THE LIFE

 BEYOND THE VEIL

 SPIRIT MESSAGES RECEIVED
 AND WRITTEN DOWN BY THE

 REV. G{eorge}. VALE OWEN
 {1860-1931}

 VICAR OF ORFORD, LANCASHIRE

 WITH AN APPRECIATION BY
 LORD NORTHCLIFFE

 AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
 SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, M.D., LL.D.

 EDITED BY

 H. W. ENGHOLM

 BOOK I:

 THE LOWLANDS OF HEAVEN

 NEW YORK
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BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE

I HAVE not had an opportunity of reading the whole of The Life Beyond
the Veil, but among the passages I have perused are many of great beauty.

It seems to me that the personality of the Rev. G. Vale Owen is a matter
of deep importance and to be considered in connexion with these very
remarkable documents. During the brief interview that I had with him I felt
that I was in the presence of a man of sincerity and conviction. He laid no
claims to any particular psychic gift. He expressed a desire for as little
publicity as possible, and declined any of the great emoluments that could
easily have come to him as the result of the enormous interest felt by the
public all over the world in these scripts.

 {Signature Shown}

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 BOOK I: THE LOWLANDS OF HEAVEN PREFACE

THIS volume contains the first of a series of communications from
beyond the veil, received and written down by the Rev. G. Vale Owen,
Vicar of Orford, Lancashire.

It should be clearly understood that these messages, while complete in
themselves, deal chiefly with the "Sphere of Light" nearest to the earth in
which the Vicar's mother, who is the principal communicator, states that
she dwells, and that her impressions are chiefly individual to herself and
are thus those of a newcomer and learner whose experiences are limited to
a restricted area. Wider regions and greater heights and depths are explored,
the inter-relation of this and the after-life is more fully explained, and both
narrative and exposition of aims and principles are more vigorous, clear and
comprehensive in succeeding messages, contained in other volumes of the
series which follow this.

That said, however, the high importance and far-reaching significance of
this volume must be affirmed. It gives the most complete and most detailed
statement of conditions in the after-life yet published. It must be read and
studied in order to gain an understanding of the further messages.

The narrative brings one face to face with a Spiritual Universe of
unimaginable immensity and grandeur, with sphere upon sphere of the
realms of light which

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stretch away into infinity. We are told that those who have passed from
our earth life inhabit the nearer spheres, amid surroundings not wholly
dissimilar from those they have known in this world; that at death we shall
enter the sphere for which our spiritual development fits us. There is to be
no sudden change in our personality. We shall not be plunged into
forgetfulness. A human being is not transformed into another being.

In the first sphere of light we find trees and flowers like those that grow
in earthly gardens; but more beautiful, immune from decay and death, and
endowed with qualities that make them more completely a part of our
lives. Around us are birds and animals, still the friends of man, but nearer,
more intelligent, and freed from the fears and the cruelties they suffer here.

We find houses and gardens, but of substance, colour and atmosphere
more responsive to our presence; water whose playing is music; wide-
ranging harmonies of colour. We find everything more radiant, more
joyous, more exquisitely complex, and while our activities are multiplied,
our life is more restful.

Differences in age disappear. There, are no "old" in the Spheres of Light;
there are only the graceful and strong.

Spirits from a higher sphere may descend to the lower, may even be sent
on a mission to earth. But ere they can reach us they must first accustom
themselves to the dimmer light and heavier "air" of the lower spheres.
They must undergo a change ere they can penetrate the dense and murky
atmosphere in which our world is enfolded.

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That is why the spirit voices so often reach us in broken fragments
which our dull intelligence can hardly piece together. That is why we can
so rarely hear the words and feel the presence of those who are longing to
reach and to comfort their friends.

So small a thing is the change which we call death, the narrative tells us,
that many do not realize it They have to be taught that they are in another
world, the world of reunion. "She fell asleep," says one of the messages
which describe the passing of such a spirit: "she fell asleep, and the cord of
life was severed by our watching friends, and then softly they awoke her,
and she looked up and smiled very sweetly into the face of one who leaned
over her.... She began to wonder why these strange faces were around her
in place of the friends and nurses she had last seen.

"She inquired where she was. When she was told, a look of wonder and
yearning came over her face, and she asked to be allowed to see the friends
she had left

"This was granted her, and she looked on them through the veil, and
shook her head sadly. 'If only they could know,' she said, 'how free from
pain I am now and comfortable! Can you not tell them?'

"We tried to do so, but orgy one of them heard, I think, and he only
imperfectly, and soon put it away as a fancy."

To many, indeed, these spirit messages will seem to shed new
illumination upon passages in the Bible whose interpretation they have
hitherto regarded as obscure. Others, whose faith may have wavered
beneath the impact of modern criticism or under the trials of sorrow and
bereavement, may well find in this new revelation

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the answer that will resolve their doubts and deepen into certainty their
hope of ultimate reunion after death.

Here is a document which is placed before the reader as an authentic
communication from the world beyond. No man can say what the limits of
its influence will be, or how far-reaching an effect it may have upon the
minds and lives of the men and women by whom it will be read.

But one thing is certain. A manuscript of such a character, coming from
such a source, demands the most careful study—so tremendous are the
claims made for these revelations, so rich in human interest is the actual
narrative, so undoubted is Mr. Vale Owen's sincerity.

 G.V.O.

 "WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS HE?"

The Rev. G. Vale Owen is a typical clergyman of the Church of England,
devoted to his parish and completely absorbed in his work.

Nothing was further from his thoughts, a few years ago, than that he
should be made a medium for "spirit" communications.

His career has been uneventful. Born in Birmingham in 1869, and
educated at the Midland Institute and Queen's College in that city, he was
ordained by the Bishop of Liverpool to the curacy of Seaforth in 1893;
then was curate successively of Fairfield, 1895, and of Matthew's,
Scotland Road, 1897—both of Liverpool.

It was in 1900 that he went to Orford, Warrington, as curate-in-charge.
Orford Church was built in 1908,

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when a new parish was formed and he became the first vicar. His vicarage
was built so recently as 1915.

Though he feared that the quietude of his life in his parish would be
disturbed, Mr. Vale Owen felt that the importance of the revelations which
were sent through him did not permit him to follow his own wishes and
withhold his name, and regarding himself as only an instrument for the
transmission of the messages, he refused to accept any money payment
for the publication of the scripts, great as had been the labour they had
thrown upon him.

Though his personality was much discussed on the first appearance of
the messages, that circumstance did not affect his absorption in the work
of his parish. He felt that that parish was peculiarly his own, since his was
the only church in the village, and he had become intimately bound up with
every family in it during his twenty years' service.

Villagers speak of him as "G.V.O."—an abbreviation of his name which
in itself is a sign of affection. One of them recounted an incident typical of
the means by which he has won and retained their close friendship.

"Coming home late one night," he said, "I was startled to see a tall, dark
figure dash past me at a run. It was our Vicar. I learnt afterwards that one
of his young parishioners, who was ill, had become restless through pain,
and had asked that Mr. Owen should come and talk to her and pray at her
bedside. Her brother had at once cycled to the vicarage, and Mr. Owen,
who had retired for the night, had dressed at top speed and hurried to the
house.

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"He is always available at any hour, and such is his influence that
invalids belonging to all denominations ask for him. Can you wonder why
he is a welcome guest in every house?"

When Mr. Vale Owen went first to Orford his congregation worshipped
in a large room of the village schoolroom. He told them they were "getting
their religion too cheaply" and did not appreciate it enough. Then,
obtaining donations from prosperous friends of the village, he called the
parishioners together and organized a system of weekly collections, to
which every family subscribed according to its means. In this way he
succeeded in getting a church bat and an excellent organ installed.

When the War came, about 200 Orford men served in the Forces. All of
them regarded "G.V.O." as their chief "home pal" and wrote to him
regularly of their adventures. All were "his lads," and he always wrote
encouraging them to "play the game."

In appearance, the Rev. G. Vale Owen is tall, spare, and a little bent.
One might at first judge him to be the shy recluse. But his deeply-lined
face lights up readily with a smile and, most unassuming and approachable
of men, he has a genius for friendship. There is no trace of the aloofness of
the dreamer in his relations with anyone with whom he comes in contact.
He is above all practical. The building of his new church at a time which
many thought premature, is one of the standing evidences of that quality.
To know him is to realize that he is a fitting instrument indeed to receive
such communications as are set forth in these pages. His life has been one
of strenuous endeavour to help

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his fellows to understand the reality of sacred things, to lighten their hearts
and strengthen their courage; his first thought and his last have been for
others. But G.V.O.'s point of view may perhaps best be shown by the
following illustration.

Amongst many thousands of letters received at the vicarage at Orford
during the early days of the publication of the script in The Weekly
Dispatch was this:

"Rev. Sir,—Pray for the writer of this note who is in great trouble
concerning a little child who is afflicted. I have read about you and I feel
you must be very near to God, and if you were to say, 'Dear Father, help
your child,' He would hear. Please do not fail to pray. The Lord
understands. This is a cry for help from a mother's aching heart. God bless
you."

Mr. Vale Owen's comment in speaking of this to a friend was:

"…And yet The Weekly Dispatch says I am receiving no payment."

It was in this spirit that the Vicar of Orford gave permission for these
communications to be placed before the world. He hoped that by so doing
he would be instrumental in bringing light into many dark places,
strengthening the faith of the people and doing his humble duty to those
fair angel friends, who, as he himself often remarked, "have been so gentle
and patient with me during those precious hours I spent at their bidding in
the vestry of the little Parish Church at Orford."

 H. W. ENGHOLM.
LONDON,
 May, 1920.

 [ 17] GENERAL NOTES

 How the Messages Came

IN the typewritten copies of the original manuscript, Mr. Vale Owen
gave a description of how it came about that he acted as amanuensis for his
mother and the spirit beings who in turn took her place at the sittings in
the vestry of the church at Orford.

He said:

"There is an opinion abroad that the clergy are very credulous beings.
But our training in the exercise of the critical faculty places us among the
most hard-to-convince when any new truth is in question. It took a quarter
of a century to convince me—ten years that spirit communication was a
fact, and fifteen that the fact was legitimate and good.

"From the moment I had taken this decision, the answer began to appear.
First my wife developed the power of automatic writing. Then through her
I received requests that I would sit quietly, pencil in hand, and take down
any thoughts which seem to come into my mind projected there by some
external personality and not consequent on the exercise of my own
mentality. Reluctance lasted a long time, but at last I felt that friends were
at hand who wished very earnestly to speak with me. They did not
overrule or compel my will in any way—that would have settled the
matter

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at once, so far as I was concerned—but their wishes were made ever more
plain.

"I felt at last that I ought to give them an opportunity, for I was
impressed with the feeling that the influence was a good one, so, at last,
very doubtfully I decided to sit in my cassock in the vestry after
Evensong.

"The first four or five messages wandered aimlessly from one subject to
another. But gradually the sentences began to take consecutive form, and at
last I got some which were understandable. From that time, development
kept pace with practice. When the whole series of messages was finished I
reckoned up and found that the speed had been maintained at an average
rate of twenty-four words a minute. On two occasions only had I any idea
what subject was to be treated. That was when the message had obviously
been left uncompleted. At other times I had fully expected a certain subject
to be taken, but on taking up my pencil the stream of thought went off in
an altogether different direction. "G. V. O."

 How the Communicators Operated
 on the Other Side

It is particularly interesting to note the explanations given by his mother
and others of their methods of impressing the mind of Mr. Vale Owen wit"
the words they wished his hand to write. We select the following
illustrative passages, which, however, do not appear in this, the first,
volume of communications.

It transpired from a later script that when Mr. Vale Owen's mother was
communicating, the girl Kathleen,

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mentioned below, acted for her on the other side as an amanuensis, and
controlled the actual writing down of the messages for all the
communicators. In the case of Mr. Vale Owen's mother the difficulties of
getting through antique words and expressions that were not modern did
not, of course, arise in her case, but there seems no doubt from the
character of many of her messages that she was not alone in giving them.

 (Extract from a later script.)

"Only in part are we able to make in anywise clear to you the method we are
employing in this particular case. And that we will so far as we be able.

"First, then, here we stand a group to-night of seven—sometimes more, at others less.
We have already broadly settled what we will say to you, but leave the precise wording
till we sight you and sense your disposition of mind.

"Then, we take our stand a little distance away lest our influence, the emanations of
our several minds, reach you in detail, and not as one stream but as many, and so
confuse you. But from the little distance at which we stand they merge and mingle, and
are focused into one, so that by the time our thoughts reach you there is unity and not
multiplicity of diction.

"When you sometimes hesitate, doubtful of a word or phrase, that is when our
thoughts, mingling in one, are not quite perfected into the special word required. You
pause: and, continuing their blending together, our thoughts at last assume unity, and
then you get our idea and at once continue on your way. You have noticed this,
doubtless?"

"Yes, but I did not know the cause."\*

"No. Well, now, to continue. We think our thoughts to you, and sometimes they are
in such words as are too antique, as you say, for you to grasp them readily. This is
remedied by filtering them through a more modern

 \* Question by G.V.O.

 [21] {Missing Illustration}

The text of the above MS. will be found on page 98, commencing "Our onward way...”

 [22]NOTE.—On the opposite page is a reproduction of a sheet from the actual script
written down by the Rev. G. Vale Owen at the sitting of October 6, 1913. It will be
noticed how the words and sentences have flowed from the pencil in a swift and steady
stream. They are joined together as if the writer were striving to keep pace with the
communication which was being impressed upon his mind.

This page of the MS. is particularly interesting, for it shows a question written down
by Mr. Vale Owen, and the answer to it immediately following in a steady flow of
words.

Mr. Vale Owen always numbered a quantity of sheets of paper before he began to
write. He placed these in a block before him on the table in the vestry. Then, using
shaded candle-light to illuminate the sheet of paper and with his pencil in his hand, he
would wait until he felt the influence to write. When once he started the influence was
maintained without a stop until the message for the evening was concluded by the
communicator.

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instrument, and it is of this we now would speak. "That instrument is
your little friend Kathleen,\* who is good enough to come between you and
us, and so render our thoughts available for you. This in more ways than
one.

"First, because she is nearer to you in status than we, —who, having
been longer here, have become somewhat removed from earth. She is of
more recent transplanting, and not yet so far away that when she speaks
you cannot hear.

"For a like reason also she comes between. That is, by the words that
form her present store. She can still think in her old tongue of earth, and it
is more modern than our own—though we like it not so well, since it
seems to us more composite and less precise.

"But we must not find fault with what is still beautiful. We have, no
doubt, still our prejudices and insularity; when we come down here we
cannot but take on anew some of those traits we once had but gradually
have cast aside.

"The little lady Kathleen is nearer you than we in these respects, and the
stream of our impelling we direct on you through her for that reason.

"However, we stand a little apart from you, because the presence of us
combined would overmatch you. You could not write down what we
would give, and our purpose in coming is to give you such narrative of
words as you and others may read with intelligence.

"You glance at the dial of your timekeeper. You call it a watch. Why?
That is one little instance of our preference for our older way of speaking.
Timekeeper seems to us more explicit than the other word. The meaning of
your glance is clear, whatever we call the thing on which it fall. So we bid
you good night, good friend....

"We find sometimes, when we read what message we have given, that
much which we tried to impress is not apparent there, and some lesser
quantity of what we had not in mind appears.

"This is but a natural consequence of the intervention

 \*See notes on Kathleen on p. 28.

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of so thick a veil between the sphere from which we speak and that in
which the recorder [i.e. Mr. Vale Owen] lives, his life.

"The atmosphere of the two spheres is so diverse in quality that, in
passing from one to the other, there is always a diminution of speed, so
sudden and so marked that a shock is given to the stream of our thoughts,
and there is produced, just on the border-line, some inevitable confusion.
This is one of the many difficulties we find.

"Here is another. The human brain is a very wonderful instrument, but it
is of material substance, and, even when the stream of our thoughts reaches
and impinges upon it, yet, because of its density, the penetration is
impeded and sometimes altogether brought to a stop. For the vibrations, as
they leave us, are of high intensity, and the fineness of their quality is a
hindrance to their effecting a correspondence in the human brain, which is,
gross by comparison.

"Once again: there are many things here for which there are no words in
any of the earth languages to express their meaning.

"There are colours which your eyes do not see, but are present in your
spectrum; there are more colours which are of higher sublimity than could
be reproduced by the medium, which shows both the earth colours to you
and registers those invisible to you, but present withal.

"There are also notes and tones of sound of like nature, and too fine for
registration by the atmosphere of earth.

"There are forces also, not available with you, not able, to be expressed
to you….

"These and other matters are interpenetrating all our life and forming our
environment. And when we come to speak of our life here, or of the causes
we see in operation, of which you behold the effects alone, we are much
perplexed and strive continually to find just how to say it so that it shall
be both understood of you and also not too wide of a target as known to
us.

"So you will see that we have a task to do in speaking into your sphere
from this of ours which is by no means easy. Still, it is worth the doing of
it, and so we essay our best and try to rest content."

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 Mr. Vale Owen's Comments

In view of the above description, it is interesting to have the following
remarks from Mr. Vale Owen, descriptive of his mental and physical
condition during the time he was actually receiving the communications, In
a letter to the Editor of this volume, Mr. Vale Owen wrote:

"You point out to me the fact that, while in the script itself my
communicators give not a little information as to the methods employed in
the transmission of messages from their side to ours, yet, on my own part,
I have never given you any definite description of the effect produced
upon myself.

"The effect of what, perhaps, we might term the more mechanical
operations, as these impinge upon the organism of the human brain, the
transmitters themselves describe in some detail. Vibrations, initiated by
them and projected through the Veil, find their target in the mentality of
the human instrument and are reproduced, on this side, in what is, in
effect, a kind of inner clairvoyance and clairaudience. Viewed inversely,
from the standpoint of the instrument himself, it assumes an aspect
something like this: the scenes they describe seem to come along a kind of
X-ray stream of vibrations and are received by means of the faculty of
visualization. That is, he sees these scenes in his imagination as he, by a
similar process, is able to visualize his garden or house, or other well-
known place, when at a distance.

"The words of the messages seem to travel on a celestial-mundane
telephonic current. He can hear them interiorly in much the same manner
as he is able to hum over a well-remembered tune, or to reproduce a speech
he has heard with all its inflections and cadences, pathetic or uplifting—all
this also interiorly, and without himself uttering a sound.

In addition, however, there is a deeper content in the operation. It is that
effect upon the human instrument

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produced by the more or less intimate contact of spirit with spirit. This is
actual 'Spiritual Communion,' and is recognized in the Creed of
Christendom in the article 'The Communion of Saints.'

"Here enters in an essentially spiritual element which, as our spirit-
communicators repeatedly tell us, it is not possible adequately to contain
in any earthly form of words. It is uplifting to the boundaries, and on
occasion, into the very domain, of ecstasy.

"At times such as these earth and earth's affairs retreat into the
background, and glimpses are had of what eternity and infinity mean, and
of the Presence of God.

"Then Christendom assumes an enlarged aspect and occupies a broader
room. It is seen that the whole Church on earth is but a small portion of
the Divine Kingdom, which includes within itself, not alone all races and all
systems of religion here below, but also that realm of interstellar glories
and powers in the mere contemplation of which the human heart grows
faint and the reaches of human imagination fade into the boundless
infinities pulsating with the heart-love of the One Ineffable Light.

"It is almost needless to add that any one who has ever experienced such
contact as this has no room in his heart any more for any paltry sentiment
of self-exaltation, or of spiritual pride. I know of no better teacher of
humility than this realization of the smallness of the individual earth-
dweller amid the myriads of those so much brighter ones who, with
himself, form the one family of the Creator.

"On the other hand, the sense of security, of comrade ship, of oneness
with them, and of the sweet intimacy of their love, is a sure warrant of
protection to us lesser ones to whom our angel friends bend down for our
uplifting. Be a man prayerful, clean-living and of a humble mind, and no
danger of 'devils' can enter in between him and them.
 "Sincerely your friend,
 "G. VALE OWEN.

"P.S.—For all this, yet so intimate and so perfect must be the sympathy
of aim and affection existing between transmitter and receiver, that
whenever any thought

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comes through which seems to be at variance with what is true,
immediately a shock is felt and the instrument faces about, as it were, with
a query in his mind, which on the part of the communicator is as
immediately observed and noted.

"This sympathy is quite apart from the difference in status, both in
mental and spiritual capacity, between the spirit-communicator and the
human instrument, and is not affected by it. As I have said above, they
'bend down' to us, and thus bridge over any such inequality.

"G. V. O."

 ABOUT THOSE WHO COMMUNICATED

Mrs. Owen, the Vicar's mother, from whom the major portion of the
messages in this volume came, died on June 8, 1909 at the age of 63. She
had not during her life shown any interest in the question of spirit
communication.

Her life was spent at Birmingham, where her husband, at first practising
as an architect and surveyor, was compelled by a breakdown in health to
change his occupation to that of a chemist. She visited Orford little, and
was never during her lifetime on earth in the vestry of the church where the
messages were received.

 Kathleen and Ruby

Kathleen was first heard of on July 28, 1917, when, as Mrs. Vale Owen,
the Vicar's wife, was using the planchette, the following interchange took
place, the words written being shown in ordinary, and the questions asked
in italic type:

"Kathleen."

"Who is Kathleen?"

"A friend of Ruby's. Would you like to make my acquaintance?"

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"Very much, if you are Ruby's friend."

"Ruby told me to come. She said she was sure you would welcome me
for her sake."

("Ruby," it should be explained, was the daughter of the Rev. G. Vale
Owen. She was born at Fairfield, Liverpool, on August 26, 1895, and died
at the same address on November 21, 1896.)

Kathleen, in answer to questions, said she had been a seamstress, living
in Walton Breck Road, Anfield, Liverpool, and had "passed over" at the
age of 28, about three years before Ruby. Ruby, she said, was taken to a
home where Kathleen looked after, or "mothered" her.

According to her story, the child subsequently brought her frequently to
visit Mr. Vale Owen's home, under the care of a guardian. Kathleen from
that time constantly came with friends when Mrs. Vale Owen was using
the planchette.

 ASTRIEL

Intermingled with the messages from Mr. Vale Owen's mother, given in
this volume, came others from Astriel, who had been headmaster of a
school at Warwick in mid-eighteenth century. His messages touch upon
religious faith, philosophical and scientific matters. They have been
separated from those of Mrs. Owen and placed in their proper order at the
end of this volume.

 PRESENCE FORM

The meaning of the term "Presence Form," which appears in various
places in this volume and for the

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first time in the message dated Monday, September 29, 1913 (page 63), is
explained in the following communication received by Mr. Vale Owen, in
answer to his request that the term be defined:

"A presence form is the form in which a person becomes localized and
visible in form at a distance from himself essentially. The form is not an
empty sign or symbol, but is alive with, the life of the person it so manifests,
action and expression being responsive to the thought, will, action and
spiritual state of its original. The personality is projected and becomes
visible in any place where God (or those of His angels who are so
authorized) wills the manifestation to take place.

"By this method the wishes, prayers, thoughts and the whole spiritual
state of any one in the earth life, or in any of the regions of the spiritual
world, may be manifested in any place or sphere at any moment whets
those to whom this high gift is entrusted shall will that it be so.

"A person is not always so manifested in the same presence form, which,
from time to time, may be given a different aspect and take a different
shape, Under whatever aspect he manifested, however, that form is, for the
time being, his real self projected."

 ———

SPECIAL NOTE.—Initials only are used throughout this volume when
reference is made to any person outside Mr. Vale Owen's own family. The
name Rose refers to Mr. Vale Owen's wife, and Rene is their daughter.

 H. W. E.
 [30] INTRODUCTION

 BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THE long battle is nearly won. The future may he chequered. It may
hold many a setback and many a disappointment, but the end is sure.

It has always seemed certain to those who were in touch with truth, that
if any inspired document of the new revelation could get really into the
hands of the mass of the public, it would be sure by its innate beauty and
reasonableness to sweep away every doubt and every prejudice.

Now world-wide publicity is being given to the very one of all others
which one would have selected, the purest, the highest, the most complete,
the most exalted in its source. Verily the hand of the Lord is here!

The narrative is before you and ready to speak for itself. Do not judge it
merely by the opening, lofty as that may be, but mark the ever ascending
beauty of the narrative, rising steadily until it reaches a level of sustained
grandeur.

Do not carp about minute details, but judge it by the general impression.
Do not be unduly humorous because it is new and strange.

Remember that there is no narrative upon earth, not even the most
sacred of all, which could not be turned

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to ridicule by the extraction of passages from their context and by over-
accentuation of what is immaterial. The total effect upon your mind and
soul is the only standard by which to judge the sweep and power of this
revelation.

Why should God have scaled up the founts of inspiration two thousand
years ago? What warrant have we anywhere for so unnatural a belief?

Is it not infinitely more reasonable that a living God should continue to
show living force, and that fresh help and knowledge should be poured out
from Him to meet the evolution and increased power of comprehension of
a more receptive human nature, now purified by suffering.

All these marvels and wonders, these preternatural happenings during
the last seventy years, so obvious and notorious that only shut eyes have
failed to see them, are trivial in themselves, but are the signals which have
called our material minds to attention, and have directed them towards
those messages of which this particular script may be said to be the most
complete example.

There are many others, varying in detail according to the sphere
described or the opacity of the transmitter, for each tinges the light to
greater or less extent as it passes through. Only with pure spirit will
absolutely pure teaching be received, and yet this story of Heaven must,
one would think, be as near to it as mortal conditions allow.

And is it subversive of old beliefs? A thousand times No. It broadens
them, it defines them, it beautifies them, it fills in the empty voids which
have bewildered

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us, but save to narrow pedants of the exact word who have lost touch with
the spirit, it is infinitely reassuring and illuminating.

How many fleeting phrases of the old Scriptures now take visible shape
and meaning?

Do we not begin to understand that "House with many mansions," and
realize Paul's "House not made with hands," even as we catch some
fleeting glance of that glory which the mind of man has not conceived,
neither has his tongue spoken.

It all ceases to be a far-off elusive vision and it becomes real, solid,
assured, a bright light ahead as we sail the dark waters of Time, adding a
deeper joy to our hours of gladness and wiping away the tear of sorrow by
assuring us that if we are only true to God's law and our own higher
instincts there are no words to express the happiness which awaits us.

Those who mistake words for things will say that Mr. Vale Owen got all
this from his subconscious self. Can they then explain why so many
others have had the same experience, if in a less exalted degree?

I have myself epitomized in two small volumes the general account of
the other world, drawn from a great number of sources. It was done as
independently of Mr. Vale Owen as his account was independent of mine.
Neither had possible access to the other. And yet as I read this far grander
and more detailed conception I do not find one single point of importance
in which I have erred.

How, then, is this agreement possible if the general scheme is not resting
upon inspired truth?

The world needs some stronger driving force. It

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has been running on old inspiration as a train runs when the engine is
removed. New impulse is needed, If religion had been a real compelling
thing, then it would show itself in the greatest affairs of all—the affairs of
nations, and the late war would have been impossible. What church is there
which came well out of that supreme test? Is it not manifest that the things
of the spirit need to be restated and to be recoupled with the things of life?

A new era is beginning. Those who have worked for it may be excused if
they feel some sense of reverent satisfaction as they see the truths for
which they laboured and testified gaining wider attention from the world.
It is not an occasion for self-assertion, for every man and woman who has
been honoured by being allowed to work in such a cause is well aware that
he or she is but in agent in the hands of unseen but very real, wise, and
dominating forces. And yet one would not be human if one were not
relieved when one sees fresh sources of strength, and realizes the all-
precious ship is held more firmly than ever upon her course.

 [Signature Shown}

 [34] INTO THE LIGHT

 The good God is, and God is good,
 And when to us 'tis dimly seen
 'Tis but the mists that come between
 Like darkness round the Holy Rood,
 Or Sinai Mount where they adored
 The Rising Glory of the Lord.

 He giveth life, so life is good,
 As all is good that He has given.
 Earth is the vestibule of Heaven;
 And so He feeds with angel's food
 Those in His likeness He has made,
 That death may find us unafraid.

 Death is no wraith, of visage pale,
 Out of this darkened womb of earth,
 But waits attendant on our birth
 To lead us gently through the Veil,
 To realms of radiance, broad and free,
 To Christ and immortality.
 September, 1915.

 Note.—Subsequent to the reception of the portion of the script Which is included in
this volume, I received at three separate sittings the verses printed above. It was
intimated to me, at that time, that the purpose for which this hymn was transmitted was
that it should be regarded as a keynote to the messages received some years previously
from my mother and her fellow-workers.
 G. V. O.

 [35] CHAPTER I

 THE LOWLANDS OF HEAVEN BOOK I: THE LOWLANDS OF HEAVEN

 CHAPTER I

 THE LOWLANDS OF HEAVEN

On the borderland—An initiation—"From strength to strength"—
Sorrow and joy—Trees and flowers—The Chasm and the Bridge—"There
is a great Gulf fixed"—The Cross of Light—"One Sinner who repenteth."

 Tuesday, September 23, 1911

WHO is here?

Mother and other friends who have come to help. We are progressing
very well, but are not able to give you all the words we would like to yet,
as your mind is not so quiet and passive as we would wish.

Tell me something about your home and occupation.

Our occupation varies according to the needs of those to whom we
minister. It is very various, but directed to the uplifting of those who are
still in earth life. For instance, it is we who suggested to Rose the creation
of a band of people to come to her aid in case of her feeling any danger
when she was in the room writing as we moved her hand, and that band

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is at present in charge of her case. Does she not feel their presence at times
near her? She should do so, for they are ever near at call.

About our home. It is very bright and beautiful, and our companions
from the higher spheres are continually coming to us to cheer us on our
upward way.

A thought here came into my mind. Could they see these beings from the
higher realms, or was it with them as with us? I may say that here and
there throughout these records the reader will come upon passages which
are quite obviously answers to my unspoken thoughts, usually beginning
"Yes" or "No." This being understood, there will be no need for me to
indicate them unless any particular instance seems to require it.

Yes, we can see them when they wish that we should do so, but that
depends on the state of our advancement and their own power of service
to us.

Now will you please describe your home scenery, etc.?

Earth made perfect. But of course what you call a fourth dimension does
exist here, in a way, and that hinders us in describing it adequately. We
have hills and rivers and beautiful forests, and houses, too, and all the work
of those who have come before us to make ready. We are at present at
work, in our turn, building and ordering for those who must still for a little
while continue their battle on earth, and when they come they will find all
things ready and the feast prepared.

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We will tell you of a scene which we witnessed not long ago. Yes, a
scene in this land of ours. We were told that a ceremony was about to take
place in a certain wide plain not far from our home, at which we might be
present. It was the ceremony of initiation of one who had passed the gate
of what we will call prejudice, that is, of prejudice against those who were
not of his own particular way of learning, and who was about to go forth
into a wider and fuller sphere of usefulness.

We went, as we were bidden, and found a great many people arriving
from many quarters. Some came in… why do you hesitate? We are
describing quite literally what we saw—chariots; call them otherwise, if
you will. They were drawn by horses, and their drivers seemed to know
just what to say to them, for they were not driven with reins like they are
on earth, but seemed to go where the drivers willed. Some came on foot
and some through space by aerial flight. No, not wings, which are not
necessary.

When they had all gathered, a circle was made, and one stepped out, the
one who was to be initiated, and he wore a robe of orange colour, but
bright, not like the colour as you know it; none of our colours are; but we
have to speak to you in our old tongue. The one who had had him in his
care then took him by the hand and placed him on a green knoll near the
Middle of the clear space, and prayed. And then a very beautiful thing
occurred.

The sky seemed to intensify in colour—blue and

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gold mostly—and out of it descended a veil-like cloud, but which seemed
to be made up of fine lace-work, and the figures dominating were birds and
flowers—not white, but all golden and radiant. This slowly expanded and
settled on the two, and then they seemed to become part of it, and it of
them, and, as it slowly faded away, it left both more beautiful than
before—permanently beautiful, for both had been advanced into a higher
sphere of light.

Then we began to sing, and, although I could see no instrument, yet
instrumental music blended with our singing and became one with it. It was
very beautiful, and served both as a reward to those who had earned it and
a spur to those who had still to tread the path they two had trodden. The
music, as I found out later by inquiry, proceeded from a temple grove
outside the circle, but indeed it did not seem to come from any one point.
That is a faculty of music here. It seems very often to be part of the
atmosphere.

Nor was the jewel lacking. When the cloud cleared, or dissolved, we saw
it on the brow of the initiate, gold and red, and his guide, who had one
already, wore his on his shoulder—left shoulder—and we noticed it had
increased in size and brightness. I do not know how this happens, but have
an idea, not definite enough to tell you, however, and it is difficult to
explain what we ourselves understand. When the ceremony was over we
all separated to our own work again. It was longer than I have described
and had a very heartening effect on the rest of us.

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Over the hill on the farther side of the plain to that where we stood I
noticed a light grow up and it seemed to us a beautiful form in human
shape. I do not think it was an appearance of our Lord, but some great
Angel Master who came to give power, and to do His will. No doubt some
there could see more clearly than I, because we are able to see, and also to
understand, in proportion to our stage of advancement..

Now, my boy, just think for a moment. Is this from your mind or
through it, as you say? When you sat down to write as you know, nothing
was farther from your thoughts, for we had carefully refrained from
impressing you, and yet you went off at once on the account as we
influenced you. Is that not so?

Yes; I admit that frankly.

Quite right. And now we will leave—not you, for we are always with
you in a way you do not understand—but we will leave this writing, with
our prayer and blessing on you and yours. Good night and good-bye till
to-morrow.

(Note.—When the whole series of messages was finished I reckoned up
and found that the speed had been maintained at an average rate of twenty-
four words a minute. On two occasions only had I any idea what subject
was to be treated. That was when the message had obviously been left
uncompleted. At other times I had fully expected a certain subject to be
taken, but on taking up my pencil the stream of thought went off in an
altogether different direction.)

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 Wednesday, September 24, 1913.

Suppose we were to ask you to look forward a little space and try to
imagine the effect of our communications as viewed in relation to the
ultimate outcome of your present state of mind. What then, think you,
should have been the issue of events as we see them from our own sphere
in the spirit world? It would be something like the effect of sunlight when
it is projected into a sea-mist, which mist gradually vanishes away, and the
scene it enveloped becomes clearer to the vision, and more beautiful than
when dimly discerned through the enveloping mist.

So do we view your minds and, if the sun for awhile dazzles and
perplexes rather than clarifies the sight, you know that the end is light, and
the end of all that Light in whom there is no darkness at all. Yet light is not
conducive to peace always, but, in its passage, often creates a series of
vibrations which bring destruction to those species of living creatures
which are not fashioned to survive in the light of the sun. Let them go, and,
for yourself, go onward, and as you go your eyes will become used to the
greater light, the greater beauty of the Love of God, the very intensity of
which, blended as it is with infinite Wisdom, is perplexing to those who
are not altogether of the light.

And now, dear son, listen while we tell you of one more scene which has
gladdened us here in these regions of God's own light.

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We were wandering a short time ago in a beautiful woodland place, and
as we went we talked a little, but not more than a little because of the
sense of music which seemed to absorb all else into its own holy silence.
Then, standing in the pathway in front of us, whom should we see but an
angel from a higher sphere. He stood and looked on us with a smile, but did
not speak, and we became aware that he had a message for one of us
especially. It was so, for, as we halted and stood in expectation, he came
forward and , lifting the cloak he wore—amber it was in colour—he placed
his arm and it round my shoulder and, laying his cheek on my hair—for he
was much taller than I am—he said softly, "My child, I am sent to you
from the Master Whom you have learned to trust, and the way before you
is seen by Him but not by you. You will be given strength for whatever
you have to do; and you have been chosen for a mission which is new to
you in your service here. You will be able, of course, to visit these your
friends at will, but now you must leave them for a time and I will show
you your new home and duties."

Then the others gathered round me and kissed me and held my hands in
theirs. They were as glad as I—only that is not quite the word to use in
my case, it is not peaceful enough. After awhile, when he had let us talk
and wonder what his message meant, he came forward once more and this
time took me by the hand and led me away.

We walked for a little time and then I felt my feet leave the ground and
we went through the air. I was

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not afraid, for his strength was given to me. We passed over a high
mountain range where many palaces were, and at last, after a fairly long
journey, we descended in a city where I had not been before.

The light was not unkind, but my eyes were not used to such a degree of
brightness. However, I soon made out that we were in a garden
surrounding a large building, with steps up to it all along the front, at the
top of which was a kind of terrace. The building seemed all of one piece of
material of different hues—pink and blue and red and yellow—which
shone like gold, but softly. Up these we went, and at the great doorway,
without any door to it, we met a very beautiful lady, stately but not
proud. She was the Angel of the House of Sorrow. You wonder at the
word used in this connection. What it means is this:

The sorrow is not of those who dwell there, but is the lot of those to
whom they minister. The sorrowful ones are those on earth, and it is the
business of the residents in this House to send to them vibrations which
have the effect of neutralizing the vibrations of sorrowful hearts on earth.
You must understand that here we have to get at the bottom of things, and
learn the cause of things, and that is a very deep study, only learned in
gradual stages bit by bit. I therefore speak of the causes of things when I
use the word "vibrations," as one you will understand best.

She received me very kindly and took me within, where she showed me
over part of the place. It was quite unlike anything on earth, so it is hard to
describe. But I may say that the whole house seemed

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to vibrate with life, and to respond to our own will and vitality.

This, then, is my present and latest phase of service, and a very happy
one it promises to be. But I have only just begun to understand the
prayers which are brought to us there and registered, and the sighs of those
in trouble we hear—or rather, they are also registered, and we see or feel
them, as it were, and send out our own vibrations in answer. This in time
becomes involuntary, but is a great effort at first, I find it so. But even the
effort has a reflex blessing on those who work so.

There are many such places here, as I learn, all in touch with earth,
which at present would seem impossible to me except that, as the effects
are also registered back again to us, I know the amount of comfort and help
we send. I only am on duty for a short space at one time, and then go out
and see the sights of this city and its neighbourhood. And very glorious it
all is, even more beautiful than my old sphere, which I also revisit to see
my friends. So you can imagine the talks we have when we do meet. That
is almost as great a joy as the work itself. Peace in Jesus our Lord is the
atmosphere all around us. And this is the land where there is no darkness
and, when those mists are of the past, dear, you will come here, and I will
show you all—until you are perhaps able to take me by the hand, as he
did, and lead me to see the work in your own sphere. You think I am
ambitious for you, dear lad. Well, so I am, and that is a mother's—shall I
say weakness, or rather blessing?

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Good-bye, dear. Your own heart at this moment is a witness that this is
all real, for I can see it glowing happy and bright, and that is gladness also
to me your mother, dear son. Good night, then, and God will keep you and
yours in His peace.

 Thursday, September 25, 1913.

What we want most to say to you to-night is to be understood as a very
imperfect attempt to tell you what is the meaning of that passage of which
you have often thought where our Lord tells St. Peter that he is an
adversary to Him. He, as you will remember, was on the way to the Holy
City, and had been telling His Apostles that He would be killed there.
Now, what He evidently wished to impress on them was the fact that,
although to men His mission might seem to have ended in failure, yet to
eyes which were enabled to see as He would theirs might see, His end was
only the beginning of a much more powerful and glorious development of
the life-giving mission which He had undertaken on behalf of the Father
and for the uplifting of the world.

Peter, by his attitude, showed that he did not understand this. Which is
all plain and easy enough, so far, to understand. But what is usually lost
sight of is the fact that the Christ was pursuing one straight line of
progress, and that His death was but an incident in the way of His onward
path, and that sorrow, as the world understands it, is not the antithesis of
joy, but may be a part of it, because, if rightly used,

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it becomes the fulcrum on which the lever may rest which may lift a
weight off the heart of the one who understands that all is part of God's
plan for our good. It is only by knowing the real "value" of sorrow that we
understand how limited it is in effect, so far as making us unhappy goes.
Now, He was about to inflict the heaviest sorrow He possibly could on
the Apostles and, unless they understood this, they would be unable to
use that sorrow to lift themselves above the turmoil of the world, and so,
unable to do the work he had in hand for them to do. "Your sorrow shall be
converted into joy," He told them, and so it came to pass, but not until
they had learned the scientific value of sorrow—in a limited measure
indeed, but in a measure nevertheless.

All this sounds very simple when it is written down thus, and no doubt
it is simple, in a way, because all the fundamentals of God's economy are
simple. But to us, and to me at the present time, it has an importance
which may not be apparent to you. For the problem which is the chief
study of the new House in which I spend so much of my time is this same
subject, namely, the turning, or converting, of the vibrations of sorrow into
the vibrations which produce joy in the human heart. It is a very beautiful
study, but many perplexities enter into it because of the restrictions
imposed on us by the sacredness of freewill. We may not overrule the will
of any, but have so to work through their wills as to produce the desired
effect and yet leave them free all the time, and so, deserving, in a way and
in a measure at least, of the blessing received

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I get tired sometimes, but that will pass away as I become stronger in the
work.—What is your question? I think you wish to ask one.

No, thank you, I have no particular question in mind.

Wasn't there something you wished to ask about something to do with
the method by which we impress you?

I did think of asking you that this morning. But I had forgotten it. I
suppose there is nothing much to explain, is there? 4 should call it mental
impression.

Yes, that is correct, as far as it goes, but it does, not go far. Mental
impression is a phrase which covers up a great deal which is not
understood. We impress you by means of these same vibrations, some of a
different nature from others all directed on your will. But I see you are not
much interested in that matter at the present moment. We will return to it,
if you wish, at another time. I want to speak of those things which are of
present interest to you.

Then tell me something more about that home of yours and your new
work.

Very well, then, I will try to do so as well as I can.

It is beautifully appointed within and without. Within are baths and a
music room and apparatus to aid us in registering our work. It is a very
large place. I called it a house, but it is really a series of houses, each house
allotted to a certain class of work, and progressive as a series. We pass
from one to another as we learn all we can from any particular house. But

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it is all so wonderful that people would neither understand nor believe; so I
would rather tell you of the simpler things.

The grounds are very extensive, and all have a kind of relation to the
buildings, a kind of responsiveness. For instance, the trees are true trees
and grow much as trees do on earth, but they have a kind of
responsiveness to the buildings, and different kinds of trees respond more
to one house than to the others, and help the effect and the work for which
that particular house was raised. So it is with the grouping of trees in the
groves, and the bordering flower-beds of the paths, and the arrangement of
the streams and falls which are found in different parts of the grounds. All
these things have been thought out with marvellous wisdom, and the effect
produced is very beautiful.

The same thing obtains on earth, but the vibrations there are so heavy,
comparatively, both those sent out and those which respond, that the
effect is almost unseen. Nevertheless, it is so. For instance, you know that
some people can plant flowers and trees more successfully than others,
and that flowers will last longer in some houses—that is families—than
others; cut flowers, we mean. All that is the same thing in grosser state.
Here these influences are more potent in action, and also the recipients
more sensitive in perception. And that, by the way, is one of the things
which help us to accurate diagnosis of cases which are registered here for
us to deal with.

The atmosphere also is naturally affected by vegetation and by
buildings, for, let me repeat, those houses

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have not been raised merely mechanically, but are the outcome—growth, if
you will—of the action of the will of those high in rank in these realms,
and so of very powerful creative wills.

The atmosphere also has an effect on our clothing, and enters into the
influence of our own personalities in its effect on texture and colour. So
that while, if we were all of the same quality spiritually our clothing would
be of the same tint and texture, by reason of the atmospheric influence,
this is in fact modified by the degree in which our own characters differ
one from another.

Also the tint of our robes changes according to the part of the grounds in
which we happen to be. It is very interesting and instructive, and also very
beautiful, to see them change as one turns down a side walk where
different vegetation flourishes, or where the arrangement of the various
species of plants is different.

The water also is very beautiful. You hear of water-nymphs and suchlike
beings, in the earth life. Well, I may tell you that here, at any rate, these
things are true. For the whole place is pervaded and interpenetrated with
life, and that means with living creatures. I had some idea of this in the
sphere from which I have lately come, but here, as I grow accustomed to
the strangeness and newness of it, I see it all much more plainly and begin
to wonder what it will be a few spheres onward. For the wonder of this
place seems to be about as much as any place could hold.

But there, let it rest. He Who enables us in one part of His beautiful
Kingdom will enable us in another.

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Which is a word for you, my dear son, and which I will, leave with you
now, and my blessing.\*

 Friday, September 26, 1913

Our last instalment was given in answer to a request by one of our band
that we should try to impress you in a rather deeper kind of way than
heretofore, but we were only able to begin, as it were, and not to complete
———
\* Note by G.V.O.—While writing the first part of this message I could not see the
drift of the argument, which seemed to me to be rather thin and muddled. On reading it
over, however, I am by no means sure of my estimate.

Taking what is said of the vibrations of sorrow as merely a hint on "fundamentals,"
and applying to it some such reasoning as that by which the wave theory is applied to
the radiation of light and heat, the result would be something like this:

In dealing with that combination of vibrations which cause sorrow, the method is not
so much that of substitution as of readjustment. By directing on the sorrowful soul other
classes of vibrations those of sorrow are, some of them, neutralized; and others are
modified and converted into vibrations the effect of which is joy or peace.

Viewed thus the above message does seem to hold some significance, and may perhaps
throw light on the way in which troubles are actually dealt with in life. It certainly does
seem to be part of the divine method, not that the outer aspect and circumstances of
sorrow should be remedied (except in extremely rare cases), but that other elements
should be infused which should have the effect of converting that sorrow into joy. This
is merely a matter of everyday observation. To the unscientific mind this will probably
seem to be drawing a very long bow. To others it may not seem so unreasonable to
suggest that these "other vibrations" are really vibrations of other classes or "values."

The passage referred to is John xvi. 20: {Greek} h luph umwn eiV caran
genhsetai. —G.V.O.

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our explanation, If you wish it therefore, we Will continue the subject
now.

Thank you; yes.

Then you must, for a moment, try to think with us as from our side the
Veil. Things, you must understand, take on a very different aspect here
from what they did as viewed from the earth plane, and an aspect, I fear,
which to those still on earth will, in many cases at least, wear a semblance
of unreality and romance. And the least things here are fraught with so
much wonder to those who are newly come over that until they have
divested themselves of the habit of thinking in three dimensional terms,
they are unable to progress very far. And that, believe me, is a matter of no
little difficulty.

Now, the term "vibrations" is one which will have to serve, but it is far
from adequate as understood of things material. For such vibrations as
those of which we speak are not merely mechanical in movement and
quality, but have an essence of vitality in themselves, and it is by that
vitality that we are able to appropriate and use them. That is the
connecting link between our wills and the outward manifestation in
vibrations, for that is really all that these are. They are just phenomena of
the deeper life which envelops us and all things. By them, as raw material,
we are able to accomplish things, and build up things which have a
durability which the term itself would seem to belie.

For instance, it is by this method that the bridge over the chasm\* I
between the spheres of light and darkness

 \* See p. 129.

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is constructed, and that bridge is not all of one colour. On the farther side it
is shrouded in darkness and, as it gradually emerges into, or towards, the
region of light, it assumes an ever brighter hue and, where it lands on the
heights where begin the brighter lands, it is of pink hue and glistens in the
light enveloping it like some rare kind of silver, or alabaster rather.

Yes, of course there is a bridge over the chasm Otherwise how would
those who have fought their way upward through the gloom get over?
True—and I had forgotten it—there are some who do proceed through the
awful realm of darkness, and climb up the regions on this side the chasm.
But these are few, and they are those obstinate ones who reject the help
and guidance of those guardians of the way who are stationed on the
farther side to show those who are qualified the way across.

Also, you must know, those guardians are only visible to those poor
people, in proportion to the light that has been generated in their hearts;
and so a certain amount of trust is needed if they would commit
themselves to their keeping. This trust also is the outcome of a better mind
by which they have become, in a measure, able to discern between light
and darkness. Well, the complications of the human spirit are manifold and
perplexing, and so let us get on to something easier of putting into words. I
have called this a bridge, but—I ought to have referred you to the passage,
"The light of the body is thine eye." Read that in this connection, and you
will see that it bears on the

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case, not only of those on earth but those here also. I have called this a
bridge, but, as a matter of fact, it has little likeness to a bridge, on earth.
For these regions are vast, and the bridge is more like a tract of country
than anything else I can think of to call it to you. And remember I have
only seen but a small part of these spheres, and so just tell you of that
part which I know. Doubtless there are other chasms and bridges—
probably numbers of them. Across the ridge, or bridge, then, those who
seek the light make their journey, and that journey is but slow, and there
are many rest-houses at which they stay, from time to time, on their
progress across, and are handed on from one to another party of angel
ministers, until the last stage lands them here on this side. Our work in the
house, or colony, to which I now belong, is also directed to these
progressive spirits, as well as to those on earth. But that is a different
department from mine at present. I have not yet got that far in my study.
For it is more difficult, because the influences around those in the darkness
here are much more evil than the influences on earth, where good influences
are ever mingling with the bad. It is only when careless and wicked people
get over here that they realize the awful task before them; and that is why
so many of them remain for ages in a condition of hopelessness and
despair.

When they are safely over the bridge they are welcomed by those on the
slopes where grass and trees grow, and they are just stupefied with delight,
in spite of the gradualness of their preparation. For they have

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not yet become used to love and its sweetness after their experience of the
opposite down there.

I said this bridge landed on the heights; I speak comparatively. The
landing place is highland as compared with those regions of darkness
below. But, as a matter of fact, it is lowland, and the lowest land indeed, of
the heavenly country.

You are thinking of the "great gulf," or chasm, "fixed," of the Parable.
That is all quite in accord with what I have written, and you have already
had this explained to you elsewhere. Also the reason why these who come
over do so instead of attaining this side by aerial travel, or "flight," as you
would perhaps call it, is because they are not able to make the journey so
on account of their weakness spiritually. If they were to attempt it they
would only fall into the dark valley, and then lose their way.

I have not been far into those dark regions, but I have been a little way;
and the misery I saw was quite enough to suffice for some time to come.
When I have progressed in my present work, and have for some time
helped those poor souls from the vantage point of this house, I may be
permitted, and probably shall be, to go farther among them. But that is not
yet.

One thing more I may say—for it is time that you should cease. When
they break away, and come to the other end of the bridge, I am told that
the noises which are heard from behind them are horrible; and dull red
flashes of fire are seen. How that is caused I am not able clearly to state,
but we are told that both the yells and screeches and howls, and also the
flashes,

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are made by those left behind who are enraged because of their
powerlessness to recapture the fugitive, or to hold him as he is slipping
away; for evil is ever powerless against good, be the good ever so small in
amount. But I must not pursue this farther now, and what I am now
saying is not what I have myself seen, but hearsay, that is, it is given to
you at second-hand; but it is true, nevertheless.

Good night, then, dear ton, and may the All Father shed His light and
peace on you and yours…… In His light shall you see light; and the
shining of that light is of the peaceful overbreaking dawn.

 Saturday, September 27, 1913.

I asked my friends to try to impress me more vividly.

It is scarcely necessary that we should be careful to impress you more
vividly than we have already done, for we have managed to get through the
messages as we intended them, to help you to realize somewhat of our life,
and conditions prevailing here. Only we would add that what should be
clear to you is that—when we come here we are not in our own proper
element, but that what to you is a natural environment is to us as a mist,
and through it we have to work as best we can.

Are you able to see me as I sit here writing?

We do see you, but with other eyes than yours. Our eyes are not
accustomed to the effect of light as you

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have it on earth. Our light is of a different kind, a sort of interpenetrating
element by which we are able to discern your inmost mind, and that is it to
which we speak—to you yourself and not, of course, to your outward
ears. So it is yourself we see, and not your material body, which is but an
enveloping robe. When we touch you, therefore, you do not feel the touch
physically but spiritually, and if you wish to apprehend our touch, you
will have to keep this in mind and look deeper than the body and its
mechanical brain.

You would wish to know something more of the way we work here and
the conditions in which our life is spent, Not every one who comes over
here is able to understand that one of the elementary truths which it is
necessary to assimilate in order to progress is that

God is no more visibly present here than He is in the earth life. They
expect to see Him bodily, and are much disappointed when they are told
that that is a quite mistaken idea of the way of His dealing with us. His life
and beauty are quite apparent on earth to those who can look deeper than
the externals of nature. And so it is here, with this modification: that life
here is more tangible, and easier to lay hold of and use by those who study
its nature, and it pulsates all around us, and we, being in a more sensitive
state, are more able to feel it than when we, were in the earth life. Still,
having said this on the general conditions, it is true to add that, from time
to time, manifestations of the Divine Presence are given us, when some
particular purpose necessitates; and of one of these I will tell you now.

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We were called to a tract of country where many people were to
forgather, of different creeds and faiths and countries. When we arrived we
found that a band of missionary spirits had returned from their period of
duty in one of the regions bordering on the earth sphere, where they had
been working among souls just come over who did not realize that they
had crossed the border-line between earth and the spirit land. Many had
been enlightened, and these had been brought to the place in order that
they might join with us in a service of thanksgiving before going to their
own proper homes. They were of various ages, for the old had not
progressed yet in becoming youthful and vigorous again, and the young
had not progressed to complete stature. They were all agape with happy
expectation, and, as one company after another of their new companions in
this life arrived, they scanned their faces, and the different coloured robes
worn by the different orders and estates in wonder.

By and by we were all assembled, and then we heard a burst of music
which seemed to invade us all and unify the whole great multitude into one
great family. Then we saw a great cross of light appear. It seemed to lie on
the slope of the great mountain which bordered the plain and, as we
watched it, it began to break up into specks of bright light, and we
gradually became aware that it was a large company of angels of a higher
sphere who stood on the mountain in the form of a cross; and all about
them was a golden glow, which we could feel at that distance as a warm
breath, of love.

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Gradually they became more distinct to our vision as they emerged more
perfectly into this, to them, lower environment, and then we saw, standing
over the square where the arms of the cross joined the stem, a larger Being.
We all seemed to know Him at once instinctively. It was a Manifestation
of the Christ in what you have come to know as Presence Form.

He stood there silent and still for a long time, and then lifted His right
hand on high, and we saw a column of light descend and rest upon it as He
held it aloft. This column was a pathway, and on it we saw another
company descending and, when they came to the uplifted hand, they
paused and stood still with their hands folded on their breasts and heads
bowed. Then slowly the hand moved out until it had swung round and
down and the fingers pointed over the plain, and we saw the column
stretch out towards us in mid-heaven until it bridged the space between the
mountain and the plain, and the end of it rested over the multitude gathered
there.

Along this column walked the company last become visible, and hovered
above us. They spread out their hands then, and all slowly turned towards
the mountain, and softly we heard their voices half speaking and half
singing a hymn of devotion to Him Who stood there all so beautiful and so
holy that at first we were awed into silence. But presently we also took up
their words and sang, or chanted, with them; for that evidently was their
purpose in coming to us. And as we sang there arose between us and the
mountain a mist

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of bluish tint which had a very curious effect. It seemed to act like a
telescopic lens, and brought the vision of Him nearer until we could see the
expression on His face. It also acted similarly on the forms of those who
stood just below Him. But we had no eyes for them only for His gracious
face and form. I cannot describe the expression. It was a blend of things
which words can only tell in small part. There were blended love and pity
and joy and majesty, and I felt that life was a very sacred thing when it
held Him and us in one bond. I think others felt something like this too,
but we did not speak to one another, all our attention being taken up with
the sight of Him.

Then slowly the mist melted into the atmosphere, and we saw the cross
on the mountain and Him standing as before, only seen more dimly; and
the angels who had come over to us had gone, and hovered above Him.
And then all gradually faded away. But the effect was a very definite sense
of His Presence remaining and perpetual. Perhaps that was the object of
the vision being given to the new-comers who, although they could not see
so clearly as we could who had been here longer, yet would be able to see
enough to encourage them and give them peace.

We lingered some time longer, and then quietly went our ways, not
speaking much, because we were so impressed with what we had
witnessed. And also, in all these Manifestations there is always so much
to think out after. It is so glorious that one is not able, while

it is taking place, to take in all the meaning. That has to be thought out
gradually; and we talk it over,

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together, and each gives his impressions, and then we add them up, and
find that a revelation has been given of something we did not understand be
fore so well. In this instance what seemed to impress us most was the
power He had of speaking to us in silence. He did not utter a word and yet
we seemed to be hearing His voice speaking to us whenever He made a
movement, and we understood quite well what the voice said, although it
did not actually speak.

That is all I can tell you now, so, good-bye, dear son, and may you, as
you will, see for yourself one day what our Lord has in store for them who
love Him.

 Monday, September 29, 1913.

The idea of viewing things from the standpoint of a higher sphere than
yours is one which should be given due weight when you read what we
have already written. Otherwise you will often be mystified at the seeming
incongruity in the association of ideas as we have given them. To us it is
perfectly natural to link together the coming of our Lord in Presence
Form\* and the other incident of the formation of that bridge which spans
the great continent of the chasm. For what is there seen in the concrete—
that is, of course, concrete to us here—is but a phenomenon of the same
invisible power as that by which the Lord and His company of angel
attendants bridged the gulf between the spheres in which we at present
move and those from which these higher beings come.

 \* See page 30.

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You will understand that that Manifestation was to us very much what
materialization is to you. It was the linking up of two estates in the
Kingdom of the Father by bridging the space by higher vibrations than
those which we are able to use in these lower spheres. How it is done we
can only surmise, but, having passed through from your earth sphere into
this, the connection between this and the next does not seem strange.

We would wish you could be further enlightened in regard to some of the
wonders of our land, for then it would seem more natural to you, both
during your sojourn on earth, and also when you come over here it would
be less unfamiliar to your mind. The former in that you would see that
earth is heaven in embryo, and heaven is but earth cleansed and made
perfect; and the latter for reasons quite obvious.

In order to help you in this matter, therefore, we will try to tell you of a
system which we have here of separating and discerning between things
that matter and those of lesser importance. Whenever we are perplexed
about anything—and I speak just of our own immediate circle—we go up
to the top of some building, or hill, or some high place where the
surrounding country may be viewed from a distance. Then we state our
difficulties, and when we have made the tale complete, we preserve silence
for a time and endeavour to retreat into ourselves, as it were. After a time
we begin to see and hear on a higher plane than ours, and those things
which matter, we find, are those which are shown to us, by sight and
hearing, as persisting

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on that higher plane, in those higher spheres. But the things which do not
matter so greatly we do not see nor hear, and thus we are able to separate
the one class from the other.

It seems all right, dear, but could you give me a specific instance by way
of example?

I think we can. We had a case of doubt to deal with, and scarcely knew
how to act for the best. It was that of a woman who had been over here for
rather a long time, and who did not seem able to progress much. She was
not a bad sort of person, but seemed to be uncertain of herself and
everybody—round her. Her chief difficulty was about angels—whether
they were all of light and goodness, or whether there were some of angelic
estate and yet who were of the darkness. For some time we could not quite
see why this should trouble her, as everything here seemed to be of love
and brightness. But we found at last she had some relatives who had come
over before her, and whom she had not seen, and could not find where they
were. When we got at her real trouble we talked it over among ourselves,
and then we went to the top of a hill and stated our wish to help her and
asked to be shown the best way. A rather remarkable thing happened, as
unexpected as helpful.

As we knelt there the whole summit of the hill seemed to become
transparent and, as we were kneeling with bowed heads, we saw right
through it, and a part of the regions below was brought out with
distinctness. The scene we saw—and we all saw it, so there could be no
delusion—was a dry and barren plain

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in semi-darkness and, standing leaning against a rock, was a man of large
stature. Before him, kneeling on the ground, with face in hands, was
another smaller form. It was that of a man, and he seemed to be pleading
with the other, who stood with a look of doubt upon his face. Then at last,
with a sudden impulse, he stooped down and caught the prostrate form to
his breast, and strode with him over the plain towards that horizon where
a faint light glimmered.

He went a long journey with that burden and, when they came to a place
where the light was stronger, he set him down and pointed out the way to
him; and we saw the smaller form thank him again and again, and then turn
and run towards the light. We followed him with our eyes, and then saw
that the other had directed him to the bridge, of which I have told you
already—only that end of it which is on the other side of the chasm. Still
we could not understand why this vision had been shown to us, and we
continued to follow the man until he had reached the large building which
stands at the entrance of the bridge—not to guard it, but to watch for those
who come and who require refreshment and help.

We saw that the man had been sighted from the watchtower, for a flash
of light signalled the fact to those below and to those on the next
watchtower along the bridge.

And then the hill resumed its normal aspect again, and we saw no more.

We were more perplexed than ever now, and were descending the hill
when our Chief Lady met us, and,

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in her company, one who seemed to be a high officer in some part of our
spheres, but whom we had not met before. She said he had come to explain
to us the instruction we had just received. The smaller man was the
husband of the woman whom we were trying to help, and we must tell her
to go to the bridge and she would be given a lodging there, where she could
wait till her loved one arrived. The larger man whom we had seen was what
the woman would call an angel of darkness, for he was one of the more
powerful spirits in that dark land. But, as we had observed, he was capable
of a good deed. Why then, we asked, was he still in the regions of
darkness?

The officer smiled and said, "My dear friends, the Kingdom of God our
Father is a very much more wonderful place than you seem to imagine.
You never yet have met with a realm or sphere which was complete in
itself, and independent and separate from all other spheres. Nor are there
any such. That dark angel blends within his nature many spheres of
knowledge and goodness and badness. He remains where he is first because
of the badness remaining in him, and which unfits him for the regions of
light. He remains also because, while he could progress if he would, yet he
does not wish to do so at present, partly because of his obstinacy, and
partly because he still hates the light, and thinks those who set out upon
the awful uphill way fools because the pains and agonies are sharper then
by reason of the contrast which they see between the light and the
darkness. So he remains; and there are multitudes such as he whom a kind
of dull and numb

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despair prevents coming over. Also in his time of hatred and frenzy he is
cruel. He had tortured and ill-treated this same man whom you saw with
him from time to time, and that with the cruelty of a cowardly bully. But,
as you saw, that wore itself out, and, when the man pleaded this last time,
some soft chord in the heart of the other vibrated just a little, and, on the
impulse, fearing a reversal of his intention, he liberated the victim who
wished to make the journey, and pointed out to him the way, no doubt
thinking in his heart that he was a fool and yet, perhaps, a wiser fool than
he, after all."

This was new to us. We had not realized that there was any goodness in
those dark regions before; but now we saw that it was but natural that
there should be, or, if every one were totally bad, no one would ever desire
to come to us here.

But what bearing has all this on the discerning between the things which
matter and those of lesser importance?

All that is of good is of God, and light and darkness, as applied to His
children, are not, and cannot be, absolute. They are to be understood
relatively. There are, as we now know, many "angels of darkness" who are
in the darkness because of some twist in their natures, some obstinate trait
which prevents the good in them having its effect. And these one day may
pass us on the road of the ages, and become greater in the Kingdom of the
Heavens than we who now are more blessed than they.

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Good night, dear son. Think over what we have written. It has been a
very wholesome lesson to us, and one which it were well if many in your
present life could learn.

 [69] CHAPTER II

 SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTER CHAPTER II

 SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTER

The Home of Music—"They stand, those Halls of Sion, all Jubilant with song, and
bright with many an Angel"—The Halls of Colour—The heavenly life—A story with a
moral—After death, realization and first experiences—A parting and a meeting—A
children's school, progressive botany—A Manifestation—The child and the globe of
light—All creation one—Creative thinking.

 Tuesday, September 30, 1913

YOU would scarcely realize all that we feel when we come to earth in
this way, and commune with one still wending his way through the valley.
We feel that we are of those who are more than ordinarily privileged, for,
once we are able to convince people how much lies to their hand that they
might use for the uplifting of the race, there seems to be no bounds to the
possibilities of good and enlightenment. Still, we are but able to do a little,
and must rest content until others will co-operate with us, as you have
done, fearlessly, knowing that no evil can come to those who love the
Father, and serve Him in His Son, our Saviour Lord.

Now, in order to help those who still doubt us and our mission and
message, let me say that we do not lightly leave our beautiful home to
come down into the mists which surround the earth sphere. We have

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a mission and a work in hand which some one must do, and there is joy in
the doing of it.

A little time since—to speak in earth phrase—we were sent into a region
where the waters were collected into a large lake, or basin, and round the
lake, at some distance from each other, were erected buildings in the form
of large halls with towers. They were of varied architecture and design, and
not all builded of one material. Spacious gardens and woods surrounded
them, some of them miles in extent, and full of beautiful fauna and flora,
most of the species known on earth, but also some which would be strange
to you now, although I think that at least a proportion of them lived once
on earth. That is a detail. What I wish to explain to you is the purpose of
these colonies.

They are for nothing else than the manufacture of music and musical
instruments. Those who live there are engaged in the study of music and
its combinations and effects, not only as to what you know as sound, but
also in other connections. We visited several of the great houses and found
bright and happy faces to welcome us and show us over the place; and also
to explain what we were able to understand, and I frankly confess that was
not much. Such as I personally did understand I will try to explain to you.

One house—or college, for they were more like colleges than
manufactories, when I come to think of it—was devoted to the study of
the best methods of conveying musical inspiration to those who had a
talent for composition on earth; and another house gave attention rather to
those who were clever at playing

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music, and others to singing, and still others made a special study of
ecclesiastical music, and others concert music, and others operatic
composition, and so on.

The results of their studies are tabulated, and there their duty ends.
These results are studied again by another class, who consider the best
method of communicating them to composers of music generally, and then
another body do the actual work of transmission through the Veil into the
earth sphere. Here are pointed out to them the objects of their endeavours,
namely, those who are likely to prove most ready of response to their
inspiration. These have been carefully selected by others who are trained
in selection of such. All is in perfect order; from the colleges round the lake
to the church or concert hall or opera house on earth there is a chain of
trained workers who are constantly active in giving to earth some little gift
of heavenly music. And that is how all your best music comes to you….
Yes, you are quite correct. Much of your music is not from us; and much
is sullied in its passage. But that is not the fault of the workers from those
spheres, but lies at the door of those on your side of the Veil, and those on
this side who are of the gloomy regions and whom the character of the
composer gives a foothold to tamper with that which comes from us here.

What were the towers for?

I was just going to explain that to you.

The lake is of vast extent, and the buildings at some little distance from it
on all sides. But at certain times, previously arranged, the workers of some
of

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these colleges, and now and again of all of them, send certain of their
company to the towertop and, when all are assembled, then a concert,
literally true to its name, is held. They all practise something they have
previously agreed upon together. On one tower will be instrumentalists of
one class, on another those of another class, and on the third vocalists; and
on another, another class of vocalists; for there are many classes, not only
four, as usually with you, but many toned voices. And other towers are
devoted to other workers whose actual duties I could not understand.
From what I could make out, some of these were expert in harmonizing the
whole, or part, of the volume of sound combined from the different
towers.

But I want to get on to the description of the thing itself—the concert or
festival, or whatever you like to call it. We were taken to an island in the
midst of the lake, and there, in a beautiful scene of trees and grass and
flowers and terraces and arbours of trees and little nooks and seats of stone
or wood, we heard the festival.

First there came a chord, long and sustained, growing louder and louder,
until it seemed to invade the whole landscape and waterscape and every
leaf of every tree. It was the key given to the musicians on the various
towers. It died into silence and all seemed very still. Then gradually, we
heard the orchestra. It came from many towers, but we could not tell any
single contribution apart. It was perfect harmony, and the balance of tone
was exquisite.

Then the singers took up their part, It is of no use

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for me to try to describe this music of the heavenly spheres in earth
language, but I may perhaps be able to give you some idea of the effect.
Briefly, it made everything more lovely—not only beautiful, but lovely,
too—for there is a difference in meaning of these two words as I use them
here. All our faces took on a more lovely hue and expression, the trees
became deeper in colour, and the atmosphere gradually grew into a vapour
of tints like a rainbow. But the vapour did not obscure anything; it seemed
to bring everything nearer together rather. The water reflected the rainbow
tints, and our clothing also became intensified in colour.

Moreover, the animals and birds about us also responded. One white
bird I remember especially. Her beautiful milky feathers gradually grew
brighter and, when I saw her last, before she flew into a grove, she shone
like gold burnished and glowing, like transparent light or fire. Then, as the
mists slowly faded away, we all became, and everything became, normal
once again. But the effect remained, and if I could give it a name, I should
say it was "peace."

That, then, is one little experience which I had in the Home of Music.
What we heard will be discussed again and again by meetings of experts, a
little altered here, and a little there, and then some use will be made of it;
perhaps at some great service of thanksgiving here, or some reception of
spirits come over from the earth life, or some other function. For music
enters into so many phases of our life here, and, indeed, all seems music in
these spheres of light—music and blended colour and beauty, all breathing
love

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among all, and to Him Who loves us as we are not able to love. But His
love draws us onward, and, as we go, is all about us, and we must
inbreathe it, as we do the beauty of His presence. This we cannot choose
but do, for He is All in All here, and love is a delight which only you will
understand when you stand where we have stood, and heard what we have
heard, and seen the beauty of His presence, breathing and shimmering all
around and above and beneath, as we learned some little more of His love.

Be strong and live the valiant life, for the end is worth the cost, as we
ourselves have proved.

Good night, dear lad, and remember that sometimes in your sleep we are
able to waft some faint echo of such music as this into your spiritual
environment, and it is not without its effect on the aspect worn in your
mind by your next day's life and work.

 Wednesday, October 1, 1913

What we said last evening relative to the Home of Music was but an
outline sketch of all that we heard and saw; and we only went over part of
the place. We are informed, however, that it is of much larger extent even
than we thought at the time, and extends far away from the lake into the
mountainous country outlying the plain in which the lake lies. In those
mountains there are other colleges, all linked up with those we saw by
means of a kind of wireless telephony, and a co-operative work is
continually going on.

On our way back to our own home we turned aside

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to see another new thing. It was a plantation of very large trees in which
was built another tower, not a single column, but a series of chambers and
halls, with pinnacles and turrets and domes of manifold colours. These
were all in the one building, which was very high and also spacious. We
were shown within very courteously and kindly by one of the dwellers
there, and the first thing that struck us was the curious aspect of the walls.
What had from the outside appeared opaque, from the inside were
translucent, and, as we went from hall to hall, and chamber to chamber, we
noticed that the light which filled each was slightly different in tint from
the one which led to it—not of different colour, for the variance was not so
marked as that, but just a slight degree deeper or lighter.

In most at least of the smaller compartments the light was of one definite
and delicate hue, but every now and then, after passing through a more or
less complete series of chambers, we came to a large hall, and in this hall
were gathered all the component tints of the surrounding chambers. I am
not quite sure whether I am exactly correct in saying that all the smaller
laboratories only distilled one tint, but am telling you as nearly as I can
remember. There was so much we saw that it is difficult to separate all
into details; and it was my first visit. So I do not vouch for more than a
true description of the general scheme.

One of these great halls was the Orange Hall, and in it were all the tints
of that primary, from the faintest of light gold to the deepest of deep
orange. Another was the Red Hall, where hues were ambient all

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about us, from the faintest rose-leaf pink to the deepest crimson of the
rose or dahlia. Another, the Violet Hall, was radiant with hues ranging from
the most delicate heliotrope, or amethyst, to the dark rich hue of the
pansy. And now I must tell you that there were not only more but several
more of these halls devoted to those tints which you do not know, but
which you call the ultra-violet and the ultra-red, and most wonderful they
are.

Now, these rays are not blended together in one hue, but each tint was
distinct in its gradation, and yet A harmonized wonderfully and
beautifully.

You are wondering to what purpose these buildings of crystal are put.
They are for studying the effect of colours as applied to different
departments of life, animal, vegetable and even mineral life, but the two
former chiefly, together with clothing. For both the texture and the hue of
our garments take their quality from the spiritual state and character of the
wearer. Our environment is part of us, just as with you, and light is one
component, and an important one, of our environment. Therefore it is very
powerful in its application, under certain conditions, as we saw it in these
halls.

I am told that the results of those studies are handed on to those who
have charge of trees and other plant life on earth and other planets. But
there are other results which are too rare in nature for such application to
the grosser environment of earth and the other planets, so, of course, only
a very small part of these studies is handed on in your direction.

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I am sorry that I can tell you little more, partly because of these same
limitations, and partly because it is rather scientific and out of my line. But
this I may add, for I inquired while there. They do not gather the primary
colours together in one hall in that colony. Why, I do not know. It may be,
as some of my friends think, who understand these matters better than I
do, that the force generated by such combination would collectively be too
tremendous for that building and require a specially constructed one, and
that, probably, away in some high mountain; as it is possible, they told
me, that no vegetation would live within a long distance of such a place.
And they add that they doubt whether people of the degree we met could
safely control such forces as would be so generated. They think it would
require those of much higher state and skill. But away in another and
higher sphere there may be, and probably is, a place where this is done,
and that place in touch with the one we saw. Judging from the way things
are ordered here, that much is almost certain.

We left the colony, or university, as it might be called, and when we
were at some distance away on the plain where we could see the central
dome above the trees, our guide, who had come with us to speed us on our
way, told us to stop and see a little parting surprise which the Chief had
promised to afford us. We watched and saw nothing, and, after a while,
looked at our guide questioningly. He smiled, and we looked again.

Presently one of our party said, "What colour was that dome when we
first paused here?" One said, "I

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believe it was red." But none could be sure. Anyway, it was then a golden
tint, so we said we would watch it. Sure enough, presently it was green,
and yet we had not seen it change, so gradually and evenly was the
progress from one colour to the other made. This went on for some time,
and it was extremely beautiful.

Then the dome disappeared utterly. Our guide told us it was still there in
the same place, but the disappearance was one of the feats they had
managed to accomplish by combining certain elements of light from the
various halls. Then above the dome and the trees —the dome still being
invisible—there appeared an enormous rose of pink, which slowly
deepened into crimson, and all among its petals there were beautiful forms
of children playing, and men and women standing or walking and talking
together, handsome, beautiful and happy; and fawns and antelopes and
birds, running or flitting or lying among the petals, whose shapes swelled
like hills and mounds and landscapes. Over these swells ran children with
the animals, playing very happily and prettily. And then it all slowly
faded away, and all was blank. We were shown several of these displays as
we stood there.

Another was a column of light which shot up vertically from where we
knew the dome was, and stood erect in the heavens. It was of the purest
white light, and so steady that it looked almost solid. Then came a ray
from one of the halls obliquely and gently struck against the side of the
column. Then came another from another hall, of a different colour—red,
blue,

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green, violet, orange; light, middle and dark of all colours you know, and
some which you do not know—and they all lodged against the white
column about half way up.

Then we saw the oblique lines of light taking shape, and they slowly
became each a highway with buildings, houses, castles, palaces, groves of
trees, temples and all manner of such, all along the broadways. And up
these ways came crowds of people, some on foot, some on horseback, and
others driving in chariots. All on one shaft of light were of one colour, but
manifold in hues. It was very lovely to see them. They approached the
column and halted a little distance from it all round.

Then the top of the column opened out slowly, like a beautiful white
lily, and the petals began to curl over, and lower, and ever lower, until they
overspread the space between the people and the column. And then the
base of the column began to do the same, until it formed a platform,
circular in shape, between the different shafts of light, from the column to
so far as the places on each causeway where the people halted.

Then they could move onward. But they mingled now, and their horses
and conveyances, each retaining its own tint and colour, but mingling with
the rest. And we became aware that what we were looking at was a great
multitude of lovely and happy people, gathered as if for a feast or festival,
in an enormous pavilion of varitinted light. For their hues were now
reflected against and into the roof and the floor, or pavement, and most
wonderful was the radiance of it

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all. Slowly they formed into groups, and then we noticed that the centre
column was piped like a great organ, and we understood what to expect.

And it came very soon—a great burst of music, vocal and instrumental, a
grand Gloria in excelsis to Him Who dwells in the light which is as
darkness to His children, even as our darkness is as light when He sheds
down on us a ray of His present power; for Omnipotent is the King
Whose Light is life to all His children, and Whose glory is reflected in the
light such as we are able to endure. Something like that they sang, and then
all that, too, faded away. I expected they would retrace their steps along
the causeways, but these were withdrawn, and apparently it was
unnecessary.

Your time is up, dear lad, so we must stop regretfully, with our usual
love to you, my dear one, and those who love you and us, as we love
them. God be with you, Who is Light, and in Whom no darkness can find a
place to rest.

Thursday, October 2, 1913

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." That is the
message we would impress on you now. Do not lag behind in the way, for
light is shed along it which will show you the path, and, if you hold fast to
your faith in the All Father and His dear Son our Lord, you need have no
fear of any beside.

We write this on account of certain lingering doubts still about you. You
feel our presence, we know, but

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our messages have taken on such a complexion as to seem too fairy-like to
be real. Know, then, that no fairy story ever written can equal the wonder
of these Heavenly Realms, or the beauties of them. Moreover, much of the
description you read in fairy books of scenery and buildings is not
altogether unlike many things we have seen here in this beautiful land.
Only a little yet have we been able to learn, but, from that little, we are
convinced that nothing which can enter into the creative imagination of a
man while in the earth life can equal the glories which await his wondering
intellect when he puts off the earth body, with its limitations, and stands
free in the light of the Heavenly Land.

Now, what we wish to try to tell you to-night is of a rather different
order from our former messages, and has regard rather to the essential
nature of things than to the phenomena of life as displayed for our
instruction and joy.

If a man could take his stand here on some one of the high summits with
which this landscape is crowned, he would behold some rather strange and
unfamiliar sights. For instance, he would probably first observe that the air
was clear, and that distance had a different aspect from that it wears on
earth. It would not seem

far away in the same sense, for, if he wished to leave the summit on which
he stood and go to some point near the horizon, or even beyond, he would
do so by means of his will, and it would depend on the quality of that will,
and his own nature, whether he went fast or slow; and also how far he
could penetrate into the

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regions which lie beyond the various mountain ranges and whose—I
suppose we shall have to use the word—atmosphere is of rarer quality
than that in which his present lot is cast.

It is on account of this that we do not always see those messengers who
come to us from the higher spheres. They are seen by some better than by
others, and are only truly and definitely visible when they so condition
their bodies as to emerge into visibility. Now, if we go too far in their
direction—that is, in the direction of their home—we feel an exhaustion
which disables us to penetrate farther, although some are able to go farther
than others.

Again, standing on that summit, the observer would notice that the
firmament was not exactly opaque to the vision, but rather in the nature of
light, but light of a quality which intensifies as the distance from the
surface of the landscape increases. And some are able to look farther into
that light than others, and to see there beings and scenes enacting which
others less developed are not able to see.

Also, he would see all around him dwellings and buildings of various
kinds, some of which I have described. But those buildings would not be
merely houses and work-places and colleges to him. From each structure
he would read not its character so much as the character of those who built
it and those who inhabit it. Permanent they are, but not of the same dull
permanency as those of earth. They can be developed and modified and
adapted, in colour, shape and material,

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according as the need should require. They would not have to be pulled
down, and then the material used in rebuilding. The material would be dealt
with as the building stood. Time has no effect on our buildings. They do
not crumble or decay. Their durability depends simply on the wills of their
masters, and, so long as these will, the building stands, and then is altered
as they will.

Another thing he would notice would be flights of birds coming from out
the distance and going, with perfect precision, to some particular spot.
Now there are messenger birds trained on earth, but not as these are
trained. In the first place, as they are never killed or ill-used, they have no
fear of us. These birds are one of the means we use to send messages from
one colony to another. They are not really necessary, as we have other
quicker and more business-like ways of communication. We use them more
as pretty fancies, just as we use colours and ornaments for beauty's sake
sometimes. These birds are always making flights, and are dear loving
creatures. They seem to know what their business is, and love to do it.

There is a tale here that once one of these birds, in his eagerness to
outstrip his fellows, overshot the others and projected himself into the
earth sphere. There he was seen by a clairvoyant man, who shot at him,
and so astonished was the wanderer—not at the shooting, but at the
sensation which he felt coming from the man's thoughts—that he realized
that he was not in his right element somehow, and as soon as he realized
that,

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he was back again here. What he had felt coming from the man's brain was
the resolution and desire to kill, and, although he knew it was something
uncanny, when he came to try to tell his other bird friends he was at a loss,
because nothing of the kind is known here, and he could no more describe
it than a bird from this realm could describe his life to one of the earth
sphere. So the other birds said that, as he had a tale to tell which he could
not, he was to return and find the man and ask him what word he should
use.

He did so, and the man, who was a farmer, said "Pigeon-pie" would best
describe his idea. The bird returned and, as they could not translate the
term into their language, or make any meaning of it, they passed a
resolution to the effect that whoever should wish to visit earth in future
should place himself under guard until inquiries had been made as to
whether he was in his own proper sphere or no.

And the moral of it all is this: Keep to your own appointed task which
you will understand, and where you will be understood by those who are
your fellow-servants in the work: and do not be too eager to shoot ahead
before you are sure of your ground, or "atmosphere," or, thinking you are
going forward, you may find yourself in a sphere which is below the one
from which you started, and where the highest beings of that sphere are
less progressed, in many ways, than the lowest of your own, and much
less pleasant as company.

Well, that is a light story as a little interlude, and will serve to show you
that we can laugh here, and be foolish wisely, and wise foolishly, on
occasion, and

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that we are not grown-up much in some things since we left your earth and
came over here.

Good-bye, dear; keep up a merry heart.

 Friday, October 3, 1913.

When you are in any doubt as to the reality of spirit communion think
of the messages you have already received and you will find that in all we
have written we have preserved a clear purpose throughout. It is that we
may help you, and through you others also, to understand how natural all
is here, if wonderful also. Sometimes, when we look back upon our earth
life, we feel a wistful longing to make the way of those still there a little
clearer and brighter than was our own in our forward glances into the
future life. We did not understand, and so we went on in uncertainty as to
what really awaited us. Many, as we know, say that this is good, and yet,
as we view things from our present vantage ground, we cannot agree that
uncertainty is good when a definite goal is to be won. Certainty, on the
other hand, gives decision and conduces to courageous action, and if we
may be given to implant in just a few of earth's sojourners the certainty of
life and brightness here for those who fight the good fight well, we shall be
amply repaid for our journeys hither from our own bright home in light.

Now let us see if we can impress you to write a few words of the
conditions which we found when we arrived here—the conditions, that is,
of those who pass over here when they first arrive. They are not all of an

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equal degree of spiritual development, of course, and therefore require
different treatment. Many, as you know, do not realize for some time the
fact that they are what they would call dead, because they find themselves
alive and with a body, and their previous vague notions of the after-death
state are not, by any means, lightly thrown away.

The first thing to do, then, with such as those is to help them to realize
the fact that they are no more in the earth life, and, to do this, we employ
many methods.

One is to ask them whether they remember some friend or relative, and,
when they reply that they do so but that he is dead, we try to enable them
to see this particular spirit, who, appearing alive, should convince the
doubter that he is really passed over. This is not always the case, for the
ingrained fallacies are obstinate, and so we try another method.

We take him to some scene on earth with which he is familiar, and show
him those whom he has left behind, and the difference in his state and
theirs. If this should fail, then we bring to his recollection the last
experiences he underwent before passing, and gradually lead up to the time
when he fell asleep, and then try to connect up that moment with his
awakening here.

All these endeavours often fail—more often than you would imagine—
for character is builded up year by year, and the ideas which go to help in
this building become very firmly imbedded in his character. Also we have
to be very careful not to overtax him, or it would delay his enlightenment.
Sometimes, however, in the case of those who are more enlightened, they

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realize immediately that they are passed into the spirit land, and then our
work is easy.

We once were sent to a large town where we were to meet with other
helpers at a hospital to receive the spirit of a woman who was coming
over. These others had been watching by her during her illness, and were to
hand her over to us to bring away. We found a number of friends round the
bed in the ward, and they all wore long dismal faces, as if some dire
disaster was about to happen to their sick friend. It seemed so strange, for
she was a good woman, and was about to be ushered into the light out of a
life of toil and sorrow and, lately, of much bodily suffering.

She fell asleep, and the cord of life was severed by our watching friends,
and then, softly, they awoke her, and she looked up and smiled very
sweetly at the kind face of one who leaned over her. She lay there
perfectly happy and content until she began to wonder why these strange
faces were around her in place of the nurses and friends she had last seen.
She inquired where she was, and, when she was told, a look of wonder and
of yearning came over her face, and she asked to be allowed to see the
friends she had left.

This was granted her, and she looked on them through the Veil and
shook her head sadly. "If only they could know," she said, "how free from
pain I am now, and comfortable. Can you not tell them?" We tried to do
so, but only one of them heard, I think, and he only imperfectly, and soon
put it away as a fancy.

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We took her from that scene, and, after she had somewhat gained
strength, to a children's school, where her little boy was, and, when she
saw him, her joy was too great for words. He had passed over some few
years before, and had been placed in this school where he had lived ever
since. Then the child became instructor to his mother, and this sight was a
pretty one to see. He led her about the school and the grounds and showed
her the different places, and his schoolmates, and, all the while, his face
beamed with delight; and so did the mother's.

We left her awhile, and then, when we returned, we found those two
sitting in an arbour, and she was telling him about those she had left
behind, and he was telling her of those who had come on before, and whom
he had met, and of his life in the school, and it was as much as we could do
to tear her away, with a promise that she should return soon and often to
her boy.

That is one of the better cases, and there are many such, but others are
otherwise.

Now, while we waited for the mother who was talking with her son, we
wandered over the grounds and looked at the various appliances for
teaching children. One especially engaged my attention. It was a large globe
of glass, about six or seven feet in diameter. It stood at the crossing of two
paths, and reflected them. But as you looked into the globe you could see
not only the flowers and trees and plants which grew there, but also the
different orders from which they had been derived in time past. It was

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very much like a lesson in progressive botany, such as might be given on
earth and deduced from the fossil plants of geology. But here we saw the
same plants alive and growing, and all the species of them from the original
parent down to the present representative of the same family.

We learned that the task set for the children was: to consider this
progression up to this particular plant or tree or flower actually growing in
that garden and reflected in the globe, and then to try to construct in their
minds the further and future development of that same species. This is
excellent training for their mental faculties, but the results are usually
amusing. It is the same study which full-grown students are also at work
upon in other departments here, and is put by them to a practical end. One
of them thought it would be a useful method to help the children to use
their own minds, and so constructed the ball for their especial use. When
they have thought out their conclusion, they have to make a model of the
plant as it will appear after another period of evolution, and fearful and
wonderful some of those models are, and as impossible as they are strange.

Well, I must not keep you longer, so we will continue when you are able
to write again. God bless you and yours. Good night.

 Monday, October 6, 1913.

Well, dear, you have had a very happy Harvest Thanksgiving, and we
were with you although you

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did not see us, and were too busy to think about us very much. We love to
come and join with our fellow-worshippers still incarnate, and also to give
what we are able to help in their worship. It may surprise you to know
that here in these Realms of Light, we too, from time to time, hold such
services as yours, and join in thanking our Father for harvest plenty. We
do this by way of supplementing the thanksgiving of our brethren on
earth, and also for our own uplifting. We have here no such harvests as
yours, but still we have services of thanksgiving for other blessings which
are to us what harvest is to you.

For instance, we thank Him for the beauty all around us and all the
glories of light and love which sustain us in vigour for our work and
progress, and have services of thanksgiving for such blessings as these. At
such times we usually are given some Manifestation from the Higher
Spheres, one of which I will tell you about now.

We were holding our Eucharist in a valley, where two lofty hills stood
some little distance apart, one on each side, but at one end of the vale. We
had offered up our praises and worship, and stood with heads bowed
down awaiting, in that silent peace, which always fills us at such times, for
the word of Benediction from him who had been the chief minister. He
stood a little way up the hillside, but he did not speak, and we wondered
why.

After awhile we all slowly raised our heads, as if by one consent and
impelled thereto by some inner voice, and we saw that the hill on which he
stood was

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covered with a golden light which seemed to rest upon it like a veil. This
slowly drew together and concentrated around the form of the Priest, who
stood as if oblivious of anything about him. Then he seemed to come to
himself again, and, stepping out of the cloud, he advanced towards us and
told us that we were to wait awhile until we were able to see into the
higher sphere from which certain angels of that sphere had descended and
were present. So we waited, well content; for we have learned that when
such an injunction is given it will presently be justified.

The cloud then lifted and spread out over the valley, farther and farther,
until it covered the whole sky above us, and then it gradually descended
and enveloped us, and we were in a sea of light far brighter than the light of
our own sphere, but yet not dazzling to our eyes, but soft and mellow. By
and by we were able to see by means of it, and then we saw the vision
prepared for us.

The two high hills at the end of the valley glowed with fire, and each was
the side, or arm, of a Throne, and about that Throne all colours of the
rainbow played, much like that scene of which you read in the Book of
Isaiah and of the Revelation. But we did not see the One Who sat on the
Throne, at least not in bodily form. What we did see was a Manifestation
of Him as to His Fatherhood. On the terrace, which was instead of the seat
of the Throne, we saw a great company of Angels, and they were all
bending in worship and love over a cradle. In the cradle we saw a child who
smiled at them, and at length raised his

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hands towards the open space above him, where a light seemed to stream
down from above.

Then into his arms there descended a golden globe, and he stood up and
held it on his left hand. It seemed alive with the light of life and sparkled
and glowed and became brighter and brighter until we scarcely noticed
anything else but that ball itself and the child who held it, and whose body
seemed to be irradiated through and through by its living light. Then he
took it in his two hands and opened it in two halves, and held it aloft,
turning the open circles towards us. One was filled with a pink radiance,
and the other with blue. In the latter we saw the heavenly realms set in
concentric circles, and each circle full of glorious and beautiful beings of
those realms. But the outer circles were not so bright as the inner ones, and
yet we could see the inhabitants more plainly because they were more
nearly of our own estate than those others. As the innermost circles were
neared, the light became too intense to see clearly what they held. But the
very outermost circle we recognized as that of our own order.

The other bowl of pink light was different. There were no circles
apparent in it. But yet, in perfect order, we beheld all the different species
of animal and vegetable life as they are on the planets, including Earth. But
we saw them not as they are with you, but in perfection, from man to the
lowest form of sea-animal, and from the largest tree and most luscious fruit
to the tiniest weed which grows. When we had viewed these awhile the
child gently brought the

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two halves together, the glorious Heavens and the perfect Material
Creation, and, when he had joined them, we could see no mark of the
joining, nor tell which was one half and which the other.

But as we looked on the reunited ball, we saw that it was enlarging, and,
at last, it slowly floated up from the hand of the child and rose into the
space above him, and stood there poised, a beautiful ball of light. Then
there gradually emerged into view, standing on the great sphere, the figure
of the Christ, Who in His left arm held a cross, the base of which rested on
the globe and the top was some little space above His shoulder. In His
right hand He held the child, on whose forehead we now noticed a single
circle of gold worn, as a fillet on his head, and over his heart a jewel like a
great ruby. Then the globe began slowly to ascend into the heaven above,
and the higher it went the smaller it grew to our sight, until it melted into
the distance over the space between the two hills.

Then we were in our normal state again, and all sat down to wonder at
what we had seen, and the meaning of it. But although some seemed to
have some glimmerings as to the meaning of it, nobody was very
illuminative. Then we thought of our minister, who had first received the
baptism of the cloud, and, as it seemed to us, in a more intense degree than
the rest of us. We found him sitting there by himself on a rock, with a
quiet smile on his face, as if he knew we should come to him at last, and
was waiting till we remembered him. He bade us sit down again, and,

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still sitting on the rock where he could be seen by all, he told us of the
Vision.

It had been explained to him as to its more obvious meanings, and these
he was able to hand on to us, leaving us to think it over and work out the
higher and inner teaching for ourselves, each according to his own phase of
mind. This is what is usually done, I find, when teaching is given to us by
such means as this.

The pink hemisphere represented the Creation which was inferior to our
Sphere, and the blue one our own and that superior to us. But these were
not two Creations, but one; and there was no break between these two
hemispheres or any of their subdepartments. The child was the
embodiment of the beginning, progress and end, which has no ending—our
onward way.\* The ruby stood for sacrifice, and the crown for
achievement, and the ascension of the globe and the Christ and the child led
our aspirations into those realms which are at present beyond our
attainment.

But of course, there is much more than this mere outline in it, and we
are, as I said, left to work it out for ourselves. This, according to our
custom, we shall do, and, at future gatherings, give our conclusions from
time to time, and discuss them.

Thank you. May I now ask you a question which I have been requested to
put to you.?

No need to put it into words. We can see it in

 \* See facsimile reproduction of page of MS. 22.

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your mind, and knew it before you wrote.\* The dove which Miss E. saw
above the altar of your church was a Manifestation, in presence form, such
as that I have just related. It was for your invisible congregation, and
symbolized, in a way they would readily understand, the gentleness of the
presences about the altar, that they were there indeed in love, and ready to
help those who were willing to receive their help, and, in token of their
gentleness, a dove was seen hovering near them and unafraid; a state of
mind which those who are not progressed are not always able to maintain
in the presence of those from the higher realms whose bright holiness
sometimes, in the minds of those who are not able to judge
proportionately, by reason of their still lingering imperfections, eclipse
their other virtues and make the poor doubting ones afraid.

 Wednesday, October 8, 1913.

Because of certain matters which are of importance to those who would
understand our meaning in its inner sense, we have decided to endeavour
to-night to give you some instruction which will be of help and guidance
when dealing with those things which lie beneath the surface of things, and
which are usually not taken into account by the ordinary mind.

One of these is the aspect which thoughts wear when projected from
your sphere into ours. Thoughts
———
\* A member of the congregation of All Hallows, Oxford, had told me a few days
previously that she had seen clairvoyantly a dove hovering over the altar during the
celebration of the Holy Communion—G.V.O.

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which are good appear with a luminance which is absent from those of a
less holy kind. This luminance appears to issue from the form of the
thinker, and, by means of its manifold rays of divided colours, we are able
to come at some knowledge as to his spiritual state, not alone as to
whether his state is of the light or of the darkness, and of what degree in
light, but also of the points in which he excels or comes short in any
direction. It is by this that we are able to allot to him the guardians who
will best be able to help him in the fostering of that which is good in him,
and in the cleansing away of that which is not good or desirable. By means
of a kind of prismatic system we divide up his character, and so reach our
conclusions, which are based on the result.

In this life such a method is unnecessary, for it is a matter concerning the
spiritual body, and here, of course, that body is patent to all, and, being a
perfect index of the spirit, shows forth his characteristics. Only I may say
that the colours of which I have spoken are here communicated, in a
degree, to our clothing, and those which are dominant over the others serve
to classify us into our various spheres and grades. But thoughts which are
the effect of spirit action, are seen in the effect they, in their turn, produce
on the environment of the thinker, and not only are seen, but felt, or
sensed, by us in a more accurate and intense way than with you.

Following on this line of reasoning, you will naturally see that when we
think anything very intensely our wills are able to produce an outward
manifestation

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which is really objective to those who behold it. Thus are many beautiful
effects produced.

Can you give me a particular instance, by way of illustration?

Yes; it will help you to see what we mean.

A company of my friends and myself, who were being instructed in this
knowledge, met together in order to see how far we had progressed, and
resolved on an experiment to that end. We selected a glade in the midst of a
beautiful wood, and, as a test, we resolved all to will one particular thing,
and see if we were successful. What we selected was the producing of a
phenomenon in the open space which should be so solid and permanent as
to allow of us examining it after-wards. And that was to be a statue of an
animal something like an elephant, but rather different; an animal which we
have here, but which has ceased to inhabit your earth.

We all sat round the open space and concentrated our wills on the object
to be produced. Very quickly it appeared and stood there before us. We
were much surprised at the quickness of the result. But, from our point of
view, there were two defects. It was much too large; for we had failed to
regulate the combination of our wills in due proportion. And it was much
more like a live animal than a statue, for many had thought in their minds
of the live animal itself, and also of its colouring, and so the result was a
mixture between stone and flesh. Also many points were
disproportionate—the head too large and the body too small, and so on,
showing that more power

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had been concentrated on some parts than on others. It is thus we learn our
imperfections, and how to remedy them, in all our studies. We experiment,
and then examine the result, and try again. We did so now.

Taking our minds off the statue so produced, and talking together, it
gradually faded away. And then we were fresh and ready for our next trial.
We decided not to select the same model as before, or our minds would
probably run into more or less the same grooves. So we, this time, chose a
tree with fruit on it—something like an orange tree, but not quite the
same..

We were more successful this time. The chief points of failure were that
some of the fruit was ripe and some unripe. And the leaves were not
correct in colour, nor the branches rightly proportioned. And so we tried
one thing after another, and found ourselves a little more successful each
time. You can imagine somewhat of the joy of such schooling as this, and
the laughter and happy humour which result from our mistakes. Those
among you who think that in this life we never make jokes, and never even
laugh, will have to revise their ideas some day or they will find us strange
company—or perhaps we shall find them so. But they soon learn what the
love of this land is, where we can be perfectly natural and unrestrained,
and indeed are compelled to be so if we wish to be accepted into
respectable company, as you would phrase it. I fear the obverse is rather
true on earth, is it not? Ah well, live and learn, and those who live

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in this life—and not merely exist, or worse—learn very quickly. And the
more we learn, the more we marvel at the forces at our command.

Astriel,\* who came yesterday—is he here now!

Not to-night. But he will, no doubt, come again, as you wish it.

Thank you. But I hope you will come and, smite, too.

Oh yes, we will do so, for it is practice both for you and for us also, for,
in thus impressing you, we are learning to use our wills and powers in a
similar way to that I have been describing. Do you not see the image of the
things we are telling you in your mind?

Yes, very vividly sometimes; but I had not thought of it in that way.

Ah well, my boy, you see now, do you not, that we had an object in
writing what we have above? All the time you were thinking it was rather
thin (and perhaps it was—we do not say to the contrary), and you were
wondering whither it all was tending, and, in your mind, you were just a
very wee bit disgusted. Now, were you not, dear? Well, we were smiling
all
———
\* Astriel's messages were given on various dates which, however, were not
consecutive. Why they were given in this way is not apparent. The effect, however, was
to cut into the communications given by Mr. Vale Owen's mother in such a way as rather
to break the continuity of her messages as well as to destroy the sequence of those of
Astriel himself. I have deemed it advisable, therefore, to collect them into a separate
chapter. See page 199.—H.W.E.

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the time; and now you understand that you were interpreting our thoughts,
more or less, as we sent them forth, and the object we had was to explain
to you how those scenes appeared before you so vivid and so real, as you
described them.

Good-bye, dear lad, and God bless you and your dear ones now and
always.

 [104] CHAPTER III

 FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT CHAPTER III

 FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

At the Home of Arnol—A lesson in wisdom—Evolution, inverted and progressive—
The science of creation—The entity the "Name"— Chasm and the Bridge—"Send out
Thy light" to "lead me"— From darkness into light—Angels can suffer—Angelic
ministry.

 Friday, October 10, 1913

WERE we to impress you to Write on matters which to us are of
everyday concern, you would perhaps be able to compare them with your
own daily life, and you would see then that we and you are both at school,
and that the school is a very large one, with many classes, and many
instructors, —but with one scheme running throughout the course of
instruction, and that scheme a unity of progress from the simple to the
complex, and that complexity does not mean perplexity, for, as we learn
more of the wisdom of the Divine Author of all, we see how beautifully
composite is the realm in which He exerts His Loving Will to the end we
may, by our very joy of knowledge, give homage to the Glory of Him Who
holds all things in the hollow of His Hand.

And so, dear lad, we will once again take up our theme, and tell you of
our doings here in these bright realms, and of how the Father's love
encompasses us

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all around as a radiant cloud in which all things appear to us more plainly,
—as we progress in humility and in love.

One of those things which matter here is that due proportion be meted
out between wisdom and love. These are not contrary the one from the
other, but are two great phases of one great principle. For love is to
wisdom as the tree is to the leaves, and if love actuate and wisdom breathe,
then the fruit is healthy and sound. By way of illustrating this we will give
you a concrete instance of how we are taught to consider duly both love
and wisdom in our dealings with ourselves and others to whom we are
permitted to minister..

We were given a task to perform a short time ago in which a party of us,
to the number of five, were to go to a colony in a rather distant part of this
land, and inquire of them by what means could best be given help to those
on earth who were in doubt and perplexity as to God's Love. For we were
often hampered by our lack of experience in dealing with such cases, and
these cases, as you know, are many.

The Principal of the College was a man who in earth-life had been a
statesman of no little ability, but his fame was not so great, and it was
only when he came over here that he found play for his powers, and
understood that the earth is not the only field in which earth's training may
be put to use and effect in the Kingdom of God.

We stated to him the object of our mission, and he was very courteous
and kind, for all his high office.

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I suppose you would call him a great angel, and indeed, if he could come to
earth and assume visibility, his brightness would be somewhat awe-
inspiring. He is very beautiful, both of form and countenance; radiant and
beaming and glowing would perhaps describe him best. He listened and
encouraged us, now and then, with a quiet word, to state our difficulties,
and we forgot that he was so high in estate, and talked without fear or
restraint. And then he said, "Well, my dear pupils—for so you are good
enough to become for a little time—what you have told me is very
interesting, and also very general in the work in which you are now
engaged. Now, if I were to solve your perplexities you would go back to
your work with light hearts, but you would probably find that the
solution, when it came to work out, would not be without many flaws in
the working, for just those points which are most necessary to remember
are those little things which can best be learned by experience; and
experience is the only thing which can show you how great these little
things are. Come, therefore, with me, and I will teach you what is
necessary for you to learn in a better way."

So we went with him, and he led us into the grounds which surrounded
his house, and there we found there were gardeners at work tending the
flowers and fruit trees, and doing the general work of a garden. He took us
some distance along the walks, winding here and there, and through
plantations of tree s and shrubs, where birds were singing and small pretty
furry animals played here and there. At

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length we came to a stream and by it stood a stone arbour, which reminded
me of a miniature temple of Egypt, and led us within. Then we sat on a
seat under a network of flowering plants of different colours, and he sat on
another bench at right angles to us.

Drawn on the floor, in indented lines, was a plan, and he pointed to it
and said, "Now, this is a plan of my house and these grounds through
which I have led you. Here is marked this little place in which we sit. We
have come, as you will see, a considerable distance from the gate where I
met you, and you were all talking so much of the pretty things you saw as
you came that not one of you gave heed to the direction in which you
came. It will be good practice, therefore, and not altogether lacking in
pleasure, for you to find your way back again to me, and, when you arrive,
I shall perhaps be able to give you some help by way of instruction on the
difficulties you have stated to me."

With that he left us, and we all looked at one another, and then burst out
laughing at ourselves for being so foolish as not to guess his object in
leading us to this place by so circuitous a route. We then examined the plan
again and again, but it was all lines and triangles and squares and circles,
and we could make little of it at first.

Gradually, however, we began to understand. It was a map of the estate,
and the arbour was in the centre, or nearly so, but the entrance was not
shown, and, as there were four paths leading up to it, we did not know
which to take to get back again. We, however

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reasoned that it did not matter much, for all seemed to lead to the outer
circle; because there were so many paths between us and that, which
crossed and recrossed each other. I must not tell you of all our endeavours
to solve the problem, as it would take much too long.

At last I had a thought which I considered, and then, thinking it might
perhaps help, told the others. They said it was the very thing they had
been waiting for, and would very likely prove the key to the riddle. It was
nothing more wonderful than just to go out and take whatever path led in
the most direct line onwards from any we were forced to leave. That is
awkward —what I mean is this: to go by those paths which would lead us
in the straightest line from the arbour in any direction whatever. Then,
when we had reached the boundary, which we saw by the plan was a
perfect circle, we could skirt that and must inevitably reach the gate sooner
or later.

So we set off, and a long and very pleasant journey it was, and not
without adventure, for the place was extensive, with hills and valleys and
woods and streams, and all so beautiful that we had to keep our object
very firmly before our minds or we should have forgotten to choose the
correct path when we came to two ways.

We reached the outermost boundary, however, although we did not, I
think, take quite the best and most direct route. This boundary, I may say
in passing, was composed of a wide stretch of grassland, and we saw, by
the shape of its border, that it was circular,

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although we could not see much of it. So we turned to the left and then, as
we went on, the bend of the circular estate seemed endless. Still we
followed it and eventually came to the gate where first we had met our
instructor.

He greeted us encouragingly, and we went up on to a terrace before the
house, and then told him all our adventures—much more than I have
narrated to you—and he listened as before, and then said, "Well, you have
not done so badly, for you have gained your object, you have returned to
the gate. And now let me tell you the lesson you have learned.

"First of all, the thing is to make sure of the direction you wish to go;
and then the next thing is to take, not the path which seems shortest, but
the one which seems surest to lead you right in the end. That path will not
always be the quickest, and may lead you to the borderland where infinity
shades off from the realm you know. Still, beyond the border line you are
the better able to see both the extent and also the limitation of the estate
you are negotiating, and it is only a matter of steadfastness and patience,
and the goal you desire is quite sure to be won.

"Also, from just beyond the boundary between the local and the infinite,
you are able to see that, although it contains within itself paths winding
and many, and valleys and groves from which you cannot see very far
away, yet that, viewed as a whole, it is perfectly symmetrical—a true
circle in fact, which, for all the seeming maze and medley within, yet, as a
circle, contains

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within itself a perfect geometrical entity, simple in itself, considered as a
unit from the larger, wider point of view; perplexing when passing through
its paths inside the boundary line.

"Also, you noted that, as you followed that curve on its outer side, you
were able only to see a little portion of it at one time. Still, knowing that,
from its shape, it would lead to the place you sought, you were content to
follow on in faith based on reasoned conclusions, and, true enough, here
you are and prove by your presence that your reasoning was, at least in
the main, sound.

"Now, I could pursue this subject considerably further, but I will hand
you over now to some of my friends who are with me here and help me in
the work, and they will show you more of our home and its surroundings,
and, if you wish, will be glad to accompany you farther afield, for there is
much of interest to show you. Also you will be able to talk over with them
the lessons I have been happy enough to be able to give you, and among
you you will, no doubt, have something more to tell and to ask me when
we meet a little later."

So he bade us good-bye, and a band of happy people came from the
house and led us within. But, as the time is up for you to go to other
duties, we must cease now, with our love and assurance to you of our
delight in coming thus to commune with you, if only for this little while.
God bless you, dear lad, and all our loved ones. Mother and friends.

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 Saturday, October 11, 1913.

We were able to give you only a very brief account last evening of our
visit to the home of our instructor on account of the shortness of time. We
will now continue, and relate some of our experiences in that region. It is a
region where there are many such institutions, and they are mostly
devoted to the study of the best way of helping those on earth who are in
doubt and perplexity as to the problems which stretch out into the realms
beyond. You will be able, by meditation, to amplify our own instruction if
you view the place and our experience there in the light of a parable. So we
pass on to other scenes, and will describe them as well as we can.

Our guides led us to a place outside the boundary of the estate of which
we have already spoken, and we found that the grass-land was very
extensive. It is one of those plains of Heaven where manifestations from
the higher Heavens are sometimes given. The call goes forth and vast
multitudes assemble, and then some of the glories of the higher spheres are
manifested, as well as is possible in these lower realms.

We passed over this tract until we at length began to ascend, and
presently found ourselves on a tableland, where there were several
buildings scattered about, some larger than others. In the centre was a large
structure, and this we entered and found ourselves in a large and spacious
hall, the only compartment in the place. It was circular in shape, and

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round the walls were carvings of a curious kind. We examined them and
found that they were representations of the heavenly bodies; and one was
the earth. But they were not fixed, but turned on pivots, half in and half
out of the wall. There were also models of animals and trees and human
beings, but they were all movable, and mostly stood on pedestals in niches
or alcoves. We inquired the meaning and were told that this was a purely
scientific institution.

We were taken up to a balcony on one side of the circular space. It
projected somewhat, and so we could see the whole at once. Then we were
told that a small demonstration would be made for our benefit in order that
we might get some idea of the use to which these things were put.

We sat there waiting, and at length a blue mist began to fill the central
space. Then a ray of light swept round the hall and rested on the globe
which represented the earth. As it hovered about it the sphere appeared to
absorb the ray and became luminous, and after a time, the ray being
withdrawn, we saw the earth globe was shining as from within. Then
another ray was sent on to it of a deeper and different kind, and the globe
slowly left the pedestal, or pivot, or whatever it rested on, and began to
float out from the wall.

As it approached the centre of the space it entered the blue mist and
immediately on contact began to enlarge until it became a great sphere
glowing with its own light and floating in the blue space. It was
exceedingly beautiful. Slowly, very slowly, it revolved

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on its axis, evidently in the same way the earth does, and we were able to
see the oceans and continents. These were flat patterns, like those on the
terrestrial globes used on earth. But as it revolved they began to assume a
different aspect.

The mountains and hills began to stand out, and the waters to sway and
ripple; and presently we saw minute models of the cities, and even details
of the buildings. And still more detailed grew the model of earth, till we
could see the people themselves, first the crowds and at last the
individuals. This will be hard for you to understand, that on a globe of
some, perhaps, eighty to a hundred feet in diameter we were able to see
individual men and animals. But that is part of the science of this
institution—the enabling of these details being seen individually.

Still more distinct grew these wonderful scenes, and, as the globe
revolved, we saw men hurrying about the cities and working in the fields.
We saw the wide spaces of prairie and desert and forest and the animals
roaming in them. And as the globe slowly circled we saw the oceans and
seas, some placid and others tossing and roaring, and here and there a ship.
And all the life of earth passed before our eyes.

We looked at this a long time, and our friend who belonged to this
settlement spoke to us from below where we sat. He told us that what we
were looking at was the earth as it was at that moment. If we wished he
would now show us the retroprogress of the ages from the present time to
the beginning of man as an intelligent being. We replied that we

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would indeed be glad to see more of this wonderful and beautiful
phenomenon, and he left us to go, I suppose, to the apparatus by which
these things were controlled.

I may here pause to explain a matter which I see is in your mind. The
place was not dark, it was light everywhere. But the globe itself shone
with such extra intensity that, without any unpleasant sensation whatever,
it obscured everything which was outside the blue cloud, which cloud
seemed to be the circumference of the radiating beams shed by the globe.

Soon, then, the scenes began to change on the revolving sphere, and we
were taken back through the thousands of years of the life of the earth and
the generations of men and animals and plant life which had been from the
present to the ages when men were just emerging from the forest to settle
in colonies on the plains.

Now, I must explain here that history was not followed as historians
follow it. These phenomena were not of nations and centuries, but of
aeons and species. The geologic periods passed before us, and it was
intensely interesting to watch what men called the iron age and the stone
age, the ice age, the floods, and so on. And those of us who understood
enough to follow it noticed that these ages were rather arbitrarily named.
For the ice age, for example, might correctly describe the state of things in
one or two regions of the earth, but there was by no means ice everywhere,
as we saw as the sphere revolved. Also we noticed that very frequently
one continent was in

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one age and another continent in another age at the same time. The
exhibition ended, however, when the earth was well progressed, and, as I
have said, the advent of man was already an accomplished fact.

When we had satisfied our eyes for awhile looking on the beauty of this
many-coloured and ever-changing jewel, and had realized that this was
indeed no other than the old earth we thought we knew so well, and found
we knew so little, the globe gradually became smaller and floated back to
the niche in the wall, and then the light faded out from it and it looked like
an alabaster carving, just as we had seen it at first set there as an ornament.

We were so interested in what we had seen that we questioned our kind
guide, and he told us many things about this hall. The earth sphere which
had just been used could be made to serve other purposes than the one we
had seen. But that had been selected because its picturesqueness was
suited to us who were not scientifically trained. Among other uses was
that of illustrating the relation of the heavenly bodies one to another, and
their evolution into their present state. In this, of course, the globe we had
just seen played its appropriate part.

The animals about the walls were also used for a like purpose. One
would be vivified by these powerful rays and brought forth into the centre
of the hall. When so treated it could walk of itself like a live animal, which
it was temporarily, and in a certain restricted way. When it had ascended a
platform in the centre space, then it was treated with the enlarging

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rays—as I may call them, not knowing their scientific name—and then
with others which rendered it transparent, and all the internal organism of
the animal became plainly visible to the students assembled. Those who
were of that settlement said that it was 9 very beautiful sight to see the
whole economy of the system of animal or man at work so displayed.

Then it was possible to bring over the living model a change, so that it
began to evolve backward—or should I say "involve"?—towards its
simpler and primal state as a mammal, and so on. The whole structural
history of the animal was shown in that life-like process. And often when
the first period of its separate existence as a separate creature was reached,
the process was reversed, and it passed through the different stages of
development, this time in their correct order and direction, until it became
again as it is to-day. Also it was possible for any student to take charge
and continue the development according to his own idea, and this not of
the animals alone, but of the heavenly bodies, and also of nations and
peoples, which are dealt with in another hall, however, specially adapted
to that study.

It was a student from one of these establishments, in this same region,
who erected the globe in the children's garden, of which I told you.\* But
that is, of course, a much simpler affair, or so it appeared to us after
visiting this colony of beauties and wonders.

That will have to suffice for this time, although

 \* See Chapter II, p. 92.

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there is a lot more we saw while there. But I must not start off again, or I
shall be keeping you too long.

You have a question. Yes, I was present on Monday at your Study
Circle.\* I knew she saw me, but could not make her hear me.

Good night, dear. We shall be with you to-morrow.

 Monday, October 13, 1913

One more experience we had in that colony which you would like to hear
about. It was one which was new to me and very interesting. We were
being shown over the different establishments which formed a complete
group, when we came to a kind of open-air pavilion. It was principally
composed of a huge circular dome resting on tall pillars, and the interior
space so enclosed was open to the air. In the centre of the platform to
which we ascended by a flight of steps
———
\* "The reference to the Study Circle needs a note of explanation. It was on the
previous Monday. I sat in the Sanctuary between the rails, and the members were facing
each other in the choir stalls, Miss E. sat on my right at the Sanctuary end of the stall.
She afterwards told me that, when I was summing up the debate, she saw my mother
step forth from the altar and come forward behind me with outstretched arms and a look
of intense yearning and love on her face. She was exceedingly bright and beautiful, and
her body looked as substantial as that of any of the others present. Miss E. thought she
was going to clasp me in her arms, and it was so vivid that she forgot, for the moment,
that the form was not of flesh and blood, and, therefore, could not be seen by the others.
She was on the point of crying out when she suddenly recollected herself, but had to
look away in order to suppress her exclamation. It was about this I wished to ask the
question.—G.V.O.

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which were all round the building, was a kind of square altar some four feet
high and three feet square. On this stood a bronze tablet, something like a
sundial, marked with lines and symbols and different geometrical figures.

Above it in the centre of the dome was an opening which led, as we were
told, into a chamber where the instruments used here were controlled.

We were told to stand round the dial (as I will call it) and our guide left
us, and, going without, ascended to the roof of the dome, and so entered
the chamber above us. We did not know what was going to happen, and so
stood gazing at the disc.

Presently the place took on a different aspect, the air seemed to be
changing in colour and intensity. And when we looked about us we saw
that the landscape had disappeared, and between the pillars there stretched
what appeared to be gossamer threads in the form of curtains. They were
of various tints all interwoven, and, as we looked round, these seemed to
separate into their own colours and then to take on more definite forms.
This continued until we found ourselves standing in a glade with the
circular belt of trees gently waving in the breeze.

Then birds began to sing, and we saw their bright plumage as they flew
from one tree to another. Gradually we saw the distance deepen between
the trees and could see far into a beautiful forest. The dome also was gone
and the sky was above us, except where the trees stretched aloft like a
canopy.

We turned again to the altar and the disc. These

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were still in place, but the figures and signs on the latter were now shining
with a light which seemed to come from within the altar.

Now we heard the voice of our guide from above telling us to watch and
try to read the tablet. We could make little of it at first, but at length one of
our party more clever than the rest said that the signs were really
representations of the various elements which went to make up the
vegetable and animal bodies of the spiritual realms. It is difficult to explain
the way in which the connection between the two was apparent to us. But
when once pointed out it became quite clear that this was so.

Now our guide joined us once more and explained the use of the building.
It seems that before the students are able to progress much in the science
of creation as studied in this region, they have to get a thorough knowledge
of the fundamental elements with which they have to deal. This is, of
course, quite natural. This building is one of the first where they come to
study, and the table, or dial, is a kind of register of these elements on
which the student above in the chamber where the controlling instruments
are can see the combination of elements he has brought about and also the
proportion of each element entering into the combination.

Our guide was somewhat advanced in the science, and had contrived the
forest scene by means of this same skill. As the learners progress they are
able gradually to achieve the result they wish without the scientific
apparatus which at first is necessary. One

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instrument after another is left out until at length they are able to depend
solely on their will.

We asked our guide to what practical purpose the knowledge was put
when acquired. He replied that the first use was the training of the mind
and will of the student. That training was very excellent and very
strenuous. When the student had become proficient he moved on to
another college in this region where another branch of the science was
learned, and then had to pass through many more stages of training. The
actual use of his knowledge did not fall to his lot until he had passed
through many spheres of progress. In the higher of these he was allowed to
accompany some great Master, or Archangel, or Power (I do not know the
exact and correct title) on one of his missions of service in the Infinite
Creation of the One Father, and there witness the sublime process at work.
It was thought that this might be the creation of some new cosmos or
system, either material or spiritual. But that is so high above this state in
which we are at present that we have only a general idea of the duties of
those High Beings, and it is a matter of a few ages of progress from here to
there, if our ways lie in the direction of that particular system of Heavens.
And the chances are that, for us five women who visited the place I have
been describing, our onward path will lead us somewhere else.

But we love to know all about the different spheres of service, even if
we be destined never to be chosen for them. We cannot all be creators of
cosmoi, I suppose, and there are other things as necessary, great

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and glorious, no doubt, in those far reaches beyond us nearer to the Throne
and Dwelling of Him Who is all in all to all.

As we returned across the wide grass-lands we were met by a party of
these same students who had been to another college to study a different
branch of science. They were not all men; some were women. I inquired if
their studies were all on the same lines as that of their brothers, and they
replied in the affirmative, but added that while the men students mostly
looked after the purely creative part, they were permitted to add to and
round off the work with their genius of motherhood, and that the two
aspects blending enhanced the beauty of the finished work—finished, that
is, so far as it was possible as conditioned by the limitations of their
present spheres. For here were not so much spheres of perfect
accomplishment as of progress towards those higher spheres.

By the time we had returned to the first colony where we had met our
instructor of the circular estate

Why do you not give me his name?

His name was Arnol,\* but these names sound so strange to earth ears,
and people are always trying to find out their meaning, that we are rather
shy of giving them. The meanings are mostly incomprehensible to
———
\* Arnol here referred to, for the first time, eventually communicated through the Rev.
G. V. Owen a series of messages of a very high order, which are published in Volumes 3
and 4 of the Life Beyond the Veil.—H.W.E.

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you, so we will just say the name in future, as you wish it, and leave it
there.

Well, it saves a lot of roundabout wording, doesn't it?

Yes: and yet if you understood the conditions under which we give you
these narratives you would probably say that the longer was the more sure
route. Remember our experience and teaching on Arnol's estate.

What makes it so difficult for you to give names? I have heard of this
difficulty more than once.

There is also a difficulty in explaining the difficulty —from your point
of view so apparently simple a matter. Let us put it in this way. You
know that with the old Egyptians the name of a god or goddess was much
more than a name as understood by the hardy materialistic Anglo-Saxon
from whose race came the question: "What's in a name?" Well, from our
point of view, and that also of the ancient wisdom of Egypt, based on data
obtained from this side the Veil, there is a great deal in a name. Even in the
mere repetition of some names there is actual power, and sometimes peril.
That we know now as we did not when on earth. And so we here acquire a
reverence for the entity "the Name," which to you would probably seem
foolish. Nevertheless, it is partly for this reason that names do not come
through to you so plentifully as many rather feeble investigators would
wish.

Also the mere utterance and transmission of some of these names is,
when we are in this earth region, a

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matter of more difficulty than you would perhaps deem. It is a subject,
however, which is hard to explain to you, and only one which you will be
able to understand when you have become more familiar with the fourth
dimension which obtains here—which term, also, we use for want of a
better. We will just refer you to two or three instances and there leave the
matter.

One is the giving to Moses of the Name of the great Officer of the
Supreme Who visited him. Moses asked for that Name, and got it—and
neither he nor any one else to this day has been able to say what it means.

Then the lesser Angel who came to Jacob. Jacob asked for his name, and
it was refused him. The Angels who came to Abraham and to others in the
Old Testament very seldom gave their names. Likewise in the New
Testament, most of the Angels who come to minister to earth's denizens
are simply so called; and where the name is given, as in the case of Gabriel,
it is little understood as to its inner significance. Of the new name which
no man—that is, man on earth—knoweth, we have already spoken.

What is your name, mother—I mean your new name? Is it permissible
for you to give it?

Permissible, yes, but not wise, dear. You know I would give it if it were
so. But this for the present I must withhold even from you, knowing that
you will understand my love even if my motive is not very clear.

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Yes, dear, you know what is best.

Some day you, too, will know, and then you will see what glory awaits
those whose names are written in the Book of the Life of the Lamb, a
phrase also which is worth thinking over, for in it is a glorious and living
truth which those who use that Name so lightly surely apprehend little or
not at all.

God bless you, dear, and Rose and the children. Ruby once more bids me
in her pretty way, to say she is coming to see you soon, and hopes you
will be able to take down her commands—that is the word she used, bless
her, who is graceful humility itself, and loved by all who know her. God
bless you, dear. Good-bye.

 Wednesday, October 15, 1913.

How would you begin to explain to one who had little idea of a spirit
world about him the truth of survival beyond the grave and the reality of
this life and all its love and beauty? First you would probably endeavour
to bring home to him the fact of his present actual existence as an immortal
being. And then, when he had really grasped the significance of that, as it
affects his future, he would perhaps be open to a few words of description
as to that life which be will find himself possessed of, and in touch with,
when he puts aside the Veil and emerges into the greater light of the
Beyond.

So we feel that if men could but understand that the life they now live is
life indeed, and not merely an ephemeral existence, they would then be
more inclined

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to count worthy of consideration the words of those who have proved for
themselves both the reality of this persistence of life and individuality, and
also the blessedness of the lot awaiting those who on earth are able to
strive and to prevail.

Now, it is no small matter that men should so live their lives on earth
that when they step over the threshold into the larger, freer sphere they
should take up and continue their service in the Kingdom without a more
or less protracted hiatus in their progress. We have seen the effect of the
career of so many, as it is viewed in extension into this land, that we feel
we cannot too much emphasize the importance of preparation and self-
training while opportunity offers. For so many do put off the serious
consideration of this, with the idea of starting afresh here, and when they
come over they find that they had very little realized what that starting
afresh really implied.

Who is this writing?

Still your mother and her friends. Astriel is not here to-night, but will be
with us on another occasion. We will let you know when it is he and his
party communicating.

Well, to proceed then. We have already told you of the Bridge and the
Chasm

Yes. But what of your further experience in Arnol's domain, and of your
return to your own proper sphere? Have you nothing more to tell me of
that episode?

No more than that we learned much, made many friends, saw a great deal
more than we here set down,

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and shall visit the place again soon. Now let us get on to what we wished
to say, and which will perhaps be as useful as if we were to continue our
description of the Colony in that other region.

The Chasm and the Bridge\*—bring back your mind to what we told you
of them. We wish to relate an episode which we witnessed at the place
where the Bridge—as I will continue to name it—emerges on to the
uplands of life and light.

We were sent thither to receive a woman who was expected to arrive,
having fought her way through those dreadful, dark regions which lie below
the Bridge. She had not come over the great causeway, but through the
horrors of the darkness and gloom in the region below. With us went a
strong Angel from a sphere above us, who was specially commissioned for
the task. This was one of the Sister Angels who organize our homes where
the rescued are taken.

Can you give me her name?

Bearn—no, we cannot get it through. Leave it, and we may be able to do
so as we proceed.

When we arrived there we found that a light was glimmering some way
down the rocky way which went down into the valley, and knew that
some angel was there on the watch. Presently it grew more dim, and we
noticed that it was moving away from us into the distance below. Then
after a time we saw a flash far out over the valley, and this was
immediately answered by a stream of light from one of the towers on the
Bridge. It was not unlike what you know as a search

 \* See p. 54.

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light, and indeed answered a purpose somewhat similar. It shot out
downward into the gloom and remained steady. Then Bea—our Angel
Sister told us to abide where we were for a time, and she went quickly
through the air to the tower top.

Then we lost her in the light, but one of my companions said she
thought she saw her speeding along the ray of light which slanted
downwards towards the depths. I did not; but afterwards we found that
she had seen correctly.

I ought to pause here to explain that that light was not so much to enable
the spirits to see (which they could do of their own power), but to give
strength for the work and protection against the hurtful influences which
held sway in the region below. It was for that reason that the first angel
had sent out his signal, and it was understood by the constant watchers on
the Bridge and answered in the way I have told. The ray of light is, in some
way I do not understand yet, impregnated with power of life and
strength—the best description I am able to give—and it was sent to help
him whose strength was in want of succour.

By and by we saw the two return. He was a strong Angel, but looked
fatigued, and we learned later that he had encountered a band of very
malignant spirits who did their best to get the woman back again amongst
them. That is why he needed help. He walked on one side and she walked
on the other side of the poor torn and tortured soul who was more than
half in a swoon. They went very slowly for her sake now, walking in the
ray of light towards the tower on

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the Bridge. We had never seen anything like this before, except once, and
that I have recounted to you. I mean the Pavilion of light and the
assembling of the people of many coloured dresses. But this was, in a
way, much more solemn; for here was anguish in the midst of joy, and
there joy alone. They reached the Bridge, and the rescued one was taken
into one of the houses and tended, and there remained until she had
sufficiently recovered to be handed over to our rare.

Now, there are several points in this narrative which held new
knowledge for us, and some which confirmed what had been mere surmises
up to the time of that experience. Some of these I will name.

It is a mistake to think that Angels, even of such estate as those two
who went and rescued that poor woman, are unable to suffer. They do
suffer, and that frequently. And it is possible for the malicious ones to
hurt them when they venture into their regions. Theoretically I cannot see
why the evil ones should not now and then prevail so as to get them into
their power. So well, however, are the powers of light and good organized,
and so watchful, that I have not heard that this catastrophe has ever been
known actually to happen. But their fight is a real fight, and fatiguing also.
That is the second point. Even these high Angels can become fatigued. But
neither their suffering nor their fatigue do they mind. It may sound a
paradox, but it is nevertheless true, that it is a joy to them to suffer so
when some poor struggling soul is to be helped.

Also that light-ray—or perhaps I should say "my

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of power and vitality"—was so strong that, had they not protected the
woman by surrounding her with a certain negative influence, it would have
harmed her, because it would have been too great a shock to one so
unprepared as she.

Another point is this. That ray was seen far out in the region of gloom,
and we heard a murmur coming, as it seemed, from hundreds of miles
away, down across the valley. It was a strange experience, for the sound
was that of many voices, and some were of rage and hate, and others of
despair, and others cries for help and mercy. And these and other different
cries seemed to be gathered each in its own particular locality, and to come
from different directions. We could understand but little, but afterwards,
while we waited for the rescued one, we asked Beanix—(I am afraid I
cannot do better than that, so it will have to stand. We will call her Beanix,
but it does not look quite correct when written down)—we asked her
about those cries and where they came from. She said she did not know,
but that there was provision for their registration, both collectively and
individually, for their analysis, and that they would be scientifically
treated in this science of love, and that then help would be sent out
according to the merit of those who cried, and also in such form as would
best be of service. Each cry was an evidence either of good or bad in some
human soul in that region, and would receive its appropriate answer.

When the woman was handed over to us we first let her rest and
surrounded her with a quiet restful

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influence, and then, when she was strong enough, led her away to a home
where she is being cared for and tended.

We did not ask her any questions, but let her ask the few she was able to
put to us. But I found that the poor thing had been in that dark land for
more than twenty years past. Her life history on earth I have partly
learned, but not enough to make a connected narrative. And it is not well to
remind them too vividly at first of the earth they have left so long ago.
They usually have to work back from the present through their experience
in the spirit life, in order to understand it and the relation of the whole—
cause and effect, sowing and reaping—all explained.

That must serve for this time. Good-bye, dear, and God's blessing and
our prayers shall be with and for you. May He keep you in His peace.
Amen.

 [133] CHAPTER IV

 THE CITY AND REALM OF CASTREL CHAPTER IV

 THE CITY AND REALM OF CASTREL

To the City and Realm of Castrel—The House of Castrel—Still-born children, not
lost but gone before—Waters of life Death and beyond death, no gap—Earth made
perfect—The Manifestation in the old Council Chamber—Jolly Hooper interrupted—
Traversing the spheres—The "Stars are the Angels"—The harp of light—The
Summerland of God: its atmosphere—Departure from the City of Castrel—Wilfulness.

 Friday, October 17, 1913

BY the time we had reached the Horne where we were charged to leave
our poor sister, now so blessed, we were aware of another mission allotted
to us. We were bidden to go to another district farther to the East…. You
again hesitate, but that is the word we want. By the East we mean the
direction from which the Brighter Light is seen over the mountains which
border the plain where the Vision of the Christ and the Cross had been
given to us. We often speak of that direction as the East because it reminds
us of the Sunrise.

We set off, the five of us, all women, and kept before us the description
we had received of the place we were to seek. We were to look for a great
city among the mountains, with a golden dome in the midst of it, and the
City itself surrounded by a colonnade on a terrace which ran round the
City on all sides.

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We walked over the plain, and then went through the air, which requires
more exertion, but is more speedy, and, in a case like ours, more
convenient in enabling us to get a view of the country.

We sighted the City and descended before the principal gateway, by
which we entered the main thoroughfare. It ran straight through the City
and emerged through another gateway on the other side. On each side of
this broad street there were large houses, or palaces, in spacious grounds,
the residences of the principal officials of that district of which the City
itself was the Capital.

As we came towards the City we had seen people working in the fields,
and also many buildings, evidently not residences, but erected for some
useful purpose. And now that we were within the City walls we saw the
perfection of both buildings and horticulture. For each building had a
typical garden to match it both in colour and design. We passed on, waiting
for some sign as to our destination and mission, for on such occasions as
this a message is always sent on ahead, so that the visitors are expected.

When we had gone some way we entered a large square, where beautiful
trees grew on lawns of the greenest of green grass, and fountains played a
harmony together; that is to say, there were perhaps a dozen fountains,
and each had a tone of its own, and each was composed of many smaller
jets of water, each being a note. These are manipulated, on occasion, so
that a fairly complicated piece of music can he played, with an effect such
as that produced by an

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organ with many stops. At such times there are large numbers of people
assembled in the square, or park, as I might call it, both of the citizens and
also those who dwell outside among the hills and pastures. But when we
came to it the fountains were playing a simple series of chords, in perfect
harmony, and with most pleasing effect.

Here we lingered for awhile, fox it is exceedingly restful and beautiful.
We sat and lay upon the grass, and presently there came towards us a man
who, by the smile on his face as he approached, we knew was the one who
had been expecting us. We arose and stood before him in silence, for we did
not feel inclined to begin the conversation, as we saw he was an angel of
some degree considerably above us.

Please describe him, and give me his name if possible.

All in good time, dear. We learn to eliminate impatience here as a thing
which confuses without adding impetus to the matter in hand.

He was tall—much taller than the average man on earth I should say he
would be some seven and a half feet high in earth measurement. I am
considerably taller than I was when with you, and he was much taller than
I am. He wore a cream-coloured tunic, almost to his knees, bare arms and
legs, and no sandals.—You see I am answering what you are questioning in
your mind.—No, he had nothing on his head, but a beautiful veil of soft
brown hair, parted in the middle and curling round his face and neck.

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One broad fillet of gold he wore, and in the centre and at the sides were set
three large blue stones. He wore a belt of silver and some pink metal
mingled, and his limbs shone with a soft glow. And these points, together
with others, told us of his high degree.

There was also a calm benevolence and power in his firm but kindly
countenance which gave both peace and trustfulness to us, as we stood
before him, but also induced a reverence which we were glad to pay to one
of such real worth as he.

He spoke at last, quietly, modulating his voice, as we instinctively knew,
to our case. We could, nevertheless, detect the reverberating power in the
tone of it. He said, "My name is Cast—". I am sorry. These names seem
to be one of my weaknesses. They always perplex me when I try to
reproduce them down here. But never mind his name for the moment. "I
am C.," he said. "You have already heard of me from your own Superior,
and now we meet in person Now, my sisters five, come with me, and I will
tell you why you have been sent to this City and to me." So we followed
him, and on the way he chatted pleasantly, and we were quite at ease in his
presence.

He led us down an avenue at right angles to the square, and then we
emerged into another square; but we saw at once that this was a private
square, and that the great palace, which lay away across the parklands
before and around it, was the residence of some great Lord. We were
guided through the park until we approached the great building, which
stood, like

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some Greek temple, on a plateau which had a flight of steps on all sides of
it.

The building was immense, and stretched before us, to right and left, and
had high arches and entrances and porticoes, and surmounting it was a
great dome. It was the landmark we had seen when approaching the City,
only we found that it was not all gold, but gold and blue. We inquired who
lived here, and he answered, "Oh, this is my home; that is, it is my city
home; but I have also other houses out there in the country parts where I
go from time to time to visit my friends whose duties lie in those districts.
Come within and you shall be given the welcome which is your due, who
have come so far to see us."

He spoke quite simply. I have come to know that here simplicity is one
of the marks of great power. One might have thought that the proper way
to usher one into the presence of a great noble would be to send servants
to lead us to the Palace, and then that be should receive us in state. But
they look at things differently here. No purpose would have served in this
case by such ceremony, and so it was dispensed with. In cases where
ceremony is helpful or desirable it is observed and sometimes with much
grandeur. When it has no use it is not observed.

And that is how we came to the House of Castrel, —now you have his
name as well as I am able to give it; of whom more another evening. You
have to go now, so good night, dear, and all blessing to you and yours from
these glowing and beautiful realms. Dear lad, good night.

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 Saturday, October 18, 1913

So he led us within, and we found that the interior of the house was
lofty and very magnificent. The entrance-hall in which we stood was
circular in shape, and open right up to the great dome above, which did not
stand over the centre of the building, but receded a little from the portico
over this entrance. The rotunda was richly embellished with stones of
many colours, and hangings of silk-like texture, mostly of deep crimson.
Doorways led off down long passages in front and on either side of us.
Doves flitted about the dome itself, and evidently had means of ingress and
egress. The material of which the arching roof of this dome was builded
was a kind of semi-opaque stone, and permitted the light to filter through
in a softened glow. When we had looked about us for a time we found that
we were alone, for Castrel had left us.

By and by, from down a passage on our right, we heard laughter and
happy voices, and there presently emerged a party of women, with a few
children among them. They numbered about twenty in all, and came to us,
and took our hands in welcome, and kissed us on the cheek, and smiled on
us, so that we were happier, if possible, than before. Then they drew
away, and stood at a little distance, except one who had remained in the
rear. She came forward and led us to a recess in the wall, where she bade us
be seated.

Then, standing before us, she addressed each of

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us by name in greeting, and said, "You will wonder why you have tome
here, and what this City and place is to which you have been sent. This
house in which you now are is the Palace of Castrel, as, no doubt, you
already know. He is ruler of this wide district, where many occupations
are followed, and many studies are pursued. I hear you have already been
to the Colony of Music, and farther on to other settlements, where
different branches of science are carried on. Now, we are in touch with all
of these, and are constantly receiving their reports as to progress in this or
that branch. These are considered and dealt with by Castrel and his
officers, from the harmony point of view, as I will call it. Co-ordination,
however, would express what I mean.

"For instance, a report will arrive from the College of Music, and another
from that of Light, and another from the settlement where the Creative
faculty is studied, and from other branches of service. These are all very
carefully examined and analysed and tabulated, and, where necessity
requires, the results are tested here, in one or other of the laboratories
attached to this City. You will have seen some of these as you
approached. They are scattered over the country to a great distance. They
are not quite so complete in detail as those you have visited elsewhere,
but, when any new apparatus is required, a mission is dispatched to
inquire as to the construction, and these return and erect it in the spot
most fitting in relation to the other establishments in this district; or
perhaps

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it is added to the other apparatus already in existence in one or other of the
buildings.

"You will understand, therefore, that an Overlord such as he who
controls so varied a combination of knowledge must be well advanced in
wisdom, and also is kept very busy at his work. It is this work you have
been sent to see, and, while you remain with us, you will have ample
opportunity of visiting some of the outlying stations. You will not, of
course, understand all, or perhaps very much, of the scientific side of the
work, but enough will be shown you to help you in your future work.
Now come, and I will show you over this house, if you would care to see
it."

We replied that we would, and thanked her for her kindness. So we went
all over the principal parts of that magnificent dwelling. That is the only
word I can find for it. Everywhere was colour blended with colour, bold
but harmonious, and in such a way that, instead of being glaring, it had
sometimes an exhilarating and sometimes a soothing and restful effect.
Jewels and precious metals and beautiful ornaments, vases and pedestals
and pillars—some standing alone as an ornament, each by itself, some in
groups—hangings of glittering material which, as we passed through some
doorway, swung into place again with a musical murmur, fountains with
fish, courtyards open to the sky, in which grass and most beautiful trees
and flowering shrubs grew, of such colours as are not known on earth.

Then we ascended to the roof, and here again was a roof garden, but one
of large extent, with grass

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and arbours and shrubs and fountains once again. It was mostly from this
garden that messages and messengers were sighted; and also there were
appliances by which correspondence could be carried on with distant
regions by a kind of what you would perhaps call wireless telegraphy, but
it was really different from that, inasmuch as the messages arrived in
visible form mostly, and not in words.

In this mansion we stayed for a considerable period, and visited both the
City and also the district around, a district which in earth measure would
be reckoned in thousands of miles across, but all in constant touch with the
City and its communicating stations, and with this central Palace itself.
Time would fail to tell you all. So I will just give you a few details, and
leave you to imagine the rest, which, however, I know you will fail to do.

The first thing which puzzled me was the presence of children, for I had
thought that all children were reared in special Homes by themselves. The
lady who had received us was the Mother of the place, and those who had
attended her were some of her helpers. I asked one of these about these
children who looked so happy and beautiful, and so perfectly at ease in
this grand place. She explained that these were stillborn children, who had
never breathed the atmosphere of earth. For this reason they were of
different character from others who had been born alive, even from those
who had only lived a few minutes. They also required different treatment,
and were able much sooner to imbibe the knowledge of these spheres. So

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they were sent to some such home as this, and were trained until they had
progressed in mind and stature to such a degree that they were able to
begin their new course of knowledge. Then, strong in heavenly purity and
wisdom, they were taken in hand by those teachers who were in touch
with the earth itself, and were taught what they had not been able to learn
before.

This was interesting to me, and presently I began to see that one reason I
had been sent here was to learn this very thing, in order that there might be
awakened in me by that knowledge the desire to know my own who had
so passed into this land, and of whom I had not hoped to be called mother.
O, the great and sweetest yearning which came to me when I realized this.
I will not dwell upon it, but confess that for a time tears of unutterable joy
dimmed my eyes at this one more blessing added to my already abundant
store. I sat down on the grass beneath a tree, and hid my face in my hands,
and bowed my head upon my knees, and there I remained helpless, from
the too exquisite rapture, which filled and vibrated through my being till I
shook all over. My kind friend did not speak to me, but sat down by my
side, and put her arms around my shoulders, and let me sob out my joy.

Then, when I had somewhat recovered, she said very gently, "Dear, I
also am a mother, the mother of one such as you will find here all your
own. So I know what is in your heart at this moment, for I have
experienced your present joy also."

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Then I raised my eyes to her face, and she saw the question I could not
ask her, and, taking my hand, she raised me, and, with her arm round my
shoulder still, she led me towards a grove, where we heard children
playing, their happy shouts and laughter coming through the trees—for I
was very faint from all that great joy that filled me, and how should I
sustain the greater joy to come?

Dear, that was not very long ago, and it is still so fresh to me that I find
it hard to write for you clearly as I could wish. But you must forgive me if
I seem to be too profuse, or too disjointed in my words. I had not known
this truth, and when it was revealed to me so suddenly, and all the—to
me—tremendous significance of it—well, I must leave you to try to
understand. Suffice to say, I found in that glade what I did not know I
possessed, and such a gift as this is more readily bestowed in this land
than one is able with due self-control to receive.

I must add, be fore I cease, what I ought to have said before, but was
carried on in spite of myself by the recollection of that sweet hour. It is
this: When young children come over here they are first schooled in this
life and then have to learn what experience they have lacked on earth. The
more training they have acquired in the earth life, the sooner they are sent
to complete it. Those who are stillborn have had no earth training at all.
Nevertheless, they are children of the earth and, as such, they must return
and acquire it. Not until it is safe for them to do so, however, and then
under proper guardianship until they are competent

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to go alone. Their return to the neighbourhood of the earth sphere is
consequently longer delayed, and one who has lived a long and busy life on
earth has less to learn of earth life when he comes over here, and so can
pass on to other and higher studies.

Of course, these are only the broad governing principles, and, in
application to individuals, account has to be taken of personal
characteristics, and the rule modified and adapted as the particular case
requires or merits.

But all is well for all who live and love, and those who love best live the
loveliest life. That sounds rather too alliterative, but let it stand, for it is
true. God bless you, dear. Good night.

 Monday, October 20, 1913.

We were walking down the principal street of that beautiful city on a
tour of inspection. We wanted to understand why it was laid out in so
many squares, and what was the use of some of the buildings we had
noticed on both sides of that broad way. When we had arrived at the
farther gateway, we saw that the City stood very high above the
surrounding plains. Our guide explained that the reason for this was that
those on the towers might see as far as possible, and also might be seen by
those in the distant settlements of this district. This was the Capital City
of the region, and all business going on found its focus here.

On our way back we visited several of the buildings, and were
everywhere kindly received. We found few

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children, other than those in Castrel's Horne. Here and there, however,
there were groups in the squares, where the fountains played and were
surrounded by basins into which their waters fell. These were all
connected with one broad stream which issued forth from one side of the
City, and fell into the plain below, a brilliant waterfall of many tints and of
sparkling brightness. It took its way across the plain, a fairly broad stream
flowing gently over the sands, and we saw, here and there, some children
bathing in it, and throwing it over their beautiful bodies in great enjoyment.
I did not think much of this until my guide remarked that these children
were encouraged to bathe in the waters, as they were electrically charged,
and gave strength to them, for many came here very weak and required
such nourishment.

I expressed my surprise at this, and she replied, "But what would you
have? You know that, although not of material flesh and blood, yet our
bodies here are solid and real as those we have laid aside. And you know
that these bodies of our present state correspond to the spirit within much
more accurately than those others used to do. Now these little spirits are,
most of them, only beginning to develop and need bodily nourishment to
help them on the way. Why not?"

Why not, indeed! Surely I was slow to learn all that that phrase I have
already given you implied, "Earth made perfect." I fear many of you when
you come over here will be much shocked to see how very natural all
things are, even if more beautiful than on the earth. So many expect to find
a vague shadowy

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world over here, totally diverse from earth in every possible way. And
yet, come to think of it, and with common sense, what good would such a
world be to us? It would not mean a gradual progress for us, but a vast
leap, and that is not the way of God.

Things here when first we arrive are certainly different from those of the
old life, but not so different as to make us feel dumbfounded by their
strangeness. Indeed, those who come over after living an unprogressive life
on earth, find themselves in spheres of so gross a character as to be, to
them, indistinguishable from earth itself. That is one of the reasons why
they are not able to realize that they have changed their state. As you
progress through the lower spheres into the higher, this grossness
gradually gives place to more rare conditions, and the higher you go the
more sublimated is the environment. But few, if any, pass into those
spheres where no trace of earth is seen, or no likeness to the earth life. I
doubt if, as a rule, any do. But of this I must not speak dogmatically, for I
have not myself reached, or even visited, a sphere where there is
absolutely no likeness to God's beautiful earth. For it is beautiful, and we
have to learn its beauties and wonders here, as part of our training. And,
learning so, we find that earth is but one further manifestation outward
from our own spheres, and in tune with us and our present environment in
many very intimate ways. Were it not thus we could not be communing
with you at this moment.

Also-and I merely say this as it appears to me who am not very wise in
these things—I do not see

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how people passing over from the earth life into this could possibly get
here were there a great gap between us, a gigantic void. How could they
cross it? But that is simply my own thought, and there may be nothing in
it at all. Only of this I am fairly certain: if people would but keep in mind
the Oneness of God and His Kingdom, and the gradual progression which,
in His wisdom, He has ordained for us, then they would much better
understand what death is and what is beyond. It would probably be
utterly absurd to many to be told that here we have real solid houses and
streets and mountains and trees and animals and birds; and that animals are
not here for ornament alone, but also for use; and that horses and oxen and
other animals are put to use. But they enjoy their work in a way which
makes one glad to watch them. I noticed a horse and rider coming along the
street once, and I wondered which was enjoying the canter the more of the
two. But I fear this will not be accepted by many, so I will get on to
another theme.

One of the buildings in the broad street was a library where records were
kept of reports from the outlying stations. Another was a laboratory
where some of the reports could be tested by actual experiment. Another
was a lecture hall where professors gave their results to those of their own
and other branches of science. Another had a somewhat curious history.

It stood well back from the street and was builded of wood. It looked
like polished mahogany, with streaks of gold in the grain. It was erected
long ago

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as a Council Chamber for the Chief of that time, long before Castrel took
over the work. Here he used to assemble the students in order that they
might each give an exhibition of their knowledge in practical form.

A young man arose on one occasion, and, going to the centre of the
auditorium, stood there and stretched out his hands, and remained facing
the President. As he stood there his form seemed to change and become
more radiant and translucent, until at last he was surrounded by a large
halo of light, and there were seen about him many Angels from the higher
spheres. His smile had some enigma in it which the Prince was trying to
read, but could not. Just as he (the Prince or Chief) was about to speak,
there came through the open door a little boy-child, and looked round in
surprise at all the great crowd.

He paused at the edge of the circle and looked on the multitude of faces
of those who sat there in tiers, one above the other, round the circle, and
seemed abashed. He was just turning to run away again when he caught
sight of the one who stood in the centre, now glowing with light and glory.
Immediately the little lad forgot everybody else, and, running as fast as his
little legs would carry him, he went straight to the centre of the circle with
outstretched hands and a look of great joy in his face.

The one who stood there then lowered his arms, and, stooping down,
took up the little one and laid him on his shoulder, and then, approaching
the Prince, he gently laid the little fellow in his lap and began

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to walk back towards the place where he had stood. But as he went his
form grew dim, and, before he had reached the spot he had left, he had
become quite invisible, and the whole space was empty. But the little boy
lay in the Prince's lap, and looked up into his face—a very beautiful face it
was—and smiled.

Then the Prince arose, and, holding the child on his left arm, he
reverently laid his right hand on his head, and said, "My brothers, it is
written, 'A little child shall lead them,' and these words come to my mind
but now. What we have seen is a Manifestation of our Lord the Christ, and
this little one is of those who are of the Kingdom, as He said. "What
message did He give you, child, as you lay in His arms, and He brought
you to mine?"

Then for the first time the boy spoke and said, with a child's accent, and
still very shy of the large audience, "If you please, Prince, I must be good
and do as you instruct me, and then He will show me, from time to time,
new things for your City and Realm. But I don't know what it means."

Nor did the Prince, nor the students at first. But he dispersed them and
took the little one home to his own house, and thought the matter out. He
came to the conclusion it was Eli and Samuel over again, without the more
unpleasant details. As a matter of fact, as it turned out, he had read the
matter correctly. The child was allowed to play about the laboratories and
scientific schools, and watch and listen. He never was in the way, and did
not bother them with questions. But now and again, when some extra-
difficult

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piece of work was on hand, he would make some re mark, and when he did
so, it was always the key to the solution. Also—and this was considered,
as time went on, to be the principal object He had in giving that
Manifestation—the students learned simplicity; that is, that the simpler
the solution they could find to any problem in particular, the better it
fitted into the general scheme with other solutions.

There were many other lessons also which they learned from the Vision
itself; for instance, the fact that His Presence was among them always, and
that at any time He might become visible, for, when He came that time, He
walked out from among the assembly of students. Also, the outstretched
arms taught them of self-sacrifice even in those happy realms where glories
shone about them, even as it had shone about His form as He stood there.
But the child: he grew as His Divine Sponsor had grown, in wisdom and
stature, and when the Prince of that time was taken into a higher sphere, he
succeeded him in his high office.

Well, all this is long ago, and still the old hall stands to-day. It is always
kept carefully tended and made beautiful without and within with flowers.
But it is not used now for lectures and discussions, but for service of
worship. One of the artists of the City made a painting of the scene, and
that was placed there behind the Altar, like many on earth. And from time
to time worship is offered to the Great Father of all, in the sanctifying
Presence of His Anointed Son, and, on some of the greater occasions, the
Prince who

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was there when that Vision was given will descend from the higher spheres
with the little boy, now a great Angel-Lord, and others who have held the
office since their time; and those who assemble there know that some great
blessing and Manifestation will be given. But only those who are fitted by
their developed state are present at such times, for the Manifestation
would not be visible to those who have not reached a certain stage in
progress.

God's spheres are wonderful in their beauty of light and glory; but most
wonderful of all seems the Presence of His Spirit through all these
infinities and eternities, and His tender love to all, both wise and simple;
and to you and me, dear, in that He has so ordained the co-operation of the
different estates within His Realm that we can talk together thus, you and
I, dear, through the thin Veil which hangs between.

 Tuesday, October 21, 1913.

Of that city I could tell you much more than I have done. But I have
other matters to deal with, and will, therefore, give you just one more item
of our life there and then pass on to other things.

We were lodging in a cottage within the Palace grounds where the
children often came to see us, and my own little one among them. They
seemed to be glad to come and see their little friend's mother and her fellow
visitors, and were never tired of hearing about the other places we had
visited, and especially the children's homes and schools. They would
weave

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garlands of flowers and bring them to us as gifts, with the hope at the back
of their minds that we would in return join them in one of their games.
This we often did, and you will easily imagine how I enjoyed those romps
with these dear little children in that quiet and peaceful place.

We were once playing with them at a game they had invented among
themselves, a kind of jolly Hooper game such as you used to play, and we
had won nearly all the others on to our side, when the few who were left
facing us suddenly stopped in their song and stood still, looking beyond
us. We all turned round, and there, standing in the entrance of a long
avenue of trees at the edge of the glade, was no other than Castrel.

He stood there smiling at us, and, although his aspect was so kingly, yet
there were so much gentleness and humility blended with his strength and
wisdom, that he was very lovely to look upon, and to be near. He came
slowly forward and the children ran to him, and he patted one and another
on the head as he came. Then he spoke to us. "You see," he said, "I knew
where I might find you, and so I needed no guide. And now I am obliged to
cut your play short, my sister-visitors, for there is a ceremony on hand at
which you ought to be present. So you little ones must continue your
games alone while these big children come with me."

Then they ran to us and kissed us happily, and made us promise to
come and continue our games as soon as we were at liberty.

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So we followed the Prince Castrel along the avenue of trees which
formed a leafy tunnel meeting overhead. We walked to the end and emerged
into the open country, and here our guide paused and said, "Now I want
you to look yonder and tell me what you see

We, one and all five of us, told him we saw a large undulating plain, with
many buildings here and there, and, beyond, what appeared to be a long
range of high mountains.

"Nothing else?" he asked.

We replied that we could see nothing else of importance, and he
continued, "No, I suppose that is about the limit of your vision at present.
But my sight, you see, is more developed than yours, and I can see beyond
those mountains yonder. Now listen, and I will tell you what I see.
Beyond that range I see other mountains higher still, and beyond them still
more lofty peaks. On some of these are buildings, others are bare. I have
been in that region also, and I know that among those mountains, which
from this point are viewed foreshortened, are plains and tracts of country
as wide as this of which this City is the chief.

"I am now looking at the shoulder of a mountain, not on the horizon, as I
see it, but far beyond your own range of vision, and I see a large and
glorious City, much more extensive and much richer and more magnificent
than this. The principal gateway fronts in this direction, and before it is a
large flat space. Through this gateway are emerging horses and chariots

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with drivers, and other horses with riders. They have now assembled and
are about to start. Now their leader emerges from the crowd and comes to
the front. He gives an order and the crowd of citizens raise their hands and
wave a God-speed to them. Now their Prince moves forward to the edge of
the cliff on which the City is erected. He leaves the edge and proceeds by
aerial flight. His chariot leads the way and the others follow. And they
come," he added with a smile, "in this direction. Now we will go to another
place, and you shall witness their arrival."

None of us asked the reason of their visit. It was not that we were afraid
to do so. I think we could have asked him anything. But we somehow felt
that all that it was meet that we should know then had been told us, and so
we were content to wait. But he said, "You are curious to know the reason
of their coming. That you will shortly be permitted to see." So we went
with him to the wall of the City, and stood there looking over the plain
towards the hills. We could see no more than we had said.

"Tell me," he said, "which of you first sights them."

We looked long and eagerly, but could not see anything. At last I thought
I saw a star begin to twinkle over the mountains far away in the depths of
space. Just at that moment one of my companions exclaimed, "I think, my
lord, that star was not there when first we came here."

"Yes," he replied, "it was there, but not visible to you. So you are the
first to see it?"

I did not like to say I had seen it also. I should

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have said that before. But he continued, "I think there is some one else
who sees that star. Is that not so?" and he turned to me with a quiet smile.
I am afraid I reddened and mumbled something awkwardly. "Well," he said,
"watch it. You others will also be able to see it presently. At this moment
it is several spheres away, and I did not expect any of you to be able to see
quite into that region." Then, turning to us two, he bowed courteously, and
said, "Ladies, I congratulate you on your good progress. You are rapidly
advancing towards a higher grade, and, if you, continue your sphere of
service will soon be enlarged, believe me." We were both made very happy
by this speech.

But now the star had considerably brightened, and ever, as we looked, it
seemed to enlarge and expand, and this continued a long space of time,
Then I noticed that it was no longer a round disc, but was gradually
assuming another shape, and, at last, I was able to see what the shape was.
It was a harp of light, somewhat in the shape of a lyre, and seemed to be
like a jewel set with many diamonds. But as it came nearer and nearer, we
were able to see that it was made up of horses and chariots and men, and
that in that order they were speeding through space towards us.

Presently we heard shouts of welcome from the people on other parts of
the City walls and knew that they had sighted them also.

"Now you see the nature of their business in this City."

"Music," I suggested.

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"Yes," he answered, "it has to do with music, That is the main object of
this visit, anyway."

As they drew nearer we saw that the company numbered some
hundreds. It was a beautiful sight to see. There they came along the path of
the heavens, horses and chariots of fire—you know the old familiar phrase;
believe me, it is little understood—with riders of light radiating their glory
far around them, as they sped along their heavenly way. O, these citizens
of those higher realms are all too beautiful for us to describe to you. The
lowest in rank of these was just about of Castrel's degree. But his own
glory was constrained and hidden, in order that he might be both Prince of
this City and also a citizen. Yet, as his companions and peers drew near,
we noticed that he also began to change. His face and form glowed with an
ever-increasing radiance until, at length, he shone as bright as the least
bright of those who came along the sky. I could understand, when I
thought of it afterwards, why it was necessary for him to condition
himself to the lower sphere in which he served. For, as he stood before us
now, even though he had not attained the full intensity of his native
brightness, yet none of us dared approach him, but drew a little distance
away, and left him to stand alone. We were not afraid, but
unaccustomed—that is as well as I can put it.

The members of the flashing jewelled harp at last were speeding over our
own country, and when they had come half the way between us and the
first range of hills, they slowed down and gradually reformed.

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This time the band took the shape of a….\* Then sweeping down they
landed on the space before the principal gate of the City.

Castrel had left us for some time now, and, as they landed, we saw him
issue on foot from the City gate, attended by his principal men. He was
robed in light—that is nearly all I could see. But the diadem he wore shone
more brilliantly than I had ever seen it; and so did the girdle he wore. He
approached the leader and knelt before him. This Angel was much brighter
even than Castrel. He descended from his chariot and, hastening to our
own Prince, lifted him up and embraced him. The action was full of grace
and also of love, and, for the few seconds they were together, there was
complete silence on the walls. But when the embrace was done, and the
words of blessing—in a language we do not understand—were spoken,
Castrel bowed his head before the other and then, standing up, looked to
the City walls and raised his hand, and there was a burst of music and
voices as the citizens broke into a glorious anthem. I have told you of the
singing in another region. This was much more sublime, for this was a
plane in advance of that. Then they too, followed by the other visitors,
entered the City amidst the shouts of the populace and the pealing of bells
and strains of instrumental music and the singing of the thousands upon
the walls.

So they passed along the street to the Palace, and, as he turned into the
avenue which led off the main

 \* See p. 162.

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street, the Angel Prince, our visitor, halted, and, standing in his chariot,
turned round, and, lifting his hand, blessed the people in their own tongue,
and then went on down the avenue and was, with his glittering attendants,
lost to view.

Dear, I have tried my very best to give you even a faint description of
that incident. I have failed miserably. It was much more glorious than I
have been able to describe. I have spent my time also on the description of
this arrival scene because that I could understand better than the mission
on which they had come. That is far too deep for me, and concerned the
teachers of the City and the great men of that land. All I could get to know
was that it was chiefly concerned with the studies of the most advanced in
that Colony of the connection of music with the creative faculty. I cannot
understand more than that. But perhaps others will be able to say more
about it than I can.

That word we could not give above was "planet" the second formation,
we mean—not "planet,"\* but "planetary systems." I do not know whether
it was the solar system, of which the earth is a unit, or other —some other
system I rather think; but I do not know.

That is all, dear, to-night. Are you waiting for our blessing? God bless
you, dear lad. Lift up your eyes and keep your ideals bright, and believe
that the most glorious of glories you can imagine are to the real and actual
glories of this life of ours just as candle light to that of a sun.

 \* See p. 161.

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 Wednesday, October 22, 1913.

If all the world were one great diamond or pearl reflecting or radiating the
light of the sun and distant stars, how bright would be its vicinity. Yet in a
measure it does this, but only to a very limited degree because of the lack
of lustre on its surface. And as the reflecting capacity of the earth is to that
more perfect mirror which a pearl would furnish, so is the earth life to ours
here in these realms of light and beauty, the Summerland of God.

As we gaze out over the wide plains and valleys of the Heavenly Land,
we are scarce able to remember the effect of the atmosphere of earth as it
had relation to our vision of terrestrial things. But we do remember certain
qualities which here are absent. Distance is not obscured, for instance. It
fades away. Trees and plants do not appear for a season, and then die.
They bloom perpetually, and then, when plucked, they are fresh for a long
time, but they do not droop and wither. They, too, fade, or melt, away
into the atmosphere. This same atmosphere is not always white. In the
neighbourhood of the City of the Prince Castrel there is a sense of golden
sunshine all around. It is not a mist, and does not obscure, but bathes all
things in its golden radiance without invading the various colours
themselves. In other places it is of a faint pink or blue. And every region
has its own peculiar tint, or sense, of colour, according to the nature of the
people and their employment and bent of mind.

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The tint of the atmosphere seems to be governed by this principle; but
also it is reflex in its action on the people themselves. Especially is this the
case with visitors from other regions. The more highly developed, on
coming into a new tract of country, are able to tell by this alone the general
character and occupations of the people there. The influence, however,
very quickly extends to themselves. It does not change them in character,
of course, but it does affect their sensations, and is almost instantaneously
seen in the changing hue of their robes.

Thus, as one visits a strange district, one very speedily begins to feel,
within and without, that sense of brotherhood and sisterhood which is one
of the most delightful of blessings I have found. Everywhere you go you
find brothers and sisters. Try to think of it and see what it would mean if
it were thus on earth. Then the Angels' greeting of Peace and Goodwill
indeed would be realized and earth would be the ante-chamber of the
Heavenly Home.

We returned from that City asking ourselves what difference our visit
had made in us, and what we had learned. For my own part, it was not
difficult to see that the very fact of my own little girt being there was
enough. She is a gift I had not expected. But as we returned leisurely across
the plain, we found that each had received some special blessing for herself
alone.

As we had approached the City by the air, we preferred now to go afoot
across the plain until we reached the mountains. And as we went we talked
of

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what we had seen. Now, I could fill many pages with that talk, and I
assure you it would not be uninteresting. But time and space are to you,
and to publishers, of more account than they are to us, so I will hasten on
to what I have to tell.

We reached our own sphere just as our Mother. Angel had also returned
from a journey to the Bridge of which I have already told you. She brought
with her this time one you know.

Name, please.

Mrs. S. She had been through a rather trying experience. When first she
came over she was taken to a place where she might have progressed
rapidly. Hers was a perplexing case; so many mixed traits that it was very
difficult to place her exactly. So she was given the chance and helped in
every way. But, you must know, freewill and personality are very
important things here, and are never overruled when help is being offered.
She soon grew restless, and it was seen that she would have to be given her
way. So she was warned and advised and then taken to the parting of the
ways to choose her own road, as she wished to do. A guardian was
appointed to keep constant watch in order that if help were sought any
time it would be near at hand.

Well, she did not seem to know where to go or what to do, to find what
she wanted—peace. So she wandered on and spent a considerable period in
the neighbourhood of the Bridge. It was only when she had learned for
herself that her own wilful course led again and again into places where the
darkness always

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increased, and people, sights and sounds were of a nature not to radiate
happiness, but sometimes terror, that at last she wandered along the
borderland, and, by and by, turned a little towards the light and was
gradually helped back again to the Home she had left. She is now
progressing, slowly, to be sure; but still with an ever softening heart, and
more humility and trust, and she will do well in time. That is why I have
seen so little of her, and been of so little use. But I may be able to help a
little now and again as time goes on. Perhaps that is why she has been
brought to the place where I am destined to spend a more or less
protracted period of service. I did not know her in the earth life except
through you, and your friendship with her children may be the link which
will enable her to receive any little help I am able to give.

You see, everything is considered here, even the things which seem so
casual and transitory in the earth life. They are all registered and viewed in
their relation to one another, all the seemingly casual talks or chance
meetings, a book read, a hand shaken in the street for the first time and
never again, a few friends meeting, in the same way, at a mutual friend's
house and never meeting again—everything and every item is registered,
considered, co-ordinated and used when, and if, occasion offers. And so
may it be in this case.

Be, therefore, not remiss to weigh well all you do and every word you
say; not in anxiety, but rather by cultivating a habit of will to do good;
always and everywhere to radiate kindness of heart, for in the

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Kingdom these are not of small account, but go to make robes bright and
bodies radiant.

And so, dear, good night once again—a wish not without its significance
to you, if otherwise to us, for here all is good to them who goodness love,
and night is absent always where the True Light shines forever, and all is
Peace.

 [167] CHAPTER V

 ANGELIC MINISTRY CHAPTER V

 ANGELIC MINISTRY

Another from the Bridge—Conscience—The Judgment—Self-delusion—Difficulties
and hindrances in communication through the Veil—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my
mouth; keep the door of my lips"—The method of impression—A meeting in the air—
Not motherless—A mixed character.

 Thursday, October 23,1913

PERCHANCE if we were to tell you of our progress in these heavenly
spheres we should weary you, for much detail has to be negotiated, and
nothing passed over as being too small. But it may be helpful if we
supplement what we wrote in this vein last evening by giving you now an
instance by way of illustration of this point.

We received a message a short time ago of the arrival of a sister at the
Bridge, who had come over from the further side where lie the regions of
gloom, and I and another were sent to conduct her to this Home. We went
quickly and found our charge awaiting us. She was quite alone, for her
attendants had left her thus in order that she might profit by a quiet period
of meditation and reflection before beginning her further advance.

She was seated on a slope of grass under a tree

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whose branches spread like a canopy over her. Her eyes were closed, and
we stood before her waiting. When she opened them she looked at us for
some time in an inquiring manner. As she did not speak, I at last addressed
her "Sister." At that word she looked at us hesitatingly, and then her eyes
began to fill with tears, and she put her face in her hands, bowed her head
upon her knees, and wept bitterly.

So I went to her and laid my hand upon her head and said, "You are our
sister now, dear, and as we do not weep, so neither must you."

"How do you know who or what I am?" she replied, as she raised her
face and tried to force back her tears, while there was just a touch of
defiance in her voice.

"We do not know who you are," I answered. "What you were we do
know. We know that you were always a child of our Father, and so,
always our sister. Now you are our sister in a fuller sense. What else you
are lies with you. You are either one whose face is set toward the Sunshine
of His Presence, or one who, fearing the task before you in that direction,
will turn back again across the Bridge."

She was silent for a while, and then said, "I dare not. It is all too horrible
over there."

"But," I urged, "you must choose; for you cannot remain where you are.
And you will come the upward way—will you not?—and we will lend
you a sister's hand and give you a sister's love to help you on the way."

"Oh, I wonder how much you know of what lies

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yonder," she said, and there was agony in her voice. "There they called me
sister, too; they called me sister in mockery, while they heaped upon me
infamy and torture and—oh, I must not think of it or it will drive me mad
again. But I don't know how I shall proceed; I am so stained and vile and
weak."

But I saw that this would never do, so I cut her short. I told her that, for
the present, she must try to forget these experiences, until we had helped
her, and then it would be time enough to begin her task in earnest. I knew
that task was going to be a heavy and bitter one; but there is only one way
onward, nothing can be glossed over; everything must be viewed and
understood for exactly what it is—every act and word up to the present
time—God's justice acknowledged, and God's Love through all—and that
is the only onward and upward way. But that must rest a while until she
was capable of enduring it. And so we comforted her and gradually led her
away.

Now, as we went she began to look around and ask about the things she
saw, and what kind of country lay ahead, and what the home was like to
which she was being led, and so on. We told her all she could understand.
We told her of our Angel Mother who had charge of the place, and of our
fellow-workers there. In the midst of our conversation she stopped
suddenly and said she felt she could go no further. "Why?" we inquired,
"are you tired?" and she answered, "No; afraid."

We saw something of what was in her mind, but could not quite
understand it as a whole. There was

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something we could not lay hold of. So we led her on to talk of herself, and
at last we unearthed the difficulty.

It seems that when the guardian at the other end of the Bridge had heard
her cry for help far away in the gloom, he at once directed a ray of his light
in the direction, and sent a messenger to help her. This spirit found her
fainting by the side of a dark murky stream whose waters were foul and
hot, and bore her to the Bridge Gatehouse. Here she was tended and
revived and brought forward across the Bridge to the place where we found
her.

Now it chanced that when this spirit worker had found her she had felt a
presence but could not see any one near. She therefore called aloud, "May
you be cursed if you touch me!" thinking that perhaps it was one of her
old tormentors and companions in wickedness. Then she remembered no
more until she recovered her senses again in the Gatehouse. As we walked
and talked of the workers of these realms the memory of that incident
suddenly came back to her mind. She had cursed one of God's ministers,
and she was afraid of the light because the words were evil. Truly, she did
not know whom she had cursed; but a curse is a curse against whomsoever
directed, and it lay upon her heart.

My companions and I consulted together briefly and came to the
conclusion that we must return. The other sins of this poor soul might be
dealt with presently. This, however, was against one of our fellow-
workers of the realms of light and love, and we saw

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that she would find no rest among us, and our services would little avail
her until that wrong had been righted. So back to the Bridge we went, and
right across it to the Gatehouse at the further end.

There we found the spirit helper who had brought her to that place, and
she asked and obtained forgiveness. Indeed, he was awaiting us; for he was
stronger and more progressed than we, and so was greater in wisdom, and
he knew that she would compel herself to return. So as we drew near he
came from the gateway where he had been standing watching us coming
along the road, and, when she saw his kind face and forgiving smile, she
knew at once it was he whom she sought and, falling on her knees,
obtained his blessing.

I fear this is not a very exciting message to-night. I have given it to show
you how even the seemingly slight things have to be reckoned with here.
As a matter of fact, I believe that some higher intelligence than our own
was controlling us all the time; for that little incident proved a very
important episode in the progress of that poor sinful woman. It was a long
journey back to, and across, the Bridge, and she was very weak and weary.
But when she saw the face of the one against whom she had sinned, and
heard his words of love and forgiveness, it showed her, for the first time,
that whatever she should have to endure in future it would be sweet in the
end, and each task done would earn its own blessing. And that is no mean
support to such as she who had so much to face of repentance and
agonizing shame of

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remembrance of the Great Love of God which she had flouted and denied.

What is she doing now?

That was not very long ago, and she has been progressing but slowly.
There is so much to keep her back. But she does progress, nevertheless.
She is in our Home, but has not yet been given any special work to do for
others. She will be so employed eventually, but not for a long time to
come.

Sin may be negative in its essential parts, but it is negation of the Love
and Fatherhood of God, and that is a far more terrible thing than mere
offence against a commandment. It is the contamination of the very nature
and spring of our inner spirit life, of the Sanctuary of the Spirit of God.
And the cleansing of a polluted Sanctuary is more than the washing of an
ordinary dwelling. The very intensity of the Light of the Presence in this
spiritual state shows up every speck and mote, and happy are those who
keep that Sanctuary clean and bright, for such shall know how sweet it is
to live and to love in Him.

 Monday, October 27,1913.

Once again we take up our tale of the Heavenly Life, and hope to be able
to tell you a little more of the love and blessedness which we experience in
these bright realms. Our Home is situate on the slope of a thickly-wooded
hill in a clearing, and our patients —for they are really such—are tended
by us here in peace and quiet after their distressing experiences in

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one or other part of those lands where the light is dim, and darkness seems
to enter into their very souls. They come here more or less exhausted and
weak, and are only allowed to go onward when they have become strong
enough for the way.

You would perhaps like to know somewhat of our methods here.
Chiefly these may be summed up in one word: Love. For that is the
guiding principle in all our work. Some are so overjoyed with the
realization of the fact that we do not seek to judge and punish, but only to
help them, that they are, from that very cause, ill at ease from its
unfamiliarity.

One of our poor sisters met our Mother Angel a little while ago in the
garden, and was turning down a side-path in order to avoid meeting her,
not of fear but of reverence. But our bright Angel went to her and spoke
kindly to her, and when she found she could talk quite freely she asked a
question. "Where is the judge," she inquired, "and when is the judgment to
take place? I am trembling all the while with the thought of it, for I know
my punishment will be a very dreadful one; and I would know the worst,
and get it over."

To this the Mother replied, "My child, your judgment will take place
whenever you desire; and from your own words I can tell you that it has
already begun. For you own that your past life is worthy of punishment,
and that is the first step in your judgment. As to the judge, well, she is
here; for you yourself are judge, and will mete out to yourself your
punishment. You will do this of your own free will by

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reviewing all the life you have lived and, as you bravely own up one sin
after another, so you will progress. Much of your punishment you have
already inflicted upon yourself in those dark regions from which you have
lately come. That punishment, indeed, was dreadful. But that is past and
over, and what you have now to endure will be dreadful no longer. All
dread should now be past. Painful, deeply painful, I fear it will be. But all
through you will feel that He is leading you, and this more and more as
you go on in the right way."

"But," persisted the inquirer, "I am perplexed because I do not see the
Throne of the Great judge Who will reward some and punish others."

"You will, indeed, some day see that Throne, but not yet. The judgment
you are thinking of is very different from what you imagine. But you
should have no fear and, as you progress, you will learn more, and
understand more, of God's great love."

That is what perplexes many who come over here. They expect to find
all set ready for their dismissal from the Presence into torture, and cannot
understand things as they are.

Others who have cultivated a good opinion of their deserts are much
disappointed when they are given a lowly place, sometimes a very lowly
one, and not ushered immediately into the Presence of the Enthroned
Christ to be hailed with His "Well done." Oh, believe me, dear son, there
are many surprises awaiting those who come over here, some of a very
joyful kind, and others the reverse.

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I have, only lately, seen a very learned writer, who had published several
books, talking to a lad who, in the earth life, was a stoker in a gasworks,
and being instructed by him. He was glad to learn, too, for he had partly
learned humility; and the curious thing was that he did not so much mind
sitting at the feet of this young spirit as going to his old friends here and
owning up his mistakes and his vanity of intellect in his past life. This,
however, he will have to do sooner or later, and the young lad is preparing
him for the task. It is also whimsical to us to see him still clinging to his
old pride, when we know all about him, and his past and present status,
which latter is rather low, and all the time he is trying to think he is hiding
his thoughts from us. With such their instructors have to exercise much
patience, which is also very good training for them.

And now let us see if we can explain a difficulty which is perplexing
many investigators into psychic matters. We mean the difficulty they have
in understanding why we do not give them information which they desire
about one thing or another which they have in their minds.

You must try to realize that when we come down here we are not in our
proper element, but are hampered with limitations which are now strange
to us. For instance, we have to work according to the laws which are in
vogue in the earth realm, or we could not make you understand what we
wish to do or say. Then we often find that when any one has his mind
fixed on some particular person whom he wishes to

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hear or see, or some special matter about which he wishes to inquire, we
are limited by the straitened means at our disposal. Other reservoirs of
power in that inquirer are closed, and those only are open to us which he
himself has willed should be open. And these are frequently not enough for
us to work with.

Then again, the activity of his will meets the activity of ours midway, as
it were, and there is a clash, and the result is either confusion or nil. It is
nearly always better to allow us to work in our own way, trustfully, and
afterwards to examine critically what we manage to get through. If
information on any particular point is desired, let that point be in your
mind at times as you go about your daily occupation. We shall see it and
take account of it, and, if it is possible and useful and lawful, we shall find
opportunity and means, sooner or later, to answer it. If you ask a question
while we are with you manifesting in one way or other, do not demand,
but just put your thoughts before us, and then leave it to us to do what we
can. Do not insist. You may be sure that, as our desire is to help, we shall
do all we can.

And now to a case in point. You have been wanting to know about Ruby
and others. You have not insisted, and, therefore, we have been able to use
conditions freely and are able to give you some information.

Ruby is happy as ever, and getting quite expert in the work she has in
hand. I saw her only lately and she says she will be able to come to speak
to you or Rose very soon. Now you are wondering why she

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cannot come to-night. She has other duties, and also we have to fulfil ours
according to plan. One thing she said was this: "Tell dear daddy that his
words to the people are brought here, and some of the things he tells them
are discussed among us because they happen to be of those things we have
not learned of the earth life."

This seems wellnigh impossible. Have I got this right?

There you go, you see. Now what do you think these dear angel children
are, that you speak so? Do you not understand that the studies of those
who came over here very young are mostly of the life and conditions of
their new homeland, and that only little by little are they allowed to
complete their knowledge of the earth and its life which, nevertheless, has
to be learned quite thoroughly as they proceed onward? So it is that every
means is used, with discretion, to teach them. And what better or more
likely way could you name than by enabling the father to be instructor of
his own child? I am not going to say any more about that. It is enough.
Think it over in a common sense way and you will perhaps come to a
more enlightened frame of mind.

Well, but if what you say is trite, one will be almost afraid to instruct
one's people at all. And don't be cross.

Dear lad, no, I am not cross. But in you, at least, I have been grateful to
find a certain enlightenment as to the conditions of this life and their
naturalness, and

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up crops one of those silly ideas of the nebulous order right in the midst of
your mind.

You are quite right, however, to think that you should be careful how
you give instruction. But this applies not only to you but to every one;
and to all thoughts and words and deeds of every one. They are all known
here, One crumb of comfort you can take, however. You may be sure that
when anything unworthy or base is thought or spoken, that is never
allowed to find its way into such a sphere as that in which Ruby is. So
make your mind easy there, my dear, and do not fear to speak out your
mind; for silence is sometimes less welcome here than erroneous teaching,
when that teaching is sincere.

And now, good night, and best love to you all. God bless you, dead lad,
and keep you brave and true.

 Tuesday, October 28, 1913.

Whatever we have been able to give you in these messages has been
transmitted to you by means of impressing your mind with our thoughts
and words. In doing this we take, and make use of, as much as we find
there, so that we may the more easily get our own thoughts through.
Frequently, however, we have been obliged, of necessity, to call your
spirit away from the earth surroundings and give you a vision of the places
we are describing, and you have written down what you have seen.

No, we did not actually take you out of your body, because you have
been really conscious all the time.

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What we did was to engage and absorb your attention that we might infuse
power into your interior sight—the sight of your spiritual body—and at
those moments you were scarcely conscious of your surroundings. You
forgot them and became oblivious to them, and then we were able to
impart to you, in a measure, the power of distant vision; and to this we
added the incidents as we had witnessed them ourselves.

For instance, when we described the coming of the Harp of Light to the
City of Castrel we showed you the city as it is, but we reconstructed the
incidents of the crowds on the walls, and the meeting outside the gates, and
all the parts of the ceremony which we wished you to write down. That is
what was done. How it was done you will understand some day when you
come over here.

We are now going to try to show you another scene. And here we may
say that we use the word "try" because, although with a good subject we
do not often fail, yet we are not omnipotent, and there are many things
which may intervene to hinder our endeavour and modify our success.

Well then, give us your attention a while and we will tell you of a
ceremony which we witnessed when a company of people came to visit
our colony to learn about our work. You must understand that we go to
each other's Homes, and learn of one another in this way, and get to know
what we can of the various aspects of work going on in different parts.

We were standing near the top of the hill behind this Home watching
their coming. At last we saw

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them high in the air and far away over the widespreading plain. The sky
behind them was streaked with horizontal layers of crimson, gold and
green; and by that we knew from what region they came, and the nature of
their work. They were students in a distant settlement whose principal
branch of knowledge was proper use of ceremonial and ritual, and its
effects on those who use it.

We watched them coming along the heavenly way, and then a party of
our own people, who were waiting on the plain, rose into the air and
proceeded to meet the visitors. It was very interesting to see them meet in
the air. High up in the heavens they approached each other, and when they
were some little distance away our party sounded a welcome on what
looked and sounded like post-horns, and then others produced other
instruments and, while they played, others sang a welcome.

They had halted now and we saw that behind them was a chariot and
two horses. It was very much like the chariots of old times. There is no
reason why we should not use carriages of modern build; but shelter is
unnecessary, and the old open vehicles have persisted to the present day.
When the visitors came near they halted, and there the two parties faced
each other, standing in the air. Try to imagine it. It seems strange to you,
but one day you will see that it is quite natural to our present state, and, if
progressed enough, we are able not only to stand but to kneel, lie or walk
in the midst of space, very much as if it were on solid earth.

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Then the leader of our band and the Chief of the visitors approached
each other between the two ranks. They took each other by both hands,
and kissed each other on the forehead and cheeks. And then our leader took
his visitor's left hand in his own right and led him towards the chariot, our
party dividing to give them passage, and bowing respectfully as they
passed. When the two Chiefs had entered the chariot their followers ran
together with outstretched hands and gladly saluted one another as the
others had done. And then all turned their faces towards us and came on at
a leisurely walking pace until they descended at the foot of the hill.

I cannot make you see the effect of an approach by air. I have tried to do
so more than once, but that is outside your imagination. So I can only tell
you that it is most beautiful to watch. The movement of these high spirits,
such as Castrel and Arnol and others of their rank, when walking on the
ground, is not only most graceful, it is fascinating in its beauty of poise
and movement. But in the air it is much more so. The soft, graceful, gliding
motion, full of quiet and gentle dignity and of strength and power, is
princely and angelic. So these two now came to us.

They descended, and then walked by a winding path to the Chief's
house. He rules here with our Mother Angel, and I do not think there is
much difference in their status or rank. For, except by direct questioning,
which we hesitate to use, it is not easy to tell which of two people so
nearly, if not quite, equal is the one who by a little degree excels. For so
great is

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the love and harmony between such, that command and obedience seem to
blend into one gracious and smiling endeavour of service, and we are at a
loss sometimes to distinguish between the estate of two so highly
developed as these.

The Chief's residence would very forcibly remind you of a mediaeval
castle, set on a rock half-way up a mountain-side and surrounded by
waving trees and foliage of many tints—green, red, brown and gold and
multitudes of flowers and green patches of grass.

They passed under the gateway, and so within, and we saw them no
more. But we noticed that the presence of that radiant company within
illuminated the windows of the castle as if suddenly some thousands of
electric lamps had been set going. And the coloured lights we saw were
most beautiful, for they did not melt into one tint but mingled together,
each preserving its own hue, and streaming through the apertures like so
many streams of rainbow radiance.

I have often mentioned gateways, but you will have observed that I have
not spoken of gates. Now, so far, I have not seen a gate to any of the many
gateways I have seen here. You read in the Book of the Revelation of the
Holy City and its gates, but I have thought of it, being reminded of it by
these gates to what are, evidently, similar cities to that which St. John saw
in Presence Form, and I doubt whether that city had gates to the gateways.
And that may be what he means when he says that the gates shall not be
shut by day and—remembering that in the cities as he knew them on earth,
the gates were not shut by day except

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in times of war, but were shut by night continually—he adds, by way of
explanation, that there is no night here in this land. These are only my
thoughts, and may not be correct, but you can look up the passage and
refresh your memory and decide for yourself.

I was not present at the festival within the Castle, so will not describe it,
as I only heard of it at second hand, and prefer to tell you of things I
myself have witnessed, which I can do more vividly. It was a most
glorious affair, however, as one can well credit when so many high spirits
brought their glory together.

Ah well, dear lad, you will see it all some day soon, when you and your
dear ones will all be here in God's good land on which His love and blessing
descend like dew upon sweet meadowlands, with the fragrance all around.
And is it strange if we who learn continually how much more blessed it is
to give than to receive, should seek to waft some of this sweetness on our
breath through the Veil that those on your side may breathe it too and
taste how sweet and gracious the Lord is, and how blessed are they who
rest on Him? Whose blessing we invoke on you and yours, now and ever.
Amen.

 Thursday, October 30, 1913

Place your hand against your head and you will notice that we are then
able the more readily to speak to you so that you will be able to
understand.

Like this?

Yes. It helps you and us, both. How?

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Because there is a stream of magnetism proceeding from us to you, and
by doing as we have suggested it is not so quickly dissipated.

I don't understand a word of all this.

Maybe not. There are many things you have yet to learn, dear, and what
we are saying now is one of those things, little in itself but still of account.
It is often these small things which help to success.

Now, while we are not over anxious to explain the methods we employ
in the transmission of these messages, because we can only make you
understand imperfectly, still we may say this: the power we use is best
described as magnetism, and by means of this the vibrations of our minds
are directed on your own. Your hand being so placed serves as a kind of
magnet and reservoir in one, and helps us. But we will not continue this,
but get on to something we can better make clear to you.

In our life in the Summerland we endeavour to help both those who
come over to us and also their friends still on earth. Indeed, the two phases
of service are inseparable, for those who pass over here are often much
distressed, and so unable to progress until they know that those they have
left behind—are being helped from this side. So we often make excursions
to the earth plane for this reason.

Last week we received a woman who had left a husband and three small
children, and she begged to be allowed to go and see how they were
managing at home. She was so anxious that at last we took her, and arrived
at evening time just as they were all sitting

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down to supper. The man had just come in from work and he was going to
have his meal before putting them to bed. They were two girls, aged about
seven and five, and a little boy of two. They all sat round the table in the
kitchen, a fairly comfortable room, and the father told the eldest girl to say
grace. This is what she said, "God provide for us all, and mother, for
Christ's sake. Amen."

The woman went round to the little one, and laid her hand on her hair
and spoke to her, but could not make her hear. She was troubled at this,
but we bade her wait and watch. By and by the girl spoke, after a long
silence, during which she and her father had been thinking of the one who
had passed away, and she said, "Dad, do you think mammy knows about
us now, and Auntie Lizzie?"

"I don't know," he replied, "but I think she does, because I have felt very
miserable the last few days, as if she was worrying about something; and it
might be Auntie Lizzie."

"Well," said the child, "then don't let us go. Mrs. — will look after baby,
and I can help when I come home from school, and we shan't have to go
then.

"Don't you want to go?" he said.

"I don't," answered the child. "Baby and Sissie would go, but I don't
want to,"

"Well, I'll think about it," he said. "So don't worry. I dare say we shall
manage all right."

"And mother will help, and the angels," persisted

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the little girl, "because she can speak to them now, and they will help if
she asks them."

Now, the father said nothing more; but we could see his mind, and read
in it the thought that if this little child had such faith, he ought to have as
much at least, and by and by he made up his mind to try the thing and see
how it would work out. For the parting with his children was not to his
mind, and he was very glad to find an excuse to keep them.

I cannot say that the mother obtained much comfort from her visit. But
on our way back we told her that the faith of that child, if it was reinforced
by that of the father, would form a powerful medium of help, or we were
much mistaken.

On our return we reported all to our Mother Angel, and immediately
measures were taken to ensure that the family should not be broken up,
and the mother was bidden to strive to progress in order that she should be
able to help also. Then a change came over her. She set to work in real
earnest, and will soon be allowed to join parties on their journeys
earthward now and then, and to add her little mite to their stronger service.

But now we must leave that case for a time and tell you of another. A
man came to our colony a short time ago who also had lately passed over.
He was wandering about seeking somewhere to his mind, and thought this
settlement looked something like what he wanted. You must not think he
was alone. There accompanied him, but at a distance, a watcher who was
ready to help when required. The man was one of

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those curious mixtures we sometimes get. There was considerable
goodness and light in him, but that could not be used for furthering his
development on account of its being checked and held in ward by other
traits which he could not be brought to rearrange.

He was met on a path some distance away from the hill where our Home
is by one of the workers in another Home, and the latter stopped and
questioned him, for he noticed a strange and perplexed look in his face.
When he stopped he received a signal from, the guardian, who was some
distance away, and was informed of the problem, and so, all
instantaneously, was equipped to deal with it. He spoke kindly, and the
following conversation ensued.

A. You seem to be not very familiar with this region. Can I help you in
any way?

B. I don't think so, although it is kind of you to offer to do so.

A. Your difficulty is one which we might deal with here, but not so
thoroughly as we would like to do.

B. I am afraid you don't know what that difficulty is.

A. Well, partly, I think. You are perplexed because you have not met
any of your friends here, and wonder why.

B. That is so, certainly.

A. But they have met you.

B. I have not seen them; and I have been wondering where I could find
them. It seems so strange. I always thought that our friends were the first
to meet

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us when we pass over, and I cannot understand it at all.

A. But they did meet you.

B. I didn't see any one I knew.

A. That is quite correct. They met you and you did not know them—
would not know them.

B. I don't understand.

A. What I mean is this. When you came over here you were immediately
taken charge of by your friends. But your heart, good in some respects and
even enlightened, was hard and blindly obstinate in others. And this is the
reason you did not recognize their presence.

The other looked long and doubtfully at his companion, and at last
stammered out a question.

B. What is wrong with me, then? Everybody I meet is kind and happy,
and yet I don't seem to be able to join any party, or to find my own
proper place. What is wrong with me?

A. The first thing you must learn is that your opinions may not be
correct. I'll tell you one which is at fault, to begin with. This world is not,
as you are trying to imagine it, a place where people are all that is good or
all that is evil. They are much as they are on earth. Another thing is this:
your wife, who came over here some years ago, is in a higher sphere than
the one in which you will be placed when you have at length got the
correct perspective of things. She was not mentally your equal in the earth
life, and is not so now. But you are on a lower plane than she is, on general
lines and all things considered. That is the

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second thing you have to accept, and accept ex animo. You do not accept
it, as I can see by your face. You will have to do so before you can
advance. When you have done so, then you will probably be enabled to
communicate with her. At present that is not possible.

The man's eyes became dimmed with tears, but he smiled rather sweetly
and sadly as he quoted, "Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet."

A. Quite right; and that brings me to the third thing you will have to
accept; and that is this. There is one watching over you always, always at
hand to help you. He is a prophet, or rather a seer, like me; and it was he
who put that saying into your mind to repeat to me.

Now the stranger's face became grave and thoughtful. He was trying to
get the right and true view of things. He asked, "Is it vanity, then, that is
my fault?"

A. Yes; but vanity of a rather difficult kind. In many things you are
sweet and humble, and not without love, which is the greatest power of all.
But there is a certain hardness in your mind rather than in your heart,
which must be softened. You have got into a mental rut, and must get out
of it and look farther afield, or you will go about like a blind man who can
see—a contradiction and a paradox. There are some things you see clearly
enough, and to others you are totally oblivious. Learn that to change your
opinions in the face of evidence is not weakness or backsliding, but is the
sign of an honest mind. I tell you this,

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further; had your heart been as hard as your mind you would not be
wandering here in the fields of God, s sunshine, but in darker regions
yonder beyond those hills—far beyond them. Now I have explained, as
well as I am able, your rather perplexing case, friend. The rest is for
another to do.

B. Who?

A. The one I have already told you of; the one who has you in charge.

B. Where is he?

A. One minute, and he will be here.

The message was sent, and the guardian stood beside his charge, who,
however, was unable to see him.

A. Well, he is here. Tell him what you want.

B. looked full of doubt and anxiety, and then said, "Tell me, my friend, if
he is here why I cannot see him."

A. Because in that phase of your mind's activity you are blind. That is
the first thing you have to realize. Do you believe me when I say you are,
in some directions, blind?

B. I can see very well, and the things I see are fairly plain, and the
country quite natural and beautiful. I am not blind in that respect. But I am
beginning to think there may be other things just as real which I cannot see,
but shall see some day perhaps, but

A. Now, stop there, and leave the "but" alone. And now look, as I take
your guide by the hand.

He then took the watching guide's right hand in his own, telling B. to
look intently, and tell him if he saw anything. He could not be certain,
however. He

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thought he saw some kind of transparent form which might or might not be
real, but was by no means sure.

A. Then take his hand in yours. Take it from me.

The man held out his hand and took that of his guide from the hand of
A., and burst into tears.

Had he not progressed so far as to make that action, he would not have
seen his guide, nor have been able to feel his touch. The fact that he put
out his hand at the command of A. showed that he had progressed during
their conversation, and he immediately received his reward. The other held
his hand in a firm grasp for some time, and all the while B. saw him and
felt him more and more clearly. Then A. left them together. Soon B. would
be able to hear, as well as see, his guardian, and no doubt he will go on now
from strength to strength.

This will show you what difficult cases we sometimes have to deal with.
Light and gross darkness, humility and hard, obstinate pride all mixed up
together, and hard to separate or to treat successfully. But such problems
are interesting, and, when mastered, give great joy to the workers.

Ruby\* sends her love and this message to her parents, "Believe me, my
darlings, the doing of a good and kind action, and the thinking and speaking
of kind words by those we love on earth are immediately telegraphed
———
\* This message from Ruby seems to have reference to boxes of flowers
we had been sending to our daughter, who was away at school.—G.V.O.

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graphed here, and we use them to adorn our rooms, as Rene adorns her
rooms with your flowers." God bless you, dear lad. Good-night.
———
Note.—With this message the communication from Mr. Vale Owen's mother ceased
and the messages were continued by a spirit entity named Zabdiel. These are given in a
further volume of the Life Beyond the Veil entitled The Highlands of Heaven.—H.W.E.

 [196] CHAPTER VI

 ASTRIEL'S MESSAGES CHAPTER VI

 ASTRIEL'S MESSAGES \*

The science of prayer—"Thy prayers are come up"—A present from the spiritual
spheres—A lesson on light, vibration and gravitation—The lesson resumed—Orthodoxy
and the Truth—Multiform service in the universe—Suns, systems and spheres of
power—He giveth to His beloved during sleep—An example—Good-bye.

 Tuesday, October 7, 1913.

BY the aid of others, who are with us now for the first time, we are
going to try to give you a little instruction in the verities of the Faith as
they appear to us on this side the Veil.

In regard to those truths which men have embodied in the Creeds we
have little to say, for so much has been said already that, until much has
been unsaid once again, men are ill-prepared to receive what we should
have to say. We, therefore, prefer, for the present time, to leave you to
look out for yourselves such truths as you find there, merely observing, as
in passing, that all the articles are true if rightly interpreted.

We would pass on, therefore, to speak of things of which men do not
consider so much at the present time. These will engage their attention the
more when they have finished their wrangling over aspects of the

 \* See note on p. 103.

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truth which, after all, are aspects merely, and not the fundamental truth
itself. If they would endeavour to view things in a right proportion, then
many of those matters which absorb so much of their time would stand to
them as among the lesser things which matter little, and the,, would then be
the better able to devote their attention to the deeper truths which are
established here as well as with you on earth.

One thing it may be well to notice is the efficacy of prayer and
meditation. You have already received some instruction on this subject,
and we would add to it.

Prayer is not merely the asking for something you wish to attain. It is
much more than that, and, because it is so, it should receive more careful
consideration than it has yet received. What you have to do in order to
make prayer a power is to cast aside the temporal and fix your mind and
spirit on the eternal. When you do that you find that many items you
would have included in your prayer drop out from the very incongruity of
their presence, and the greater and wider issues become to you the focus of
your creative powers. For prayer is really creative, as the exercise of the
will, as seen in our Lord's miracles, such as the Feeding of the Five
Thousand. And when prayer is offered with this conviction then the object
is created, and the prayer is answered. That is, the objective answers to the
subjective in such a way that an actual creation has taken place.

This does not happen when the prayer is wrongly directed. Then the
projection of the will glances off

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at a tangent, and the effect is only proportionate to the scattered rays by
which the objective is touched. Also, when the prayer is mixed with
motives unworthy it is proportionately weakened, and also meets with
opposing or regulating wills on this side, as the case may require; and so
the effect is not attained as desired.

Now, all this may sound rather vague, but it is by no means vague to us.
For you must know that there are appointed guardians of prayer here
whose duty it is to analyse and sift prayers offered by those on earth, and
separate them into divisions and departments, and pass them on to be
examined by others, and dealt with according to their merit and power.

In order that this may be done perfectly, it is necessary that we study
the vibrations of prayer as your scientists study the vibrations of sound
and light. As they are able to analyse and separate and classify the rays of
light, so are we able to deal with your prayers. And as there are light-rays
with which they are confessedly unable to deal, so many prayers present
to us those deeper tones which are beyond the range of our study and
knowledge. These we pass on to those of higher grade, to be dealt with in
their greater wisdom. And do not think that these latter are always found
among the prayers of the wise. They are frequently found in the prayers
of children, whose petitions and sighs are as carefully considered here as
those of nations.

"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."
You will remember these words spoken by the Angel to Cornelius. They
are

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often passed over without being understood as the literal description of
those prayers and alms as they appeared to that Angel, and were passed
on, probably by himself and his fellow workers, into the higher realms. It
is as if he had said, "Your prayers and alms came before my own
committee, and were duly considered on their merits. We passed them as
worthy, and have received notification from those Officers above us that
they are of exceptional merit, and required a special treatment. Therefore I
have been commissioned to come to you." We are trying to put the case as
emphatically as we can in your language of official business in order to
help you to understand as much as you may be able of the conditions here
obtaining.

If you will examine other instances of prayer in the Bible in the light of
the above, you may get some glimpses of the reality as seen by us here in
our own land. And what applies to prayer also may be applied to the
exercise of the will in directions not so legitimate. Hate and impurity and
greed and other sins of the spirit and mind take on here a solidity which is
not seen or realized in your sphere; and these also are dealt with according
to their merits. And, alas, those who say that Angels cannot grieve, know
little of our love for our brethren still battling on earth. Could they see us
dealing with some of these misusings of the Father's great gift they would
probably love us more and exalt us less.

Now we will leave you to consider this matter further for yourself, if
you think it worth while, and,

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as we see you are willing to continue somewhat, will touch on another
matter which may be both of interest and of help to you.

On the top of your church tower there is a weathervane in the form of a
cock. You will call to mind that you yourself decided the form that this
should take. Is not that so?

I had entirely forgotten it until you called it to mind. You are quite correct,
however. The architect asked me about it, and I hesitated between a fish
and a cock, and eventually decided on the latter. I am wondering, however,
whatever you have to say of it.

No doubt. You see, these things are trifles to you; but there are few
things which are trifles to us. Now, the fact that the likeness of a cock
stands above your tower is the direct consequence of certain activities
which took place in your mind five years ago. That is a case of creation.
Many would smile at this, but we do not mind that, for we, too, are able to
smile, and some of our smiles would perplex you, I assure you.

The meaning you had in your mind when your apparently not very
important decision was made was that all might be reminded that St. Peter
denied his Lord. I suppose you meant it as a caution against the repetition
of such offence to-day. But you did not realize that that apparently trivial
decision was registered here and dealt with quite seriously.

I must tell you that the building of a new church is an event which is the
cause of much activity here.

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There are officers to be appointed to attend the services and guard the
building, and a whole host of ministering spirits to be allotted to the
different departments of duty in connection with a new place of worship.
Your clairvoyant friends have been some of these already, but only a very
few comparatively. Every detail is considered, not only in respect of the
character of the minister and congregation and choir and so on; and the best
among us, that is, the most suitable, chosen to help you according to the
traits we observe; not only these things but the structure and all structural
details are considered minutely, especially where symbolism enters in, for
that has an importance not realized among you as it is with us. So it came
about that the weather-vane was also considered, and I have chosen that
because of its seeming triviality in order to show you that nothing is
missed.

It was decided that, as the cock had been chosen in preference to other
symbols, we would answer that choice, according to our custom, by giving
to the church some appropriate offering in response. And that offering was
the church bell, for which a choirboy collected the money. You had no bell
when first your church was consecrated. The bird stood aloft, but could
not utter his warning as his original had done to St. Peter. And so we gave
him voice, and your bell to-day gives tongue—as it did to—night at
evensong. And we are glad to see that he who chose the one makes the
other speak day by day, for that is surely fitting.

Do you think we have our fancies here? Well perhaps

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that is so; and yet you were thankful for that bell, were you not, good
friend?

We were indeed. And I thank you for your kind message. Might I know
who you are, if you please?

We are spiritual ministers from a sphere where your own friends and
mother have visited from time to time, and she told us of you and said how
much she would like us to know you more nearly and, if possible, to give
you some message. She and her friends come to us for instruction.
Speaking for my own degree, some members of which are here with me, I
would say that we have been glad to come and to know you. But we knew
you and your church before your mother told us.

Thank you, sir, for your kindness. Would it be permissible for me to ask
your own name?

Permission certainly, but I fear you would not know it, nor understand
it.

 Nevertheless, sir, tell me, if you will.

Astriel, who leaves you with his blessing. # \*

 Thursday, October 9, 1913.

We have come again at the request of your mother, and are glad to have
this one more opportunity of speaking to you from this side. Never
imagine that we are troubled to come to the earth sphere, for although

\* Astriel always concluded his communications with the sign of the Cross—H.W.E.

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though it does mean an experience of less brightness in environment than is
our usual lot, yet the privilege counterbalances that and more.

Perhaps if we endeavour to enlighten you on the chemistry of the
heavenly bodies it may be both interesting and helpful to you. We do not
mean the physical aspect of the science, as understood by modern
astronomical scientists, but the deeper study of their constitution.

Every star, as you know, is itself a centre of a system which comprises
in itself not only the planets in revolution round the star, but also the
particles of matter which suffuse that system, but are too sublimated to be
cognized by any system of chemistry which is possible to those who
dwell in physical bodies, and in their research are compelled to use both
material instruments and material brains. These particles are between the
purely material and spiritual, and indeed may be used both in the physical
and the spiritual economics. For the two are merely two of many phases
of one progressive economy, and act and react each on the other, like a sun
and his planet.

 Gravitation is applicable to these particles also on both sides, and it is
by means of this force—as we will call it, as being a name you know, and
also a very little understand—that we cohere these particles together and
are able, from time to time, so to clothe our spiritual bodies as to become
visible to the photographic plate, and sometimes to the human eye. But we
do more than this, and over a wider range. Were it not for these particles all
space would be dark; that

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is, no light would be able to be transmitted from planet or sun or star to
the earth; for it is because of the reflection and refraction of these that the
rays are visible. Not that they are transmitted, for their transmission and
passage depend on other elements of which we will now say no more than
this: It is not the rays of light, nor is it the so-called light-waves which are
visible to the human eye, but their action on these minute particles which,
on the impact of these rays, become visible as waves.

Your scientists have much to learn yet on this subject, and it is not our
business to impart much which men can learn by the powers they possess.
If we did so then the benefit derived from your earth schooling would be
materially lessened, and that is why we are careful to give you just so
much as will help you onward without neutralizing the good effect of
individual and collective endeavour. Bear this in mind, and it will then
perhaps be seen to have a bearing on whatever we deem it advisable to
explain to you in such messages as these.

The stars, then, send forth their light. But in order to send it forth they
first must possess it themselves. And as they are not self-constituted
personalities, in order that they may have it they must be given it. Who
does this, and how is it done?

Now, of course, it is easy to answer "God, for He is the Source of
everything." That is true enough, but, as you know, He employs His
ministers, and these are without number, and each unit with an allotted
task.

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The stars receive their power of transmitting light from the presence of
myriads of spiritual beings about them, all ordered and regulated in their
spheres, and all working in conjunction. These have the stars in their
charge, and it is from them that the energy proceeds which enables the star
to do its appointed work.

What we want you to understand is that there is no such thing as blind
or unconscious force in all God's Kingdom of Creation. Not a ray of light,
not an impulse of heat, not an electrical wave proceeds from your sun, or
any other star, but is the effect of a cause, and that cause is a conscious
cause; it is the Will of some conscious being energizing in a certain and
positive direction. These beings are of many grades and many species.
They are not all of the same order, nor all of the same form. But their work
is controlled by those above them, and these are controlled by powers of
higher grade and sublimity still.

And so these great balls of matter, whether gaseous or liquid or solid,
whether star or comet or Planet, are all held together, and their forces
energized and given effect not by the operation of some mechanical law,
but by conscious, live beings at the back of, and working through, those
laws. We use the word "conscious" in preference of "intelligent," because
the latter term would not accurately describe all the ministers of the
Creator. As you understand the word, indeed, it would describe only a
very limited number. And it may surprise you to know that those to
whom you would apply the term are those which stand between the lower
and the higher. For while the lower workers

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are not really beings of intelligence, the higher are more sublime than that
term would imply.

Between the two there are spheres of beings who would bear describing
as intelligent beings. Mark well that I am not speaking now in the terms we
should use here, and which you will use when you come over here and
have studied the conditions somewhat. I am using earth language, and
endeavouring to put the matter from your point of view.

Now you will, from what we have already written, be able to see how
intimate is the relationship between spirit and matter, and when the other
evening we spoke of your own church building and the allotting of
guardians and workers, among other things, for the care of the material
edifice, we were only telling you of the same principle at work on a minute
scale. Nevertheless it is the same principle exactly. The scheme which
provides for the upkeep of all those millions of suns and of their planets
took note also of the rearrangement of certain congeries of atoms—some in
the form of stone, others wood or brick—which resulted in that new entity
which you call a church. These are held together, each atom in its place, by
the outflowing power of will. They are not placed there and left solitary.
Were this done the building would soon crumble away and fall to pieces.

And now, in the light of what we have written, think of what people call
"the difference of feeling" on entering a church, or a theatre, or a dwelling
house, or any building. Each has its own suitable emanations, and these are
in consequence of this same principle at

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work which we have tried to describe. It is spirit speaking to spirit—the
spirits of the discarnate workers speaking, through the medium of the
material particles and their arrangement and purpose, to the spirits of
those who enter that place.

You grow tired, and we find it hard to impress you, so, with our
blessing, we will leave you now, and, if you will, we shall come again. God
be with you and your dear ones and your people, in all things and all days,
Astriel. #

 Thursday, October 16, 1913.

Should we perchance say aught that may seem strange and unreal of this
our life in the spiritual spheres you will keep in mind that here are powers
and conditions which on earth are hidden from the outer knowledge of
men. These powers are not altogether absent from your environment, but
they are mostly deeper than the physical brain can bear to penetrate. They
may be sensed or felt to a degree by the more spiritually developed—no
more than this. For those who spiritually rise above the general level do
touch the borders of those spheres which at present are supernormal to the
average man. And no amount of mental capacity or knowledge can achieve
this exaltation of spirit, for these things are spiritually discerned, and only
thus.

We who are present with you this evening have come at the invitation of
your mother once again to speak to you of our work and life as it is
presented to us, and as we are privileged to know it. This so far

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as we are able. For the rest, we have told you of our limitations in
transmission of such knowledge which, for this reason, must of necessity
be incomplete.

Are you Astriel?

Astriel and other friends.

First, my brother, we give you greeting of love and peace in our common
Saviour and Lord. He is here to us what He is there to you. But we
understand now much which was not clear to us when we walked amidst
the shadows on the earth. And this we would say with all solemnity: let
those who to-day amongst you are searching into the meaning of His
Divinity, and the relation of that to His Humanity, do so fearlessly and
reverently. For such are guided more than they know from these realms.
And be it always in the mind of those who are sincere that they can do no
irreverence to Him Who Himself is Truth in inquiring what the Truth is as
He revealed it.

 Nevertheless, friend, we tell you, with this same fearlessness, and with
great reverence also, that what goes by the name of Orthodoxy among
Christians in the Church on earth is not a fair and true presentation, in
many ways, of the Truth as we have come to know it here. Also we see
among you too much unreadiness to go forward, and lack of courage and
faith in the providence of God Who will, if men will follow, lead them
more and more into the light, the radiant, glowing light, as it envelops those
who are brave, to show them the right and holy way towards His Throne.
Let such remember that that Throne shall be shared only by the brave who
are strong to overcome

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come, and these are they who are valiant to do and dare, and pay the price
at the hands of those their fellows who are less courageous and less
enlightened.

Now we continue our instruction, and you will accept it so far as you
can. What you do not feel able to receive leave, and perhaps, as you
proceed on your way, you will find it fall into place little by little until
you understand it all.

We were telling you formerly about the heavenly bodies and their
correlation to each other. Now we will tell you somewhat of their creation
and of the aspect they wear to us as viewed on their spiritual side. For you
will understand that every star and planet, and every thing material, has its
spiritual counterpart. You do understand this, we know, and are going to
build what we now have to say on that knowledge.

The heavenly bodies are the expression in matter, of ideas originating
among those high in the Heavenly Spheres of Creative Power. They are all
and each the effect of thoughts and impulses proceeding from those
spheres. When a world is in process of creation those High Beings are
constantly energizing, and projecting into the forming matter their spiritual
influence and, so to speak, character. Thus, although the planets of your
system are all conformable to one great scheme of unity, they are diverse
in their individual characteristics. These characteristics answer to the
characters of the Great Lords in Whose charge they severally are.
Astronomers are correct when they say that certain of the elements which
go to form

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the earth are found in, say Mars and Jupiter, and in the Sun itself. But
they would err if they should say that they are found in the same
proportion, or in similar combination. Every planet differs in these things
from its fellow, but all conform to the one broader scheme which governs
them as a system. What is here said of the units which go to make up the
Solar system may be applied to the wider range of things. Considering the
Solar realm as a unit, it is not identical, either in composition of elements
or in planetary constitution, with other systems. Each differs from its
fellow also.

Now, we have explained the reason of this. It issues in the individual
mind of the Chief Lord of the particular system. Under him are other great
Lords who work in unison with his one governing idea. But these also have
freedom in those things which are tinder their charge, and so on downward
to the minute things of creation—the flowers and trees and animals and the
formation of the face of the planet. It is on account of this latitude in
creation and control that you have such diversity in detail; and because of
the limit of restriction to the exercise of that free individuality that you
have the unity which you find interpenetrating every department and
subdepartment of creation.

Under these supervisors there are also myriads of lesser ministers of
different grades downward until some of the lowest orders may scarcely be
termed persons, for they merge into the lower species of life which you
might term sensory, as distinguishing them

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from those who, like ourselves, are possessed not only of intelligence, but
also of that independence in judgment which we know as freewill.

Are you speaking of fairies, pixies, and elementals generally, of which
some writers tell us?

Yes, these are real things, and mostly benevolent; but they are far below
the human sphere, and therefore are less known than the higher grades of
ministry, such as the spirits of men, and those who have attained to angelic
degree.

Now, a little more about the earth itself. Geologists tell how some of the
rocks are alluvial and others igneous in formation, and so on. But if you
will carefully examine some of these you will find that they give off a
certain vapour, or one might almost say magnetic influence. That is the
effect of the original inspiration into them by those who formed them
originally. And these characteristics are worthy of deeper study than they
have hitherto received. The chemical composition has been, more or less,
ascertained. But the more subtle influences proceeding from the ever-
vibrating particles have been neglected. Yet when it is remembered that no
piece of rock or stone is still, but that all its particles are in movement
orderly and constant, it is only one step onward then to realize that, in
order that this movement be maintained, there must be present some great
force and, at the back of that force, a personality of which it is the
expression.

This is true, and the baleful influence which some gems do exercise on
those whose sentiments towards

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them are not governed aright, is an evidence of this. On the other hand, you
have heard of lucky-stones, which is a phrase which shows some rather
vague notion of the underlying truth. Eliminate all idea of chance from
these matters, and substitute an orderly system of cause and effect, and
remember the consequence of ignorance in traversing all natural law, and
you will see that there may be something in what we have been trying to
explain.

For the sake of emphasis we have limited our consideration to the
mineral creation, but the same truth may be adapted to the vegetable and
animal kingdoms also. Of this we will not speak to-night. What we, have
said has been said with the object of showing that there is a field for those
who have a scientific turn of mind, and who are not afraid to go farther
afield than scientists have hitherto allowed themselves to go.

The whole may be summed up in a few words, if which be accepted then
the conclusion we have intimated must, of necessity, be accepted too. The
whole material creation is nothing in itself and by itself. It is but the
expression, on a lower plane, of personalities on higher planes, the effect
of which their wills are the causes. As a man leaves the imprint of his
character on his work day by day, so these great Creative Lords and their
ministers have left the impress of their personality on these material
phenomena.

Nothing is still, all moves continuously. This movement is controlled
and orderly, and that is a warrant of the constant energizing of personality.
As the lower grades of service are dependent on those higher

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Lords for their existence and continuance, so are these latter to those of
grade more sublime, as these are to the One Supreme Energy, the Self-
Existent One, Whose Will is our life, and Whose Wisdom is more
wonderful than we can express in words or in thoughts. To Whom be
reverence done from all who are in Him, and from us who, in the Christ our
Lord and Saviour, dwell in Him, and He in us. Amen.

 Friday, October 24, 1913

We have come to-night with our friends, your mother and her
companions, at their invitation once again, in order to speak to you some
message of friendly help and counsel. And in thinking over what would
most interest you, we concluded that if we were to say something to you
of those powers which watch over the world, we might, perchance, be able
to lead you, and those who are willing to follow with you, a little onward
towards the great body of knowledge which awaits your searching when
you have laid aside those trammels of the earth life, and stand free to
progress into the greater glories of the realm of spirit.

Who writes this, please?

We are they who came before, friend; Astriel, as you know me, and my
fellow-workers of the Tenth Sphere of progress. Shall we proceed, then?

If you please; and I thank you for your courtesy in coming down here
into this dim realm, as it must seem to you.

You say "coming down here," and that fairly well

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expresses the condition of things from your point of view. Yet not
altogether, nor perfectly. For if the planet on which you live your present
life is dependent in space, then "up" and "down" are terms which must be
very restricted in their meaning. You already have noted this in your
writing or, rather, you were impressed to note it.

When we said "the powers which watch over the world," we did not, of
course, mean to localize these powers on one side of this planet, but to
imply the all-enveloping watch which the heavenly powers keep about the
sphere which is called Earth. These powers are resident in zones of which
the Earth itself is the centre, and they lie in concentric circles around it.
The inferior zones are those near the planet's surface, and progress in
power and glory as the distance is increased. But yet, space must be
enlarged in meaning when applied to these spheres; for distance has not the
same obstructive sense to us as it has to you.

For instance, when I am in the tenth of these zones, my cognizance is
limited, more or less, by that Tenth zone as to its outer or superior
boundary. I may, on occasion and by permission, visit the Eleventh zone,
or even go higher; but residence in those higher zones is not permitted me.
On the other hand, the zones inferior to the Tenth are not impossible to
me; for the zone in which I dwell, being a sphere, includes within itself,
even geometrically considered, all the nine inferior spheres. So that we
may, for the sake of clarity of understanding, put it thus: The Earth is the
centre about which many spheres are; and is enclosed

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closed in all those spheres. And the residents in the earth life are
potentially in touch with all those spheres, and actually so in ratio to their
altitude spiritually considered—spiritually, because these spheres are
spiritual and not material.

Even the material Sphere of Earth is only so phenomenally, for it is a
manifestation in matter of all these zones of spiritual power which envelop
it; and of others, too, of other degree which interpenetrate it. Leave these
latter aside, for the present at least, and consider the matter as we have
limned it.

You will now have some idea of what aspiration and prayer and worship
mean. They are the means of communion with the Creator and His High
and Holy Ones Who (to put it in a way which you will understand) dwell
in the highest, or outermost, of these spheres, and include within Himself
and These all the zones within that highest Zone or Sphere.

And so the Earth is enveloped by, and included in and affected by the
spiritual powers, of varying degree and kind, entrusted by the Creator—
God—to all these ministers of all these spheres which are around it.

But as you progress outward you come into a more complicated state of
affairs. For not the Earth only but every planet in this Solar system has its
like complement of spiritual zones or spheres. So, as you go farther and
farther from the Earth, you come to a realm where the spheres of Earth and
the nearest planet interweave with each other. As every planet is served
with like attendance, so the complication is multiplied, and you will begin
to see that the study

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of these spheres is not so simple as some good people among you
evidently think it to be, who demand from us information as to the
meaning of this thing.

Draw a diagram of the Solar system, with the Sun at its centre, and the
planets roughly in their respective places around him. Then begin with
Earth and encircle him with, say, a hundred circles. Do the same with
Jupiter, Mars, Venus and the others, and treat the Sun in like manner; and
you will have a faint idea of our work and its absorbing interest, but
profound depths of meaning, who include in our studies that of the
Spheres of God.

Nor have we yet reached the limit of our problem. For what applies to
the Solar system must be applied also to that of every other star and its
planets. Then each system having been separately considered, each and all
must be studied in their correlation to the others. Think of it a while and
you will acknowledge, I think, that there will be no lack of employment for
your mental energies when you come over here.

Now, we are sometimes asked how many spheres there be. Well, having
explained what we have above, I do not apprehend that we shall be asked
that question by you. Did you ask it, we, who are only of the Tenth of
these zones, would perforce have to answer, We do not know, and much
doubt whether our answer to you would differ were you to put that
question a million million of aeons hence, and we having progressed all the
while.

And now, friend and fellow spirit, we wish to ask you to consider one
other aspect of this matter. We

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have said that these spheres are spheres of spiritual power. Now, two
worlds affect each the other by means of that which your scientists name
gravitation. Also, two spheres of spiritual power, coming into contact,
cannot fail to act and counteract each on the other. Referring to your
mental diagram of the Solar system YOU will see that Earth is, of
necessity, acted on by a large number of spheres, and that the greater
number of these are they which are those of the Sun and other planets.

Yes, friend, there is, after all, something in the astrological idea, and
perhaps your scientists do well to give it a wide berth, for it may not be
much understood by, and would probably be fraught with danger to, such
as they who do not understand that spiritual power is spiritual power. It
is real and tremendous, and every sphere of all these is reinforced or
modified by the others. The study of these things should be approached
with the utmost reverence and prayer, for these are realms where Angels of
high estate go softly, and we of lesser estate look on and wonder after the
Sublimity of that Being Who unifies all this in Himself, and Who has no
Name that can be transmitted to us who only can reach out after Him a
little way and then our arm is shortened; who only can see a little way and
then the light beyond is darkness by reason of its intensity.

But we testify to you, friend, and those who will think reverently of
things they cannot understand, that if wonder gives us pause time and
again as we proceed, yet never do we lose that sense of a Presence Whose

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breathing is of Love, and Whose leading is as gentle as a mother's leading of
her little child. So we, as you do, take His hand and do not fear; and the
music of the Spheres is around us as we go on from glory to the glory
beyond. Come this way ever, our brother in Him. Never faint nor weary of
the road, for the mists are thinning as you proceed, and the light
strengthens into the further light which issues onward into the unknown,
but never feared, so we tread gently and humbly, as little children do, amid
the glories of the planets and the heavens of suns and spheres, and of the
Love of God.

Friend and brother, we say good night to you, and thank you for
enabling us in this our service. May it be of some help, however little or
much, to few or many seeking after the truth. Good night once more, and
be assured of our help in blessing. #

 Saturday, October 25, 1913.

We will, if it is to your mind, continue our message of yesterday in
regard to those spheres of power which affect the earth.

Still concerning the Solar system, we say that, on considering what we
have already said, you will see that we have not yet mentioned all the
complications which enter into the study of these spheres. For not alone
do the concentric circles of zones about all the planets and the sun
commingle with all the rest, but also the relative combination is continually
changing with the changing positions of these bodies and their

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consequent proximity to, or distance from, one another. So that it is quite
literally correct to say that during no two seconds of time is the influence
from them impinging on the surface of the earth the same.

Nor is any combination of their influences identical in its effect or
intensity all over the earth at the same time, but differs in different
localities. There must further be taken into our calculations the stream of
radiation coming to this Solar system from the systems of the other stars.
All these things have to be reckoned in, for bear still in mind that we are
speaking of zones and spheres of spiritual beings whose powers are
energizing continuously, and whose wakefulness never fails.

This, then, is a rough outline of the conditions which obtain among the
planetary systems whose outer manifestation is visible to the eye and
telescope of the astronomer. But what is thus observed is but a very little
mite when compared with the whole. It is but as a small shower of spray
which besprinkles the voyager, as he stands in the prow of the vessel, and
scatters itself in globules of mist around him. He sees the miniature globes
of water where they float reflecting the light around them, and says they,
are innumerable. But if this be so, then what of the ocean itself from
whence they came, and of which they are, and to which they will return?

As that small cloud of spray-mist is to the ocean, so is the star-bemisted
heaven, as seen from the surface of the earth, to the whole. And as the
depths of the ocean are to the eye of him who gazes over the

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vessel's side, so are the depths of space and all that it holds to the human
intelligence.

Now let us think a little further afield. Space itself is but a term used to
describe the indescribable. It is, therefore, without definite meaning. One of
your poets began a poem on space and gave it up in despair. Wisely, for
had he intended to do adequate justice to the theme he would have been
compelled to continue that poem for ever.

For what is space, and where are the boundaries of it set? Is it
illimitable? If so it has no centre. Where, then, is God His Dwelling Place?
He is said to be at the Centre of all Creation. But what is Creation? A
creation which has relation to space, or a creation which is invisible?

Now it is useless, for all practical purposes, to speculate on things we
do not understand. It is well to feel after these things sometimes in order
that we may discover our own limitations. This done, let us now speak of
such things as we, in a measure, are able to understand.

All these zones of which we have spoken are inhabited by beings
according to their degree, who progress from one sphere to a higher as they
accumulate knowledge within themselves. You will see from what we
already have written that, as we advance from the lowest—to the higher
spheres, there comes a region of spheres which are interplanetary,
inasmuch as they embrace within their circumference more planets than
one. Still advancing, we come to a state where the spheres are of such a
diameter that they

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are interstellar; that is, they embrace within their circumference not only
more planets than one, but more stars, or suns, than one. All these are
filled with beings, according to their degree of sublimity, of holiness and of
power, whose influence extends to all, both spiritual and material, within
the sphere to which they have attained. We have but advanced, you see,
from planet to star, and from star to stars in their grouping. Beyond are
spheres more awful still and more tremendous. But of these we in this
Tenth Sphere know but little indeed, and nothing certain.

But you will be able faintly to realize, by a large effort of your
imaginative powers, the meaning we had in mind when we wrote last
evening of Him Whose Name is to us unknown and unknowable. So, when
you worship the Creator, you have, I suppose, no very definite idea of the
Order of Creator you intend. It is easy to say you mean the Creator of all.
But what do you mean by all?

Now, know this—for this much, at least, we have progressed to know—
that you do right to worship the Creator and Father of all, whatever you
mean—if you mean anything definite by that very inclusive word. Still,
your worship passes first into the lower spheres, and through them to the
higher, and some worship goes farther and into higher spheres than other
worship does, according to its worth and inherent power. And some goes
very far indeed. Far above us is the Christ Sphere of glorious intensity of
light and awful beauty. Your worship, then, proceeds to the Father
through Him, that is, through the One

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Who came to earth and manifested the Christ to men.

Now, for all that all we have said is true, yet it is truth expressed quite
inadequately by reason of the limitations both of us who are speaking to
you, and of your own earth state. For you will understand that when we
speak of proceeding through these spheres, we are really using phrasing of
a local character, as of a journey from one locality through another to a
third. And I fear, friend, that I can do little more at this present time than
remind you that these states of which we have been thinking are rather
better expressed as spheres than as zones. For, I would repeat, the higher
include within themselves O the lower, and he who moves in any of them
is present in all those inferior to his own. For which reason it is not
without some degree of truth that we speak of Him Who is all, and in all,
and throughout all; and of the Omnipresence of God.

Now, we feel that we have, laboured this theme over long and should
cease further endeavour to put into the little wineglass of earth knowledge
and wisdom to understand the vintage of these wide vineyards of the
heavens. One thing is enough to know for you and us: The Husbandman
and the Vinedresser, both, are sure in their power and in their wisdom to
deal with us. Toward them is our journey set, and ours is to do the thing
we find to hand, to do it thoroughly and well, and finish it quite, and then
to reach out for the task set next in order. When that is finished well, then
another will be awaiting us. We shall never find that we have reached the
end, I think. For as me progresses

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one comes to feel the possibility more and more of a truth beneath those
words "for evermore," "world without end." But we doubt if you do yet,
friend, and we say this with courtesy.

And now we bless you, and leave you in the hope we may come again,
for it is well, and there is sweetness in it, to bend to whisper into willing
ears of some of the minor glories of our Heavenly Realms. Be sure,
friend—and tell others who will hear it—that this life which awaits you is
not a mere bodiless dream in a twilight region somewhere beyond the
boundary of the real and actual. No; it is strenuous and intense, this life of
ours. It is filled with service and endeavours crowned, one after another,
with success; of patient pressing onward, and of indomitable wills attuned
each to others in comrade service for the Lord of Love, Whose Life we
sense and inspire, but Whom we do not see, and Whose Home is too
sublime for us to know.

Onward we press, and often take the hand of one a little behind us, and
with the other seize the skirt of one a little on before. And so we go, my
brother; yes, and so do you, and others working with you. And if we are a
little way on before, well, there are many who lag behind. Take their hand
in your own, and gently, remembering your own comparative frailty, and if
the task be too heavy for you, do not loose that hand you hold, but reach
the other out—and here is mine and that of many another with us. You
shall not fail, so you keep your own vision and your life both bright and
pure. Nay, rather shall that

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Vision grow more glorious, for is it not written, friend, that such as are
pure in heart shall SEE GOD?

 Friday, October, 31, 1913.

They who say that we come to earth in order to help are correct. But
they who hope that we shall help to such a degree that their own
endeavours will be unnecessary are in error. It is not permitted to US so to
enable you as to lessen the value of earth's schooling. And although this
seems so reasonable as to be almost of the nature of a truism, yet many
there are who look to us to do what only they themselves can do; and that
in no ordinary measure, but almost, as it were, miraculously.

Who is writing, please!

We are with your mother—Astriel and friends.

Thank you. I thought the wording was not quite like that of my mother
and her companions.

No, I suppose it is not. Partly, of course, because we are of different
character,, different sphere, and also different sex, which is not without its
peculiar characteristics here as with you. And partly, also, because we are
of a different earth period from your mother and her friends.

Do you mean you lived on earth some considerable time ago?

Yes, friend, in England, when George the first was king, and some of us
earlier still.

About yourself, Astriel—who, I suppose,

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are the leader of your band—can you kindly tell me anything?

Certainly. But you do not realize that it is more confusing to give these
earth details than it might seem to you. I will say what I can, however. I
lived in Warwick, and was a teacher in a school there—head master. I
cannot give the exact year when I passed over here with any certainty
unless I look it up, and it does not really signify.

Now shall we say what was in our minds? We are permitted to help, but
with discretion. When people suppose that we ought to help them in
scientific investigation, for instance, they surely forget that God has given
them minds of their own to use in His service. And to that end they are
left to tread their own natural way, and when they have done what they
are able, we, now and again, point the way onward and help them to
further knowledge.

Can you give me an instance in point?

I remember that once I was impressing a man who was investigating the
laws of psychology in the matter of visions and dreams. He wanted to find
out what was the cause of certain dreams being prophetic—the connection
between the dream itself and the incident which it foreshadowed. He
applied to me, and I told him that he must continue his investigations and
use his own mind, and, if it were well, he would be given to understand.

That night I met him when he fell asleep and conducted him to one of
our observatories where we experiment with the object of portraying, in
visible form,

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the events hovering about the present moment; that is, events which have
happened shortly before, and those which will happen shortly in the
future. We were not able to go far back or far ahead at that particular
establishment. That is done by those in the higher spheres.

We set the instruments in order and cast upon a screen a picture of the
neighbourhood in which he lived, and told him to watch intently. One
particular item was the entry into the town of some great personage with a
large retinue. When the display was over he thanked us and we conducted
him back to his earth body again.

He awoke in the morning with a feeling that he had been in the company
of certain men who had been experimenting in some branch of science, but
could not recall what it had been about.. But as he was going about his
work that morning the face of the man he had seen in the procession came
to his mind vividly, and he then remembered several scraps of his dream
experience.

On opening a newspaper a few days afterwards he saw an intimation
that a visit was projected to the town and district of this same personage.
Then he began to reason things out for himself.

He did not remember the observatory, nor the screen pictures we had
shown him, as such. But he did remember the face and the retinue. So he
reasoned in this way: when our bodies sleep we ourselves, at least
sometimes, go into the sphere of four dimensions, That fourth dimension
is such as enables those

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who dwell there to see into the future. But coming back to this realm of
three dimensions, we are not able to carry over with us all we have
experienced when we ourselves have been in the realm of four. Yet we do
manage to hold such items as are natural to this lower realm, such as the
face of an earth dweller and a retinue in procession.

The connection, then, between such a dream as foreseen and the events
themselves is the relation of a state of four dimensions to a state of three.
And the former, being of greater capacity than the latter, covers at any
moment a wider range of view, as to time and sequence of events, than the
latter can do.

Now, by such use of his own mental faculties he had arrived at as great
an advance in knowledge as I could have given him direct; and by so doing
he had also advanced in mental training and power. For although his
conclusion was not such as would pass muster here without rectification in
several points, yet it was roundly and broadly correct, and serviceable for
a practical purpose intellectually. I could not have infused into him more
than he had found out for himself.

This, then, is the method of our work, and, when people find fault with
us and impatiently demand that this method should be altered to suit their
ideas of what is the proper way, well, we have to leave them to
themselves, and, when their minds are more humble and receptive, we
return and continue.

And now, friend, let us tell you the immediate bearing of this on your
own case. You sometimes wonder

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why we do not make these messages more vivid, as you put it, so that you
may have no doubt or difficulty in believing that they come from us to
you. Well now, think of it all in the light of the above, and you will see
that, from time to time, you are given just so much as will help you to help
yourself. Your training, remember, is still proceeding; you have not yet
arrived, nor will you while you are in the earth life. But if you go on
trustfully and faithfully you will find that things will grow more plain.
Accept what is not self-contradictory. Do not look out too much for proof
or disproof; but rather for consistency in these messages. We do not give
you too much, but we give you all that will help you. Be critical, certainly,
but not unbalanced. There is much more truth than falsehood round about
you and your life. Look out more for the truth and you will find it. Beware
of the false, but not superstitiously afraid. When you take your way along
a mountain-path your mind is alert in two directions—for the right and
safe foothold, and against the unsafe places. Yet you give more attention to
the positive than the negative; and rightly so, or you would go slow on
your journey. So tread that you do not slip; but, go forward also
fearlessly, for it is those who fear who lose their balance, and come most
often to disaster.

God be with you, friend. His Presence is glorious here, and shines
through the mists which envelop the earth, and that radiance may be seen
by all—except the blind, and these cannot see.

Note.—The reader will probably feel that the ending

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of this present series is somewhat abrupt. I felt so, too, and when at the
next sitting Zabdiel\* I took up the tale I stated as much. On which the
following conversation ensued:

What of the messages I have received from my mother and her friends"
Are they, to cease? They are incomplete—there is no proper conclusion to
them.

Yes; they will stand very well as they have been given to you.
Remember, they were not meant to be in the form of a complete history,
or novel. Scrappy they are, but not unhelpful to those who read with a
right mind.

I confess I am rather disappointed at the ending. It is so abrupt, Lately
something was said about publication. Is it your wish that they should go
forth as they are?

That we leave to your own discretion. Personally I do not see why they
should not. I may tell you, however, that this writing you have been doing
lately, as all former writing you have received from us, is preparatory to a
further advance—which I now propose to you.

That was all the satisfaction I obtained. So there seemed to be no
alternative but to regard this instalment as a preliminary to further
messages.
 G.V.O.
———
\* As stated In General Notes, and on p. 26, these messages were continued further.
The second part was given by Zabdiel (of the same Sphere as Astriel), and is about as
long as this first portion. It is published in Volume II of The Life Beyond the Veil, and
is entitled The Highlands of Heaven.—H.W.E

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