I must not devote myself to giving physical proofs. I function rather in the immaterial realms.

* A lady whose picture appeared on a photograph of her husband taken under test conditions six months after her "passing over."

In the first shock of separation almost all desire to manifest, and seize any avenue to that end. Later, they see that it is not so tremendously urgent, and only those who are either earthbound or heart-bound, through one who cannot live without the loved presence, continue to communicate. In most cases one world is more than enough to deal with; therefore intercommunion is a hindrance rather than a help to growth here or with you, except in the early days of severance, when it is a mutual service.

Q. Will you continue to be able to speak with us like this?

P. We, who with you dwell in thought in another world, are still intermediaries between worlds or states of being. In any case I should always be able to speak like this, with intervals when I would refrain. How can I explain to you without the risk of misunderstanding? My guides teach me, are

teaching me, how to communicate from the ethereal heights whence what comes, comes swifter, surer, truer, more inevitably, just as a stone dropped from a height gains momentum proportioned to the height from which it comes. My friend, my dear friend, I am hampered, fettered in free expression by the prejudices, preconceptions, and stereotyped notions you and I held and hold with regard to God, Man, Heaven, Earth, Hades. I cannot, cannot pierce through without causing pain.

I cannot express to you the freedom wherewith the Spirit of God would bless us. But we will none of it. We measure the immeasurable with our puny footrule. I speak for myself, and we limit to our capacity of comprehension the truths we can accept. It must be so, but remember that it is so.

My love and blessing.

PHILEMON.

May 1917.

Philemon. Greetings.

Q. Is it possible for spirits long departed, such as Jeanne d'Arc, to communicate or get in touch with one on earth?

P. Jeanne d'Arc, as others less worthy, can approach, and does approach, those who, loving her, need her presence. D. M. and those like him are knight-errants in the army of souls, led by the Maid to aid the French among the Allied Forces, waging war on behalf of God and humanity. The reward of faithful service is the opportunity for yet higher and more arduous service in the Armies of Light. You, my dear friend, are not half joyous enough, not optimistic enough, not sure enough that, as Bernard Shaw puts it (one of the few things I wholly accepted of his paradoxical utterances), the best way to

defeat the devil is to give him fairplay. For the first time in history this is being done, to his lasting and final discomfiture. This fact should fill you with joy and gladness and hope for the future of earth and heaven.

I will explain. Evil is disintegrating, but it is so mixed with good that its true nature is concealed; so human affairs dragged on until they culminated in this great and awful blasphemy known as "Kaiserism." His devotees are true to their demoniacal faith, are logical, consequently remorseless, with the result that black is black, not grey or white. Men see clearly for the first time on the great questions of time and eternity, and the Kingdom of God on earth is nearer its establishment than it has ever been through all the long-drawn ages of human anguish and agony. Is not this a cause for rejoicing, for the renewal of life and vigour, for praising the Lord of Heaven and Earth and of Hades for the coming great and glorious triumph of His Righteousness over the hosts of Darkness?

May this joy rest upon you and abide with you!

Q. Has the next stage of existence, the one in which you find yourself, anything to do with this earth's solar system?

P. This question arises out of what I have said previously on this subject.

In all conditioned existence, limitations prevail. Thought is the only, apparently, untrammelled mode of being of which we have cognisance, and that, too, is limited to some extent by axiomatic concepts into which I need not enter here. Action, execution, achievement—these land us in limitations of time and space, duration and location, in all spheres known to me at first or second hand.

You, on earth, do not live in your bodies, but *through* them you manifest your spiritual selves. In the same way spirits are in the worlds of space, but not of them, and the various solar systems are but aggregations of substance, more actual than what you call matter, but nevertheless material, more material than the solar system we know, in the sense of being more *real*, more *substantial*.

Just as water, gas, electric etheric thought, and love energies gain in power in proportion to their subtlety—loosely speaking, they are varying grades of the one Universal Energy,—so matter, *i.e.* substance in its grossest form, gains in substantiality, in actuality, in realness, as it is found in supermundane worlds. This is all I care to say at present. In the next stage of existence we are limited to the soul of our solar system. As glorified, beatified spirits we shall ascend to the *spirit* of our solar system. "As above, so below."

Body, soul, and spirit are the broad divisions of man, the microcosm. They are, too, the main manifestations of the macrocosm used in the sense of the Cosmos, the ordered whole, the universe. Our solar system is one of many of an infinite galaxy of universes, between which, thought alone is the medium of intercommunication.

Q. Do you mean telepathic thought?

P. Telepathy is the key wherewith we may unlock the mysteries of this universe, later of other universes than our own. You will at no distant date receive and transmit materially as well as telepathically between earth and the nearer planets.

As human beings advance they will be able to dimly apprehend the beings living in more substantial, more advanced worlds than your earth. I am such

already, but must confine myself to my old modes of thought and feeling and expression lest you cry in despair, "That is not he!" The sun is the spirit world in which the spirits of the beatified dwell. I have told you this before.

I want you to leave this question. Astronomy, as you know it, is based on hypotheses which roughly answer their purpose, just as arrogant physical science is founded on the hypothetical ether which no man has seen or sensed in any form whatever. Thus the cocksure materialist has built his mansion on a *supposition*. Let him realise this and learn humility.

Q. Is the painter, the great artist, still expressing himself through the medium of form and colour and sound in your world?

P. As the after-death world is the soul world, so the artist who endeavoured to realise soul through the vehicle of matter will now attempt to portray the *spirit* through the deficient medium of the soul world in which he finds himself. This will be the artist's heaven, which lies, not in attainment, but in attaining. But I cannot give you any adequate idea of how artists work in our world. To begin with, they reveal another dimension, so that things are seen in relief, not as with you. Also in music we see the *shape* and colour of the sounds. This is all really inadequate, but symbolical of the truth. One more question and I must go.

PHILEMON.

Q. Does a vegetarian diet aid in any degree a soul striving after spiritual growth?

P. A vegetarian diet, adopted violently and ardently for the purpose of hastening spiritual unfoldment, might produce most unhappy results,

detrimental to bodily and mental stability. But a humane diet adopted from moral and spiritual conviction as to its rightness, and adjusted to the body's needs, will promote vigour and health on all planes (I dislike that word) of activity.

Remember, however, that the premature adoption of a distasteful regime will cause malaise, discomfort, ill temper, and consequent ill results all round.

But to persist in flesh-eating when the necessity for the habit is outgrown is most hurtful; it is atavism, much as if flesh-eaters reverted to cannibalism.

God bless and keep you!

Philemon greets you, my friends *.June 1917.*

Q. Can you give me any conception of the life and work of my beloved mother, such as you have given of your own life?

P. Yes, I can, in words that are but faint symbols of the reality. Your mother rarely, almost never, returns directly to the Borderland realm where intercommunications take place. Not finding a medium attuned to her as I do, that is natural. But she is aware of *everything* that affects those whom she loves, and in supreme moments is with them, unseen but seeing, unheard but hearing. I will not attempt to explain how this is brought about—I could not make it clear.

She is aware of the spiritual values, the content, as estimated in the spiritual world, of all your earthly strivings. She would see, as a rosy glow, fraternal affection passing from one to another of her children, in waves; she would perceive the ardent desire for service emanate in the form of azure-hued clouds, deepening to an intense violet hue. When sadness and depression oppress your spirit, she sees these colours saddening into greyish hues.

She dwells in a world that I call the Realm of Roses; roses are the only flower—form that conveys a faint idea of its freshness, fullness, fragrance, and beauty. This sounds feeble, perhaps foolish; but I felt this when I was permitted to visit her, and I always think of her there.

Q. Is she with those who were so near and dear to her on earth?

P. They are not all with her, but she is with them all, whenever she so wills, or they so need.

She is very restfully busy, reposefully active. I know the bliss of such service, of such activity, through my visits to where she is. Her work is to the denizens of the spirit world who enter spirit life somewhat stunted and starved, however noble they may have been, through lack of beauty and fragrance in their earthly surroundings. Many a child of rich parents, reared in dreary wealth and luxury, needs her ministrations. Many a city man, who has really forgotten that daisies and buttercups are as necessary to a normal existence as silver and gold, has to undergo a course of re-education in her world before the angels can do anything for him. Your mother came to me, when I was perplexed at finding myself in a hueless, grey world, drawn thither in the quest of a soul in sore need of help. I was exclaiming, "How can this grey underworld form part of God's world? Shall I ever see colours and beauty again?" Then I looked up to see her scintillating with the most delicate shade of every possible colour, some of which were new to me. She wore the most wonderful opalescent garments; the colours changed as she moved. She held towards me what appeared to me as the most marvellous flowers I had ever beheld, both hands full—the colours were as those of living gems'; and she said in a voice as musical as rippling waters:

"Dear friend! This is too much for you. Come with me for a while. You will return strengthened and better equipped for your mission."

That sojourn in her world was my retreat. I marvel that I have attempted to tell you, because it is so hopeless to attempt to portray these things.

This is where I have been. I had met her previously, or rather she me, more as the friend I remembered on earth—not before as this radiant being with the flowers. I have brought back with me some of that radiance, and I, by my presence, shed light and beauty and joy in the dark and sad spheres where my work often lies. I am so very happy, so very glad to be of service, where I am. I could not be as happy anywhere else. I am not a round peg in a square hole, but a nice square peg in a first-class square hole.

When my radiance is dimmed, I shall return to the realm of Roses and Joy, for recuperation and refreshment.

Q. What memories do you keep of the loved ones still left on earth?

P. It is most difficult to generalise. It is an individual idiosyncrasy. I may remember my children's names, but find myself utterly unable to transmit those beloved sounds through certain media. The memories with strong emotional content are those which survive longest. In the spirit world I should think of my beautiful daughter, my clever daughter, not of my first or second—not necessarily by name.

Q. Do you remember the places, the scenes of earth, where you have dwelt?

P. The scenes of earth grow less and less distinct, less and less beloved. They fade out of mind and memory, unless some dear ones still frequent the old home, the former scenes.

Q. Could you recall the names of places where you long dwelt— your childhood's home?

P. I cannot make my answer satisfy you unless I say just what you expect me to say, unless I creep back into the old earth cocoon. Through this sensitive I could not have given even my own name, although my living soul can flash upon hers. To others I could give my name, a mechanico-psychical feat without soul. You see how strange this is, how annoying.

When we are born into the heaven world we receive a new name, a heavenly name. Some of us have been named thus before the birth through death. Intromission, conscious activities and experiences in the heaven world, during earth-life, necessitate such naming.

Q. Will you tell us what you can of prenatal existence, for we surely do not begin here?

P. I cannot deal with pre-natal existence except in somewhat vague terms. I have been so bent on helping the victims of sword, fire, and water, that I have not gleaned all the information possible on these lines. I will only say that I have evidence for believing that earth existence is a starting-point for an upward trend, and that many of those who inhabit the human form have never before been as much of an ego as they are at present. Pre-natal existence is a subject of academic rather than of vital importance. I still maintain that position. The question of central import is what we are doing with the modicum of knowledge and illumination already possessed. If I assert that I know that human souls, in some fardistant future, will have evolved into superhuman beings of inconceivable splendour and celestial glory, and add to that that I also believe that we sprang forth from the Godhead in some mysterious fashion, partaking consciously of all His

attributes— these latter becoming clouded and dimmed by the taking on of an ever denser vehicle of embodiment,—I do not see that it can be of help, of real vital assistance to man in fighting the battle of life. But if I tell you what my own experience has been, and is, then to the extent to which you regard me as a credible witness I can be of true service to you. I find that in proportion as I live intensely, deeply, nobly, in the present, which is but the past dropping into the future, in that exact degree does my vision of the future expand, and my memory—is it memory?—my apprehension of the manner and path along which I have come, gains in clearness and consistency. I deduce from this that for the soul which is living fully and richly in the present, availing itself of the potentialities stored in its divine nature, there will be no mystery as to the past, no doubt as to the future. Pre-natal existence is a matter of experience. I have not, so far as my experience goes, lived on this planet before. But I feel certain of having known and loved other souls—where?—when? As yet I do not remember.

Q. If you can so forget, does this not cut at the root of future recognition?

P. This does not cut at the root of future recognition in the afterdeath worlds; the question is of pre-mondial, pre-natal, not postnatal friendships and memories. Souls who have known and loved upon earth carry those loves and memories into the next stage of being. This I know from experience.

Life is not ruled by logic on any plane of being. The laws of bodies do not apply to minds.

Q. But do you not think the Buddhist's belief that our present is the result of our past helps to reconcile many to the ills of life?

P. The calm passivity that accepts present evil as the consequence of past misdeeds is not the most fertile soil for the growth of heroic endurance and stern resolve. In the childhood of the race, yes; but now, no. The awful doubt, the instability, the despair—out of these are being born true sons and daughters of the Living God. I have changed to this extent, I see that truth is relative, not absolute—must be so; that truth reveals itself as the soul evolves. R. L. will discover himself alive when he gets here. At present this truth is not true to him.

Q. But what is the use of a life of which we retain no memory?

P. The fact that memory has lapses does not destroy the fact of existence through those lapses, nor does it preclude the recovery of memory of those lapsed periods. Few have definite memories of the first two years of life. But when the thread of memory becomes continuous it must recall the incidents of those two lapsed years as well as of lapsed lives. What applies to the years of mortal life applies to the lives which form the great year of existence.

Q. Does our earthly learning leave us on passing over?

P. No, no, but its body all vanishes. Its soul only remains in the form of capacity to acquire the new knowledge in the new field of activities. One more question and I must go.

Q. Could you give the same message to two friends communicating with you in different places?

P. I will try—the experiment will be of interest, though inconclusive. As to whether the things I say do get through I have often very little means of knowing. For instance, here I have little to do with words; I only start ideas. If there be an imperfect vocabulary, then only a stunted idea is received. The best

thing will be for me to write as usual at a certain hour, and for them to write also. Then see what, if any, resemblance you find in the ideas. Tell them to take their usual method of procedure; or, better, copy this and send it. If there be any success, then we will do something more definite.

God bless and keep us all!

PHILEMON.

July 1917.

Philemon. My dear friend, I will hold our usual intercommunication—yes, it is "inter." *You* communicate much to me of which you are not aware. I learn how the world-matters fare, mainly in this way. While I am supposed (and am really doing so) to be telling you things, I am learning about the inner side of life I have so recently quitted.

Q. Have you been able to give a message to those friends who are sitting for a test?

P. I do not know what they have received, but I have tried to tell them that they confer a benefit upon those who are permitted to communicate, as well as the communicators rendering a service to the recipients.

This idea of mutual service is often lost sight of. I, for instance, get much rest, joy, and refreshment by coming into touch again with the beautiful world you live in. Much that average investigators accept and teach with regard to after-death conditions and experiences I have found to be inaccurate—nay, more, misleading. In order to exalt Paul, some think it necessary to make little of Peter; *i.e.*, to exalt the Spiritual Realm, they abuse the material universe and belittle human life and experience. Will you now leave the proposed test, which

is really null and void, as it would prove only telepathy between you here and the others there—at least, it could be so explained. Wireless is an example.

How could I communicate the same ideas to both if you or the scribe controlled *the selective process* by asking questions?

I have made a discovery. The world will never let the soldier get away from his sword, or the preacher desert his sermonising, when they return from the unseen. After identity is established, this demand of unchanging character and unmodified tastes and proclivities really prevents progress in the knowledge of the life after death. I, for instance, have taken a great determination to leave the realm of metaphysical and spiritual disquisitions alone for a while. I am hungry for facts, facts, facts, of life, of experience, of touch with the realities revealed by enlargement of the range of sense perception. I am the same man, but minus collar, status, and all that those two things implied in the world in which I moved and thought and lived and loved. I had built up round me a beautiful cage, gilded and garnished, but still a cage, out of which I dared not step, even after I had left the physical body. It is true that I went further than others, but I did not get to my unbiassed, actual self, shorn of conventions and shibboleths. Now that I attempt it, you do not feel I am here, that it is myself. I cannot help it, but I must grow. I must express myself, not as the late church dignitary, but as Philemon, as a newly born spirit, with a wonderful vista of new life, new thought, new knowledge opening before him. He can say none of these things because he is shackled by the venerableness so long associated with him, against which he must say nothing, do nothing, that would shock.

My dear friend, I want you to question me the next time, leaving me free to answer in the light of my new experience, and not always obliged to remember exactly what I said and thought and felt in the old earth-life—or rather, if I say

something the old Philemon would not have said, do not assume that I am not there.

I fear many words are used before I succeed, even dimly, in conveying my thought. All the best of what I thought and taught falls as far short of the glorious actuality as the light of a taper is less than the light from the sun—yet both are light, and derive from the One Source of all Light and Life and Love.

I send you my love, my love.

PHILEMON.

September 1917.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Do you get my thought when not at this meeting-place, and do you know how I have been longing to speak with you again? P. Yes, and I have waited for this our meeting.

I am satisfied with the results of impressing this little scribe's brain. I do not say that I can express all I can even make her feel, but truly I am impeded less by her intelligence than I should be by denser minds. The essential quality for successful communications is a fluidity of mind which is rarely associated with high intelligence.

Q. Can people change their fate by going into bomb-proof shelters, or is the hour of death an unchangeable destiny?

P. Fate and Destiny are not interchangeable terms, as you rightly suggest. Destiny controls Fate.

Whether you will seek refuge or not is part of your fate. The hour of normal departure is known. The hour of intervention of an extraneous order is known, but not fixed or fated. I will explain. Persons of an average order of intelligence, strict in the observance of predetermined actions, go straight to their fate. For them, a bomb or a fish-bone, a shipwreck or a shoe-lace, is their fate, the instrument of their exit from earth.

Those of a more elastic type of nature, open to impressions from their fellows or ourselves, can be saved from fateful=fatal circumstances, when those in charge of them see the danger and would turn them aside from an impending "fate." These are the wise men who "rule their stars"; the former are the fools who obey.

It is not decreed in the sense you imply that a certain expedition shall be the last—that the hour of exit from life is fixed; that sudden death was a fate he might have avoided, and a destiny changed. But that does not say that a Higher Power is not overruling and directing all the time.

Q. Is it wrong to desire to leave this world? P. An earnest wish to leave your post is a weakness or defect, not a positive sin. Your post is *where* you find yourself until your judgment and conscience indicate otherwise.

I have answered your questions from my viewpoint here. I use those terms in the old *classical* sense, not at all from the newspaper language.

A so-called fatality may be glorious; it merely signifies fixed, fated, decreed.

Q. Is it not a mistake, then, to pray for the bodily safety of our loved ones or ourselves?

P. It is most certainly right to do so—that is, to pray for the safety of our beloved, and even of ourselves; but, as in the case of our Lord, that prayer may not be answered. Yet every prayer *does get answered*—not by a refusal, but in

receiving strength, consolation for loss, and spiritual help to those who die and those who are bereaved. In this sense every prayer is answered. Prayer rings up the legions of unseen helpers and guardians who have no right to interfere unasked, unbidden, so much do the spiritual powers respect individuality and human free-will within their respective zones.

It is right for you to follow your intuitions and spiritual perceptions as to refraining from or proffering petitions. You have reached the higher levels, where you can perceive things hidden from the babes, if you will say the Will of the Father rather than Destiny.

When apples are ripe they fall from the bough.

That is their *appointed* time. But when a gale, or a boy, precipitates the half-ripe fruit to the ground, that is a fate that has interfered with destiny. But over all is the guiding Hand of the Father, and I gladly leave these problems and all others to Him. *So must you.*

Q. I began by praying regularly for the safety of those dear boys at the front whom I knew and loved personally. One by one most are gone. Am I right in feeling it is better to leave off praying for the safety of the others and trust them to God's keeping?

P. Your prayers were for material salvation from material hurt. That was right until you saw otherwise. I have been struck by those words: "Into Thy hands I commend"—what?—"my Spirit," while the psyche went to Hades and the body died upon the Cross. I can imagine the physical life of Christ being saved, but at what cost to the souls of humanity!

Q. Are you greatly troubled by the sorrows and anguish of the war, or from where you are can you be at peace seeing the end is well?

P. I am not quite clear yet. I know that I, Philemon, am in the Father's heart, while my soul is torn with the conflict that is rending humanity in twain. I ought, perhaps, to be less anxious to open a door into the surface conflict that disturbs my intelligence no less, sometimes more, than yours, while my deepest self enjoys that peace which passeth all understanding.

Q. Do you go there often where you enjoy that peace?

P. I am very much there, whenever the psyche is weary of the mighty strife and contention agitating the world within and around your earth. A passage of Holy Writ which on earth often consoled my own perturbed spirit was this: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Not ease, not security of life or estate, but perfect peace of spirit, of soul, of heart and mind. "My grace is sufficient to that end," said the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that is my comfort and solace here, even more than when on earth, wearing the garb of mortality.

Q. Can you see if the great conflict is going well in this fight for right?

P. Oh, things are going well—very well. Men are learning the necessary lessons. When a sufficient number of men of goodwill have learned to be wise unto a just ordering of world affairs, then the war will cease. But it must not do so yet. I see a great light arising beyond and behind the darkness of hatred and greed that culminated in this hellish strife, where the noblest deeds involve the destruction of that sacred thing, life—life human and subhuman, and even life of field and forest and orchard.

Q. Is the world on the whole purged by this terrible war?

P. I can say this: the world is a better world, a holier world, than when I left it. This is true.

I will give you my personal view, which may be optimistic or short-sighted. The hour is dark and yet darker. But the darkest hour is not far distant. There is no need for despair, nor even for discouragement.

The crest of the wave to me is in sight, but the end will not come until the statesmen and politicians of the world recognise that righteousness alone exalteth a nation, and that the children of light must emulate the children of darkness in activity and self-sacrifice. They, the statesmen,

already see this truth dimly.

God keep and sustain you!

PHILEMON.

May 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Please put your questions. Remember that it focusses my thought as well as yours.

Q. "Never the spirit was born. The spirit shall cease to be, never." Is this true of the spirit?

P. Arnold's words convey an aspect of the truth, but only one. In one sense we began, the individual spirit began to be, with God Himself, since it existed from all eternity in His foreknowledge. These are mysteries, to deal with which would need volumes.

Q. Have you ever experienced what the Theosophists claim, namely, being drawn up into and merged in the Infinite, and so losing all sense of finite personal existence?

P. It is couched in theosophical phrase; the limitations, delimitations, and demarcations belong to that school of thought. I do not want to criticise the Theosophists' conceptions, but I must tell you that just as the sun is always shining night and day, so the Infinite is ever enfolding and cherishing the finite, the created, in all the various phases of manifest existence. There is no going nor coming, only the omnipresence of love, divine love, and tenderness. The response, ours, is not always the same. When we are on the dark side of the earth, we do not consciously enjoy the sun's radiance, but the earth gives off its stored sunshine in the form of heat; so when God seems farthest off, His compassion encompasses us still.

Q. Do you see cause for rejoicing as you look at the progress of the war 9

P. I am happy about the world-conflict, because, more and more, man is learning the lesson this veritable Armageddon is designed to teach. It cannot die down with safety to the ideal world of Righteousness and Truth, nor with profit to humanity, until the equilibrium, moral and spiritual, of the inner nature of being and its outer manifestation be restored. Appearance and Reality, Seeming and Being, must be in accord.

These processes, formerly requiring ages, are now so quickened that peace and harmony might prevail in the "twinkling of an eye." "They shall not all die, but they shall be changed." I mean, that men still in the body may become denizens of heaven—literally dwelling in heavenly places; while formerly souls out of the body were yet earth-bound and were scarcely less trammelled than when inhabiting the tenement of flesh.

True progress is now so startlingly rapid that you may expect the most glorious happenings this night—any night, to-morrow, next day. Do you think that the spiritual powers have been idle during these last contests and battles? "Miracle" after "miracle" has been wrought during these sad months of suspense and peril when the very fate of civilisation and spirituality hung in the balance. To me, to us here, it no longer hangs in the balance. The blessed ones of all ages are sharing the conflict and ensuring the victory, but these Guardian Beings were not able to descend to your aid till you, by your prayers, your aspirations, your efforts, your agonisings, made straight the way for them. It is a law that conscious sinning shuts out heavenly aid until the sinner consciously cries for succour. Perils unseen call forth the assistance and protection of the Watchers and Guardians of humanity—Jeanne d'Arc in France, a Dante, a Mazzini in Italy. I need not elaborate the theme.

This quickening of the consciousness of humanity to the nearness of spiritual presence has brought the whole matter to its culmination. For, remember, the evil spiritual presences are attracted to their like on the earth. The "hellish brood" of the evildoers attract their like from the inner planes; but when the light of Heaven enters, the darkness is dispersed.

This is my comfort. May this knowledge be your consolation in the time of trial, brief though it be, yet ahead!

Q. Does it become more difficult as time goes on for you to come to us on earth?

P. It is a truth that the recently ascended—or should I not rather say, newly arisen?—can manifest more freely, with more perfect outer forms, to those still on earth. They can bring messages, written or oral, from those in the finer spheres of being. The denizens of these more ethereal orbs are ever near those whom they love, or to whom they minister, but only as spirit to spirit— not in the more sensible modes of those manifestations associated with spiritualistic phenomena, which I so frequently deprecated, and do still deprecate, except under special conditions, on both sides of the veil.

Q. Then must our loved ones lose touch with us as time goes on?

P. Your loved ones desire ever to be near you, but not to interfere, even by the faintest overshadowing, with the freest, fullest exercise of Your own will and spirit. They will not, may not, from their altitude advise. When *you* have decided—wisely or less wisely—it is their privilege to remove *unseen* obstacles from the chosen path, or to mitigate difficulties that arise unforeseen. This is the privilege of all who constitute themselves, for love's sake, helpers and guardians of loved ones who open the way for these ministrations by the yearning affection with which they enwreath their memory. The unloved "dead" can do very little.

Q. Will you be able for some time to keep in touch with us?

P. My duty is here until the war ends, and some short time after. I shall never really leave this earth while those whom I loved, and the greater number still, those known and unknown who loved me, need my ministering presence.

I am called away, not to return to-night. My love and blessing!

PHILEMON.

May 1918.

Philemon. My dear friend, I am glad to be of use. I am glad to write. I am glad to be Philemon. Now ask me a question.

Q. Can you see, with clearer vision, the real character of those men and women whom you knew on earth, not only near and loved ones, but also those in power

and place, guiding and controlling public and national life? Do you see their thoughts and desires?

P. Do I see with clearer vision? Yes, and No. Yes, with the mentally and spiritually developed; No, in the case of the materially minded. Take D. L. G. He, to me, as a spirit, is visible, clearly discernible. He is neither a great light nor is he, to any regrettable degree, a self-centred man. He is an emotional, live, pulsating being who can be swayed by the Wiser Ones, the Watchers, to accomplish great and impersonal ends. H. A. could not be so swayed. He has principles upon which he acts, and along the lines of which he always determines his conduct.

At this crisis we do not want him and his kind. We need rather the prophet than the priest, in politics no less than in spiritual matters. D. L. G. has all the windows of his soul open, and we have to see to the light that shines in through those windows on to his soul. He has to be very sure of himself or he could not hold his post and be the instrument, faulty assuredly, but yet the best suited to cosmic ends at this present moment.

All earth-dwellers are not equally visible to us. I can see the "scribe" clearer than I can discern others most near and dear. The reason is somewhat as follows :—

The physical bodies are like lanterns enclosing "lights," souls and spirits. Where the physical is the best-developed part of the being—no, no, where it is of the earth, earthy, very gross, the light given off by the soul is dim and unpenetrating. Such a person would be almost invisible to us here, even were he one's own son. I can see the scribe more by reason of the rapid intensity of her vibratory system than by reason of the lesser materiality of the physical instrument. I can see you as clearly as I see her; but there is this difference: I

cannot help seeing her, even if I did not want, without shutting my spiritual eyes; but I have to look for you and find you. I cannot explain except that it is generally true, this insistent visibility of the so-called "mediums."

Q. Do you see me more clearly now than when on earth?

P. I feel rather than see your thoughts, far more vividly than when on earth, for this reason. I am a thought-man. You as a thought-woman meet that thought-man, myself. Your body prevents you receiving the full impact of my thought. I have no such impediment, but receive your thoughts in full force. Therefore I know you better than I ever could have known you on earth. You do not so know me; you must wait, as the Apostle puts it, till such time as you shall know even as you are known. All thoughts are forces, and depend for their intensity or dynamic degree upon the capacity of the thinker to form clear images. Thoughts are received by us independently, to a large degree, of their moral quality. Thought is a force. The thinker gives it its colour-character and influence.

Q. Do you also feel the evil and unworthy thoughts?

P. The heavenly battle-ground is largely strewn with slain thoughts, unworthy emanations from the thought-realm of the disembodied as well as from those still incarnate.

Q. Is sex an integral part of the human being, or is it merely temporary in the chain of existence?

P. So far as I have gone, it appears to me to be integral. Speaking broadly, sex is the manifestation of the two principles of the universe. The male and female are but the names for the terminals of the life current, just as positive and

negative are the names for the outgoing and inflowing electric current—one end positive, the other negative. In this sense, sex appears to me to be the expression of fundamental facts in the universe.

Q. Regarding sex along these lines, does it not happen that the male spirit is conditioned in a female body, and *vice versa*?

P. Taking matter as the ultimate or outermost declension, clothing or manifestation of spirits, this cannot be but as an exception in rare cases. Taking the body-matter as a clothing, it is conceivable that some spirits may be wrongly vested. In cases like that of Mrs.—, her spirit may be the instrument of a guide or control who carries out some incomplete work through her agency. Her very unimportance enables the object to be achieved without arousing suspicion. Had she been a man she would have lost her life on a dozen different occasions. Women are as fitted—nay, more fitted to carry out cosmic purposes than men.

Q. Why is this?

P. The men of earth more frequently fail in their duty because of personal ambition—they cannot progress until they have atoned for that failure, therefore they return to the earth's spheres as guides seeking to redress the wrongs caused by having stifled their spirit and hardened their heart. Such seek bold, ardent spirits to carry out the necessary reforms. Women less frequently fail in duty; they mostly carry out the objects set before them, and fail more by reason of limitation and restricted opportunity. These women progress rapidly in the new life, and, excepting in the case of the mother of young children and the wives of forlorn and helpless husbands, they do not so readily return to the earth sphere; and when they do so return, it is rather as spiritual helpers and

inspirers than as workers for the amelioration of the laws and customs of earthly life.

Q. Do you believe that every soul, whether male or female, has its counterpart?

P. I am inclined to believe that each soul has its counterpart, its affinity, its complement in some other soul. But here again there are exceptions in the case of certain mystics who seem to find entire fulfilment in God Himself. But most Dantes need a Beatrice to lead them upwards and onwards to the sphere where the beatific vision bursts upon their enraptured gaze. Only mediately can most souls attain to full spiritual and celestial maturity.

Q. But perhaps Beatrice herself longed for an inspiring guide?

P. Beatrice had her full joy and delight in guiding and tending the poet's faltering footsteps, much as mothers teach children to walk. And Dante was as slow to recognise the actual guiding presence of Beatrice as children are to realise what they owe to those who nurture and cherish them through infancy and childhood. Dante and Beatrice are true to fact, even should neither have ever lived as individuals on earth. They are symbols of eternal truths.

I take this example from where I am as an ideal. From earth I should not have thus regarded it. I should have felt it inadequate. But here I see that the perfect equality of two souls exactly complementing each other would mean a kind of stagnation, arrest, monotony, equilibrium, that debarred one from further yearning, striving, loving, growing towards a good ever realised, only as a step to yet further perfection.

Q. How can we have "further perfection"—there is a suggestion of finality in perfection?

P. Perfection and real completeness are two very different things. A child may be a perfect human being, but he is not complete until he has attained manhood.

Q. Surely a bird with two wings is not likely to stagnate, but is rather likely to fly higher; and would not two human beings, the perfect complement one of the other, be like the bird with two wings?

P. This is reasoning based on a false analogy. Man is not a leftwinged being and woman a right-winged one, which two must coalesce in order to produce a completed whole. God is the complement of the human soul, and men and women souls can never rest till they find rest in Him. The complementary soul is the last step before the final oneness with Him in whom we live and move and have our being. You see my thought? Beatrice leads Dante to the Eternal. Christ, or rather Jesus the Christ, leads all responsive souls to the Father, His Father, our Father, the Universal Parent Spirit of all derived beings, finite spirits, immortal because He, their Source, is undying.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

June 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Have we still much to renounce before we can hope for victory in this war?

P. We must renounce much and greatly, must be ruled by the righteousness that exalteth, must gain that moral triumph over selfinterest that will give us the material victory over all our enemies, and win them as our friends and brothers.

Then the greater and more subtle conflict will begin. We must live up to what we have fought for. There is danger that we may forget what we have struggled to attain. We must be willing to take our own physic. We, the British Empire, have become as a city set on a hill, or as the Eye of the World. If the light of that eye be darkness, then great will be that darkness.

When all that brute force can achieve has been achieved, then the physical conflict will cease.

There is nothing spiritual in wounds and mutilating death. It is the self-sacrifice for other than personal ends that is glorious.

The Lord, the archangels, the angels, and the risen dead will need instruments on the physical plane to make of this world the kingdom of Our God and His Christ. This can never be brought about by physical force, but by the awakening of the dormant Christ in the human heart.

Q. Are you, on the other side, also taking part in this battle of the Lord?

P. The angels came to Mons, and—they will come again, but not while there remains aught that it is your own right, privilege, and duty to perform. The heroes of Mons had given their all. Then divine energy came to their aid.

Q. Is there any danger of this war being a draw between the Allies and Germany?

P. There will never be a draw between the angelic hosts and the devils. Good always has the upper hand, in the long run. The powers of evil triumphed over the body of the Lord, which was delivered over to death, but His Spirit ascended triumphant over death and the grave; and the Spirit of Humanity

shall yet arise victorious over the powers of evil, but first it must witness unflinching the death of many of its earthly hopes. By no other way can it be purified and rendered worthy of redemption. Oh, my friend! how of the earth earthy was the Gallic nature! I knew not on earth that which I now know from the inner side. The soul of Gaul needed a new body, and only this war can furnish it. The Teuton knows he is a "Thier," an unashamed "blond beast." The Gallic nature believed itself admirable, its very defects it reckoned virtues. It lacks the ideality of the British nation, that fits it to lead and finally to triumph in this world-war.

PHILEMON.

But England too needs to suffer yet more until she fling far from herself corruption in high places, and sordid meanness in everyday life. Yes, this war is the one hope of humanity. It is the fan in the Hand of God to winnow the chaff from the wheat.

In all that I have said I am in full agreement with your own deeper self. I may not get the aptest word or the most telling phrase, or even the one I want at all, in some cases. Using a strange brain is like talking in a language of which you have only an imperfect mastery.

What I want to say is that in the most *crushing defeat of the enemy* lies no true victory; that the great, the glorious, the transcendent victory will be in the successful application of Christian principles to the business of the world; and that application will lead to life, not death—to upbuilding, not destruction. Remember that the redemption of humanity implies the return to the Father's fold of men irrespective of race or religion.

God bless you, my dear, faithful friend!

June 1918.

Philemon. I have been away, away, far beyond the outermost earth-spheres. I did not wish anyone else to write until I could finish what we had begun together. So strong is automatic functioning when once habitual, that the chain of association can be set going by an alien hand. And I feared this would happen because the scribe was below normal vigour. When normal she could not be mistaken. There is so much dark and obscure. We walk here even, as far as earth is concerned, by faith rather than sight, for, as I have already explained, the solid seeming of earth is but airy unsubstantiality with us. I will give you the essence, the soul of it. The body, the form, I cannot give, except as it passes through the moulding influence of the brain of the amanuensis. Now focus by putting a question—as the prophets of old even used to "inquire of the Lord."

Q. Does it happen that, as the years pass, souls closely united on earth, however much they love, get further from each other, except in moments of great crisis, of great need?

P. Would you have it otherwise? Think what that would imply. The limiting of the progress, the narrowing of the outlook of both, guardian and charge, to a minute fraction of the are of experience. No, the loved ones of earth have to leave us in a sense for the Spirit of Truth to find us and dwell with us. Then through that Holy Spirit those left on earth learn to breathe a diviner air, to rise to the level where dwell the saints departed from this life. It is for your sake, not theirs, that this apparent gulf is allowed to exist—it is only apparent. You are like children learning to walk, you must be left to tumble forward "alone," but the guardian love is ever watchful, and, as you have said, manifest at times of dire stress and conflict.

Q. When you went away did you go to that land you have described?

P. I went to that realm of love and light. It is useless to repeat my attempt at description. But I went further. I left that pleasant and beautiful land, for land it is in the same sense to us as spirits as the earth is land to you incarnate beings. All attempts at describing ultra-earth spheres and states leave a sense of unsubstantiality and unreality, therefore I refrain. This needs repeating, because it is so hard for you to realise that we are the light, you the shadow, we are the reality, you the appearance. But I did not remain long.

I speedily returned to the sphere of love and light, for I am not yet inured to existence in the ultra-etheric worlds.

Q. Do you dwell in communities or families?

P. All who are in the sphere of love and light dwell in families, communities, groups, the binding force of which is love, love alone, sympathy, mutual affection. There you have less onesidedness than on earth. It is a world of mutual loves and affections and pursuits. Parents and children are reunited only if that love tie persists, and friends and relatives have no other reason for being together but that they love to have it so. Different kinds of love are merged in the highest form of all— *friendship*, affinity in varying degrees of intensity and nearness.

Q. Will you send some message to our poor friend Madame de B.?

P. I would like to send a message to Madame de B. I have not yet met her mother. But I remember she was one for whom I especially pleaded that the sustaining love should be poured out, upon her to enable her to pass with joy through the valley of the shadow, which passing held more terror for the

daughter left behind than for the mother who was journeying towards freedom from earthly limitations. I know she is happy. I know she is free. I know she is ever ready to guide and guard the daughter who cherishes her memory. More I do not know, except that it is wiser for both, if possible, to be content with the purely spiritual communion which ever persists for those who love—especially in her case. It would not be well for the daughter to have personal communications, particularly while the war-strain endures. The fleshly protection wears ever thinner, and the need for a covering grows in proportion to the fury of the conflict. The danger of spiritual invasion is a real one, for remember that through the open door foes as well as friends may enter. Few can with impunity write or otherwise obtain extra-mundane messages.

In the long run, the barriers give way and harm ensues. This especially applies to the sensitive lady whose mother was prayed for by us.

I must now go. I will come to you again, never fear. Think out, and write down, perplexing questions for me to answer when next I come.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

June 1918.

Philemon.

Q. Will all spirits finally be drawn to God?

P. "The one far-off, divine event

To which the whole creation moves."

That is my answer. The time must come when God shall be all in all. This cannot be while any being remains at variance with the Divine Will. Do you believe that?

Q. But is the human soul per se immortal? Is man an undying spirit?

P. The Christadelphians are the only sect who stand for the literal interpretation of the statement, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." I am inclined more and more to agree with them in this respect. Indeed, I can see no other merciful solution for certain beings whose faces are of set purpose turned away from the light.

Q. Do you remember Abdul Baha? I think you agreed with him that the next existence must be on a higher plane, just as a chrysalis must become a butterfly, even if a very poor specimen, for what we sow in this world we reap in the next.

P. Yes, that is a truth. I cannot endorse that optimistic yet loose method of thinking which attempts to comfort the defective will and slothful nature by teaching that "we always may be what we might have been." There is a time, a season, for everything; if it is allowed to pass, we suffer loss, and fail to achieve the ends proffered by the lost opportunity. Regret is useless. We must reap our harvest of negation, or suffer the overgrowth of our foolish sowing. But in the economy of spirit, good comes out of our evil, and our will grows more and more in harmony with the Divine Will, of which it is the offspring. Perfect harmony, perfect unfoldment, can only be attained when the individuated, finite will has become consciously and experientially one with its Source, when it breathes but the one invocation, "Not my will but thine." I maintain that it is a poor tribute to omnipotent Love to believe that it has but one school-planet for the evolving soul. Souls that will not, cannot, conceive

of other than earth-life may gravitate to the earth-spheres and become again human infants in the arms of human parents. But it is not a necessity. I know that it is not a necessity so far as I have gone in the new life. Hopelessly perverse souls may be given the chance of re-birth on earth, but it is tantamount to restarting all over again. Thousands of lives, plant, animal, and human, never become independent beings on the earth at all. They become the flora, fauna, and inhabitants of extramundane worlds. They are each ends in themselves, and are transplanted planted to "bloom to profit elsewhere," when it is seen that thus higher purposes are subserved.

Q. Are you of the opinion that any human souls first start on this earth?

P. Now I am answering from reason, not from knowledge. Why, given a beginning in time and space, necessary modes of finite intellection, should the earth be the only world in which no soul starts on its conscious career as a self-centred whole?

Q. But are there not many souls who come here having already learnt much elsewhere

If not here, in other worlds?

P. Yes. Memories are not always continuous between worlds. Q. Can't you remember any previous life to your last on earth?

P. No. But I think my "last on earth" was also my first, as I trust it is my last.

I do not mean that I of necessity started first on earth as a conscious being. But if I pre-existed in manifested form, I only brought with me into earth existence adaptive capacity, really the greatest legacy from former lives that

one can have—results without the burden of detailed precedents, effects without the weight of antecedents.

I have not said that one may never pick up the memories of prenatal lives. I have only said that I have not done so, and I add that those whom I have met speak of lives or existences under otherworld conditions, subsequent to earth-embodiment. And this may be the origin of the Lethe legend—before the soul comes to *earth* it forgets; but there is no legend or tradition to the effect that it ceases to remember its earthlife through any number of succeeding states.

Q. Can you explain the curious feeling one sometimes experiences on seeing a face, or even a picture of a face, of having known that person?

P. It may be memory of a past existence together. I do not *know* that it is so. But that past life need not have been lived on this identical planet.

Q. Do we have this same most cumbersome and complicated human body on other planets?

P. I fear, unless you retrogress, you will have to put up with still more complicated bodies, in order to respond to the wider ranges of activities. You have five, really seven, senses, in a world of vibrations of which you only register an octave or two. You would need greater complexity in order to register earth-octaves to which, now, you fail to respond. I know Bergson and others speak of the brain and senses as limiting, not extending, knowledge. That is only a partial truth. You must have "seeing spots" to replace the present "blind spots," hearing areas to register the now unrecorded sounds, and so on. So you see, even if you have only continuous life on earth, you would require added bodily senses, and each brings with it an immense apparatus of complex adjustments.

Q. But it is not complexity and a wider range I object to, but the extraordinary capacity for physical suffering of the poor human body.

P. The physical never suffers. But the mind dwelling in the body suffers and locates its suffering in that part of the organism through which its mental energy cannot discharge itself. In that sense the more highly organised suffer the more, but they also enjoy, as the less developed never can enjoy, the glories of the natural world of beauty in which we live. What I said, my dear friend, applied to the development of physical senses to respond to physical octaves of vibration missed by our five senses, and which would be picked up by our further development of physical senses.

Q. But if our suffering and pain be mental only, there is no reason why it should not continue precisely the same when we are freed from the body?

P. That is a logical conclusion. But yet it is astray. Remember what I said. Pain was caused by obstruction. If you are shut in a cage and beat against the bars, you are hurt. If the cage is removed altogether, you cease to feel the pain caused by its bars. But you can have other distresses—a sense of isolation, of being lost, or of disharmony if you found that your appearance was very far from expressing ideal beauty and grace.

Q. Does not the obstruction of which you speak as the cause of bodily pain exist on each plane as we evolve?

P. Each state or stage has its own body or vehicle, which it perforce must shed as it passes onwards. On each plane, or level, then, there is its corresponding obstruction.

From state to state the spirit walks, And these are but the shattered stalks
And ruined chrysalis of one."

Now you see that as the scope of the soul's outlook increases, as the apprehension of the spirit enlarges to embrace ever-growing knowledge of the extending vista of life and love, there is the development of such exquisite sensibility, of such swift response to thought and emotion, that the possibility of disharmony, *i.e.* pain, is terrifyingly increased. Hence the reason of some souls never returning to the earth-sphere at all. But where the mind, the intellect, or rather the intuition, of the spirit develops *pari passu* with the psychical or spiritual sensitiveness, the disharmony, *i.e.* the pain, is mitigated, minimised, even passes into the minus degree, and becomes positive joy, since the discerning spirit sees, and knows, and understands—just as the mother does not concern herself at the stumbles of children learning to walk.

Q. I meant to ask: Have you *bodily* pain? Have you, since you went over, ever experienced what we call *bodily* pain, or have you done with it?

P. Yes, and No. Yes, when my body of tenuous substance you call astral comes up against *astral* currents of the lower astral levels, it suffers and shrinks as would a tropical plant or animal in an icy blast; but we know how to avoid such pain, for pain it is. But *bodily* pain of the kind known on earth, hopeless and misunderstood, is a thing of the past. Here help, instruction or avoidance are swiftly and surely available. I wish I could give you a less truthful—no, no, I mean a more satisfactory answer. Your beloved mother can enjoy bliss even to the extent of the ecstasy of the beatific vision. She could not do this if she had no sensitiveness, and while there is sensitiveness of body, of mind, or spirit there is the possibility of pain. But just as you discover anodynes on your earth, so we too explore and discover and apply the results of research and discovery on our planes.

The vehicle which I here call *my body* is subject to the laws of the world in which it functions, and that is a world in advance of yours in *every* respect; and truly for man, good or even bad, *to die is gain*.

Q. Surely in getting rid of the physical body we get rid of the physical pain?

P. I have already said yes to that. *Yes*, to the freedom from *physical* pain; *No*, to the entire absence of *pain*, *i.e.* disharmony.

Q. Have you suffered any species of pain connected with your present body—not mind, and will you so suffer when you shed that form?

P. I suffered from the non-loving currents of the earth-soul when I approached the borderland; my spiritual body suffered, but after a very brief experience I learned the colour rays which permitted of approach without discomfort, and even with pleasure, as when my thoughts impinge on the thought-aura of the writer. I need not really suffer in my present vehicle or body when leaving it behind—so I am told; but I do not like to answer where I have no personal experience. I see those who have been here the longest appearing most vigorous, most glorious, most luminous, so I conclude that there is nothing really analogous to what you know as death.

Q. Can you keep the form without the internal machinery?

P. The human machine is in perpetual process of readjustment and of atrophy—of the adaptation of means to ends. You must have observed this yourself. Take the breakfast of a dainty royal lady—Queen Elizabeth, for example—and compare it with your own! Contrast the medicaments of your youth with those of to-day. The difference is enormous. I am not personal. The mass of mankind needed, or thought it needed, heavy, solid food, square, heavy shelters, dark, close clothing. All this has changed because the bodies are changing to harmonise with the mental growth. Is it not strange that people could ever have been run over by horses when you see how they have adapted themselves to motor traffic. This is only illustrative of the mental changes. The air-folk will be quite different from the landmen of the last century. The bird-men are only slight indications of what the mastery of a

new element will mean to the races. How far-reaching and transcendent then will be the modifications of that body of light which clothes our spirit in this world of wonder and glory!

Q. What are the sixth and seventh senses you spoke of?

P. There are really twelve physical senses. By sixth and seventh I do not refer to *psychic* senses at all. It would take too long, and would profit nothing, to go into this matter. The scribe has not sufficient knowledge of physics for me to give you adequate information. I may give you something if I can get the scribe to acquire some symbols for the facts concerned. You have a sense that deals with *mass*, a mass sense; it is not gravitation. You have also directive senses. You have a magnetic and electrical sense, a discriminative faculty latent in most organisms that responds to natural forces. A whole series of these latent physical senses exist, and some will develop in your own times. Then you will not deplore complexity—you will welcome it. You should not despise your wonderful physical body. You should not find its care irksome. It is much easier for the human than for the tree. The treebeing spends its whole life in feeding and excreting. The bulk of the animal world does the same. Few humans are fit to usefully employ leisure, and therefore the majority spend the major part of their lives in the expenditure of energy simply to supply the primitive needs of food, shelter, and clothing. This will not continue under the more ordered era that this great disorder is inaugurating. The return to these primal needs was a necessity for the leisured classes, who had lost all touch with reality.

Q. What is your chief care in the borderland sphere?

P. My chief care has been to act as an efficient guide and helper to the great host of the suddenly and recently disembodied. No thought, no activity can be

spared from that great task. Just as with you, no respite can be sought until the Mammon of Unrighteousness has been quelled, disarmed, and rendered incapable of further mischief.

Q. But have you no respite? I hoped you would rest from your labours. You have only exchanged one sad world for another.

P. We who work in this sad world, this borderland of the newly dead, we too have those who are ministrants from brighter and better spheres; even the Holy One, the Lord of Life, the Master, our Elder Brother, is seen among you and ourselves when the night is the darkest and the stress is the direst. It is all most beautiful when viewed from above, as a whole—the horror is only when we see parts of the whole, of that final consummation when all enemies shall be put under His feet and God shall be all in all. Yes, the Master is seen, frequently with the bodily eyes of the tortured and dying on the world's battlefields, and many a man could testify to the fact were he not so shy, or too awestricken to do so.

Your love is very precious to me. It makes my coming easy and glad.

God bless and keep you now and ever!

PHILEMON.

July 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Q. I have still a question to ask of you on the subject of the seat of pain. You said pain was in the mind, not in the body. But surely it is the brain that is the

scat of pain? The mind ceases to suffer when the brain is under chloroform or morphia, though the mind remains active.

P. Our scribe has not the requisite mental furniture, *i.e.* the adequate physiological and psychological knowledge, for me to be able to answer except in general terms. The mind, or consciousness, is the seat of all sensation. It becomes aware of pain when the physical instrument ceases to respond to impacts. The brain is the living instrument, the telephone exchange, so to speak. The spirit or mind rings up the various centres. When there is obstruction of the nerve etheric currents, pain is the result. Morphia or other narcotics in small quantities will often overcome the obstruction by removing inhibitions or redoubling vital energies by a call upon the reserve forces of the organism. Relief from pain is obtained just as monetary strain is lessened by the expenditure of capital.

In cases of complete anaesthesia, freedom from pain is caused by the temporary withdrawal of the spirit from its fleshly tenement, to which it remains united by what the Scriptures term the "silver cord." Sensitives have frequently seen the spirit standing beside the unconscious body, and those who carry over their consciousness from the conscious state, through the anaesthetic, to the normal again, will describe to you all that has been done to the body during the period of withdrawal, proving the truth of the temporary absence from the body.

Q. Christian Scientists claim that pain is an error, a delusion of mortal mind. How would you answer this?

P. These good people are neither "Christian" nor "scientific."

They ignore pain as God's instrument when all other means fail. They misinterpret the whole tenor of the teachings and life of Jesus Christ, whom they too acknowledge as Lord and Master. They deny, distort, nay, even destroy, the one fundamental truth alike of Christianity and of science: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," or, in the garb of science, cause and effect— sequence.

But man is more than his maxims, better and wiser than his creeds. Christian Scientists, despite their intellectual travesty of Christianity and of science, have the root of the matter in them. Man does not live by bread alone, and in the storehouse of Divine Wisdom is sustenance for all, however much their logic may be at fault.

Q. In what respect have they the root of the matter in them?

P. Inasmuch as they regard things visible as temporal and things invisible as eternal, they approach the transcendent verities of being. They err from confusion of thought, the mixing of metaphors, intellectual dishonesty, and— may I be pardoned if I in the interest of truth must add?—lack of either native intelligence or adequate training and education. In many whom I met I observed both of these deficiencies or defects. But their heart is right, and these defects are even now being made good. Christian Science is, as with all things, in the making; it is especially in the fluidic state, and will shed its errors and consolidate its truths much to its own and the world's benefit.

Q. What do you think about the Devil the good old Devil with hoofs and horns"?

P. I never had any patience with "extenuations." I never tried to make extremes meet by talking about "the good in the worst of us" and "the bad in

the best of us," making the whole world a greyhued one of dirty white, or bad black. I never believed it to be true to say of the combatants in this war, for instance, that one was as bad as the other. This is the Devil I hate. I have a kindly feeling for the good old

"Nickie-ben" of Burns. I have not met him; but if he exist, I should feel much more sure of his final salvation than I ever could feel for that of the hybrid being that the modern world with its indifference (labelled toleration) has brought into existence.

Q. But you have not really answered our question, Is there a Devil?

P. I have not met him. And I do not think there is anything corresponding to the Devil of orthodoxy. The Son of the Morning, the Lucifer who is said to have fallen from heaven, is not a being with horns and hoofs. He is one of the leaders, or the leader, of the unprogressed, not *per se* devoted to wickedness and negation. They have exercised their free-will along their own, not along divine lines. They are the Satans of the book of Job. And God is as much interested in the experiment as they are, and watches it with interest. Cruelty is the one sin against the Holy Ghost. It is the extreme form of selfishness, the antithesis of all that Christ would teach and inspire. The cruelty is not inspired by black angels. Among the blackest, cruelty is a means to an end, not an end in itself. Here on earth it is an end in itself only to the insane. Many are insane who are believed to be sane, and the whole Kaiserinspired world is mad. Mad—make no mistake about it. These spirits are on the down grade to annihilation. They have forfeited their chance of the eternal life that Christ came to reveal to a world that had lost sight of the glorious possibility of human potentiality. There's a step once taken that can never be recalled. There is truth in the choice between everlasting life and death. All men are potentially immortal—or shall we say immortalisable? But just as in the world

of physical life we find that nature out of fifty seeds "often brings but one to bear," so in the realm of spiritual nature the same holds good. Is it not a joy, is it not a cause of deep thankfulness, that the "incurables," the spiritually perverse, once they have become a curse to themselves and others, just cease to be?

Q. Then you do not believe in "the ultimate salvation of all men"?

P. Yes, I do. But all spirits inhabiting human bodies have, not attained to humanity, spiritually. It is the spirit that survives, not the body. Many spirits in animal, I mean sub-human, bodies are more spiritually worthy than are some spirits, predatory and bestial, clothed as men and women.

Q. Do tell us more about the future of those devoted animals, as, for instance, Sir Walter Scott's dog.

P. Their next step is to companion those human spirits in the borderland spheres who could not be happy lacking the faithful four-footed friends of their earthly existence, and some lonely waifs are made happy "in heaven" by being given a four-footed pet of their very own.

Q. Can you tell us what is the ultimate fate of our loved dogs?

P. What the ultimate fate is of these "little ones" I cannot at present tell you. There is a tradition, born, I verily believe, of *human exclusiveness and arrogance*, which denies the persistence of the "four-footed" beyond certain spheres. Why, I ask, should Khaki, who is one of these beloved ones, be with us here, and yet not go forward? I am sure those dogs who have died that others might live, who have refused to live on after the death of a beloved human friend, have earned, and will receive, life, and more abundant life, in

the presence of those whom they loved with the greatest of all loves—the love that gives all, asking nothing in return.

Q. To return, not to the Devil, but one

often confused with him: who is Lucifer, Son of the Morning?

P. He is typified in the Satan of the story of Job. As I said, he and his like, those who elected to come with him, are the unprogressed. They fell from a *high estate*. They were *created*, not evolved, at a certain level of angelic being on condition. And instead of going on from glory to glory, they chose to fall, to retrogress, and God is interested in this result of His sharing of the divine prerogative of free-wills. He has not, therefore, cut them off from fellowship, and that is what the poet-author of the Job poem tried vaguely and dimly to express.

Q. A very anthropomorphic picture of God!

P. Yes—you are right. But all attempts to escape anthropomorphic conceptions land one in vagueness and contradictions. Oh, what strange creatures men are! Always wiser, better, purer, nobler than the scheme of things which yet they attribute to an all-wise, all-good Creator. There is no sudden transition from the high to the low in what I have said. There is the inevitable hurting, crippling, cabining, and confining of the spirit which must result when you will have definite statement of spiritual facts in terms of physical existence.

The Devil, the leader of the so-called evil forces, is simply the being who elects to follow his finite will to the *bitter end*. This must lead to eternal death, if persisted in.

But I am not working out these problems at present. I know little more than I did on these questions, because I am too taken up with stemming the tide of need and suffering of those launched without preparation into our world. I only know that much that I took for granted and regarded as axiomatic is no longer so certain, in the light of the experience gained during the new life that is mine since the transition. It is true that to you it seems as if I have but passed from one scene of struggle and conflict to another. But that is the danger of such communications as these. They may destroy the visions and dreams of comfort and rest of the "green pastures" and "still waters"; but in doing this they convey untruths, for all the dreams and revelations of beatitude fall short of the realities I have experienced, even in this borderland sphere. Yet when I answer a question so that it conveys a clear thought to your mind, that it "clear thought" is only a half truth, and I so often feel that I err, even that I sin, in attempting to break the silence between here-with-me and there-with-you. The language of sense is inadequate to deal, even in the faintest degree, truthfully and clearly with the facts of the spirit. This Devil question has proved this to me beyond a doubt, and I fear to pain you when I repeat that, in earth-terms, good and evil at present exist, in the sense of essential factors; that duality is necessary for manifested existence; but when once God is all in all, these terms of limitation cease to apply.

PHILEMON.

August 1918.

Philemon. Greetings.

Q. Can you repeat in the words you so often loved to quote how near the soul is to God?

P. I remember only now those lines telling us how near God is to us:

"Closer is He than breathing, Nearer than
hands and feet."*

Q. Yes, those are the words. I am so glad you were able to give them.

* The questioner forgot she had already received this quotation early in these sittings two years ago.

P. I am so glad that I have succeeded. I might have failed, but then I should still be Philemon. Had these words not been stored in the writer's mind, I could only have given you the thought, but not in the identical words.

Q. Can you give the author?

P. Wait; I cannot get the author through because the writer has stirred the conscious depths, and they obscure the calm surface of the deeper self on which alone I can mirror, or reflect, the ideas I would express.

Q. I want you to tell us how you define soul and spirit?

P. Definitions are dangerous. How do we think of these things? I will put it thus: We are spirits, and we use the soul as the soul uses the body. Soul, the vehicle of the spirit, grows with the body and quits it at death, persisting as the living garment of the spirit in what we call the spirit world.

Q. What relation does the mind bear to the soul?

P. Mind is the intellectual aspect of the soul or vehicle used by the spirit. The spirit is the musician. To produce intellectual or reasoned results the soul must be mentally developed, accustomed to use its thinking and reflecting capacities, not automatically but consciously. Much modern mentation, helped by rule-of-thumb methods, arithmetical tables, rules, etc., is mistaken for thought. Many "educated" persons here find themselves in the infant schools, while uncultured souls, of original force and value, take the lead.

Q. What part of us possesses the creative faculty which builds up thought-forms?

P. To answer that question would need a volume of intermundane science, practically in embryo as far as the presentworld scientists are concerned.

The *image-forming faculty* is active on all planes of one's being. But these phenomena to which you refer are obscure to us even here. We cannot yet dogmatise. I am told that spontaneous appearances here occur apart from the conscious participation of the agent.

I am inclined to accept the explanation that spirit agency is more often than not at the root of these phenomena; that a spirit intelligence makes a picture of the man lying with a gash across his forehead and shows it to the waiting friends—a sort of telepathic or telegraphic transmission. You will learn a lot of this subject through studying the kinema. We had that phenomenon here in essence long before you had it. Your moving pictures are paralleled here. I cannot, as I tell you, go into this. I know too little of the matter.

Q. You mean the idea in Jules Verne's book of which I have just been speaking to the scribe?

P. Something akin, but not identical. Jules Verne was a great sensitive and received much from this plane, in forms suited for use in his romances.

Q. Are we right in identifying the Ego with the spirit, and does not the spirit grow even as the soul grows?

P. The Ego is individuated spirit. It does not grow as the soul grows. It shines forth in increasing lustre as the soul grows and adds to its window-space, to vary the well-known phrase of the "windows of the soul."

And all the windows of my soul
Are open to the light."

Q. When the soul that persists in sin dies, does the spirit become extinct?

P. When the light is shut out, or rather the windows cease to let in light, the light does not lessen, it does not pass out of existence. The spirit is deprived of an instrument, or rather vehicle of individuation, and the soul literally disintegrates; for that is what death is—the breaking up of forms that have ceased to subserve a legitimate purpose.

Q. Is this a point on which you have changed your view since you were on earth? You used to say that every living soul must sooner or later return to God, that God might be all in all.

P. No, I have not changed in essence, only in mode of expression. "Ye are *dead* in trespasses and sins." All living souls will return to God. But there are dying souls, already *dead* in the

Divine sight, who have turned their back on Light and Love and Life. I am not referring to one or many lives, or one or many worlds. I am referring to the Whole, the universe of men and angels, incarnate, excarnate, and celestial life. I speak of principles that underlie and control the Divine laws, so far as I have been able to acquaint myself with them. The facts I have gleaned are less than the great Newton's shells on the seashore, but I must not refuse to answer out of my poverty of knowledge and wisdom, great and overwhelming as these are in view of my brethren's need at this hour of crisis.

God bless you and keep you, my faithful friend!

PHILEMON.

August 1918. Philemon.

I am here. Please put your questions in your own way.

Q. Did we get your thought correctly when the scribe wrote, "Good and evil exist as essential elements in the present stage of man's evolution"?

P. Yes. All the quotations you brought forward apply to created beings, not that "great First Cause least understood," the "Father" of our Lord Jesus Christ, the "Lord" of Isaiah: "Shall there be evil in a city and I the Lord not have done it?"—shall anything coexist, or subsist, or have being beyond that Whole, "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul"?

These questions can only be dealt with at length and in full, or they leave inadequate or imperfect, sometimes even erroneous, impressions on the mind. These and similar questions are the highest and deepest questions that the human mind can contemplate, and a whole volume would be necessary to explain how good and evil are relative, varying aspects of the Whole. From the God standpoint alone does this hold good; from the human standpoint evil is evil, and good is good. There is positive evil, or where would sin come in? There is good, positive righteousness, and a man joins the Armies of Light, or falls into the ranks of the evil-doers, according as his will chooses to serve God and His Christ or his own errant nature.

God is then *Whole*. From His standpoint the negations, the defects, the shadows cast by errant human wills have no permanent existence.

Q. Is sin included in that Whole? Is God unrighteousness as well as righteousness?

P. Answer me: Is God co-existent, co-eternal with His universe? Is He all-knowing, everywhere present, immanent, and transcendent? You say "Yes" to my questions.

Q. Then the text, "In Him is no unrighteousness at all," is incorrect?

P. Not so. In Him is *no unrighteousness at all*; but in His created beings striving to realise first their own wills, evil, and then His Will, good, *this relative evil*, caused by His offspring struggling upward or electing to walk the broad road to destruction, this temporary unrighteousness, is an evanescent part of the Whole, still in the making. So God-consciousness in the making is relatively evil; God *in esse*, pure spirit, is all that the highest and noblest of human souls have conceived Him.

Q. What is the meaning, if any, of God "hardening" Pharaoh's heart?

P. God did harden Pharaoh's heart. I do not mean as an actual fact, but as a typical story of God's dealings with the human soul. There is nothing so hardening as to be within the sphere of good and to refuse to respond.

The sun's rays ripen healthy fruit and kindle the vigour and strength of balanced normal beings. God knew that the effect must be sequent to the cause. The story as told in the Bible is put in the language and told in the light of the writer's stage of evolution. Notice the growth of the God-idea, corresponding to the advancing ethical standards of the Jews, all through the Bible. Well has it been said that a noble God is the highest creation of man.

Q. Where, then, was Pharaoh to blame? As the Jewish chronicler has put it, he, Pharaoh, was, as Calvin would say, predestined, foredoomed to destruction, a vessel of wrath, and therefore a straw on the stream of life?

P. These are old conceptions, outgrown even in Abraham's days by the spiritually advanced.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Through all ages premature crystallisations of partial truths lead to the blind acceptance of myths and folklore as divine truths. Slavish priesthoods and slavish devotees adore these dead conceptions, embalmed in Christianity and creeds. But the spiritually awakened cast aside, or even fail to heed, these debris in the joy of advancing life in the higher realms, in the glow of the impulsive energy from the very Heart of the Eternal.

Q. Surely there can be no alliance between the Essence of Truth and the disintegrating Essence of Evil and Lies; the latter being in itself of the nature of death, while the former is of the essence of life?

P. Please re-express as you wish, so long as you retain *the idea*. Long ago I tried, but failed, through lack of the essential mental furniture in the mind I am using, to adequately explain such terms as Good-Evil, Life-Death, Light-Darkness.

Not-good is not of necessity evil. The absence of goodness may not imply positive evil. The negatives of positive qualities are not their opposites, only their non-existence. This is getting metaphysical.

But when we go to essential root-principles, life includes all degrees of dying until you reach death. Light embraces all decreasing shades of light till you reach total absence of light, darkness. Now, you admit that life can grow less and less until it leaves an organism which then is "dead." Now, the spiritual life principle, God, which forms the spirit in man, has less and less hold of the

soul given over to sin, until it at last ceases entirely to animate it, when the disintegrating soul finally succumbs and the divine principle returns to its Source to begin the process of individualisation all over again. Some such process or hypothesis is a necessary supposition in order to explain what goes on here and on earth, but it may be far from the real truth of things.

For all practical purposes it is near enough to the truth for our present discussion. I cannot now, from where I am, admit dualism. I cannot, however, deny the existence of principles contending on the lower levels; but I am sure, with the assurance of the spirit that has had a glimpse into the very Heart of the Eternal, that from its level there can be no power, principle, or being that is ultimately apart from the stupendous plan, that will not finally fit into the great whole. There is no positive death principle; only the growing loss of the life principle until its complete absence ends in death. This is what I meant when I said God and Devil exist not as opposites but as first and last in an infinite series, an ever-recurring series, in the scales of life.

There is no confusing if you distinguish between relative truth and absolute. I want to sum up in a sentence or two.

From the standpoint of the absolute, dualism is unthinkable. It is inevitable on all levels below the absolute— that is, all stages of manifested being. And at all these varying stages beings wilfully pursuing their own wills apart from the Divine are incipient or fully-fledged demons, devils, or evil spirits in varying degrees of hurtfulness and power, and the struggle between them and those others who are striving to discover and conform to the divine will is the age-long conflict between good and evil.

Q. Are you near enough to E. or L. for them to recognise you in these writings?

P. Alas, no! Both would consider it "a wicked and senseless travesty of my published and recorded sayings, thoughts, and attitudes." L. would honestly and violently exclaim at "the desecration of the memory of the dead, and wish that such outrages could be forbidden by law," but public opinion is too eager for light to endorse or even sympathise with such a feeling. She likes things and persons to be in their proper places. In her heart she holds that the intrusion of "the dead" in the affairs of a world to which they no longer belong is something almost indecent.

E. is inclined to think "there is something in these things." She once thought she felt me. I cannot ascertain whether she saw or heard me. She was frightened, or rather startled, so I have kept away. We must never startle the "living" knowingly by our overwhelming livingness.

Excess of light is darkness to the unprepared vision.

Seek and ye shall find, *i.e.* ask. The method of question and answer has ever been the one reliable system of imparting instruction, and is but rarely departed from. In the very highest moments of inspiration, such as those in which poems come to birth, the answer, the poem, is born out of the white-heat agitation of the questioning soul, suddenly whirled into the stillness due to intensity of thought. It is at rest apparently, as a rapidly spinning wheel appears to be. But such moods and moments are rare, and then universal Truth is imparted, not individual or particular truths.

I will come again. God keep and bless you!

PHILEMON.

September 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Is there evil co-existing with good, with peace, with joy, on each plane as the soul progresses?

P. Yes, most assuredly; but at each height attained the good grows better and the evil less, till on the higher levels the evil is only the falling short of perfection, the slight ruffling of peace at the remembrance of past failures, the faintest shadowing of joy at the thought of what might have been but was not.

Q. I meant, does the spiritual conflict between good and evil continue on each ascending plane?

P. Your first question brought the query to the point of the soul's progress, and I endeavoured to reply. This second question is a cosmic one, and can only be dealt with in broad outlines. The conflict grows less and less as the centre is approached; that is, the centre of joy and peace and good—God. It is the opposite of the approach to evil, which is like a vortex, growing ever fiercer as one nears the swirling centre which sucks all beings into its deadly embrace.

Q. Is this conflict going on among the beings inhabiting all the other worlds?

P. There are, so I am told, worlds not yet inhabited by sentient beings, and others, dead and outworn, on which life has long ceased to exist; but wherever sentient beings exist on the innumerable orbs that people space, there only a struggle ensures growth and progress, or prevents degeneration, the falling back to a more primitive or outgrown state.

Q. But on many of them is not the struggle more of an intellectual and less of a physical nature?

P. I should say that the struggle on the more highly evolved worlds is more spiritual than material. The material has refined into the substantial, the intellect has become penetrating and incisive. It is known that the grossest sins, *e.g.* anger, pride, jealousy, are self-defeating. The struggle is more of a

spiritual emulation than a conflict between opposing forces, and this holds good of the world powers as well as with individual spirits.

Q. In the plane where you are, have the wicked ceased from troubling?

P. In the plane where my home is, yes. But I come thence to this borderland realm where in some senses the conflict is intensified, because the body is no longer there to act as a buffer between us and the broadsides of evil. This is true only for those just precipitated over the border line, and that is why we come as missionary spirits to aid and comfort the newly dead.

Q. Is time a factor in your work, and do some spirits advance more quickly than others?

P. Time is a factor, space is a factor, in all spheres of manifestation, and most assuredly an essential factor to us when dealing with you. I could not use the scribe at any time, regardless of convenience. The result would be unreliable, even distorted. I have to *wait*—time, you see—till one train of associated thought has run down before I can attempt to arouse thought in the desired vein.

Q. Viewing this war from where you are, do things look less dark and is there a sign of the dawn?

P. Darkness still covers the face of Europe, but America, Asia, and Africa are bright with rising light, which will grow until it involves Europe in its brightness. There can be no light of the brightest at the front until the Central Powers respond heart for heart with a desire for cessation of conflict, and to ensure this they must be pressed back into their own borders. Soon the dawn

promises to break, but no effort must be relaxed meanwhile, no resting on the oars of past achievement.

I go, I am called. God bless you!

PHILEMON.

September 1918.

Philemon.

Q. Is there an immediate enlargement of vision, on passing over, where there is very narrow, but sincere, religious conviction— among strict Presbyterians or Roman Catholics, for instance?

P. It all depends on the individual and his environment on this side. Roman Catholic families are as well shepherded with us as on earth, and members of their families are overshadowed by the "dead," and deterred in many cases from leaving the faith which was theirs, and still is a cherished part of the new life. Hence you see a pious or perfunctory Latin Christian would perceive no shock on his entry to the new sphere of life and thought. It would only be gradually, and by not very definite stages, that he would discover the spiritualisation of the old crudities and cruelties. The forms were beautiful, and have changed but little. The spirit has been renewed, and is more in harmony with the soul's deepest convictions than were the old errors.

A friendless soul, without convictions, would not find himself in a community of the formerly "orthodox." He would be welcomed by the kindly ministering spirits, whose very presence would cheer his heart and feed his soul.

Q. But is it not a shock for the pious Roman Catholic, for example, to find that the repetition of so many *Paters* and *Aves* does not cancel hundreds and thousands of years in purgatory?

P. There is no shock involved. He finds himself in light and warmth and colour. He concludes that his good conditions are due to that very cause, his prayers and those of others; and in a sense he is right. The "paid" prayers are few in comparison with the real ones, and those who pray "paid" prayers for unknown souls often pray truly. These errors fall away gradually. The priests tell them that the language of time could not express the truths of eternity, and that it applied to conditions rather than to duration and space.

The fact that there are abodes of darkness and despair leads them to infer that they represent the "hell" of earth, and these are bad enough in all conscience—so bad that some pious priests, still faithful to their doctrine of the end justifying the means, actually preach that it is a sin for spirits to impart the truth to those left on earth, lest they, thinking it of less moment, should be careless, and so not fearing "hell" should merit the sojourn in the abodes of darkness and despair to which the wicked virtually condemn themselves.

Q. Will it be possible to meet and know those whom we have learned to love here, through their works, even when separated from us by hundreds of years—people like St. Francis of Assisi, Dante?

P. My dear friends, no man reads with love or studies with reverence the works of the great and gifted, or the loving and simple, without attracting the atmosphere and even the presence of the central figure, the creator of the poem, the music, the form.

And in the great Beyond all kindred souls must one day meet, else where were Heaven?

Q. Can you explain to us in what sense Jesus Christ can be with so many of His disciples at one and the same time?

P. I can only reply by an analogy which is inadequate, but the best I can find. Imagine the central self, say, of Jesus the Christ to be a spiritual Sun, sending out rays in all directions. Every responsive soul would feel His presence and would benefit to the extent of its capacity. In this sense all souls are suns of varying degrees of luminosity and intensity, *i.e.* stars—"the righteous shall shine forth as the stars."

Q. Could you be writing with several others as you are doing with us, at the same time?

P. I am doing so, and the result in each case is different.

Q. Do you mean that you are writing at this moment answers to questions just as you are doing now?

P. No, it is not like that. You are asking questions: I am answering. We set up waves: these waves are caught by sensitives, and they get adumbrations of what you are asking and I am answering. They get *me*, my name, and my associations, but do not obtain the lucid statements that you receive here. There is a method with us, of which I am not a master, by which we can communicate to many centres at one and the same time. I cannot give you details, but it is done.

Q. Can you learn from Archdeacon Colley* how to project writing, and will you do it?

P. That is not my work at present. I cannot leave the war victims. They claim us here as they claim you on earth. They suffer often for sins not their own. We must help to the uttermost.

Q. Do you know anything of the laws which enable such phenomena to take place?

P. Yes. But they will be superseded by something less uncertain, less elusive. What is the use of a phenomenon which can be produced only now and then, in the presence of one person in a thousand?—that is how it stands now. The necessary medium is very rarely born; and then very few of us can use him.

Q. Can those on the other side see the children born after they left? A father his posthumous child, for instance, and follow its life on earth?

* This is a reference to the fact of the late Archdeacon Colley having projected letters in his own handwriting on photographic plates through a psychic photographer.

P. In the case in mind, the father has relegated his guardianship to another, his mother, who is the guardian spirit of the child in question.

Q. Do you mean the guardian angel?

P. No. We may have many guardian spirits, but generally only one guardian angel who watches unfailingly and only leaves if the adult proves a hopeless charge.

Grandparents more often than any other relative remain in the closest touch with the children, for whose coming they longed, and who were yet unborn when they left earth.

Q. Where do these little spirits come from?

P. In the best and truest and highest sense they come direct from God. That is no answer. If I define it, I shall get into difficulties which would need a volume to answer. Reincarnation as taught is not true, yet pre-existence is a truth.

Q. Are there beings such as I describe as Watchers.

P. It is too late to begin to describe the beings other than human of our worlds. The Bible is full of allusions to such, and the Jews were acquainted with many.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON. *October*

1918.

Do you see this new development leading to a speedy peace?

P. There is great danger lest a war-weary world lose sight of future dangers in the joy of present cessation of conflict. A speedy peace will spell speedy resumption of past encroachments and trespasses against international justice and honour.

Q. Can you see whether the end of the war is near? Is that peace coming in spite of its unwisdom?

P. Not if we can help it. There must be no peace until there is an expression of repentance. We cannot see clearly from where I am. Had they not committed deeds that have splashed our atmosphere with blotches of crimson,

there would have been a disposition to cry quits; but, thank God, they have shown how unrepentant they are still, and the American army wants to see Berlin, if the Western Allies do not. I can only advise, I cannot foresee. The President is the mouthpiece of higher powers. They can use him, faulty though he may be. Others more righteous cannot be used by us. We have to make use of the media at our disposal. We must send the water of life, even if it have to pass through channels far from pure. Mankind has free-will. We are not allowed to coerce that will, even in the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven—otherwise this war had never taken place. Some of us do attempt to control human destiny, but not the best, not the wisest, assume a prerogative God has relinquished of His own glorious Will, so that His offspring may become His spiritual sons and daughters, jointheirs with Christ, as St. Paul has eloquently put it. Were it otherwise, men would be naught but automata—beings moved by a will not their own *simulacra*; not real moral and spiritual agents, co-workers with God in the redemption of the world from sin and its consequences.

Q. How do you see the present condition of this world?

P. Over Germany hang clouds of dark vermilion splotted with black—the black zigzagged with crimson-like darts of forked lightning. Away from the large cities the black becomes grey and the vermilion less lurid, and bluish vapours shot with rose and red steal upwards, the prayers of the simple souls for peace and the heart-break of peasant parents and friends for their beloved killed in the war—killed by those "who hate them and their country"; but this they believe less fervently than of yore, as one after the other of the prisoners get a letter through to their villages and convey truth that dispels the falsehoods.

This I can tell you: peace is near. It must not be grasped too eagerly. The worst is over. But I see no Peace Conference till Easter, in the true sense of the word.

Q. Is your work still the same as at first

P. I am still engaged in the work of receiving the newly emancipated; but now, having more experience, I organise and arrange rather than receive them personally. It is a new world here as well as with you. Instead of world-weary, stagnant souls, we have eager, ardent young spirits, desperately perplexed at their sudden transition, and needing the greatest solicitude in order to turn their untamed energies in fruitful directions—it is indeed a new heaven as well as a new earth that is in the making, and I can help more efficiently than if I had severed all touch with your earth. A body of these young half-fledged souls is at my side, and learning that one can communicate with the old friends and relatives if necessary, and it has taken the sting out of death for some of them, for all are not happy to leave the world on the verge of manhood or in the flush of youth and energy. So I am in this new life in my old occupation, as teacher and servant of all who come to us.

Q. Do you wish the very interesting communications you have given to us to be given to a wider circle; and if so, would it be your wish to put them in book form?

P. I certainly had no thought but that of expressing myself to a dear friend when I first discovered this means of communicating, but now, as I find more and more the need for such knowledge, limited as may be its range, as the script contains, I do indeed desire that it may serve some purpose in the world.

Q. Was it a great surprise that the war has taken this decisive turn? And do you see things from where you are, chiefly through our minds?

P. Yes, it was a surprise, just as it was a surprise to those of you in the thick of the conflict. I was not far enough from the storm centres to realise the waning of the storm. But I do not see peace yet. The white dove hovers aloft, but, like Noah's, she finds no safe resting-place for the sole of her foot. Haste now, impatient to be through with it, will, if yielded to, be productive of trouble now and hereafter. The work is not yet done. The enemy has thrown up his hands, but his head is planning evasions and his heart is searching vengeful retaliation and stubborn persistence in deeds that will render peace a mockery and open warfare a better state.

I see through your minds localities and details, and myself am only aware of a brightening atmospheric aura. I have to come to you or someone else to discover the cause.

My love and blessing.

PHILEMON.

November 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Q. Are you, and the spirits of the blest, rejoicing over this defeat of the enemy—the Hun?

P. I, Philemon, am rejoicing as I would have rejoiced on the earth, because I have never really left the world and its conflicts.

Q. Are you in touch with F. and M.?

P. Yes; but they are more remote, less human in their satisfaction. It is to them, especially to M., a triumph of light over darkness. To F. it is a great and glorious presage of the coming of that time on earth when God shall be all in all.

Q. Have you been following, step by step, these wonderful events of the last few days; and if so, how do you do it?

P. I have not been following the events because, if I fully discharge my self-assumed and therefore more onerous task, I have no means of getting to know more than those around me know.

A surgeon dressing wounds knows little how the battle rages or wanes. A wounded man may give him news, a messenger may shout out tidings, but he must bend to his mission of mercy, soul, and spirit all his energies, unaffected, so far as that goes, by what is transpiring around. I knew nothing of the utter collapse of the enemy until I was sent for to help hold in check spirit zealots, fanatics, ex-nihilists and terrorists, who sought to enjoy (if one can so misuse the word) the orgies of destruction that the war-hounds, hellish as they were, still held in leash. Oh, my friend! from what I see, the rivers of blood shed by the nations at war with each other may flow into the ocean of world-wide destruction and wreckage wherein all that you have hoped to win from the contest may be irretrievably lost. God grant this second state, far worse than the first, may be averted. And it can only be averted by the singlehearted, single-minded banding together of those who care for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon this earth.

I should like you, when I leave using my amanuensis, to read together the speeches (just the outlines) of yesterday's meeting, so that I may gain a detailed insight into the pros and cons of the coming election crisis—for crisis it is. I see much brightness edged by a hungry shadow that would fain obliterate the light. That is what I see of the earth state, as disembodied spirit.

When in touch with a medium or sensitive I see and am aware of more, and if that sensitive have clear-cut ideas I can obtain better pictures of passing occurrences. You do not realise that to us the material world is practically *non est*. The soul of your world is sensible to us; that means, the thoughts and sentiments of its inhabitants are perceived by us as emanations—as waves of feeling and colour affect your sensitives.

The facts of your world are not registered by us as facts. That is the rationale of prayer to some extent. A statesman is in great perplexity, in sore distress of mind, as to what course to take. That fact does not reach us unless he send out to one here, or to the Supreme, a cry for light, an entreaty for guidance; then his guardian angel has to attend and summon those more powerful than himself, a Mazzini, a Dante, a world-moulder of the past and a cosmic ruler of the future. This is a world of ordered beauty, and ministering agencies ever at work to increase that beauty and cement its stability.

Q. It is a mistake, then, to ask, as some people do, to be guided in material detail such as choosing a house, investing their money, etc.?

P. I would not say blankly that such is a mistake. It is of the order of childish things which must be put aside by those who have attained spiritual manhood and womanhood. Foolish, over-anxious relatives on the other side, who do not see that they have overshadowed other lives, depriving them of self-reliance and initiative, may, and do often, attempt to maintain the influence they exerted, when they have passed into the world of spirit. But it is wise and expedient neither for the living nor the risen dead to prolong thus the bonds forged by mistaken earthly affection. It is such folly, natural enough, that all true spirits on both sides of the veil should discountenance and expose—gently, but firmly, as a bar to true spiritual and mental progress.

Q. The people of whom I was thinking belong to a school who demand these services, of house agent, etc., from the Almighty, no one less.

P. That is slightly different, and far, far less harmful; indeed, it is directly beneficial to the spiritual growth and development. The act of praying to God over it focusses their own minds and leaves undisturbed relatives and friends, unless the latter will interfere and pose as agents of Providence. This they rarely continue to do when their presence is ignored.

But, dear friend, such persons as would ask our Lord to choose their house would cry out at the sacrilege of expecting the "blessed dead" to intervene at times of crisis in human affairs. I remember this so often. It is one of the indelible impressions of earth-life.

Q. Can you help in the reconstruction problems of this world?

P. This subject must be for another meeting.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

November 1918.

Philemon greets you.

Q. A question has been troubling me after seeing a poor afflicted child. Do you know why spirits come to this earth as idiots, to whom any sort of education is impossible?

P. I do not *know*. But I have a larger number of facts from which to draw deductions than you have, and will attempt an answer. (Now, my good amanuensis, do not interfere with protests that, because you have just heard something similar, what I now say is from your mind, not mine.)

"There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fullness;
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh shuts it in, That perfect
free expression which is truth."

A baffling and perverting carnal mesh obscures it. This is a fact, and, dipping into matter, rushing into it, as some do, souls, or let us say spirits, travelling at varying velocities, reach material, earthly expression with differing degrees of success.

I have said I do not accept as proven the dogma of reincarnation, but I know that a soul has many embodiments while still incarnate. What I am going to say now is only an allegory, but it may serve to illustrate the truth.

Take the inmost centre of our being as God, and our spirits as rays from that mighty Orb of Light, darting out in all directions through those great circles called spheres, whose harmonic vibrations form the music of the spheres. Now imagine one of those rays having got as far away as the Christ-sphere, feeling in one part of its being, "I must stay here; I should sink and die out yonder." It stays and lives in the Christsphere—is, in fact, the Christ-self of the outgoing divine ray. Again arrested in the celestial sphere, a part remains, the angel, or the higher self of the descending ray; and so on, till only that part that is robust enough to stand it is incarnated in a physical body, it maintaining all the while communion with its higher or finer and more spiritual selves in exact proportion to the perfection of that physical

instrument. Genius is, as a rule, due to a perfect physical body allowing the incarnating spirit to remain in touch with its far-away yet ever inmost centre, where dwells the truth of things "where *truth* abides in fullness."

The idiot is the one whose body almost, or quite, shuts him from that centre, and those sub-centres of light—intelligence, truth, love.

Why a ray should start out and fail to manifest its divinity I cannot say. In the idiot the spirit is left on those inner spheres, and only the animal life inhabits the body.

I have not answered the "why." I can only conjecture that the idiot is an abortive attempt at self-expression which cannot be utterly in vain, and that, failing on the physical, it may yet blossom in full perfection elsewhere. The interstellar spaces are strewn with wrecked worlds and abortive suns and systems—why?

Q. Is not the physical life dependent upon the soul being present in the body?

P. Yes; but remember the word "soul" is really a collective term; "souls" would be better. How can a man lose his soul if he be a soul? Soul means life, and life is lived in all spheres down to the physical—consciously, in most cases, only on the physical and the spiritual, the Alpha and

Omega. All the spheres between are unconscious ones to most still in the flesh.

Q. What became of those spirits who,

having rushed straight to the physical without manifesting on any other plane, when the body dies, *i.e.* when the physical life ceases?

P. In order to tell you what happens I must know at what stage the incarnating ray throws off the body.

Q. Do all spirits inhabiting human bodies emanate from the Divine Centre "where truth abides in fullness"?

P. Absolutely all life comes from God; but, answering categorically, all spirits inhabiting human bodies do not come direct from God or the Divine Centre. Whence they come, cannot be answered categorically.

Q. Answer in any way you like—it need not be categorically.

P. But the only possible way to give a clear answer would entail a treatise on the descent of spirit into manifestation—of the spiritualisation of matter, meeting the densifying of spirit; the subject is too complex

Q. Is there a sort of corresponding heart or centre where untruth or evil dwells

P. No, not in a positive sense. In degrees of negation, in the withdrawal of light, or rather the incapacity to respond to the finer vibrations, there may be said to exist centres or zones of evil, just as there exist climatic zones on the earth. Never forget evil is negative, a minus thing, and ends in death and extinction. God alone is eternal and persistent, and survives.

Q. Are these manifestations in human form of the same order as those intransient manifestations of the sub-human planes, such as vermin, lice, etc.?

P. No. You will see that nothing ever changes the parasitical forms of life into self-dependent individuals; but all *human spirits* having free-will can turn Godwards and Christwards and become born anew of the spirit. But all

human forms are not of necessity the abode of truly human spirits. Such do not change. They run their course of evil and die away—if not at physical death, then later at what was called, by those wise in these matters, the second death.

Q. We do not quite understand your answer about the selves on the different spheres.

P. I will try to put it in diagrammatic form.

My love and blessing.

PHILEMON. *December 1918.*

Q. What do you feel about Archdeacon Colley's work in the fields of spiritualism?

P. I am in constant touch with T. Colley, because he is always trying to get members of what was our Church to influence those left on earth to study spiritualism. I disagree with him in some respects now, as I did then, but I am glad to meet with such zeal, and realise that he and his phenomena have their parts to play on both sides of the veil. But I still care for the spiritual rather than the scientific aspect of truth. I am trying to get photographed, but he cannot tell me *how*—he can only do it. He is a medium between the two worlds. It is the most difficult thing in the world of science, because we do not know the laws. Certain persons spontaneously transmit images of themselves and know not how. I try and I fail.

We all create in the world in which we find ourselves, and some of us project creations into the world or sphere just ahead. But few of us, except the earth-bound, the bad, and the sad, leave persisting images behind, or project images into the world which we have left behind us by death.

The persisting images to which I refer are the bases of nearly all the haunting, the post-mortem appearances, and the general phenomena of spiritualism through all ages in all countries. Spirit or psychic letters like T. Colley's and Walker's are an attempt on the part of the spirit-world to demonstrate the survival of intelligent personality. This year will see the proof of this fact demonstrated. I will, when free from my war-work, devote some time to satisfying you and myself as far as possible on this matter.

Q. What is it that obliges you to go when we are sitting?

P. Why do I have to go? Because the tenuous matter out of which the thread of intercommunication is spun becomes well-nigh used up. When the substance liberated *naturally* is exhausted, to continue would mean using the psychic's life-forces. Time is a non-existent factor, in your sense, with us. The tenuous matter round you vibrates, and transmits to me a message from a denser sphere which would remain unregistered but for my presence with you. That I have only recently learned, and it is removing some of my former objections to mediumistic practices. Oh, my dear friend! we, you and ourselves, we are only on the threshold of a marvellous new science, *psycho-physical* science, dealing with the borderland realms; and patience, infinite patience, is an essential equipment for exploring its hidden truths; also one must put off entirely, if one can, the "old man" of ordinary science, and enter this new arena shorn of all preconceptions.

Q. How is it that material links such as a glove or a letter can put a medium in touch with a departed spirit?

P. The letter, etc., acts very often merely as a focus to the sitter and the medium. The spirit is with its friend waiting to manifest, but could do so less successfully without the vivid call upon the imagination produced by the physical object.

In other cases, the sensitive is so responsive that he or she actually registers the physical vibrations left upon an article by those through whose hands it has passed. It is only a difference of degree. Most of you are sensitive to odours and impressions. Increase that a thousandfold and you have the highly-developed sensitive, the person who registers vibrations missed by their fellows.

One remarkable faculty which I can describe but cannot elucidate, is the selective faculty, by which I mean the following of one set of vibrations rather than another; *e.g.* when a family jewel, passed through the hands of many owners, gives a history of a former possessor, unknown to those present, and afterwards verified.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

29th December 1918.

Q. When we become finally freed from the body, and meet our beloved on that other side, shall we enjoy the same kind of spiritintercourse that many of us already hold here; or will it, by the fact of bodily death, become something much closer and more real?

P. The closest communion you hold with us on earth is not, as at present, through mechanical, or rather vital, instruments. It is when you are unaware of our presence, but become rapt in ecstasy through great and noble emotions. Talking as we do now, we are limited, as in the body, by powers of expression and the veil of words. So you see that when spirit can meet with spirit, when the intercourse becomes immediate, it will differ, not in degree only, but actually in nature. We shall know as we are known.

Q. But shall we see the beautiful spirit-forms of those we love, and will they see us as spirit-forms, not only as thoughts, but thoughts embodied?

P. My dear ones! What is soul but form? "For soul is form and doth the body make"; that body being always of, yet superior to, the substance of the world in which it is functioning—physical world, physical body; astral world, astral body; spirit world, spirit body. You see what I imply. Only in the formless or unmanifested is there bodilessness. But I must stop, or we shall be lost in metaphysical disquisitions. One thing I would impress upon You: reality is realness in *direct* not in *inverse* proportion, as you all seem to fear, to the fineness and subtlety of the realm in which the forces operate. I need not remind you of the superior power of electricity to steam, of light to heat, of etheric forces to all of these lower or slower vibrations.

Q. Was Jacob's ladder a good symbol of the way in which we hold communion with those in the unseen—we ascending and they descending?

P. All do not ascend who are yet met by the spirit messengers. Some have to be sought for, and are only found after much seeking. But the symbolic vision is true to average cases, and the surest and holiest intercommunion takes place when the soul wings her way to the secret places of the Most High, and is there met by His messengers and the Holy Ones, just men made perfect, by their own beloved, and by those who love them and act as angelguardians in unseen dangers.

Q. That ladder, of course, is the ladder of love?

P. Only in the sense in which all emotions finally resolve themselves into the one great, final, universal force of Love. But many grades lie between the first and the last rung of the ladder between earth and heaven. It has been called a

ladder of light, but its lowest rung is in darkness on the cold, damp earth, while its topmost rung is lost in the radiance that flows from the foot of the throne of the Eternal. This is only imagery, but imagery that enshrines truth and brings it home to the heart of man as no mere statement of fact could do. For *spiritual facts* cannot be put into earthly language so as to be grasped in their wholeness and beauty.

Q. Are you in touch with your old friend W. C, now so near your world?

P. I am not in touch with my dear friend. He has his own circle of guardians, and we do not interfere. He has acted unwisely when in health and strength, by surrounding himself with those to whom his cherished truths were but subjects for contumely and scorn. He must pay the price of indifference to his higher interests. It is not possible to take on oneself the—let us use a term I dislike—the Karma, or sequences of another's actions. Again, had he had other surroundings he might not have used these last years in the interest of physical science. He would have been drawn over into the Unseen ere this. So in one sense it is better as it is.

Q. Can you tell us anything of the laws whereby we can communicate with those on this earth from whom we are parted?

P. I do not know these laws. Few have studied them here, or with you. But I will give you my deductions from facts observed.

As a general rule, I should say avoid the exercise of such faculties, where other means are available. Because, as I have said once before, it is man's duty to avail himself of the normal as long as it achieves its purpose. The kitchen-maid who prays that the Lord will make the water boil quickly and neglects to attend to the fire is on a level with the person who uses spiritual means to

attain physical ends. But when the material is at an end, when the need is great and the desire to help is equal, spirit with spirit can and does meet. As a science these laws can and should be seriously studied; but just as everyone need not, cannot, study electricity, so few are fitted to experiment in these directions, as few possess abundant or superabundant vitality. Most hardly possess sufficient for the hourly needs of their own organism. This projection of the spiritual and emotional forces draws upon the reserve strength and is unwise as a general practice. You need all your strength to cope with your daily activities. Again, your nerves are too near the surface as it is, and the attempt to practise along these lines would cause you to become, as the poet Shelley said, a live wire along which would travel the "else unfelt oppressions of the earth." You do not need to add to your already undue sensitiveness. For this reason I would say, abstain from all attempts in this direction. Should your presence become in any case needful and really essential, you would be enabled to be visible or perceptible in the form adequate to accomplish the desired end. You need not yourself be aware of, or even in the slightest degree conscious of, your beneficent ministrations. Few brains can accommodate the mundane and ultra-mundane activities at one and the same moment of time. Most so-called mediums have little preoccupation of the intellectual order, and so are free for the manifestation of the psychic faculties, rarely truly spiritual, though often so mistaken for such.

I am still here, and will stay even after I have written. God bless and keep you!

Q. You will come again?

P. Of course I will come again, many times.

PHILEMON. *January 1919.*

Q. Do you see this world emerging from darkness, or sinking back into deeper gloom?

P. I see the earth symbolised as a female figure standing at the cross-roads of the universe, uncertain which path to take. I see her gazing with longing eyes at the broad, smooth way leading to a long chaos and disaster. I see the Watchers of Humanity, the guardians of the race, pointing to the steep, narrow path of self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-renunciation for the good of the whole. The long fate lies in the balance. And every message, every hint, every gleam of light that can be sent to the Council Chamber of the Allies must be conveyed.

Here is the crux as I see it.

The League of Nations.—That League should draw up Peace conditions, having created itself a power able to enforce those conditions on any recalcitrant member. This they are trying to evade. Oh, my dear friend, I am so weary! How can you include the criminal among his judges? The League of Nations is not of necessity a league of *all* nations. That is where they all go wrong. I, we, cannot work with many otherwise good sensitives because their "principles(!)" are too rigid. They should say prejudices. We must have minds that are powerful enough to turn out their own mental furniture and take in new ideas. Alas! the few who can do this are mostly faddists. So you see the difficulty under which we labour in our endeavour to help struggling humanity.

You should all go on insisting that a League of Nations must precede final peace conditions, not *the* League of Nations. I see most of those at Paris war-weary, anxious to settle the matter at any price and get back to normal life. I

see about six who are not so, and on them we in the spirit world can and will bring all possible influence to bear.

All will be well if humanity will only insist on a League of the few great nations, as a permanent nucleus of the final League to be made some day of all the nations of the world. Attend to your intuitions, for often they are our inspirations.

God bless and keep you!

PHILEMON.

T H E E N D