

THE BOOK OF
THE GOLDEN KEY

AN IDYLL AND A REVELATION
BEING A MESSAGE FROM THE SO-CALLED DEAD

EDITED BY
HUGO AMES
AND
FLORA HAYTER
(Mrs. Northesk Wilson)

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak
ye in the light; and what ye hear in the ear,
that preach ye upon the housetops"

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Hugo Aimes*



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*Mrs Sincerely
Flora Hayter.
(Flora Horner Wilson.)*

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PREFACE.

[This is written direct through one of the authors, from the Other Side, exactly as it appears here without any sort or kind of alteration.]

This story has been written by us bound by a promise to the dead; a task which has been sacred in its fulfilment. Here and there we have been told to write fiction in order to dovetail into the real story, to avoid giving any pain to others. Names and places etc., have had to be disguised somewhat. But we tell the tale as it was told to us.

NOTE.—Yes. Names and places only. The rest is not fiction but *reality*.

**"All Women, now, are my sisters.
This book—my work— has been written
for Women."**

Signor.

**(This is the dedication, given by the
above, from the next World.)**

INTRODUCTION.

[Introduction to the Book. Dictated by Signor.*]

The labour of love and the promise to the dead is now fulfilled. To those who read, the man called "dead," but who is living in an abiding eternal life (the sculptor), wishes to make it known that he is glad that his message of regret for his failures ; his message of hope to the living ; his message of the truth that the so-called dead return to pay their debts, to retrieve and to help, is now finished. Yet, I know myself by his promise he will never leave any of his work undone.

Both of us have tried, under difficulties, of avoiding the giving of pain to either the living or the dead, to write the Story. It

* Signor, as will be seen in Part II, is the name given to the discarnate Spirit who, having passed over, has now returned to do his work here.

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has of necessity been worked into a romance, but not a single word of Signor's has been altered.

To our readers the sequence of the travail of the souls of the Priest and Priestess through chains of desire and matter, right up to everyday modern life, must read as a symbol. And yet a living truth of the struggle of many passions of matter and of spirit.

The High Priest in chains *is* the same man as Murray Compton, who comes face to face with his past, and who, as an Initiate, lives in a modern world under modern conditions.

I write this from my heart when I say that this opening out of bleeding wounds, this baring of a "dead" man's soul, are responsibilities; and, although the literary form of Signor may lack polish, we have left it.

I tell the tale as it was told to me.

IRIS DELORME.

EDITORS' PREFACE.

We have been asked to edit this book, which it has given us such a very great pleasure to do, not for the sake of any great literary reputation; not because of any influence or position that we may hold in the sphere of psychical research; but rather because, being intimately acquainted with the persons and the particular facts with which, for the most part, this book has to deal, we can accord our sincere testimony both to the good faith and veracity of the authors and their work.

As regards the source of the inspiration—or rather of the motive force—with which the second part of the book concerns itself, we shall add nothing here. To those already familiar with the utterances and messages in their various forms from the Other Side, there will be nothing particularly new or unusual in most of that which

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has been here set down. The continuity and close personal contact, together with the circumstances under which this was effected, is what will appeal, perhaps, most to them.

The prose idyll of this story of two sympathetic and harmonious souls, which is so interwoven with the mystery of the Second Part where the *third* person makes his dramatic entry, is so spontaneous, so beautifully and simply expressed, that it needs no reference and no "bush" before the door.

As regards the "letters," messages, communications, conversations—call them what we may—we can attest ourselves as to their absolute authenticity.

Many of them were supplied in our presence, as well as before the other person mentioned in connection therewith. And since we, too, had the privilege of knowing the *third* from whom these messages have come; and since we are "behind the scenes" in regard to much that is herein alluded to, concerning which the *private* messages and letters (so often referred to) were written, it may be satisfactory to

many who read this book that we can state that the story and the facts are true from the beginning to the end.

Herein lies enfolded a poem, a drama, and a revelation all in one.

As for the truth and reality of these things each one must find and earn his faith. Just as one man's meat is another's poison, so one man's proof is another's distrust.

Records and attestations leave many unconvinced, despite the effort of scientists and thoughtful, earnest persons to draw back the Veil and let the others see.

A typical instance occurred the other day. We append the paragraph as cut from the notice in the Press:—

WIRELESS FROM THE DEAD.

MR. BIRRELL UNCONVINCED BY "PSYCHIC PLATITUDES."

"Mr. Birrell spoke on psychical research yesterday from the pulpit of the City-road Baptist Chapel, Bristol. 'I do not believe,' he said, 'that the other person is there on the other side of this wireless telegraphy.

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'Records left him unconvinced; they lacked the grandeur of religion; they were of petty things, of mere prolonged egoism, as if the one thing wanted was continued existence, an endless capacity to the interchange of platitudes. A revelation of life beyond the grave, if it was to do any good in the world, ought surely to be more stupendous, something of really first-class importance.

'If men and women were to speak after thousands of years from within the veil it was not too much to ask that they should be more than mere replicas of persons with whom they were believed to confer.

'We do not want immortality merely to prolong the somewhat tiresome entity we call 'myself.' Would it not be a relief to bid farewell to one's self and say, 'Thank Heaven, I shall never see that fellow again'? The immortality we pine for is the triumph of the spirit over the body and complete unity of purpose and existence with the eternal.'"

'A revelation of life beyond the grave, if it was to do any good in the world,

ought surely to be more stupendous, something of really first-class importance.'

We are sure this was uttered in the greatest good faith, and from the profoundest and most ideal sense of the majesty of the divinely human soul and all its splendid and lofty aspirations. But it suggests a series of unfortunate episodes of dissatisfaction as the outcome of spurious *Seances* of incompetent spiritualists or clairvoyants. It suggests a too close adherence to the old-fashioned Protestant dogmatism about a Judgment Day and sitting on God's right hand with harps, in a place called Heaven—the ecstatic leap from “animal” man to divine Archangelhood. Nothing “stupendous” would really help man in his present conditions as regards environment and development. “Prolonged egoism” is a somewhat too pessimistic synonym for a surviving consciousness, under the circumstances. “*Mere réplicas of persons with whom they were believed to confer,*” is too suggestive again of the fraudulent or incompetent Spiritualist to permit one to suppose that the speaker has ever earnestly endeavoured either to probe the truly scien-

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tific attitude and methods of the real Psychic, or has ever himself thought very much about the matter.

It might be "a relief to bid eternal farewell to one's self and say, 'Thank Heaven, I shall never see that fellow again.'" Most certainly it might—especially if "that fellow," himself, were of a rather objectionable kind.

But evolution does not go by leaps and bounds.

We see that, here, in the physical environment. The Botanist, the Naturalist, the Geologist, the Astronomer — they all can tell us that. They see the Law.

If there is one thing in particular that this book seems to point out it is this very point, *i.e.*, that cause and effect are unalterable; that thought and aspiration builds, creates; that evolution (*by degrees*) is the Law of all Life and all worlds. So that the now sorry, distracted, and discordant human being may reach out to a "stupendous" consummation of his whole energies and self, and leaving—as he progresses through the finer spirit lives

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(*this* is, of course, one spirit life)—his “prolonged egoism” behind him, may finally attain to “something of really first-class importance.”

It is precisely because we *do* “pine for” the immortality which is “the triumph of the Spirit over the body and complete unity of purpose and existence with the eternal” that the returning *third* in this idyll of two strenuous and aspiring souls has come forth to speak his message and convey his truth. “The other side of this wireless telegraphy” is what Mr. Birrell fails to believe. We can only say that—and we say it in all humility and with all reverence—he has our profoundest sympathy in this.

There are many, many reasons why the two planes of which this book deals, should not be permitted to come into closer or more obvious contact. It is not for us to speak of that here. The truth of this will dawn gradually upon those who find their way towards that door leading into the Unseen. Of all the faculties, the psychic faculty stands open to the greatest abuse, and is the most easily

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destroyed or damaged. Quality and not quantity should be the aim. And after all, how often do those who, either through want of purpose and earnestness, or want of faith or imagination, or interest in anything but the temporary and the superficial, deny the truth of these revelations and facts of Religion and Psychism, while remaining hopelessly ignorant in regard to so much that lies under their very noses! As Sir Oliver Lodge remarks :—

[*The Forum*. February, 1909.]

“Phantasms and dreams and ‘ghosts,’ crystal-gazing, premonitions and clairvoyance: the region of superstition. Yes, but possibly also the region of fact. As taxes on credulity they are trifles compared to the things we are already familiar with—only too familiar with—stupidly and inanely inappreciative of.”

People fancy that Occultism is distinct from Religion; many fancy that it is inimical to it. It is supposed to be a merely pagan system for conspiring with the devil. But Religion is, and always has been,

permeated with Occultism. Only we don't get Occultists to attend to it; we only get parsons. And these—many of them are splendid idealists and workers—wholesome and whole-minded intellectual, active men, many are Occultists in embryo, or in spite of themselves. *They* ought, at any rate, to believe in the reality of the "communion of saints."

Christ was not the Light of the Church, but of the World. So that "the grandeur of religion" (to quote from the paragraph above) is no greater in regard to its many and valuable intrinsic elements and records than the "records" of Occultism that this speaker, like so many others, affects to ignore or to despise.

We are all dying of stupidity. Sometimes one seems to fancy that nothing short of a mental, moral and spiritual earthquake will augment the impulsive effort of our souls and wills. We have lived too long amid the corrupting and stagnating influences of a commercial prosperity and lifeless and decaying dogmas.

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People are perpetually seeing a great deal too much to *realize* anything important at all. They have the perception of truth but an unusual incapacity to act up to it. As Bishop Creighton once said: "Pure Reason leads nowhere. The heart expands and then the head explains."

There have always been alternating periods of Power, Knowledge and Sincerity followed by Devolution and Decadence, Formalism and the times of adherence to the letter, when the Spirit flags. Having now passed through the period of formal and literal tradition and interpretation, we have begun to awaken to a dim and as yet uncertain sense of the Real. As yet it only flickers and flares up surreptitiously and capriciously in remote places and in corners amid the denser throngs of Humanity.

But before long the Truth must out. For the Spirit overshadows the face of the waters; and it is being, and will be, manifested in many strange ways—even amidst all the strenuous bustle and hurry of this mad, tempestuous and materialistic age.

At least we can be thankful that we have in these pages that follow a simple record of unsullied truth in regard to those other planes of existence upon which we are not accustomed often to function.

And here are no conditions of ecstasy or abnormalism. It is the work of one who is as sane, as rational, as sound and as healthy in body and mind as any in Christendom.

"I knew a man . . . whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth." . . .

In this case it is a woman who can be so "caught up to the third heaven."

But her record is true. His record is true. And the record of the guiding and actual Spiritual individuality is true. For we have known them all; sifted all; proved all in many ways: and through them we have conversed with and been instructed by those we have known though now some time departed—but *not* "dead."

Yet this message of the book will, we hope, go deeper than to prove once and for all (to those that can accept it) the surviving personality and individuality be-

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yond the grave. Between the lines are to be read many truths; some old and now re-told again with striking emphasis; some new.

Well—let us speed it on its way, this Book of the Golden Key. May those who shall prize it, grasp this small key and fit it to the only door that will open for them the way to greater Wisdom and a larger faith. We say wisdom and not knowledge. For, as has been well said by Cowper:—

“ Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

“ It is usually seen ” says Gibson, “ that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.”

So that to those, too, who have contented themselves with but misty reflections and vague dreaming upon the possibility of a survival of the whole active consciousness and individual ego after the body has been put away, the vigorous activities and glowing life-work

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of "Signor" may come as a healthy stimulant to encourage, to fortify and to inspire.

" If Thou and Nature can so gently part ;
The stroke of Death is as a lover's pinch
Which hurts and is desir'd."

And, to conclude, with one more quotation from Shakespeare, from whom the true Psychist finds many a thought to bring away, it may be hoped that this Key will bring consolation and hope to the many who should now *know* that their true friends and their real lovers are never far away and that they have only to "seek," and they "shall find"; "ask, and it shall be given" to them; "knock, and it shall be opened unto" them. Only the asking must be sincere, the seeking to a noble purpose and in the proper way, and the knocking without a hesitation, and without the tremulous fumbling of misgiving or of incredible curiosity.

" Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;
Thou know'st, 'tis common: all that live—must die,
Passing through nature to Eternity."

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“I am living,” cries “Signor” in one of his “letters,” “in Eternity.” And so are we all—Now, and Then.

HUGO AMES.

FLORA HAYTER.

(*Mrs. Northesk Wilson.*)

London, *March 30th* 1909.

AUTHORS' INTRODUCTION.

The form into which this book has been thrown is due to no undue effort at originality. The subject matter and its development are necessarily and inherently sufficiently original in themselves. To the authors it is indeed remarkable. It is almost impossible adequately to convey to the reader any idea of the astounding nature of the *whole* of the circumstances under which it has been written, and around what strange and wonderful influences and events it has been put together. And without a wearisome preface or an abnormally lengthy appendix, or a multitude of notes which might prove somewhat of a tax upon the reader's patience, it would be impossible to convey satisfactorily to anyone else's mind the astonishing manner and methods of its unfoldment and growth.

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Despite the ever-growing interest to the authors in the development of the material as it came into their hands, it must be at the same time mentioned that there has been much that had to be endured of an exacting and painful nature. Those who have fuller knowledge of psychic phenomena, and of the requirements and exigencies necessarily attendant upon work in connection with psychic matters generally, will be able to understand something of the difficulties—and dangers—into which much that is revealed in these pages has brought them into contact. There is, however, no desire to unduly emphasise this point. At any rate, the circumstances were such that there was never for one single moment any question of considering the nature and possible extent of drawbacks or dangers. The importance of the communications and the sincerity and completeness with which they were conveyed, would have been a sufficient inducement to continue the work even had those to whom these communications were made not from the very first recognised their

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value to the many as well as to themselves.

And here it must be stated that the revelations imparted were from the very beginning entirely gratuitous. They were not bought; and they were not sought; but were imparted. They arose out of none even of the extraordinary circumstances attendant on most of the more or less psychic phenomena that from time to time have been given to the world. That is to say they were not the product of séances or "sittings" of any kind whatsoever. Neither were they received through those recognised channels of mediumship or expert psychic apparatus by means of which so much of the knowledge and information acquired by Psychic Societies and Circles is usually obtained, whether through the instrumentality of trance mediums, the materializing medium or automatic writing, slate or planchette writing, etc.

This is a fact that those who have no very special knowledge or experience in regard to psychic matters and psychic phenomena will the more readily appre-

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ciate. For it is so often to those that know but little of the subject and who have not taken the trouble to enlighten their minds upon matters in which they have tamely interested themselves merely for a time, out of idle curiosity, that the simplest form of criticism suggests itself.

They are apt sometimes to suggest that what between trickery, auto-suggestion, humbug and blind credulity much that passes for psychic phenomena is to be discounted. They have generally just enough justification on their side to be able to prove satisfactorily to themselves and some others that "dabbling in Spiritualism" is either dangerous or absurd. And they are perfectly right. To dabble in anything is both dangerous and absurd, be it in Art, Chemistry or the Religion so-called with which they are perfectly content to vaguely hedge round their inexperience and want of faith. To be a dabbler in Psychism is almost worse than to be a fraud. For the charlatan soon exposes himself; and the Medium who has had to resort to trickery has at any rate once been genuine. But the dabbler never.

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He thinks he knows; but knows he does not think. "Thinkers are scarce as gold," said Lavater, "but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject and pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size."

To the sceptic whose scepticism proceeds from ignorance or inability to understand, or from unwillingness to think or explore, this clearing away as it were of all the appurtenances he usually associates in his own mind with anything of a psychic or ultra-psychological nature will probably be most gratifying.

We speak of course of the sceptical and ignorant attitude only. On Spiritualistic and Psychical Societies has fallen most of the burden and heat of the day, in facing, throughout their earnest and patient labours, the prejudice and antagonism of clergy and laity. As well mock at the Church because of the lapses of the unfrocked clergymen as scorn to recognise spiritualism on the score of the occasional charlatan.

No trances, mediums, dark *séances*, mysterious rappings, no spirit forms and all

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matter of materializations to bother his head about! This clears the air at once, and at any rate takes it safely out of any inconvenient atmosphere suggestive of spurious spooks, catalepsy or "the Devil."

All very well for the artist in his studio; the chemist in his laboratory; the doctor; surgeon; the botanist or geologist on the hilltop or in the cavernous recesses below, studying each his proper aspect of Nature, earth, elements, laws and all those mysterious influences invisible we glibly call Art, electricity, magnetism, polarity, growth, life. But let the psychic once shut the door of his sanctum and come forth with a new discovery and he will meet with but ribald jest and mocking laughter from the world—that outer world which, enshrining its deepest disbelief in crude creeds and hard and fast dogmas, clings to the letter and ignores the spirit. Confronted every day by day and night by night with all the wonder of so much incomprehensible in life and motive, light, sound, motion, space, its representatives go blundering along their lines of thought—that line of least resistance—sunny paths

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of rectitude and conscience that, smoothly trodden by dogma and public opinion, lead ever onward—no whither! The house—the room—the garden is full of forms of men and things; but they cannot see them for the Darkness. Assure them that they are there, they cannot believe.

Their faith moves seas to dewdrops and the stream to clouds; the seed to forests, and the dust to priceless gems. Their faith makes men and women angels of light sitting at God's right hand in clouds of glory—makes fortunes and cities of ideas, and alters the course of thousands of lives by a phrase. Yet has their faith no energy for efforts, where required to prove itself or to put theory into practice in other ways? They accept a dogma ready-made as they receive a ready-made fire-place from Birmingham, but the spiritual forces lying *behind* the fashioning of dogmas and of ideas and principles relating to the smelting of metals they do not trouble about.

The Astronomer can tell them how ships steer their course, and how plants grow and worlds swim in their constellations; the Astrologer will tell them why.

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But the one deals with things seen ; the other with things unseen—only perceived : and they are bored and sceptical.

The boundaries of their intelligence are fairly marked and duly fortified against invasion from foreign ideas. At times a migratory instinct escapes : but is as often as not recaptured by the frontier police of Conscience and common-sense. And perhaps one day the uncommon senses from the great void of worlds beyond those narrow boundaries will make an inroad and break down the fortified places of incredulity and limitation.

And now, as regards the form into which this book has been cast.

It seemed to the authors that if, in order to weave the facts with which it deals—and deals in such a remarkable and interesting manner—into a harmonious whole they had resorted to the more conventional and pleasing form of fiction, they would have been sacrificing unintentionally a certain amount of interest that was paramount and important for what was unimportant, albeit perhaps interesting. For, treated in this manner it would have merely been a kind of

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adaptation, to the lesser historical and personal, of the principle attaching to the ordinary historical novel. In this the historian is usually less evident than the romanticist, chiefly for the reason that romance is more pleasing than history, and fiction than fact. It is much more interesting to know what people said, and how they said it, than to know whether they ever said it at all. For which reason, again, a dramatised version of a historical romance is often delightful just in due proportion to its inaccuracy. Pages have been written as to the precise words which historical personages have been supposed to have uttered whereas there was no possible question as to the actuality of the precise circumstances under which the utterance was called forth. In History it only concerns us to know what a man did: what his actions were and how he performed them. In romance, we are only concerned with what he said about them. This difference distinguishes the dull from the interesting, and the commonplace from the brilliant—as far as the individual is concerned. If you are appealing to the nation, you must be

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crammed with dull facts: if to the individual, you must be brilliant and amusing or interesting and insincere.

So that had the authors herein interwoven fiction and romance into the fabric of fact, it would doubtless have made a very charming book and might further have provided the reader with a convenient hotch-potch of ideas and episodes from which he could have taken away just as much as he pleased of what appealed to him as verity and have left alone all that he deemed unworthy of acceptance. But the real value would not have obtained under those circumstances. For there is much that is actual that would have been taken for fiction, and much that would have been fiction which might have been taken for fact.

The idea, therefore, was abandoned at the expense of a somewhat unique and tempting opportunity for constructing a psychical and psychological novel and a novel "with a purpose."

This was perhaps the greatest temptation, seeing that the output of purposeless novels seems just now to be so largely

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successful from the standpoint of art if not altogether of finance.

There will undoubtedly before long be quite a crop of psychical novels, or plays. Love and passion are a little *passé*. We are wending our way back to the fairyland of our youth. Only whereas in youth we came to understand that there was no truth in any of these beautiful legends, but that they had been merely written to keep our minds occupied and our perceptions blunted to the manners and customs of the rough and harsh facts and experiences of every day matter-of-fact life, we are to-day beginning to learn that this Fairyland is really something just as tangible as Hyde Park or Fleet Street, and even a week-end motor trip cannot take us beyond its borders.

What so many people do not seem to be able to understand is that the importance of psychic perception and phenomena as recorded in the Scriptures; as recorded in biography, and as recorded in the annals of modern Science is purely a relative one. Also that the border-line between what we call the Spiritual and the Material worlds

is a purely arbitrary demarcation. We are constantly engaged in pulling down the Chinese wall of superstition and ignorance which we have built around our own narrow strip of knowledge and limited conjecture.

But Nature will not be denied, and forces an entrance through channels that were undreamt of, and reveals faculties that the medical man so often ridicules where he cannot explain or comprehend. Expansion takes place—that is to say expansion of consciousness—both by artificially induced and by perfectly “normal” conditions and we sense new perceptions—new conditions. We seem to touch two worlds—sometimes more. Just as when we have learnt a new Art and a new language there dawn upon us thoughts and experiences that were unknown to us before. Further expansion of consciousness—sometimes so subtle are the perceptions, but extremely faint and dim; yet intelligible and capable of interpretation and expression somehow.

We commune with intelligences and entities that are “not of this world.” At

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least *we say so*: and it is to the many a figment of the imagination; to the few a truth, though one that cannot be easily explained. Faith overcomes fear: we grow bold and accumulate incontrovertible facts. We apply tests; though we are in reality testing our perspective faculties, *not* the "objective" reality and truth. By degrees we come to doubt only the right progress of these our functions, not to impugn the reality of the seeming phenomena with which they bring us into relationship.

Then it dawns upon us that what we thought and preconceived as "another world" is but after all only an extension of this one that we so thoroughly *know* now at this moment and also in the Past since our birth here. Yes, truly an extension—just as to Columbus it was only an extension of the world visible that rewarded his discovery in the West. But what an extension! What a world of meaning in that phrase! As though a microbe should stumble on another molecule in that aggregate of millions of molecules that constitute the ball that a man holds in the palm of his hand.

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Had Columbus—or any number of potential Columbuses—possessed the mechanical facilities (since invented or self-induced *then*) that would have enabled him to steam at 30 knots around the Globe, what would he not have discovered? The sea was once as impenetrable a barrier to the savage as the ocean of unpenetrated substances and elements that, ordinarily speaking, now divides the sea from the unseen worlds for mortal vision. But Columbus to-day sets sail once more in his frail bark of empirical science, wafted by the breeze of psychic persuasion. He too, is finding land—no strange land of another world—yet a Newer World than any dreamt of short of becoming a “changed” being.

The savage had doubtless murmured “were I a bird I might make a voyage into the unknown and haply light on territory beyond: but I am Man, not bird. I must remain here.” So Man, renouncing all claims to sense aught else than that which he is accustomed to perceive by the ordinary media of his faculties of taste, and hearing, sight, touch and smell, is perfectly

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satisfied that he must "die" ere he can pass beyond the shores of the great silent sea of mystery that screens him, in the flesh, from those whose souls inhabit that flesh no longer. That his senses may deceive him in this to an undesirable extent, though for the most part it is wisely so ordained according to the great unwritten Law of the Universe to which all other laws of men are subject; and that, if he will or can understand and find the opportunity of coming to realise that it is not so, it is the purpose of this book to show. For Man is only Man as he conceives Man can only be; while he is blind to the larger, fuller Man and his possibilities.

The poet wrote "things are not as they seem." But they are. That is just the point it is always so necessary to emphasize. Things are to the individual exactly as they appear to him to be. Nor could they be otherwise or he would no longer be that same individual. With the change in his growth—himself—comes the changed appearance. And this is the law of Evolution. To the enlightened mind, a clearer perception; new truths. To the enlight-

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ened soul, clearer truths, wider scope—a new horizon. Then are the two worlds one. Two; yet not separate. For where separation is, there is no harmony and no intercommunication. Just as in the union of souls there are two, yet they are one.

“ Three Persons and one Substance.”

CHAPTER I.

The Demand.

Letter from Iris (Mrs. Delorme) to
Helen Stormont, the great actress.

January, 1908.

Dearest!

Why disturb my peace! I won it so hardly here, at first the restlessness and torment of the flesh, the spirit, the soul—what you will—assailed me. I grew to long for the evil smell of the motor omnibus, the rush and the hurry of the world, all the little trifles of a busy humming career like your own, I yearned for the footlights. By turns I was actress, dramatist, poetess and painter—what you will! Always seeking an audience. The applause, the attention, the flutter and flash of skirts, the running into your dear ruby-pink-hued room and

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seeing you like a Queen after your triumphs, gave me, too, a little of intoxication. But to lose all one's money, to earn very little, to have a husband a lunatic, all these things do not commend themselves to Society, and I was in a dangerous condition when you yourself said the wrong man, with a cheque book, would be sure to turn up. So, I have bought freedom. Heaven! how sweet it is after all the sordid horror of the past. My room is full of flowers, I have my old carved chairs, a few of my treasures and a woman with a delicious Devonshire burr comes in and tells me "You'm looking fine. Just like a girl again." What a fortunate thing I have produced one Curtain-raiser! This gives me a certain literary position. Still more fortunate to have a Countess for a great Aunt *and* an introduction to the Vicar; I am trading on my literary reputation. Even here *les convenances* would try to hamper one. But, I acknowledge it, to-day. I seem bursting with a new-found life. Helen, your return to your delightful house in the midst of the *mondaines* is just disorganising my peace. To stand aside like the Egyptian Ka (the double) and watch the

game of life has always been my faculty. 'Tis not often given to a woman to live through so many tragedies as I have and still to feel youth budding in her veins. But, the purple and white heather is a bloom on the Tors that stretch a vista of great mystic mountains behind my garden slope. I swim in the glory of an atmosphere which catches me up as it were into that vast space from which my stormy soul has come. I hear the rushing music of the wings of those who sent me from my Planet far away. I feel I am a daughter of the Gods by right divine, for this is Life! We only begin to live when our whole soul's consciousness learns to throb to the Infinite. Such a rapture that a dew-spangled grass brings tears to my eyes, the blue bay yonder at my feet shall reveal its wondrous secrets, and all seems dual to-day! The spray meets the sand in a loving embrace, the world is a great love song of spring; the birds are mating, the sparkling raindrops have wetted my wall-flowers with tender tears and the red-brown cup has opened like a tiny mouth to receive that heavenly kiss. The blue-

4 THE GOLDEN KEY.

grey mists come tumbling in a rapture to the mountain. The seed in the ground is bursting through its sheath. These are the days when I know, I know my supreme loss in life. Men have loved me, so you would say; and the jest, the laugh, the irony of passion has mocked me.

Think of it! I have been cheated out of the best of life, and have never met any mate. You will laugh, darling, and say with a wide experience "What! still searching with a never-dying thirst for the unattainable?" I tell you, dear, I believe that in these throbbing vital moments of divine Belief, we can demand from the Over-soul and Infinite and can gain our great desire. This soul of me is fretting out its sheath for want of the great freedom of expansive knowledge. I want, nay, I *demand* to know the secret of that love of which poets have raved. I want to lose for one moment this personal mocking little self, and, even, as I feel to the hills and mighty waters that great Motherhood of divine embrace, wish that they might turn round and claim me master of my mind, my heart, my soul. I believe I should die of the joy of once

relaxing that uncanny mocking thing I have called my heart where the heat of passion has filled me with supreme disgust. This mission of love, of help, the giving out and spilling of my self into a golden vessel accomplished, I could die. Even if it were for Humanity (and for this *you* know I have worked) I still should find unrest. Christ loved individuals deeply. They say that God is Love. Then all is Love. To be selfless, unsparing, to be mighty, is what it means.

Oh! I am mad! To-day I dream, yet do I demand!

“See how large a letter I have written with my own hand,” but it is because in some strange way I see, I feel, I fear somewhere or other the hands will point to the clock and I shall strike my hour.

Thine, IRIS.

Telegram from Helen Stormont.

“Will pay all your expenses. Come to town if only for week end. Bring some cream.”

Telegram from Mrs. Delorme.

“What, leave my mountains? No, I am Pixie-led. Will send the cream.”

Telegram from Helen.

“Am tired and ill; much need you,
little Iris.”

Telegram from Iris.

“Coming to-morrow.”

* * * * *

The telegram was handed in to Miss Stormont, as, in perfect health, she was entertaining a charming intellectual *coterie* to lunch. The women in their bright-hued gowns made splashes of colour in the dainty smoking-room; before 3 o'clock each one had separately gone their way. Helen left her cigarette unsmoked and, amidst all the portraits of famous men and women in her room, selected one. The man seemed to look straight into her eyes with his own. The sweetness of the mouth belied the fighting instincts of the whole of the rest of his face. There was the surprised alertness of a man of the world who, ever seeking an ideal, had failed. There was intellect, imagination and emotion. Helen laid it down and pondered, and then suddenly took up her pen and wrote:

“ My dear Murray,

“ I see you are knee-deep in political speaking ; any chance of seeing you ? Why have you dropped your fine aims, your artistic side of life. Is it not very enervating waiting for dead men’s shoes ? However, if you have time, will you drop in about four to-morrow. I want to introduce you to my cousin, a lunatic pixie from the Devon moors, sees colour in music, is probably as old as Cleopatra, and the only woman I really trust and love. I am sorry your last play was a failure, but you will not understand the public won’t stand anybody writing to please *themselves* until they are famous or rich. We have to grovel our way into favour. Surely this is fine discipline, and teaches us the practical side of imagination.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ HELEN STORMONT.”

CHAPTER II.

The Reply.

“ Her lips were parted, and the measured breath
Was scarce heard there,
Mingling with hearts' deep ecstasies
Burst from her looks and gestures and a light
Of liquid tenderness like love did rise
From her whole frame, an atmosphere which quite
Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous, soft and bright.”

As the man sat apart and wondered who in that crowded room he had been asked to meet, he listened with his handsome head turned politely to the old Duchess who was a *raconteuse* of some note.

“ I am quite delighted, my dear Murray, to see you are coming into the world again. We have always looked upon you as a man of mark.”

He smiled.

“Rather a man who has missed his mark.” Her shrewd kind old eyes seemed to caress him.

“Strange fellow, you never were intended for a *flâneur*, but women always spoilt you so dreadfully.”

Then he heard a laugh. It was the laugh of a girl, or so it sounded, rippling over with jocund mirth.

“But, I assure you,” said the contralto magnetic voice, “I make no claim, even if I do believe in Re-incarnation, ever to have been a Queen or Empress.”

The Duchess watched him, as a little startled, he turned. He had not noticed her before. Iris Delorme, whose small figure was almost buried in a big sofa with five people sitting close to her, three men and two women, seemed to be the centre of a group. The owner of the voice was not in the least pretty; the hair black as night, almost gipsy-like in its unfashionable rolls, a white skin, crimson lips, a square forehead with very level pencilled eyebrows. She was looking down and playing with the big opal ring on her finger; and it seemed to him as if the very soul of the

woman was full of mocking laughter. He had an impression of blue and silver-grey about her, and suddenly an intense desire to hear her speak again.

"We have all missed you *so* much dear Mrs. Delorme," gushed Lady Cecilia.

"Your afternoons with those coloured slides were so perfectly delightful. We were always *so* hoping you would be able to demonstrate the colour of our souls, and of course Auras are so fashionable now as to be almost commonplace. Everyone is becoming clairvoyant."

"Yes," said the voice with that demure laugh in it, "I hear colour-music is greatly to the front also. Did you ever hear if Lady Markham made her dog bark in purple?"

This was delightful, the woman had a sense of humour. He rose and went to the end of the sofa.

"But you know we are never quite sure, dear Mrs. Delorme, whether you are *serious*. You *do* believe in that great consciousness, do you not," bleated Lady Cecilia, "which is such an awakening? Everyone is being taught now the value of Cosmic consciousness. The Doctors

even are taking it up! and clairvoyance, telepathy, mental science are our daily food; so inspiring!"

"So I believe. Do you know whether the Duchess has started Voodoo worship yet, or whether the Witch-smelling party came off? It must have been a pleasant excitement."

"My dear Mrs. Delorme! The Duchess of St. Andrews took to Schopenhauer instead and says she can now write a play that will be *quite* as good as Bernard Shaw's. She had no time for Voodooism."

Murray Compton lent over the end of the sofa; Iris laughed.

"Excellent reading. Schopenhauer so plainly expounds the laws of marriage."

"But so *improper*!"

"Perhaps. But then life is so improper. So many are married; so few are mated! You see"—here by chance she turned and her grey eyes with their black lashes suddenly met the gaze of the man who was looking at the "pixie woman."
"You see if there had been no Bathsheba there would have been no Solomon!"

"My dear Mrs. Delorme, you really

must return to London. Why will you bury yourself alive in Devonshire?" The man, listening, heard her catch her breath a little, as she answered quietly; "Because I have learnt to love Nature at last."

"You look splendid on it, dear lady. But do not forget Humanity: and life may yet need *you*."

The room was thinning of its crowd. Then Murray sat down on the sofa by her side, a strange pang went through her as of a sudden blow on her heart, she trembled. The pain was a keen joy and an overwhelming feeling of a great recognition. It was not the magnetism of the man nor his splendid athletic physique, but a great rushing cataract of something unearthly running through her veins, a majestic Presence, the thing which, unfelt, guided all her ways as the force behind her slumbering nature; the great continuity of an endless chain, links forged in tears of passion, blood and love. The sudden wisdom and a great compassion, the rushing out of a soul to meet a fellow soul. She felt sick, physically; faint; a mist came before her eyes. He had put out his strong sinewy hand, so warmly its

pulsing heat communicated itself to her. His unsatisfied heart unrolled like a scroll—his controlled passions, his broken faith, his ideals, the wreck and bitterness of disappointment, the cynic born of environment. Yet still behind it all the longing, as of a boy, for love, sympathy and recognition; the spirit, adoring the divine life, crushed down by sordid detail; the greatness of ambition, nay even Genius like a chained God waiting to be loosed. . . . The pain and the anguish came like a load to her heart. Then the eternal vitality of linked souls rushed through them both like a torrent of flame, something vigorous of unutterable irrepressible joy. He leant towards her.

“You carry the sea in your eyes, and when you spoke—what does it mean? My memories found a tongue.”

She recovered herself with a gay little laugh.

“Let us imagine, if you believe in transcendental things, that I am a child of flame!—Of the sea! I come from the woods—or from a planet.”

He also entered into the mocking mood.

“Venus, of course.”

“Oh! you study Astrology then?”

“Of course! That, too, is fashionable.”

“The soul of Astronomy! What a pretty plaything for us resuscitated Egyptians.”

“Egypt! That is the memory, then.”
What tricks his sub-conscious mind seemed to be playing him. He paused. Then murmured almost unconsciously, “Do you remember?” . . .

“Nothing.” . . . But she turned pale.

The great grey eyes were startled now; a little piteous. He went on, “You are born under Venus, then?”

“Libra too. You know the story?”

“No, I do not. Will you tell me?”

He was watching how the ordinary self was melting away. How had she the power to create this extraordinary atmosphere of mysticism, so subtly to weave a charm into her words? He watched the play of her small hands. She had forgotten him, and was looking beyond into that space from which she gathered her wisdom and her dreams and Love! Had this woman ever

known love? He suddenly wondered what it would be to capture that elusive soul and to still the mocking of those warm red lips.

“ We come as the children of flame to pour fresh light and love from Hope’s immortal urn. We are born to pain and made to suffer. Betrayed, wounded, and hurt, we rise to be the teachers of Humanity, and sometimes in a hundred years when many sorrows and many lives have taught us the power of the soul, we meet our love. Born under Taurus, he is our other soul, once the rebellious son of God. Ruled by Venus, he should be complete. Hence Ashtaroth, the secret of the Ancients, for to them was given the power to create.” Her voice sounded far away and had almost sunk to a whisper.

“ If,”—the eyes grew wistful—“ If they did not fail.”

The room was empty, the scent of the many flowers heavy on the air.

“ I am *so* sorry to interrupt you,” said Helen coming into the room. “ You both look so interested, but a special messenger has come for you, Mr. Compton. Politics, I suppose ?”

He rose, well over six feet, and laughed.

“ You positively make me believe I am going into harness again.”

“ Why are you so anxious? Are you too tired out to work? Ah—I know,” went on Iris with that curious far-away look in her eyes. “ You have been trying to sell your work and yourself for money. That is prostitution of the soul.”

“ You know my thoughts,” he replied quietly, and then for the first time he touched her as she stood up also. What was it? A fluid—a perfume—a fire—a breath. He went out followed by his brilliant hostess. He took up his hat reluctantly.

“ You will ask me over again to-morrow ? ”

She smiled enigmatically. “ She may not stay,” she added, nodding in the direction of Iris, with a mischievous little smile.

The butler handed Compton a letter.

“ Excuse me, Helen,” and he opened it. “ Off to Ireland, I shall be back in a week.”

“ Work for you, Murray? That’s good.”

“ Nothing is good—for me.” He passed downstairs into the hall.

Then as he stood there, a magnetic laughing voice came over the balustrade.

“I can tell you many legends of my land. Excellent copy, Mr. Compton. We shall meet again.”

He started and ran up half the flight. But she had gone, the low merry pixie laughter echoing on the air. It was with him as he walked down the street to his chambers. It rang in his ears as he packed his bag. The scent of wild heather, the flash of an opal ring, the look of two grey eyes. The struggling memory of a far off Egyptian land, the strange feeling of restlessness allied to an awed recognition of peace, a wild boyish yearning for cool little hands on his forehead and a red mouth on his.

“My God, I must pull myself together. This is Spring madness.”

He entered his own rooms with a step that did not flag; but stopped suddenly as a letter on the little carved table faced him. He called up in a moment all that the letter represented. Holding it in his hand he could draw a picture and smell the perfume; and there almost came the touch of two

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strong possessive hands, and the Spring madness seemed to die away, for again and again he had come face to face with the wound of his life—the wound of an ever unsatisfied longing that would not heal.

CHAPTER III.

The Unveiling.

“ Her little feet no more shall run . . .
to Hiawatha.”

They had played the last majestic requiem, “ By the waters and the pools in Forestland they had lain her, Minnehaha.”

Helen Stormont touched Mrs. Delorme gently: “ Awake yet ? ” she whispered. She hardly stirred in her seat.

The mystic grey blue eyes burned with a sudden fire through her tears.

“ What music ! What music ! ” she sighed. Out in the corridor and vestibule they met a chattering throng. How Iris wished they would stop their cackling. Was there no time to think in this babbling, hustling world ! Helen in her blue velvet coat was seized upon ; against the throng making his way through in

travelling cap and coat came Murray. He made straight for Iris, and there was even no preliminary of greeting.

“ I found my train does not go for half-an-hour. I sent round the tickets immediately I left you. You have appreciated it ? You see you get northern and southern negro blood even in this music.”

“ It is wild, glorious,” exclaimed Iris.

“ Yes, I understood.” She was opening the shutters of her soul. The Bar of Isis—Just two people gazing at one another with a sudden leaping pang and song of recognition. It was as if a slow live thing turned in him in the womb of a great slumber waking with pain. The woman girl-child-pixie had sorcery in her to have called him to her. Old Egypt was in her blood, his blood.* The memory, even then, was too subtle, too quick, too fleeting and yet somewhere there was tragedy, terror and always Love.

* The “Woman” or Soul principle of Intuition at work here. Iris Delorme knew nothing then of her Soul’s history. Months later both she and Murray Compton, under illumination, were permitted to know the *truth*. Both come from the Venus planet. The Egyptian incarnation, referred to later, was for both the first, as Priest and Priestess respectively. The whole story and sequence of incarnations will be told in a forthcoming book, “The Redeemed.”

“ This is not goodbye. If I write, will you write ?”

“ I will write.” And she added, quite naturally, “ there is so much to say !” Then he was gone with a new ardour and a new vigour in him. His handsome face, his smile, gave a pinch to her heart as of a recognition followed by loss. She moved suddenly ; her whole self was in a glow, and Helen drove her home a transfigured creature.

“ Here do I pledge the dearest friend in golden wine !” cried Iris, and she was palpitating, quivering with life. “ See, let us pretend as children. Do you not hear the swirling waters of the Nile and see a moonlight night ? It is the evening before the dawn and all the murmuring ecstasy of living souls united is on the earth. Hark ! to the clash and the ring of arms. It’s my Lord has come. The Lord of my heart. Oh ! I am fey—I am fey to-night.”

She drank half the wine poured out into her glass.

“ Here’s to my wasted years, my lost good days. Here’s to the peril of what I *demand* to come from the Infinite.” . . .

“Take care! Take care, my child—Iris—” cried Helen, catching the mood of fire. “Don’t play with what you do not understand.”

“But *I do* understand! I cry out to those who watch and know. Why should I not live!? Is it life to have had the irony of a handsome sensualist, a self-destroyer, for the Father of one’s child. Is it life to know of a little dead grave . . . and the poison of men’s homage—men who have *called* it Love, and never troubled to know the *me*! If I am greater than what I see—if, as you know, I am the child of flame, then to someone I am mate, and I can touch the glory and ecstasy of a Love which, born of the spheres, nourished in the glowing rose of that unseen world, folds out each petal and each leaf in me till the canker and the worm of all the toil and dust of a maddening union of convention, lust, and strife are shown as the mockery of the very intention of the God who, though called the God of Love, has seen the swirl of the gutter in the gnawed bones and slime of the outrages on mankind. In very truth are men’s and women’s hearts but bleeding,

perpetual sacrifice. The harp has long been dumb, but the cry of a woman shall stir all the strings and live! live! live in Harmony Divine. I cry out for it! I demand it of Fate, of God!—Of whom you will.”

The long-stemmed, delicate glass trembled in her hot little fingers and broke at her feet. She had turned giddy and faint.

Helen caught her in her arms.

“You have suffered too much. Your soul and heart have been too much bruised. You do not see as I can see with clearer eyes.”

“And I do not want to see,” replied Iris, panting a little, and pressing her back a little. “Am I not strong enough to control my Fate?”

“Hush, dear, hush! I seem to feel an unseen Presence near you, and I fear.”

“For whom?”

“*For you*—and all the world. *If 'tis a message . . .*”

* * * *

Does it not seem impossible to conceive that, surrounded by conventional rooms, pink hangings and the paraphernalia of

ordinary life, the "Through" is not beyond but mingling and intermixing with every breath we draw. Out in the open, in the width and breadth of space, it is easy to establish this mystery of union with an Infinite which is dearer than life, being our very life, and thus poured into us, which we accept as a *visible* Presence through the medium of the rays of the sun, air or scent of flowers; that great unknowable and greater Self which has no limitation, no tethered binding of the panoply of mockeries and convention. Here, closer than Hands or Feet.

In her bed Iris lay as if asleep, conscious of that extending mystery of delight which had come to her in the delicate vibratory sensation of finer forces at work. The great Within is a live wire to be connected with the great Without. These moments of ecstasy have been known by all those who in idealism and purity of life and thought have come out as prophets, seers and teachers. The opening out of a consciousness into the elements of finer nourishment and vitality from the Infinite, this constitutes the secret enchantment of

the soul, but allied to it is the danger of the great rush of new creative joy and new creative force.

Iris saw her own body sleeping, and with a joy bubbling over in her lightness felt the guiding of the invisible Hand. Glory, Radiance and Power were in this new atmosphere, a dazzling light, and she was Through, drawing a great breath like one who had dived into deep waters.

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“Come with me to the land of peace and perfection, where all move in the rhythm and the harmony of the melody of the spheres, and where the great ones watch to teach their beloved children of the earth.”

Iris was conscious of this great group who waited to receive her. Bathed in clouds of rosy fire, she passed through to the land which she felt was Home. Led by a guiding hand she sat herself like a child amongst those resplendent figures.

“If you have courage and much love you shall not fail. Child of Flame, you shall return to be again a Child of Earth. Listen to the voice of wisdom. From all time thy soul and his have met, been

parted, now to meet again. Great shall be thy trial, but greater still thy love. Wilt thou stay, O child of flame ?”

Again that mysterious sighing whisper as of a coming presence, again a quick pang at her heart.

“ Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” . . .

“ Set me as a seal upon thine arm.”

“ There is poison and yet there is healing in the cup,” went on that deep kind voice. “ In many strange paths has he trod. Are you willing to follow ?”

“ I am willing.”

“ To bind up a heart and cleanse all wounds, to go out for the world and bear sorrow, pain for that sake without reward ?”

“ I am ready.”

As she spoke she saw the figure of Murray Compton coming to her from a great cloud of shadows. She sprang up to greet him, then shrank away and covered her face. Yet could she feel that strong form bending over her and the whisper :

“ This is Heaven. We have met at last.”

* * * * *

She winged her flight downwards to earth, these words ringing in her ears, | "the child of Venus, the star of flame with a torch of light to set on fire a heart with a pure white flame of love.

"For the cup holds poison and holds healing too."

And when she awoke she sat up like a bride of the morning and cried out with joy to hear the music of his words in her heart at last. Was it someone who understood? Was it real at last — at last? . . .

CHAPTER IV.

A Man and His Moods.

7th February, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Delorme,

I really think I ought to start a Diary. Not a mere Journal of the nice young lady's ordinary kind that shall be an elaborate epitome of the commonplace. But, since I have spent the greater part of my energetic life (in my spare time) in writing fiction of varied kinds, including interviews and graphic accounts of things and happenings that are always so stimulating to the public and so beneficial to a writer's reputation (!) why should I not write *fact* for a change? Fact is traditionally supposed to be dull and commonplace. But it is not so—at any rate to me. And I am tempted to add that is only to the dull and common-

place that fact is ever of that complexion. But, of course, it is! When a fool looks into the pages of the Book of Life and he sees that an ass looks out, he had better look to it that he is not holding up the mirror and not the Book of Life before him! So many strange things occur to me—so many bewildering facts constantly and continuously seem to intermingle themselves into my life that for sheer interest (to myself) I feel almost forced to write them down. Fiction is drivel in comparison with the events of everyday—if they be regarded with anything more than the merely superficial glance of an utterly conventional mind or idle *flaneur* who draws from premises in Piccadilly that unalterable conclusion that Life is as *he* finds it.

I also feel that I ought to keep a Diary for reference: for notes and jottings for possible future fiction or writings. What an effort of memory it would save if I ever became famous! Awful thought!! Yet I might. Several quite sensible persons of my acquaintance have prophesied it in foolish moments. “Many a true word

spoken in jest," etc. And all the more probability since I don't in the least desire fame or a paragraph every morning in the paper, describing my movements and peculiarities. Do you smile? But I *don't*. For Fame is more impossible to live up to than respectability or an Ideal. We should be permitted to *build our own statues*. That would give us something to live up to. And they could be taken down at the expiration of the lease if we failed to achieve anything in proportion to their relative size or importance as regards situation. I know I deserve—something: a sort of medal or a cross of some kind, perhaps. But then, you see, the real reason why most people who have achieved crosses and medals and titles have tried to get them and delight in them is that they did not so much want their merit acknowledged as that they desired to see themselves wearing these things. Many men earn medals and crosses who acted "by instinct" and nobly did their duty. That is grand. But it ought not to be the exception. Isn't the real hero or heroine he or she of whom the often painful and prolonged course of action

never becomes known?—*i.e.*, public property. If I had a fine deed or performance publicly acknowledged I'm sure I should want to "keep it up"—to keep up my reputation; and I should be always hunting about for opportunities of earning further distinctions. I should be like an enthusiastic golfer or athlete who became a regular Pot-hunter. I should be a Hero-bore. If I progressed and had to be made a Peer I should have to do something sensational since no further honours lay within my grasp. The public eye on me, I should be forced into marrying a ballet-girl or turning Socialist or something equally dreadful. Ambition is a tyrant!!!

So I must keep a Diary in order to shew that the "average" man can have as thrilling and sensational a life, and one fraught with as many, and *relatively* many more, difficulties and responsibilities, etc., than the average Hero or Exalted Person.

Moreover, having always been a student of Human Nature, I shall not fill the pages of my Journal with lengthy descriptions of magnificent scenery and still more magnificent parties and receptions which

the Guide Books and newspapers supply ad lib. for the contemporary novelist and historian. But I shall be able to weave a subtle network of the threads of the individual lives of those around me which are generally left as loose ends and get inextricably entangled. Individuals, living at the rate at which we all do to-day, invariably forget what they say and nearly as often what they have done. The latter is not very important—to themselves. It is what you say that is of importance. In action hardly anybody achieves anything worth remembering. But for a brilliant remark or a distinguished conversation where is the Boswell? Quantity has taken the place of quality. Everybody appears more or less to say and do exactly the same things. They talk because they have no time to think. And they will say the same things in half a dozen different ways which is very tiresome and finally appears to exhaust the subject. It doesn't. But it does exhaust the listener. Lady W— always tells me the same story three times, no matter how often or how seldom I have seen her. She is like my old housekeeper

who invariably led off the conversation (on those days when I permitted any small-talk when she was "laying breakfast") by recounting to me the remarks her husband made to her just before he died. It was a sort of standing "bill" before the Curtain rose on the Drama of the day. This comes from undeveloped brain function. Nothing to do with old age. Every old woman, if she has lived sensibly, ought to be just as intelligent—and more so—than she was at thirty-five.

But this is a digression. I have answered your question in a very non-obvious manner, as you see. But I hate the obvious. Hence my threat to keep a "Diary of Facts." People *think* they are leading very "obvious" lives. There the fun of the thing to the looker-on (and possible chronicler) comes in! Oh! the quaint and startling lapses 'twixt cause and effect. They think life *so* simple: and so "odd" when things don't exactly come off!

My pen has run away with me this time. Rum sort of letter! The length of this letter is to be accounted for by the "appointment" with me for 11 o'clock. In

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connection with a good many matters I've had some considerable experience recently of our business-men in the City and I'm bound to confess I'd sooner make appointments with women ! No wonder England's getting left behind in the race for wealth and Commercial ability. There is a want of initiative, a slackness, a want of enterprise all through from the top to the bottom. But *you* don't want politics ! And yet you once gave me quite enough of it to afford me food for reflection and rumination. There's a private bill you'll hear of soon, that will amuse you, to be brought before the House for "saving daylight." The idea is so English ! Briefly, put your clocks on an hour or two and deceive yourself that it's ten o'clock when it's eight so as to "rise with the lark and with the lark to bed" as the American poet puts it, and there you are ! Roundabout sort of method this. Better if people in this country could *realize* that if they got up earlier and went to bed earlier instead of amusing themselves every night, things might go better all round. But, as an eminent Divine once put it, the Englishman hasn't got ideas ; only

an hereditary obstinacy. The Englishman thinks about a thing for a month, while his contemporary in the States or in Europe is doing it inside of the week. The days of roast-beef, plum-pudding, solidity and conventionality are over. God help England—and, to close, God bless *you*.

MURRAY COMPTON.

Sunday, 9th February.

My dear Mrs. Delorme,

I'm sending you tickets for the "Sicilians." You'll enjoy it. I can't go. But I feel in a thoroughly Sicilian mood myself—that is to say I am behaving as though I had been electrically charged with a stupendous amount of energy and dynamic force. Force of circumstances compelled me to finish up all my work in Town and pack and clear off to-night to Scotland on a special mission.

I wish I could go with you to the Sicilians. You *enjoy* things so much—so healthily: and so much seems to come out of everything you do or even say! You create the most extraordinary cyclones around you—of thought and energy. Yet you're not a

“disturbing factor”—do you understand me? This isn't the preamble to a love-letter. But I've never come across anybody like you. Yes, I know; that always flatters a woman. I suppose you've heard it a thousand times. But you know how the “sparks” fly when we are talking. One subject suggests another—and, like me, you seem to be vastly interested in *everything!* You seem to grasp such a lot intuitively and half the time to be talking like somebody who doesn't belong to this world! I can't explain—only feel. You're so confoundedly intelligent and quick I haven't time even to think if I ought to—or want to pay you a compliment. I don't *really* know in the least if you are good-looking or pretty. I don't believe I should recognise you in a crowd. *Voilà!* That's a test of friendship. Are we friends? I really don't know that either. We have met—what is it—*twice?* Yes, once at Lady L's and the Carlton. Well, I feel as if I'd known you for fifty years. No, that's scarcely a compliment either! But it's as good as truth. Anyway I've lived long enough to know that there are things one

can't explain. I've lived on emotion and ham sandwiches and luxury and ideas and the work of brain and hands. But it isn't born—this feeling about you—of pretty clothes, smiles, Carlton dinners or emotion. I don't think I can afford to be emotional ever again. It makes a fool of somebody—always. I can *express* it. Yes—in a book or a play or for the world's amusement.

By the way, — has read my play (you didn't know I ever wrote a play, I suppose) and been very flattering about it. But he won't produce it. This is the second of our leading A.M's. who has appreciated my work, but there's always a something wanting. I'm almost persuaded that I'm a ghastly failure. But I am obstinate and shall *never* acknowledge the word. I'm really rather a ridiculous caricature of a creature. You're good enough to say I'm physically and mentally sound—"honest, sober, willing and obliging," and all that. Add facility for doing everything that I have attempted—music, languages, literary work, drawing, speaking in public. Result, everything crumbles to pieces. I always seem to be doing many things for other people and

never benefitting myself. You know; what the world calls "getting on." They want to see you making money, not making efforts to achieve ideals. Once slip out of your groove and there seems no getting hold of the wheel of Life again. They begin to look on one with suspicion. The world wants to be assured you are getting a salary, not ideas. One then begins to play a double part—to appear outwardly as though one were making at least two thousand a year, and at the same time waiting for a fitting opening for one's abilities. You know in these days it's a terrible drawback to be a "gentleman!" I mean that a man with an Eton and Oxford education, who has held a good position and been able to spend his thousand a year, and has plenty of friends, etc., etc., is *useless*, once the unforeseen accident has left him *planté là*. If one has committed a crime or been concerned in a sensational episode, there is always notoriety to fall back upon. But when one has been swindled and cruelly deceived by exceptionally brilliant scoundrelism under very peculiar circumstances, there is little or

nothing to fall back on. The friends who could, perhaps, help one, don't believe things are so bad as they are ; and those who can't help one talk about one in that commiserating spirit of morbid compassion that is quite enough to damn one for ever in the ears of those who happen to listen to such lamentations.

If there is one thing more antagonistic ever to achieving anything it is that people should *pity* a man's condition and put on mourning for his failures with every expression of countenance they are capable of every time his name is mentioned. The look that gives a man courage and a new hope must come from the *soul*—whether of woman or of man. But most people seem to have no souls. They only have fashionable complaints or unfathomable expressions. The only thing to do is to force the pace and *stand alone*.

I'm a born fighter—up to a point. If I had more self-reliance, I believe I should do. Yes ! I suppose that's what everyone has to come face to face with at some time of life—"do you believe in yourself, your ideals, your attitude towards life, or not ?"

“ If you do, act on it, and the devil take the rest. If not, go and take on some job that somebody else will peradventure find for you to do, and become not only the slave of others but a part of the machinery that they have organised. Sink your individuality and possibly your remaining capital in someone else’s show, and accommodate your own ideas in future to those of somebody else.”

No—a thousand times no ! The very words burn into one’s soul—Good Heavens ! I’m writing a Diary with a vengeance. I rub my eyes—wake up—and find I’m really supposed to be writing to an attractive little woman with a deep mind, the vocabulary of a professor of rhetoric—and by now, if she has got so far—the patience of the patriarch Job !

Now, I must finish packing. I daresay you will have left Town on my return. We may never meet again. (How dramatic I am !) Think of me anyway, kindly, amid the delightful Scots folk and their great grand open spaces in the hills and the busy streets of Glasgow. Politics and whisky ! Two of the greatest curses that ever beset

any country—and I don't know which upsets one's liver the most.

Later on I shall be speaking on the Licensing Bill—and so fairly making a blend of the two. What a wonderful game it is! The politician easily produces figures to show, thanks to the craving for alcohol, we get out of Clubs and Pubs the wherewithal for our Army and Navy.

Meantime other authorities shew that the decadents, criminals, paupers and lunatics produced by drink cost us half this amount. So that you can put it like this; for every soldier and sailor you pay to go to the front, you pay one civilian to go to the devil. And they call this political economy! When women have got the vote—ah! but I know your feelings about Suffragettes. If we could only get these benighted females to agitate about social questions instead of screaming about their "rights" it would be something. You can no more stop stupid and unhealthy folk getting drunk by Act of Parliament than you can stop women talking scandal by law. The only

method is to give people an *alternative* to drinking (or talking scandal), to give them bright, cheerful, amusing and intelligent recreation in lofty, clean rooms where clean, bright intelligent people will go among them. But if you shut them up in small, confined "public-houses" with no alternative but "another pint" or another two-penn'orth o' gin or brandy *do you blame them?*

Men and *women* may stop British work-
ingmen (and women) from making brutish
swine of themselves; but Governments—
never!

I'm not treating you to extracts from
any speeches I propose to make on licens-
ing! Oh! no. Far from it! I shall be
talking a lot of claptrap about the wicked-
ness of Liberalism trying to rob the luckless
investor and the rights of legitimate trade
interests, etc., etc. As long as there is
money to be made, anything that excites and
promotes immorality is sacred. We draw
dividends on Corruption, and, meekly pay-
ing our tax, turn our faces the other way.
Well, I must conclude. The politician has
the *man* by the neck and won't let him

go! So the man must make a bolt or he'll lose his train to the North.

Au revoir.

MURRAY COMPTON.

February 7th.

My dear Mrs. Delorme,

I'm glad you understood that I had no need to apologise for writing to you. It is inartistic to apologise, and so *banal* to try and explain. I hope I shall never fall so low. I make no apology for myself even, and have long ago ceased to try to find an explanation thereof.

Yes. I did go by the Highland Railway. and feasted on all that mighty and imposing Nature-picture. I've been breathing real air and seeing the process of making whisky. It's most interesting, but too complicated to write about in a letter. To think that the innocent grain should finally emerge as *that!* From a field of barley to a pile of barrels in the Bonded warehouse. Ye Gods! If one could kill Drink at the cost of drinking only soda water, tea, and gingerbeer for the rest of one's life, would one hesitate?

You can stand and moralize over it till you feel *sick*. We make such a fuss over morality (with a big M, please) that we have a Licenser of plays. But there's no Licenser of foods and drinks !

Well, a Manager rarely knows a good play when he sees it: but, it seems, the Censor rarely knows a bad one ! And yet books are published (unto the third and fourth generation—I mean edition) that are a scandal not only to literature but to decency. British humbug ! We are a lot of besotted hypocrites. The British nation is degrading itself into a blind, greedy, materialistic and selfish stupidity, half emotional and half pseudo-scientific. Its one-time prudishness was even more tolerable. It apes the frivolity and volatile *insouciant* impropriety of the Gallic spirit, labouring heavily to the ungainly antics of an abandoned and overdressed hussy. It is thoroughly *déclassé*. No wonder our aristocracy—or what is left of it—prefers the stage illusionment to real life, and picks its flowers for the matrimonial bouquet from the hedges rather than from the hothouse and cultivated garden. It

likes these to be a bit "wild." Unless we soon start a Society for the education of young husbands, the women will deteriorate in a score or so of years. There are so many women and so few (eligible) men. As a friend of mine said to me the other day: "Talk about running after women! Why the women run after one so *openly*, my dear boy, that I'm *seriously* thinking of taking to aviation."

It's certainly the only *elevating* process to be met with nowadays. I mean it. If you set out to cultivate the "refining social influences" it's rather like the French gardening system — you go to a lot of expense and have very little to show for it. The modern conscience no longer hovers artistically upon the borderland of Duty and Pleasure, but merely oscillates between a garage and a restaurant. Once one counted for something, perhaps. Nowadays one is only counted—as a possible fourth at a Bridge party, or a potential unit of slaughter at a shoot. Everything is scientific and professional. One's friends used to bring one shooting. Now one's shooting brings one the friends. Charlie

B—— last year left out your friend —— because he couldn't afford to have his birds missed. You objected to that. But you don't grasp these things. I do. Charlie B's birds, like Lady B.M.'s girls, are reared at great expense—for the *market*—not for friends and guests to admire and have “a certain amount of sport with.” And if they don't get to the market on a given occasion in each season, the thing's a “fizzle” in very vulgar modern slang.

Yes, it's all dreadful. Idealists like you and I ought to shut our eyes to a lot. But it isn't really at all a practical thing to do—is it? And, as you always say, a *practical idealist* is the *summum bonum* to aim at.

Do I keep Lent? What an odd question! I suppose, however, it's only your delicate way of alluding to the way I patronized your game pie! I fail to see how poor dear L—— does her soul any good by giving up sugar in her tea all through Lent. I gave it up once for a week and have eschewed it ever since. Why mortify the flesh according to the calendar and not according to reason *at all times?*

I see no connection between salt fish and salvation. If people *really* fasted for forty days the doctors also would go starving, and figures, as well as those of the weekly Books, would go down! There's nothing like it. But its hygiene, not holiness. It is just beginning to dawn upon people that five meals a day is not sanity but suicide. I believe you eat next to nothing—ever. And that that's why you are so clever! The brain and nerves want the food. The body only wants sufficient heat.

Am I writing a letter or a medical treatise??!!

That's very interesting what you say about our *independence*. I am an individualist—to the backbone. But I see the limits of that. What I mean is that it appears to me that Life is really to each one of us just the sum of our relationships. We have no absolute independent and self-centred existence. Everything is *related*. I am that which I am in relation to others. Just so in our view of parts of Nature and the Universe "external to" ourselves. We (and they) are all part of an eternal order

which runs through the entire Universe. Goethe expresses this. Plato expresses it. The universal mind is known because expressed in Nature, Art, history and conscience—through them. So the Infinite mind, as expressed through us, is (to us) a Personality. Hence our ideas of a God—the great Personality. So that this relationship, and all conceivable relationships, are the only conceivable realities in life. See ?

Extract from Murray Compton's
Note Book.

February, 1908.

How is this? I said I would keep a diary. Wrote and told Iris this, I remember, in my last letter. Yet was I conscious of what I really meant? Since it seems I must unlock the inmost chamber of my very soul to write anything worth noting down just now. All else seems cheap and commonplace. Some door, hitherto unopened, has admitted me and I have passed within.

I!—who have all my life thought deeply, as I imagined, on many things. I find at this hour a hidden place where even that

one soul I have always thought my own may not enter—that held the secrets of my life and of my heart. Is it possible? Is it real? Yet ever since that meeting when I met Iris Delorme for the first time that Sunday evening *something has happened*. That is all I can say. It was no chance meeting. Three times I crossed the road and returned.* And then I went in. Just an afternoon call at a house I had been asked to dozens of times; only because, this time, a friend of mine, might be there—a man I had met and stayed with in the country. We sat—five or six of us—and talked over tea. I glanced round. There was nobody very interesting, I thought. A little woman I had not spoken to sat on the sofa by the fire. I got up to go. “Let me introduce you to Mrs. Delorme — Mr. Compton.” Some idle gossip. Then a sympathetic note struck, I was interested. “We shall meet again, Mr. Compton,” she said, in quite an

* Note.—As will be seen in Part II. these words proved to be absolutely correct. ‘Signor’ has stated, *since these words were written*, that it was part of his mission to bring these two together. [Eds.]

ordinary voice. I thought no more about it—*then*.

Then she wrote, quite briefly. "What was the matter with me," she asked, "that afternoon?" I had betrayed something I did not even feel! Yet not an impertinent questioning. Rather the delicate probing of a mother, a sister, an intimate physician. And I had written—I know not what.

There is no bewitching, no fascination. I am true to my deepest convictions. I wrong nobody. I have begun to feel no thrill of mere emotion stealing anything away from me that is not akin to the highest. And yet—and yet. What is it?

There is an infinity of meaning in all this that I am deeply sensible of. How dare I allow anyone to think that all is not well with me? Have I not affection and well-tryed friendships and am I not thereby encouraged, giving and receiving through the purest desires and symbols, to combat any material ills and all adverse circumstances?

How then, if a comparative stranger so assault me?

Yet I do not resent it. It is true then? Am I, *au fond*, disturbed, restless, unsatisfied? . . .

Yes. There are depths I have not plumbed. The door to the inner sanctuary is opened. And I see and feel that the waters at the source are troubled. I am strangely overshadowed by I know not what, and my soul is longing for something it has not got, and a greater passion stirs me as I cry aloud: "There is something *more* that I demand." . . .

I said I would keep a Diary of facts, events, thoughts and new born ideas. But my pen is motionless. Something is stirring that is moved by forces yet unseen—unknown. My horizon is full of possibilities. But I am dreaming! I must be up and doing. Perhaps my looked-for moment has arrived and the aspirations and ideals, the hard work and strenuous fighting of years is about to mature in something tangible and definite at last. I am in earnest, anyway: I am obstinate. What I have felt is the call to battle. I *can* achieve and *will*. . .

* * * * *

Iris had caught herself living for but one thing in the day, the hour that brought

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the postman to the door. How warmly the sun had glinted that morning on the blue bosom of the ocean, and when this afternoon it seemed as if there were that murmuring promise, the pushing out of every bud and leaf, the creating of the everlasting new: Iris had found she was waiting for she knew not what. In every letter the soul of the man was closer to hers. It was as if she were walking down a corridor of life and opening with a key closed doors to her own existence hitherto undreamed of, unexpected. It was almost riotous this tumult which came from the Beyond, and she knew by the extraordinary fine perception which she possessed that the tumult, being creation in some form or other and a disturbing influence, yet must hold within it life—re-creation in some form or other. That there was intense suffering, disappointment and disillusion in this man's life coupled with a great and lofty spirit, she had no doubt. As she came downstairs that afternoon all this in an undefined way was in her heart. The soul of the man was growing closer in some mysterious bond. She heard the letter fall into the

box, and from thence (it was heavy) on to the floor. It was the only letter; and she waited. Then as she ran forward and took it up, she saw the writing which already had become so dear to her. Her little fingers throbbed as she touched the envelope: Then she turned like a girl and ran up the stairs to her own room. Often and often in after days that moment came back to her. She sat with it in her lap almost afraid, yet eager to open it: then suddenly she opened it, and it seemed as if a great shadow enveloped her, and as though she were sitting in a black cloud and heard a woman's gibing laughter.

February 17th.

My dear Mrs. Delorme,

Are we, I wonder, ever going to meet? Shall I tell you? I catch myself looking forward to your letters like a schoolboy waiting for his holidays. I've had a breathing space over my work in the Highlands and it has done me good—qualified by a philosophical treatment imposed on mind by self and will. I want to regain my poise. Reliance on Self is all, but it is taking me by

long and weary marches, fights, sieges, fastings and bitter experiences. . . . How sick one gets of being the tool and appanage of others. I am sick of all that. Why are we to be born again if only to dissipate the stored energies of countless unremembered lives? Am I a lost tribe, all rolled into one? Sometimes I *feel* the many characters I've been, and all is different; and then, logically, too, I seem to have experienced *all*. Sometimes I ask where have I missed my firm foothold and failed to get rich in experience and in perception? The luxury of feeling and seeing and loving everything is all too little. Is life only for this? To work, build, learn and yet say "You are still a fool." I pause. Is it seed time? I await the harvest. Where is life, progression? Do you understand? Beyond the warp and woof of Life's so many conflicting thoughts, emotions, so many seeming contradictions, there gleams a glance from eyes. . . . How to fill this blank! Is it test of character, latent real strength, occasion to prove the identity and reality of this so-called Self. Should one let it have its fling, lose it, burn it, or is it smouldering

for a new fire? Forgive me, I did not know I had spilled so much ink: only now I'll let go. You understand, I believe, so much. I wish you were here. Have I not seen your sense of humour and know that your own sufferings have made you extra human? Life is so serious, one is tempted to laugh at it. Better laugh with it. I have tried not to shirk my part as a player in this strong play or drama. There is a thing that sits beside me night and day that never utters nor yet seems to guide nor shew the way. Is its name Faith, or Hope? I have been shut in by an iron curtain. Can I raise it? Let me come down and see you if it's only for a few hours. Will you?

Yours,

MURRAY COMPTON.

* * * * *

That night Iris slipped out into the meadow that ran down almost to the sea-shore. A great red moon rose high in unearthly splendour. She held in her hand her Egyptian scarab, and wound her thick gold cord round her head. Possessed by a mad thrill of emotion and memory, she walked

alone, unconsciously communing with the soul of the man she was learning to love, restless, afraid, tormented, yet with a glow of infinite peace rushing through her veins to the mystery of which she did not yet hold the key; and this was her reply, written without beginning.

“ A thousand years ago you spoke to me like this. I do not know what it all means, but yet I feel like one who is gazing through the storm and chaos of a sea and looking into deep pools below. There is peace for a soul like yours; there is a glorious hope. You have your fine brain, your great sense of perception and your heart. If there were something nobler still—that something which silently springs out to me as you write and as I read—then my answer is that here, by the waters enclosed by the hills, I may listen to you if you will come, and you shall pour out again to me, even as you have done before, the throbbing *pain* of all you feel. There is no failure. The moment we recognise that, I think we find our strength. I feel very strange, too, about this meeting. And your letter—swiftly as an arrow it came to me, and Time was swept away.

Where and when before did I hear that
cry to me for help, and how did I reply ?

IRIS DELORME.

Then followed the idyll of their lives,
for he came. He stayed in a house over-
looking the water quite close to hers, so
that, throwing the window wide open or
going on to the balcony, she could step out
and wave her hand good-morrow.

What a week ! the sun bursting out in
glory ; walks and talks through woodland
and through dale ; breathless moments when
hands touched hands in silent ecstasy
and the whole world rose up to sing a
Paeon of praise that the souls of two long-
severed lovers had met. There was not
a word nor a breath to disturb the harmony
and rhythm of those hours which marched
to love's music. Under the trees in the old
castle courtyard, in the Pleasaunce, they
read philosophy and poetry that kindled the
blood with new ardour and stirred their
profound imagination. They ate cream
and bread and jam like children, while
the birds twittered love songs in the
trees bursting into life. They stopped by

hedgerows to caress each growing flower; they breathed in the Divine and swam in the joy of their own powers in recognition. They were delirious with the happiness of this unity of mind, and found a store of unknown speech in mirth and praise of life.

One week—those seven days passed like a dream, yet filled to the brim. They could not pause to think where Nature herself had not paused in her glory to throw the mantle on this pair of lovers. He would not give himself time to hesitate or think. It was enough; his twin soul walked by his side. How did they part? How tell it?—with the promise of many meetings in their eyes and the splendour of knowledge of the work in life to do. She, rich in her stores given to her by him from his brain. He, enriched again by the quick response; it was the tearing asunder of bow and violin. And silent he turned again into the train. When he arrived in the murk and dusk of London, his feet felt like lead. Again, a letter, nay several, lay waiting for him, but he left them and strode up to his room. He took out, as carefully as a woman would have done, the wild heather and the blooms

that spoke of peace, sweetness and a new-found delight. He sat down hearing still that little laugh of glee murmuring in his ears, the fond whisper of a love that was gained, and of the trust, ah! the trust and the faith—and he wrote:—

Here is the answer to your little whisper.

A lifetime has been put into this week. The man spiritual breathes deeper and lives fuller. No struggle now and fighting desperately with time, people and place. I feel all *that* is passed. The old playthings do not exist for me any longer, and the spirit has grown young again. You have done more for me than I can ever tell. I know how fortunate I have been to be "permitted" to meet you, to get to know you and love you in such a marvellous, in such a deep and *unusual* way. You seem to me, like a bride of the soul with music of the spheres, to hymn the nuptials which as yet cannot be attuned to flesh and blood.

Yes, we are "on loan." But we will try and work together and do so much. There *shall* be no failure. You make life as I have thought of it, as it might have

seemed possible. You are loved of the Gods more than I. They lend you to me to lighten my path and my dark hours, and I shall always "tread on flowers" upon the path towards that place whither you are going.

MURRAY.

POSTSCRIPT.

" If it be Love that all the tangled hours
 We spent together *there* in harmony
 Were gathered as one binds the winter flowers
 To bring again the scent of spring-time memory—
 If it be Love to linger in the place
 We last together look'd upon in joy,
 And, musing, see the magic of your face
 Pure as fair marble wrought with fine alloy—
 If it be Love to hear sweet music thrill,
 And, intertwined, the whispered melody
 Of one soft voice that calls to me until
 The music and the voice tells of strange ecstasy—
 If it be Love to look into the night,
 Wondering at world on world the Heaven above,
 And seem to touch your soul in the soul's flight
 To God—and Peace—Then haply this *is* Love."
 Murray Compton.

And the woman, reading this, trembled exceedingly, for the great secret of love had entered into her living soul, and she knew that the fair land and the sea and the mountain would hold her life no more. Silently he had called her to his side.

April.

Murray Compton's Diary.

I have learnt to know that it was no sport of chance that meeting with Iris. I have come to know and to understand her and to trace her life back, chapter by chapter, episode by episode, almost in exactly parallel lines to my own. A *marvellous* duplicate that leaves coincidence far behind. What, then, is this mysterious friendship that seems to sound a note as yet unheard in all the gamut of friendship or love, affection or desire? It clashes with no element of time or place. It neither robs nor demands. It does not beg, borrow or steal—from any or from aught. It comes “as the mysterious dew from Heaven”—to heal, to interpret and to cheer.

She is so merry and so childlike ; yet so wise, perceptive and penetrating. She is unlike most other women. She never seems to need an excuse, an artifice. She seems to flit between the heavens and earth, but more the child of the world beyond than any daughter of old earth. And I am not madly in love with her ! How could I be ? I'd be a lover anyway. But I'm not. Yet

why ask if one *dare* keep a friendship such as this, at once so inspiring, helpful, purifying and as though a gift from the Gods! I will keep the good things that I get. It is not often in life one is over blest with this quality of circumstances. Life is terribly hard—yes, terribly serious—yet one tries not to shew it. One *must* keep always cheery, outwardly. That helps the others as well as oneself. But all the more necessity to ponder and weigh it deeply when alone.

I am feeling the seriousness and terrible relentlessness of Life just now very deeply. Thank God nobody knows—except Iris, and she knows everything. This is the reward, I suppose, of always telling the truth and expecting it to be told her: that she seems to read one's inmost thoughts. Yes, she is highly clairvoyant. A great faculty, if rightly used. A dangerous thing, though, for most people, this truth telling! I have known what it is to have good women friends—I like women. I get on with them. And what good friends they can be! Never mind the many exceptions. If you treat them as they ought to be rather than as

they are you bring out the very best, at any rate, even if you get some falls. Women are splendid beings! But their splendid qualities don't get enough free play. We are always playing down to the lower side of their natures. No, not always. *We are* brutes though. *I've* learnt it many times. Yet I know if one appeals to the best in them one invariably feels a better man. And this is the case with Iris. Talking to her, after mixing with your average smart Society butterfly, is like having a mental shower-bath. One feels so refreshed.

Confound it! I seem to be sitting still and holding my pulse analytically. Yet it is good and rational to analyze at times. Any fool can oscillate between strenuous emotion and a calm and polite indifference in regard to women. . . .

May 30th.

Not much of a Diary! Not much of me left anyway. A mad rush of activity for the past six weeks. A feverish and strenuous up-to-date twentieth-century grind, night and day, relentlessly, stubbornly, fighting every obstacle. Result? Nil. I have toiled all day and caught nothing. I stand amid

the wreckage of hopes, efforts, promise of good returns. All seems chaotic and horrible. I wish I could *understand* it all. There *must* be a deep meaning underlying all this. I am game still: I acknowledge *no* failure. I feel a tremendous impulse within. But, my God! the seeming waste. Is it Karma?—Destiny? Plenty of men go down in the initial battle: plenty fail and struggle on through years. I know all this. History and biography choke full of it. One only hears of the successes. Only success is interesting. But there seems to have been some cruel and relentless magic at work throughout the last four years. I seem to be living and moving in an element of *destructive* forces that ruthlessly dogs one's every footstep. Extraordinary circumstances have come about—even where success and progress seemed assured. Where one had faith and sincerity and strength and determination, all has seemed to be broken vindictively on the wheel of Fate. And then one has sat down to try and see into it all. All is a blank. . . . There is silence everywhere—except out in that busy, pushing, vulgar

A MAN AND HIS MOODS. 65

world of which one knows every trick and artifice by now; that throbbing world where one can pick up friends at every turn, and where one has to smile and laugh and seem at ease and to sham prosperity and comfort at every moment!

But now I will have none of it—on its own terms. I have done with Smith and Brown, Robinson and all the rest of them. One more effort—but *alone*. I'll back myself yet for a place against all the crowd and win—or die as a *man* should. Damn it! I'll have the secret yet. I *will* know. The poor have the tax-payer and the State appliances to help them. But we have to trust to *ourselves*. It is neck or nothing, then—So, draw swords once more and have at 'em! . . .

November.

Nearly six months of blessed peace and rest and *work*. Apart from the crowds—away from Town and the City and all its hideous nightmare of offices and banks and Company Prospectuses and hand-to-hand life-and-death encounters of financial struggle—and all the litter of broken words—blunted consciences and sharp practice.

H

This glorious summer and a "return to Nature" has put fresh life into me—fresh hope and fresh inspiration. Things undreamt of before have crept into my consciousness, and the mystery of things but dimly understood has unfolded itself to my soul in strange half-whispered language from a thousand sources.

There has been a kind of death in me I cannot mourn, and a new birth of some strange and as yet but unformed thing within me. How describe the indescribable? Yet we all know the reality and *presence* of some strange, mysterious and undeveloped force, all deep within us, when it comes. Out of the chaos of a dark, disastrous, formless void, there shows the first faint streak of a Dawn invisible. The very silence makes a music in my soul. . . . My very thoughts have seemingly created a new environment of men and women, of plans tangible and of the substance of my former dreams and hopes.

I have gone out into the Wilderness; I have not been left, after all, to die alone.

I have always held that thoughts *were* things. But between our theories and our

A MAN AND HIS MOODS. 67

regular practice what a gulf, too often! Yet now I can see it—can *realize* its truth.

Strange and odd happenings, too, have added the weight of their testimony. Iris has worked with me, in all this. This subtle telepathic force! We often have upset the calculations of "coincidence"-hunters. In things both great and small our lives seem to be running in parallel lines all along. She is *all* Soul. And do I then so worship *that*? Are all our dreams and ideals true? And is *that* what we really want and desire—is all flesh but the gaudy mockery of our unsatisfied longings and aspirations?

We hold ourselves as Spirit, it is true—theoretically. Is love but the means and not the goal—the end? I think so. Why resent it?

Can one sanely imagine Life and Love are given to one to trifle with—that we may play with souls?

Can anyone who has ever studied Nature, Human Nature, Laws—that has read and thought at all deeply and seriously—imagine that "all the world's a stage: the men and women merely players"—

puppets of impersonal forces that play idly in sport and chance ?

No. A thousand times, no. We use our plummet lines, in Love, Art, Religion, Science—what you will—to try and gauge the meaning of all that lies deep down in the silent depths of Life. Secretly, subconsciously we *know* there is deep underlying Purpose. Who could doubt it that has known the higher consciousness where the soul, feeling its way out, at times, into the mysterious realms of Being, seems to be uplifted into a true reality beside which all thoughts are as dreams, all life as but an inarticulate response—vague shadows to finer substance unretained.

And Iris, how clearly she feels this. How much, in all our talks, has she reciprocated the fleeting fancies and subtle feelings that I have so often seen mirrored within my own soul !

We discuss and dissect ; and analyze—And yet she never strikes a sordid, sinister or inharmonious note in all she touches. She will return to the same subject with the persistence of a professor, and all the illogical waywardness of her sex. Yet never

repeats herself. Always a fresh view, a new source of inspiration. She will seize one of my random remarks, theories or quotations and fly away with it and throw out fresh thought therefrom. What the scientist has painfully acquired, she will get in a moment's illumination, and, in a few fresh sentences of criticism between the acts of a play, will furnish material for half a dozen lectures on the Drama.

Oh! wondrous child—what are you? Of what elements composed? Spiritual sunshine sporting among the flowers—a mad, gay fairy, yet with that mysterious and terrible look of suffering in your eyes. Tears melting into laughter. Music that is half a rippling laugh and half a sigh. Always tender and refined and true. Always giving out the best. One wonders if one had rather have created such a thing or seek to possess it for one's own. Yet how grasp it—it is free as air. Bride only of the soul—Daughter and sister of the Heart in one. . . . Just so I love you. Here let me write it where none will see it. Just so I love you—yet I know not really how. I am almost as happy when

I think of you as when I am close to you
and we are talking and carving our way
through the meshes of a mad world's
illusions, through scientific facts and honest
doubts and all the dangers and difficulties of
this wicked planet.

“ The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me ; as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, when I who thought to sink
Was caught up into Love and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm.

* * * * *

The names of country, heaven, are changed away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here ;

* * * * *

And love is fire ; and when 'I say at need
'I love thee' . . mark ! 'I love thee' ! . .
in thy sight
I stand transfigured, glorified aright.”

* * * * *

CHAPTER V.

Iris in London.

“And Iris, do you know when I think, after all, of the futility of trying to teach people that which they don't *wish* to understand!” . . .

Murray Compton was walking up and down the room: and, as he turned, he could see her soft and yet peculiarly fascinating eyes that always seemed to see beyond, looking at him. This look of searching always disturbed him; for there spoke the soul, unconsciously always making its great demand for purity, fidelity and peace; there spoke something also that was disquieting by the strength of its great slumbering passion; there was always, with her a transient mystery and power, a gentle yet a passionate spirit that to him seemed to be

always silently holding out a golden cup from which he dare not drink. She rested her chin on her hand, and looked down at his "book" which lay in scattered MSS. at her feet; then she spoke:

"It is a fine work, my beloved. There are those who will read it with a pleased ear, not understanding; and those who do understand will see that the reality of joy is really the mystery of life. Is there not a science in the art of understanding which is not given to all?"

He stopped and looked at her, and he felt an unspeakable contraction at his heart. If she only knew, this tender sorceress of his life, the moments of mad sensuous passion and the dominant figure of one who had swept him along against his better self. And yet, even there, had she but known it, he had acted from the wish to give.

Iris unconsciously put out both her hands.

"Play to me," she said with almost a sob in her throat. "There is something very strange here to-night. I feel as if unseen presences were near me; and oh!

Murray, I am coming to the edge of a great pit—what does that mean ? ”

He was too agitated to reply, but he went to the piano. He began to play, at first softly, then louder the melody he so loved. The story of the dead Egyptian Priest rising up to take his newer life. The rattle of the unseen chains could be heard in the minor chords, then the tinkle of the bells for his dead love arose. The music had enchantment: and she, listening, trembled very much, and, as she suddenly rose, she seemed to grow taller. She had unconsciously wound the thick gold cord she wore around her head; the two heavy tassels fell each side; her eyes were glowing and she shuddered and cried out :

“ Murray, Murray, what is this thing that stands between you and me ? ”

He broke off in the last chord. She was transfigured with *pain* :

“ Do you remember,” she whispered, “ a horrible unseen presence that came a month ago and sat shrouded in veils at the end of my bed and cried out : ‘ He is mine. Destroy yourself ’; and how I rose, and, in my sleep, I got my dagger hat-pin, but a

power prevented me. In the morning I found it buried to the hilt in the pillow by my side! Well, I *feel* that stifling presence"—and her voice quivered. "My very soul is shivering and shuddering now within me."

He went to her and clasped her little cold hands.

"Don't," he said in a broken voice. "I can't stand it. But I knew one day I should have to tell you. Yes, dear, there is a chain around me linked with a terrible story. No, I can't go on. But I cannot break it."

Iris pressed his hands hard.

"Listen," she said, and her voice sounded to him like the distant half-forgotten melody of a memory of many bygone years—that peculiar vibrant thrill that is heard when the soul speaks through the voice as it were like the chime of a note of the organ when the incense is swung by the priest and a sacred moment is being fulfilled.

"Listen! you called me the wife of your intellect, the bride of your soul, the spouse of your heart, something beyond any thought of physical ties. We have worked

and thought most profoundly together, and I, I always pictured you the Knight in shining armour. I know that to be the real you, and I have seen, although I have never spoken of it, the silent suffering in your face. But always, always I knew by faith and instinct, that though *captured*, you had yet rebelled. And I wondered, yet would never ask, who had spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine. Shame and mutual sin never drew hearts in truth together. Looking in each other's eyes, they must ever see the secrets they would hide. You say you are chained. *Is* it by honour and *is* it by love? There is nothing fitful nor uncertain in the love that is untiring service. There is nothing transient nor fleeting in the mood that connects the lover with the sun, the moon, the stars, the flowers and the storm, where each completes the other, there never is a doubt and oh! Murray, something hits me like a blow when I think of you understanding, pulsating, breathing, living the real and yet letting anything debasing fire your soul. But since this *is* so, we shall part. For Freedom wears the wings of Heaven. But, Freedom for good or ill?

And in you—I know it as I speak—is the unextinguishable instinct for good. Here where we part, remember my words, you have a great magnetic power, one that can be used as a disturbing influence, one that can be used to destroy the dragon's breath, or else the Power to heal, to redeem and guide—the Power of the sceptre and the shield.”

She ceased and sat back on the sofa, and he went to her and laid his head on her knees.

“Do you mean it? *Must* we part?”

She put her hand softly on his forehead.

“Fidelity—it is the core of life. But without you—oh, without you, how shall I live? For it seems that, from the beginning of our strange meeting, the idyll and the glory of an understanding that brought us to love so much the highest thing was made indissoluble and invincible, created by the Unseen. No, I do not think that I shall live; but, before you go, I call upon those that hear out of great compassion, wisdom and of Love; and I cry out that all guile, deceit or sin be swept away; and so, if in

past lives we were one, now, if we must part, greater than our wills, greater than mine or yours is the thing that will come. But I do not wish to live." . . .

She had sent him away, his heart burning within him, and, in the darkness of the night, he looked up at the silent Heavens with a supreme demand. Truth and Reality were the angels of light. He had poured himself out and spent himself trying to find it; the glorious unquenchable hope this woman had put into him had set him on fire for work, and yet—he was tied. For it could only be by a miracle now that he could discover truth.

* * * * *

Iris stood alone, the poison bottle in her hand, when through the night there came stealing the firm sweet tones of the melody. Someone had heard Murray play it. Someone with firm touch played again the opening bars. The Song of the Priest; each chord spoke and her whole body quivered like a leaf in the breeze. The music was bending her, breaking her. . . . She clasped the phial of death tighter; and the great swinging melody played on. . . .

A sob shook her from head to foot, every nerve was strung up like a human violin. She stood waiting, that summer night. Was it for freedom? The rattle of the chains could be heard, the lover of a thousand years spoke in the music. There came a soft unspeakable radiance into the room. She was conscious of the ecstasy of something new and undefinable. The music throbbed on, the night was silent, one light shone and twinkled in a distant flat. A man who had his own personal sorrows was playing *her* melody and his; she looked again at the phial and took out the cork. "Destroy yourself," said the bitter mocking voice, but the music lulled the pang at her heart. She suddenly, swiftly, threw the bottle far out into the courtyard. What a time it seemed to take in falling—then crash! it was over. She swayed herself and with nervous little hands clutched the curtains near the window. Again that soft white radiant light: then darkness. She turned as if touched by a hand, the music was dying away.

"On thy golden breast." What was this? . . . She fell on her knees. "I

have found my rest after a thousand years."

"Oh, not my will—but thine." . . .

"After a thousand years, I come, I come." She turned. Was it a living man who stood there, big, fair and broad-shouldered, in a velvet coat, a cigarette in his fingers, an artist, surely?

She saw him watching, a little cynical smile curling one corner of his mouth. She was still on her knees, her psychic vision open now.

"What are you? Why are you here?"

"I am Murray's friend. No, you were meant for better things than this. You and he will *not* be allowed to separate. Go to sleep. You can't bear any more just now." . . .

"Your name, your name?" she cried.

"All in good time," he said, quietly.
"The work is but now beginning. I have come to help. . . . It is enough."

* * * * *

The sun was shining radiantly next morning. Iris awoke and looked upon the ring on her finger. Had she dreamed? Then, throwing on her dressing gown, she

went to the morning room. A letter lay on the table in Murray's writing, and in the morning sun she read these words.

"Can we part so easily, Iris? I have walked all the dismal hours of the miserable night. Can you hope to conquer by mad despair? I am dumb. My soul has breathed the cool and the calm of a solace beyond words with you—with you. There never was a secondary thought. Chaos, passion, enslavement have been swept away and I have found an answer to my eternal unrest that I felt I did not dare dispute or question.

"Be patient with me, Iris. True love runs outward to the world, not inward only bodywards. But you know the boyish craving in the soul of every man to be mothered, and some women get us in our weakness; and if—ah! If we have the aftermath—we reap.

"Be patient with me, Iris. Meet me and see me again. This very afternoon. Help me still to make the effort to interpret life. I dare not lose that love and sympathy that I find thrown round me like a veil from all debasing things. But I need help. Strong man as I am, I am bound in chains. Would



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

“Not my will but Thine—.”

IRIS DELORME PRAYING FOR THE SOUL OF MURRAY COMPTON.

Model in plasticine by Signor. [*Vide.* p. 236.]

to God I could get to you in these dark hours ; when I looked into those dear eyes blinded with tears, I saw the reflection of my own folly and my own weakness.

“ But shall I now write *words* only and not put on my armour to go out and fight for the truth, for you, to shelter you and help you? No, Iris. There is help from Beyond. I call on it; I, too, demand it and will live up to the birthright that I claim. See me again. . . .

Your MURRAY.”

It was the afternoon of the same day and Iris sat in the circle of friends who were listening to the interesting discourse on psychic matters. Her heart beat as she heard his voice; he was coming along the corridor. Little did he know the agony of the past hour, for she sat there smiling with the radiance of spirit that is unquenchable, the real part of herself. Men, women and children smiled at her when she passed. Then, as he came in, she felt a slight shiver pass through her, a great shudder quivered through her being, and distinctly a man's voice whispered in her ear :

I

“ You saw me last night. Ask him if he knows the name of H——.”

An overwhelming torrent of emotion swept through her again as he sat down by her side as if they had never parted. If he had only known, those smiling lips might have been closed for ever ; those eyes never might have wept nor smiled for him again, the tender magical voice never have stirred his pulses, as it were, to the music of the spheres. And she, knowing that, shivered again. What had she nearly done—— ?

“ H—— ! ” whispered that unseen voice, imperiously, “ H—— ask him—— ”

She bent over and spoke to him.

* * * * *

From this time the story progresses in the letters and strange interviews of this unknown visitant of Iris Delorme's. He

Note by Authors:

Faithfully and truthfully we present the man's own feelings, the life beyond and the work he came to do ; for not only was he concerned with the personal happiness of this man and woman who had suffered much, but he came to shew the extraordinary sequence and punishment of past sin in their previous high estate—the escape of these two souls out of material bondage in previous incarnation. It is singular and touching to observe how, as his work progressed, his

explains in his own words why he came. The friend of Murray's youth, he enters in as a living, breathing personality; and his own words finish the story of Murray and Iris Delorme.

My darling girl,

Of course I have time to write to you, but there has been something so *inevitable* against which I have been fighting that it was only to-day, when the grey, the blue, the rolling fire of mists swept away, I had the courage to take up a pen. Why ask such a question? and from *you*, as to whether I am happy. Considering this embraces the *Desire* of mankind in one huge devouring flame, is it possible? When Spring was on the land I had my wish, you remember. When the birds mated and

affection for Iris increased; and the three, Murray, Signor and Mimosa (or Iris) work at last as a trinity in unity and in love.

Note by Authors :

[A letter written by Iris to her friend Helen, after her farewell to Murray. But it will have been already seen how Signor, the Artist and Sculptor, came upon the scene and stopped this last tragedy. And how much she owed to him!! . . .]

the warm sap burst the buds into life,
I lived.

I bound a fresh chain on me ; and every day, every hour, nay every moment, I kissed every link—it was forged so cunningly and so well! Never had master-hand wrought so lovingly the marvels of the workmanship—you know the chain, it was Love! One day—how did that begin? It fretted me just a little ; a word, a breath, a look and it *hurt*, my God, it *hurt*, and I went out to my Hills and to my unseen people, you know my old trick, almost a boy's trick of dropping face down on the heather and murmuring out the pain. Dear, the chain became forged in fire, you know all the story! the idyll here, the garden, the moonlight, the walks, an emerald sea, fairy white ships, sailing against the wind or with it! The enchanter's wand on the land, walks, talks, dreams, but *always* to me the inevitable. I am unfortunately built that way. You used to laugh at my *morality* in that "Set," the kind of spiritual backbone which made temptation more easy to resist ; for nothing that bores you *is* a temptation, but which made, shall we call it sin, indulgence,

pleasure, *impossible*: for the soul always stood apart. . . . I tried so hard not to fail, I think you know that; and of course I was warned by *Them*; they came in light, in fire and in warmth, night after night. They even took me and showed me my real home *with* him. Last night they came in grey, sobbing. . . . I shall not escape, dear, no one *could* who knew so much. Does he know? I think not. You see men can take, and take, and love, and *conditions* become normal to men; and the stronger fibre makes resignation (or shall we say weakness) possible.

To women of temperament, never! I believe in every kiss, in every caress, and I have loved too well. One *feels* the end. The prevision of sacrifice, the aftermath of *regret*. Do I wish to take back?

Here comes the philosopher. One cannot: and all the pangs of failure must be borne by the woman *alone*, and we come back to the very fountain head of *morality* in life. I repeat to the man, one love, many loves, becomes, perhaps, the part of his life *he can best spare*, while he has it. Separation, failure of accomplishment, but above all

separation, will give the woman love. *Then* she will get the fire of an eternal longing, the requiem of a soul seeking hers. So, dear, it ends in this. I long to be *out*. Out of my cage. One day (and soon) I hope *they* will come and fetch me. . . . Just think of me as over the Hills and far away. . . . You see you can write an epitaph upon me "a victim of morality," but oh! without a jest; the burden that he *had* a secret was too heavy; and the partings. . . . That killed me. *He* had his work, the world, and many things; but every time I knew what women like *you* would say—all that good women really yearn for in life. It is the feeling of *Belonging*—the fire of Fidelity. If it were not for this, we should many of us be Aspasia, and should we not play merry Hell!!! Is that, after all, the secret of the sexes, this *Belonging*—the Divine Unity? The chain was forged in gold, it was beaten out clear in that glowing furnace from the "Through Land." When I called, *they* always promised. . . . They will not fail. My beloved will come to the Pixie land to remember me. And is it not a comfort to feel one will live for ever in the

memory of the waters, the scent of the flowers, the song of the birds? It is not given always to some women even to be remembered. But, I shall not be there. . . . I must go on, I have failed. He, back to his life, and I—whither ??? . . .

CHAPTER VI.

From Faith to Knowledge.

(Note from Murray Compton's Diary).

February 12, 1909. 10.30 a.m.

As the result of receiving a letter this morning from Iris (Mrs. Delorme) describing a vision last night, I called at her house. The circumstances of the vision struck me as particularly impressive, as there was a reference and a message to me. She described how someone had come and sat on the bed last night and talked to her.

The message was: "Tell dear old Murray I have been earth-bound because of him. But his actions and thoughts have freed me. . . . Yes. I read the book: and that helped me. . . . I was there."

[This refers to a book, still in the publisher's hands, to which I devoted a

great deal of time and attention during the summer and autumn of last year. It only suffices to indicate here that a great portion of it dealt with ethical questions and those relating to Personality and personal identity of "departed" souls—psychological and psychical matters, etc., etc. The MSS. I had, from time to time and again since completion, read to Mrs. Delorme who was very much interested in it.]

We had a long talk on my arrival. I had already an inkling as to the personality from whom this emanated, more particularly as she described him as an artist (in a velvet coat) who kept drawing at an easel all the time he was speaking, and smoking a cigarette (in the holder). This, together with most vivid and accurate descriptions as to manner and voice, etc., confirmed my impressions.

I must here add that, at first, there appeared to be some confusion in the establishment of any distinct identity as far as Mrs. Delorme was concerned. For there were three personalities altogether—this one, the artist, predominating. There was a dark man of Italian appearance who had

a tangled story to tell about his affairs, and kept saying "It's my child—*my* child." There seemed to be some tragedy of romance here. Then again, one of them appeared to be a man, a relative of mine, who died about two years ago. He was an artist. But I came to the conclusion, on putting carefully together all the evidence, that this was not the dominant note of the vision (and the message to me). For his appearance did not fit in with the description; and the manner of speaking and referring to me was not such as he used to employ. And, finally, he *always* smoked cigars, whereas the other *always* smoked cigarettes.

We could make nothing of the third personality—a rather semi-personality; and came to the conclusion that it was a case of objectivized personalities endeavouring (as so often occurs at materialization Séances) to get through the Medium.

I am now fairly certain that it is Gerald Urquhart.

These are the circumstances, as far as he is concerned, that will suffice to introduce him to the reader.

Gerald Urquhart was a friend of mine of over twenty years standing—my greatest friend—and yet I saw him but seldom. Only at intervals; and, especially during the last thirteen years of his life, only at very distant intervals. But there are friends with whom it is not necessary to be in constant and close companionship in order to feel and to know that no circumstances and no distance separates one from them. The threads of life are picked up instantly on meeting them. And the bond is so close that it seems almost trivial, at times, to fill up the intervening periods of absence—the back-numbers of the daily issues of our lives—with all the innumerable episodes and occurrences that have taken place in the meantime. One feels it is their very selves—their soul—their character—their atmosphere, that one wants—not to forge anew the links of a somewhat rusty chain by an effort at absorbing detailed history, nor to wipe away the dust of Time in order to lay bare once more the blurred image of a half-forgotten reality.

Gerald Urquhart, however, was always so active and busy, so full of magnetism

and force, of vivacity and strength—and of what we call animal spirits—that there was usually a very great deal of episode and occurrence to relate when we did meet.

A boy with a giant's frame, a Grecian head, and a muscular body that would have done no injustice to a wrestler in the Olympic games. A man, full-blown, of ripest experience, with a free, gay laugh breathing honesty and truth in every vibration of his full, strong voice: downright and straight in speech and in action. Impulsive, too; yet level-headed. Proud, indomitable; bursting with life and health: always with a cheery laugh and an abundance of chaff ready to disperse any gloom that might have penetrated into the atmosphere of the surroundings. Cynical, too, at times, as one might judge from the curl at the corner of his lips. Yet his honest grey-blue eyes looked you ever straight in the face. He was prepared to back his cynical allusion at a hundred to one and prove it, and end with a roar of laughter and a happy anecdote. And then if anyone remained obstreperous or too serious after this, he

would pick them up and bundle them out of the room—anywhere—through door or window. Horse play? Yes, but so spontaneous and so natural. And he had the strength that while it “ragged” yet protected. Reckless and daring: bubbling over with merriment and good humour, with wit and inventiveness.

He could be Hercules and Puck in one.

Brought up to the enter the Army, he was, almost at the eleventh hour, through family losses and the inevitable calamity that broken Banks and insecure Securities bring so lamentably in their train, left to his own devices and initiative. He flew to Art. For he was by nature a creator and a builder. He worked in England, in Paris, in Italy. Beloved of men and women, now working arduously in his studio; now riding, fencing, boxing, flirting, dancing.

Again, mysterious and secretive, dark moods and all the other side which disclosed the surging and pulsating of the large and strong character of individuality.

Almost from the very first he outstripped his fellow workers, and his labours were rewarded by a place in the Royal

Academy. Then he exhibited in the Salon. Ever impatient of limitation and deterrent influences, he finally crossed the Atlantic and set up his studio in the States, as a naturalized American citizen. There were particular reasons for this. Nothing but a breezy Englishman he lived and worked.

Here were some grimmer experiences and trials than had yet been experienced by that strong heart and iron physique.

But doubts, disappointments and difficulty were washed away for a time in the tempestuous and strenuous pilgrimage to the Far West. One might have filled volumes with the amazing and interesting accounts of his doings out in the far North-West. More disappointment and treachery tricked his path. More brilliant work and dreams that were, alas! clouded by the untoward circumstance and hand of Destiny that even the staunchest friends and greatest admirers failed to dispel. One morning a letter from a friend—a cable, pregnant with ominous import—and then we knew that all was over. Swift and sudden came the truth and we knew we could not, even in the stillness of that chiselled

beauty of the body's last sleep, look upon him again.

* * * * *

A few years have passed since then. And the chant for the dead has gone up from despairing and distracted hearts mingled with the perfume of many a happy memory and endearing action—with the incense of those still smouldering energies and aspirations upon which Death had laid so soon a stronger hand than his.

Truly but a half-finished statue—saddest of all sights !

February 12th. 5.30 p.m.

A note from Iris to say that he came to her again this morning early, when she was trying to puzzle out the meaning of the three personalities, and told her that his guide had "messed it all up."

This is more reassuring. It looks as though the guide and Gerald and some third entity were in the picture at the same time.

From Iris' description I *know* it is Gerald now. This is most extraordinary. Yet I suppose as he cannot get into direct contact with *me*, he has some message to convey through her. She has had no means of ever

coming into contact with him or seeing him: neither has she ever heard me speak of him nor seen his portrait or photograph.

This makes it more real and interesting.

Iris is very much impressed by this: and has never, up till now, had any communication with anyone who has "passed over" in this particular manner since her father appeared to her on one occasion two years after his death when he told her where her husband had hidden a deed relating to some of her own money. Later she discovered further evidence of the possession of true psychic faculties and was enabled to use them to great benefit on behalf of two people who were in great trouble.

There are two great advantages about Iris Delorme's working in this present matter. The fact of her not being a professed medium and her absolute accuracy and invariable fidelity to truth. I don't think I have ever known anyone—let alone a woman—who seems to express the truth so naturally, and who seems to aim less at exaggeration or minimising facts. And this is the more extraordinary, to some

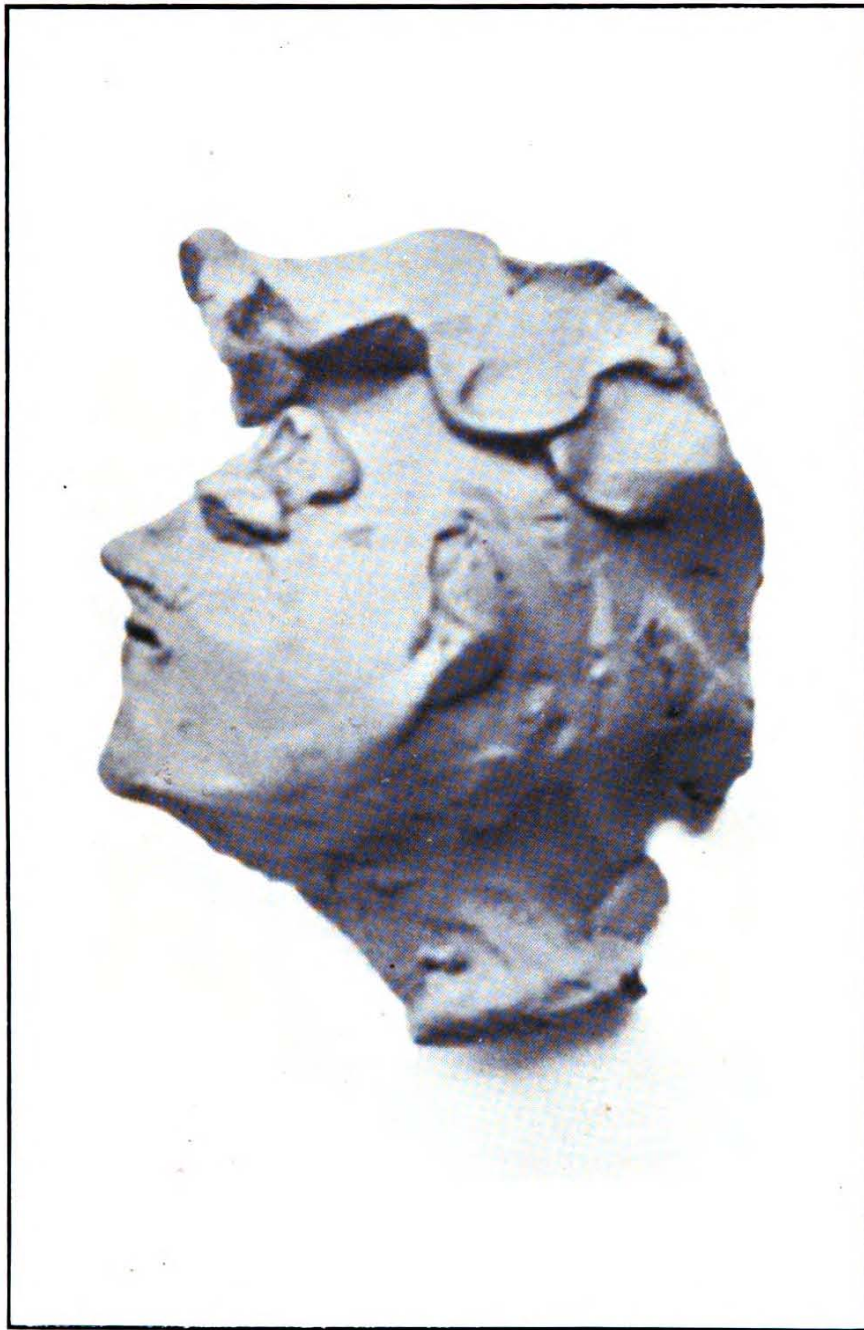


Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

SIGNOR.

Portrait in plasticine by himself. [*Vide* p. 236.]

FROM FAITH TO KNOWLEDGE. 97

people, since she is anything but matter-of-fact or even ordinarily practical and has a good imagination—in the highest sense of the term—and a retentive memory. Recently she has become much more careful and analytical and is not likely to be led into any extremes should these mediumistic faculties open out or continue as regards the present phase. Her health is excellent: and she has never suffered from “nerves” or hysteria in any form.

From experiments, and noting circumstances as they occurred, I have for some time past had innumerable evidences of her telepathic powers. We have sometimes laughed over the seeming absurdity of small incidents in this connection. But they have not always been trivial. On more than one occasion, I have deliberately sent her a “wireless” (as we call it) in place of a telegram, and always she has got the message, usually *word for word*.

Never, surely, did anyone deserve to have entrusted to them the higher faculties better than she. Pure in thought and honest in intention and action, self-restrained, active in body and mind,

K

thoughtful, and with a strong faith in the Divine and Infinite to compass that over which the human and finite so often stumbles so blindly in spite of wit, wisdom and noble impulse, she carries about with her an atmosphere that charms, attracts and soothes. It is the atmosphere of the true healer. The touch of her hand is for him who is sick with suffering, not with "love"; for her whole body is spent in tending labour and despair. There is healing in her voice, too—the voice that, when speaking to a crowd or an audience, quivers with an intensity that is not the studied art of the elocutionist. It is flexible, mysterious, musical; yet in its intensity it suggests that it could never only play with words nor be used to express the artificial, the merely pretty *andantino* of sweet nothings or the *allegro vivace* of subtle superficialities that serve to tickle the ears of society saints and sinners in the drawing-room and the *boudoir*. There is soul: there is intense pathos: shimmering humour: and there is power. What a truly wonderful thing is the human voice! Yet Iris often strikes one as being super-

human—the Super Woman. She seems as though she lived and laughed on earth and often communed with the Gods—their child.

Ah! do we not all of us commune with the Gods? But we do not all listen; nor shew, when we have been listening to them, that we have still clinging around us some of the diviner atmosphere of the great Valhalla.

Saturday, February 13th, 1909 (Midnight).

(Notes by Murray Compton.)

I must scribble down my impressions of the occurrences of to-night at Iris Delorme's house. We had arranged to meet at the house of a mutual friend who had appointed to-night at 7.0 for dinner, in order that he might meet, in a small and very private circle afterwards to consist only of Mrs.— (our hostess) and her friend Miss—, Mrs. Delorme and myself.

This proposed meeting arose out of a talk we had all four had earlier in the week on psychic matters and some psychic phenomena in particular that had taken place at the house of our hostess a few

days previously, which phenomena were of a highly interesting nature and had taken place under the most severe test conditions that have probably ever been made. Iris Delorme had been in a particularly psychic condition, and it was her wish—or rather her whim—for she never, by any chance, would consent to act as a Medium or for materializations—to sit quietly while we did our best to make the atmosphere harmonious and the conditions suitable.

But some hours previously the meeting was postponed by telegram on account of our hostess being taken suddenly ill.

We were to have gone on together after a meeting of a recently formed Psychological Research Society at the private apartments of one of the members thereof in the West End.

During the conference, and while we were listening to the President's reading of a paper describing an intensely interesting revelation "from the other side" by direct writing concerning matters which will doubtless set a great many people interested in psychical phenomena talking, Iris whispered to a lady sitting next to her

FROM FAITH TO KNOWLEDGE, 101

“Ask Mr. Compton, quickly, if he knows the name —” (She here mentioned the Christian name of a relative of mine whose father died two years ago and who appeared to me to be one of the three personalities previously just referred to on p. 89.) I said “Yes. I’ll talk to you about this afterwards.” Iris told me later she felt very strong psychic conditions present and heard clairaudiently the one name uttered. I began to think the two artists were endeavouring to talk through her. She evidently felt in a particularly receptive mood and suggested that we should go back to her house together, where we dined off a hastily improvised menu as being the better alternative to a crowded restaurant.

After dinner, Iris, who had dressed and was all in white, went into the Drawing room and burnt some incense. As I had already divined, I saw she was preparing for something interesting on her own account. I smoked a cigarette before the fire for a few minutes after she had passed out through a curtained doorway leading into an inner room. She came in again winding a filmy loose veil around her head

and shoulders. "They like white, you know," she said. "I've been told that by Miss—. You shall stay here a minute." Before I could reply she had vanished.

A moment or two later, I heard a strange sound and somebody speaking from the inner room in a peculiar voice. Then murmurs, as though two or three people were conversing together hurriedly in a low voice.

"No, I don't want to" (*in her own voice*). "No, I can't; I don't want to. . . ." This was followed by a little gasp and sobbing. Then the voice changed to that of a lower, full tone, speaking in broken English:

"This very fine—very good spirit this—come from long way off—very far planet." . . . "No, who are you?" (*her own voice*). Then confused sounds; and a noise like something falling.

I jumped up fearing she had fallen and, parting the curtains, passed in. The electric light had been put out. I could distinguish the edge of the sofa and a large bureau by the window, where a faint light entered. Then I saw her figure clad in white,

standing only a few feet away. From her dress and all around her head emanated at intervals, like the flash-light of a light-house, the most brilliant flame as though of diamonds illuminated from behind by some concentrated white light. White tongues of lesser light (the pointed part upwards) were all round her looking almost like huge falling drops of crystal. There was no *aura* distinctly visible.

I spoke to her and she answered me; and then, after a few moments, I went back again into the Drawing room.

“Hullo, old chap—is it you? Is that—you?”

I paused by the curtain. Was this Gerald speaking? “Do you want me?—hurry up, I can’t stop.” I enquired if it were he.

“Have you any message for me?” I asked. “What can I do? I can’t stop”—was all the reply. Then I looked in. I could see nothing.

I returned once more. Some confused voices again, and the sound of feet—several walking together—different steps. I heard her say: “What a lot of people!” . . .

A few moments later (in her own voice) again the phrase repeated:—"I don't want to"—then violent sobbing.

"She's going—going to her children"—(the other voice). "She's gone away." . . . Other words spoken here which I could not catch and I went quickly into the next room. She lay on the sofa. She was very cold and shivering. I went to her and spoke. She made no answer and I knelt down and put my hands on hers very quietly so as not to disturb her suddenly. Then I told her she was wanted. There was a tremendously strong repelling influence in the room as though to keep anyone from entering. Nothing unpleasant: merely a felt power. Gradually she pulsated to the force I was directing upon her, and finally sat up and rubbed her eyes. She said she was very cold and I took her back to the Drawing room and placed her in an armchair before the fire. Her hands and arms were like ice and she shook violently, but otherwise looked and seemed perfectly well. In a few moments she was herself again. and began to talk cheerfully.

"I've been right out," she exclaimed, "far, far away, and I believe it is the Water initiation. You know I've been through the Fire a long while ago. I felt I was passing through the Water, and then I was so cold and wringing wet and I shivered." She got up and walked about.

She turned again and exclaimed: "I never felt so *tremendously* well in all my life! I feel sixteen! There were people walking with me—and *he* was there. But he wouldn't stop. The room was *full* of them. Didn't you hear them?"

"Where was it they wanted to take you? You didn't seem to appreciate the idea . . ."

"Oh! yes, It was the Guide. My Guide took me . . . But I can't remember. Ever so far."

I asked Iris if she knew anything about her Guide.

"Yes, years ago. 1905 it was—a man used to come to a series of lectures I was giving then and make drawings of all that he saw behind me as I stood on the platform. They were most curious; and I had to go to Mrs. Besant to elucidate the

meaning. He drew a chain, and a great Egyptian who towered above me; and my little dead child, always with flowers in his hand, holding on to the edge of my skirt."

"And what did Mrs. Besant tell you? I, too, have seen that recently in a vision—the chain—*so* vividly."

"She said that the chain was a symbol, that I was a link in the immortal chain; that everyone that I came into contact with from that time was more or less connected with some work that was to be done for humanity."

"What a fine idea! Yet, in a way I feared it; for it suggested a binding—a prison. And yet the vision brought me no sense of *fear*. I merely looked at the symbol as possibly an enchaining. But it was so unmistakably *real*. I have long ago learnt to distinguish Dream from Vision; but this seemed to be filled with a peculiar and impressive meaning."

"Yes. It is the *freedom* of the Soul! The Soul cannot and *will not* be chained nor bound."

I felt that she was speaking with a passion and conviction that were some-

thing more than her mere opinions. There are moments when she utters sentences and "opinions" that are so convincing and so profound that everyone, with any intelligence and real knowledge and experience of the deeper side of life, realizes that it is something more than herself who is speaking. It is not alone the poet, the orator, the priest in the pulpit, that are influenced and possessed of these "gifts of the Spirit." Just the simple tender voice of a sweet woman in a fashionable gown and the most ordinary and conventional circumstances may be equally impressive. Yes; and both from men and women who speak of Iris neither from love nor admiration, but who are often sceptical and suspicious, have come their attestation thereto. How few there are who can see that in order to truly apprehend the *real*, it is not scepticism and criticism, suspicion and unbelief, but rather affection, love and sympathy that form the best medium of interpretation and communication.

During the next two days my friend, Gerald, whom now Iris also had come to

know as a real and living personal friend (since he always appeared in his entire shape and whom she had been able to feel and touch—his coat, and also when he had laid his hand upon hers) amply demonstrated his unique personality. There had ceased to be any “messaging up” (as he had expressed it) of the other two entities. In relation to this, as I do not claim to have very extensive knowledge of conditions prevailing at Spiritualistic Séances, Materializations, etc., I may mention for the benefit of those who have *no* experience or knowledge of such things, that I have just learnt, on the authority of one who is able to speak both from evidence at Manifestations and from knowledge derived from super-physical sources, that, where a Demonstration (as it is called on the Other Side) is to be made, other disincarnate entities collect and endeavour to come in. It appears that it needs, at any rate at first, some preparation for an excarnated personality to manifest. So that it is perfectly intelligible that other “spirits” get wind of the matter.

FROM FAITH TO KNOWLEDGE. 109

Monday, February 15th.

Iris writes me that she was a little suspicious of Gerald last night. He seemed to be in a cynical mood. He resented questions about himself and said if she continued he would go away. He was busy drawing as usual and smoking cigarettes. He wanted to do some more drawings and chaffed her about her inability to "use the crayons." She was asleep on the sofa in the afternoon and then sat up. He was there. She came closer to him. He withdrew and told her not to touch him. He says he wants to get into direct contact with me. He began drawing (in the night) several designs and some extremely cynical sketches of women: and suggested "Is the Nude fantastic?" as the subject of my paper which I have been asked to read before a certain Society and which Iris and I had been discussing. I had suggested to her I thought of doing something about this in connection with Art.

Tuesday, 16th February.

Gerald has made a most interesting and beautiful suggestion to Iris. Two of our

friends had been working out an idea for the formation of a Salon, to include a Library and Lectures on Art, Literature and Occult Science, etc., etc., arising out of inability to arrange matters satisfactorily in regard to a Club recently formed on somewhat similar lines.

Gerald told her last night that it was to be called the "Salon of the Golden Key"—and began drawing symbols. She liked him much better. He had lost the cynical mood. Her description is so natural to me that I *realize* it is Gerald she has been with, and I am neither astonished nor surprised. It is all *so real*. As he does not want his name to be known; and, as I have, from the first, for sundry reasons, never revealed *anything* to her about Gerald—except to confirm what she has told me about his visits and conversations, it makes it, naturally, all the more impressive on every occasion. (He seems to be coming regularly now, every night). It is, of course, to me in a sense disappointing that he comes to her, who does not know him nor could ever have known of him nor anything about him, and not to me.

FROM FAITH TO KNOWLEDGE. III

He has told her that this will be possible, later, but added: "Murray's vision is not yet opened." She has not even seen his photograph. But I believe he is as real to her now as to myself. She has even described some of his former characteristics and how he is gradually altering in regard to this and that. She has several times described him as of twenty years ago and expatiated on his peculiarities. And she has seen him, as he was just before his death. Now he is her contemporary. And she has known him thus for just the inside of a week, and I for over twenty years!

I am convinced there has been no telepathy (subconsciously on my part) at work to assist her in descriptions, etc. They are all gained direct from contact with Gerald himself.

In view of further developments and the fact that to rebut such criticism here, might appear as a rather over-elaborate attempt on my part, which, after all, might not be brought to bear upon this narrative, I will refrain from wearying the reader with details of my process of arriving at con-

clusions which have established *beyond doubt* that it is from Gerald and not from me that Iris has obtained all the knowledge she possesses about him, his personality, etc.

Indeed, Iris has never been able to obtain any knowledge of this kind through me by Telepathy. She has had always to get her information and impressions of people for herself.

“Gerald seemed reluctant to go,” she scribbled to me at the end of a note: “But the Guide was calling him.”

CHAPTER VII.

A Sensational Banquet.

February, 17th. 11.30 p.m.

An extraordinary episode has occurred to-night.

I have just returned from the — Club dinner, where Iris was my guest. We were sitting next to several mutual friends, and things were going very cheerily when I saw Mrs. D— who wears a gold ring with a peculiar symbol on it, take it off her finger and hand it to Iris. The latter looked at me and seemed preoccupied. I had previously seen this ring on a former occasion when Mrs. D— had been my guest at this very table; and I had remarked on the ring, as I wore one, then, of exactly the same kind. It is a very rare and interesting ring of great historical value, though the actual one I was then wearing was a replica.

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“ I believe he is here,” murmured Iris, “ I have the odd cold feeling.”

“ I wonder if he wants to say anything,” I said, under my breath, and I passed her the Menu card. The others were all talking. “ Quick! a pencil,” she added almost simultaneously with my action. I gave her one and she began writing and drawing on the back of the card as reproduced on next page.

She passed it to me. Her hands were very cold and she did not seem to be feeling very well. I gave her some wine, and, before long, she was herself again.

It was not until afterwards that she recognised the drawing (just below the face) of what I had at first taken to be meant for a bow tie, as that of *the symbol of the ring*.

Now, a word in regard to the ring which is mentioned in Gerald's message and which was the ring I had been wearing (as mentioned just above) on the *previous* occasion of the Club dinner.

A few days after that dinner—towards the end of last year—I was in a room full of people when a lady of my acquaintance to whom I had just spoken drew back with



Murray must burn the
ting - - not - - the
gold can be used.
APC

The top (left) drawing was sketched by Murray at the table and passed back to Iris Delorme.

an expression of the greatest horror and exclaimed: "What have you got on your finger? Why are you wearing that?"

I gave her the history of the ring.

"It is wrong—all wrong," she said. "You ought not to wear that symbol. Besides it is not the correct symbol. It is a copy, anyway." I have already mentioned that it was a replica.

This lady understood what she was talking about, and, being highly respected and well-known in psychic circles, I had cause to ponder.

I then made an experiment. Someone, of rare clairvoyant powers, that I had met shortly before for the first time, had sensed something unpleasant that I had about me.

I took occasion to come to close quarters with them again without the ring. The conditions had entirely altered. I then placed the ring in a box and put it into a drawer where it has been reposing since then.

I may here remark that I know something of symbols and have very good reason to acknowledge the consequences of their *misuse*.

A SENSATIONAL BANQUET. 117

Iris handed back the ring to Mrs. D—— and nobody at the table has the remotest idea of anything in the least degree unusual having happened that night. But that Gerald Urquhart should have intervened in the middle of a dinner party, at which some fifty people were present, struck us as not a little remarkable and unique, at any rate as far as our individual experiences had gone. And the ring?—well I value it much. But I shall obey his instructions.

This episode of the ring reminds me of a little incident that occurred a few days later that caused me some amusement and astonishment.

I had been thinking, very naturally, a great deal about Gerald. Indeed, he was seldom now out of my thoughts. The night

NOTE.—Exactly a week later I took the ring to a Jeweller and had it melted down. In reference to it Gerald told Iris that he had no particular sentiment in regard to these things and seemed rather bored at the idea of cogitating as to its ultimate use. He alternately suggested :

- (1) That it should be put round a statuette of his.
- (2) That it should be made into a gold cross.
- (3) Made into an ornament and given to Iris.

previous, as I drew out my watch and wound it up, I noticed that it was still, as it had been for the past six weeks, exactly 20 minutes fast. I *realized*, too, just then that the watch had been Gerald's and wondered how long he had had it, etc., and musing thus, turned in for the night.

Next day I was busy writing at the Club, copying some of Gerald's letters which had been written by Iris, when I glanced at my watch. It was twenty minutes to two—ergo, I surmised, the right time was twenty minutes past one. I was due to lunch at 2 o'clock at Hans Place, where Iris was also going, with a mutual friend. I went on scribbling. I looked up at the smoking-room clock. It was 1.50. I pulled out my watch. It was 1.50. I rushed out and compared it with the clocks in the Hall and Lounge. They all equally cried aloud; "You'll be late for lunch," with hands satirically pointing to the figure X.

I jumped into a taxi-cab. I had intended to walk. I was longing for exercise and short of cash. Bang went my last eighteenpence, however.

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"Our friend has played a practical joke on me," I said to Iris. "He's put my watch right, but it has cost me eighteen-pence!!" I explained. She laughed and told me that she, too, had been writing in her room and she heard him say to her "Hurry up! You'll be late." She looked up to see it was ten minutes to two.

We enjoyed this little episode hugely. For Iris' "friend" (as she called him) had already given evidence of his sense of gaiety as well as of its opposing element.

"I have such *heaps* to tell you," she said. "He has written a lot, last night." And we went down to lunch.

It was duly appreciated by us both, now, that in this matter of daily intercourse with a friend of mine from the Other Side—one whom she had come to regard with a strong and growing feeling of admiration, of esteem, and sympathy, there was nothing unusual or amazing. That his talk should flow from grave to gay and should reveal truths and ideas at which we had only guessed or had earnestly discussed, was consistent with our notions that we do wrong when so often we shut

down the iron door upon the passage of the spirit from the earth, through the grave, to a more complete, if a no less strenuous and serious life.

Humour is as much part of the soul life as the stern and the serious. And could one expect, in regard to an earth soul, brimming all over with gaiety and fun in its lighter moments, to search for *reality* and to find it again only travestied by an unctuous image of unwonted sombre solemnity? That Other World we know of is but the *next* world, after all.

In a great mansion or a palace—when we are asked to “step into the next room” we do not expect to go very far. And it may be by a series of apartments, where we are kept waiting some considerable time in each, that we pass on ultimately to the gorgeous Throne-room where King and Minister of State are grandly conscious of our dignity only by the time we arrive there. The hilarious laughter in which we indulged in the Ante-rooms has been suppressed. We are in another atmosphere. We are different even, momentarily, in our very selves. Our best thoughts and man-

A SENSATIONAL BANQUET. 121

ner are uppermost; and we feel that, given but a more fitting preparation, we could converse with Kings and join in the harmonious themes of the philosophers that gather round.

We had been discussing, among other things, a book or rather a *brochure* that I was going to write on the subject of the false worship and ideals of modern economics and politics; of Society and the individual.

Next day I received the following, written through Iris in the night by Gerald Urquhart:—

“The book can be called

‘WOMAN,’

by Murray Compton.

The	{	Designer	as	{	Mother
		Destroyer			Mistress
		Builder			Lover.’

To this was attached a rough drawing or very imperfect sketch of the design for the cover which our artist friend had conveyed to her and which she described to me afterwards as one of the most beautiful designs of the kind she had ever seen. It

was in colour that she had seen it, perfect in composition and in form.

It represented the figure of a woman slightly draped standing by a partially completed brick wall, with the right arm resting on the edge of the wall, while the left was stretched out slightly. From amid a loose pile of bricks a man's hand protruded.

This letter accompanied the above.

[He writes, Wednesday 17th, night.]

"I was never really understood and was brought up with the wrong value: the perspective of life put before me half in an artistic manner, half in a worldly appreciation.

"I made a fearful mess of things and early lost any ideal I possessed, so tried to throw this into the more sensuous form of Art. I never really spoke to anyone of the inner disgust that gradually grew over me. My father appreciated the few efforts I made. Love I never really met, except in that one little girl I told you of. By Jove! I can feel her thick plaits still. . . .

"It's a much slower process to progress now over here. Tell Murray he can do

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more in twenty-four hours than I can in a couple of years, as we are made to pay out the chain of our previous follies and on earth we pay up quicker. I look to you both to carry out my design—these unfinished thoughts which still burn in me. My God! I wasted my time. It's no good blaming any of them. They didn't understand. They never will. Yes. I drew the ring."

[This refers to the episode referred to on p. 114 of *this same evening*. His connection, by the way, with this episode involves something more than the link already established and the ties of friendship with his living friends. For he himself had, some years ago, been given a replica of a ring *exactly similar* to this, which was one of the two replicas from the original; the other, which has been referred to, having passed (later) into my hands.]

"Of course, I told you to ask for it. Sorry I upset you. You say you can't remember some story of a ring? No. You are not intended to.

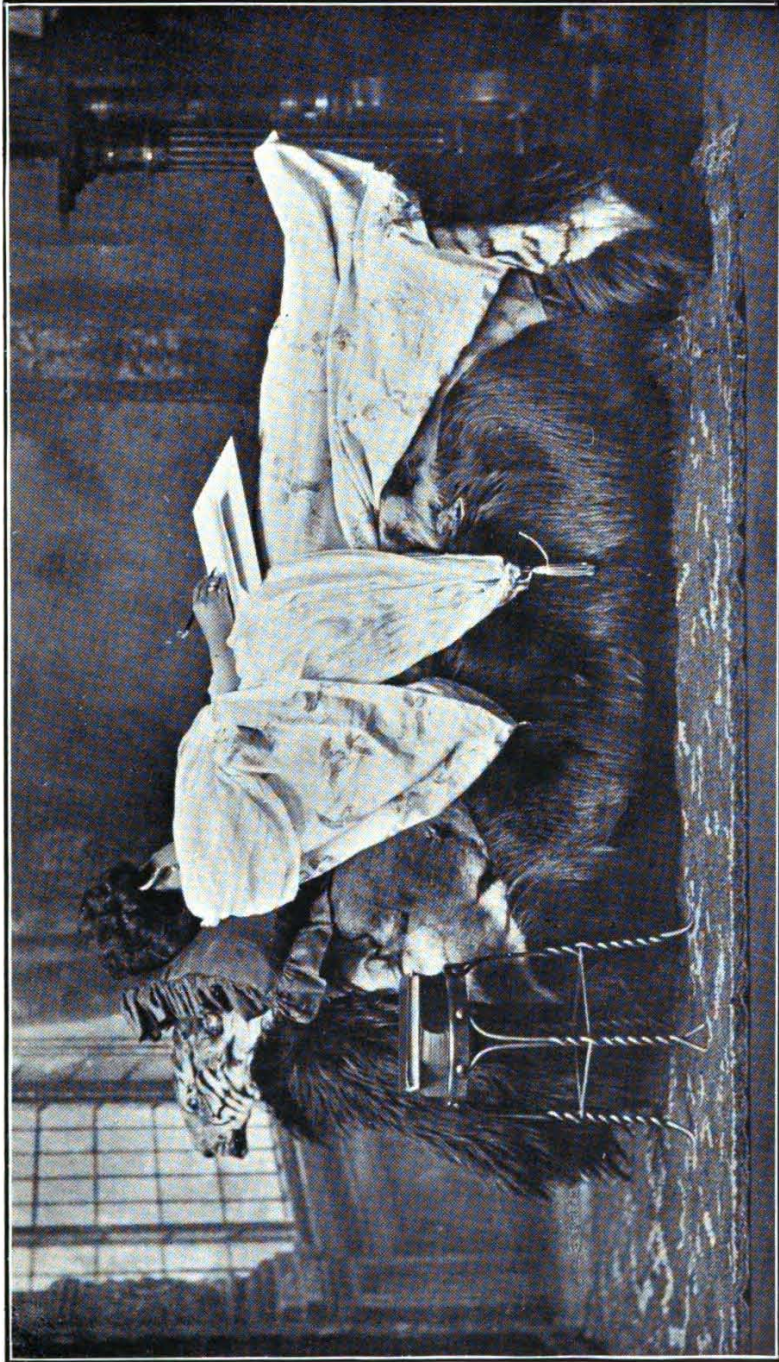
"Please don't ask me again who I am or I shall have to go. You are getting

done, little woman, so I won't write any more. What? You want another sign" . . .
[Here the writing ceased.]

It might be mentioned here that Iris and I had afforded ample opportunity for any writing or messages to be recorded by Gerald through us—or through her—as we had, on several occasions, used Planchette. But he has never so written. Personally, I have always been very successful with Planchette, which I never, from the very first time I used it (some fifteen years ago) treated as though it were a mere Drawing-room toy. I have many valuable and interesting records of this writing.

When Iris is writing for Gerald she writes down in pencil what he says, sometimes being awake and sometimes writing while asleep, quite automatically. But *always* in her own handwriting.* I have seen her myself (and I mention this as she nearly always has written at night in bed ;

* NOTE.—Since this was written Iris has had a number of messages and letters from others on the Other Side, written for the most part in their own handwriting. These have been submitted to experts and relatives who have *at once* pronounced the handwriting as being that of the individual in question. [Eds.]



Martin Jacolette

IRIS DELORME WRITING.

Photo by

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A SENSATIONAL BANQUET. 125

or in the early morning hours) writing while *sound asleep* on the sofa in her Drawing room. And the interesting part of this performance is that, even in the most uncomfortable position and one least calculated to give her the opportunity for writing easily, the writing is always perfectly consecutive and *legible*.

February 18th. Evening.

[Extract from letter from Iris.]

My friend came as usual but in a very fiendish, subtle, malicious kind of mood. He said some very interesting and curious things and described different places.

He looked particularly malicious when he referred to— (someone we both know) as “fitted to be a courtesan with the heart of a priestess.”

I begged of him to become his *better* spirit and self again. He was in a very mad, wild kind of mood.

He drew the nude figure of a woman, with her back turned, holding a glass of wine; and wrote underneath a sketch of some other women, “The women men

clothe in their minds, and the women they unclothe." He told me "he could make me care for him more in a day than Murray could in a year."

In his cynical mood he said, "Murray only loved situations and circumstances; never the individual."

I *begged* him to go away if he insisted on this sort of spirit. Then he went on his knees, and I burned some incense. You remember he told me that I was to burn incense—that it helped him.

A great change then came over him. The *real* spirit returned. He talked of progression, and of your work. He spoke also of Art and its message, and described, very fully, its different aspects. You will be interested to hear about this when you come.

On the Other Side (he told me) every-one *corresponds*. "Here," he said, "we have deception by form, but no deception in regard to *expression* if it be carefully looked for."

I asked him, "Is this your real self?" He said it was the self he was *trying* to keep.

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“Love is never waste,” he said. “It was not what a man threw away but what was taken from him that he valued.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A Shrine of Art.

I called on Iris. She told me a lot more in detail of her meeting with Gerald last night. She seems to have had rather a disturbed night as she had three separate interviews with him.

He spoke of our projected Salon and the work in connection with it, and said: "You will build a temple there," and described a "temple on the Bosphorus."

I did not know he had ever been there in his earth life. But he has also mentioned Tunis and Algiers. And it was not until two years after he had passed over that even the members of his own family ever got to know anything about his having been to the former. That was the first I had ever heard of it. I had sketched an

ideal place in connection with our scheme, one night at Iris' house, with a temple at the end of a path with cypresses on either side.

He alluded to the events previously referred to earlier in this book when Iris and I were staying with the same house-party in Devonshire. "That was your Fire trial—when you were watching yourself in rosy clouds of vaporous flame at night.* I didn't want to come and bring you and Murray together. But I had to. I was told to do this a year before I did—a year in your earth-time, as you reckon. My Guide forced me to do this. Now you may understand how it was that you were so disturbed when you saw the vision of Murray—practically a stranger to you—standing at the end of your bed; and then you were sobbing on your pillow and murmuring "This is Heaven: this is peace."

He told Iris that it was he who had saved her life on the night when she was run down by a motor-car in Trafalgar Square, and when she and her daughter were thrown out of a hansom in St. James'

* Vide supra, page 26, Chapter III., "The Unveiling."

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Park one night about three or four days later. As regards this, a clairvoyant friend of Iris had told her previously she would have to be careful and that on *two* occasions she would run a grave risk through a motor-car.

This proved to be perfectly correct as she was run into and barely escaped being crushed (shortly after) by another car.

Iris had just read me a letter *apropos* of our mutual experiences of the intense interest taking place in so many quarters in psychic matters just now. We seem to be both drawing round us peculiar conditions in regard to such. In some particular cases we have both been brought into touch with some very remarkable proofs that what her friend says (in the extract from the letter quoted below) is true.

My dear Iris . . .

I saw M—— on Sunday and she told me that her brother—— had had very wonderful visions lately of a great light that is to stream over the world this year. I think many of us have caught the faint first gleam of the approaching glory thereof.

If only we can remain *aware* of it and not allow it to be hidden from our sight by the dense clouds of materialism it is so hard to turn aside.

Yours, etc., —.

Friday, 19th February.

Note by Iris Delorme.

He came again last night. He did not seem in a pleasant mood. I asked, "Why do you look so cruel—so changed now?" He said, "Well, I've got to give you the story." Here his face became hard—almost sinister—and I began to *feel* very odd and queer. He must have perceived this, for he immediately said:—

"No, no. This is not me. But let me explain. We cannot *speak* of Evil without an immediate horrible correspondence. Murray saw *red* the other night when you spoke of stabbing."

[A note of elucidation is here necessary. Murray and I were sitting together talking about many things and I had occasion to refer to a certain night after I had gone through a most strenuous time. It may sound almost incredible. But I felt a

presence come to me in the night and order me to kill (stab) myself. When I awoke in the morning I found a long *hat-pín* buried in the pillow at my side. It was in referring to this I showed Murray the picture, or rather the rough pencil sketch, I had drawn of it, and he said: "Am I dreaming? It's all spotted with blood on the paper." He explained afterwards he thought this very odd—especially as by then this was an "old story," and he is by no means given to imaginative objectivising or hallucination, and only has even a true "vision" about once a year !]

Gerald had continued: "You spoke of stabbing. That's a sea of blood here. Lust and passion here have correspondence. No. I can't explain. But we disguise nothing . . . Don't shiver so. Your Guide is here."

"But, the story?" I cried. "Why don't you put me out of this agony?" I wanted the story of all this meeting to make things coherent.

He caught my hands. I could feel him distinctly as a real person: could *feel* him, then, holding me hard. The bed shook under me.

"Types," he said, loudly, "of course Murray said types. Well, then, a young woman voluptuary born like this. This is *your other* woman. She went wrong altogether before nineteen. You've got to draw a type, remember. . . . Well, yes, bring in a betrayer and a child. This is all melodrama. . . . My God! What a tragedy —"

"I can't go on, I can't!" I cried. I was as cold as ice.

"It will be a fine story," he said cynically.

"Now you are hateful!" I exclaimed.
He lit a cigarette and laughed sarcastically.

"You don't like this. Neither do I," he said. "Well, the man found out he was not the first lover. You've got it now. Oh! (with a laugh) I forgot you are bringing in dear old Murray as Galahad —"

"If you stay another moment this will kill me—Go!"

"Mimosa," he cried: and we parted in anger, sobs and tears . . .

(Continued).

"You don't understand," I heard him say.

Here our Guides interfered, and I shortly fell asleep. But not long after I woke again. He was sitting there, smoking a cigarette and sketching a brilliant and charming portrait of himself. He broke into a laugh. Had he forgotten it all?

“We’re going into the country to-morrow.” . . .

(Later.)

I awoke suddenly and found my friend (who now calls me Mimosa) smiling and smoking as usual.

“Well,” he said, “I’m glad you have come to a definite understanding about my visits. You are quite right in regard to purpose and progress. I want you to tell Murray that nothing is done from here without purpose, unless we are forced into your conditions by your own acts. About the help you can give us. Those we leave speak of us as ‘poor devils’ and remember our failures. We want encouragement and affection continually. We are relying on this to help us on, as your affection and love are necessary for us to take — like a kind of ‘character’: our *worth*.”

“ I dare not waste a moment here with you. You can pray for me, dear child. . . . No. I shall not tease you and wound you again. You must remember I am not permitted to see the whole of your soul; and you give me credit for a higher perception and understanding than I possess.

“ If there is anything to retrieve, I am here to help you both—a belief in you just as you have in me.

“ Good God ! It’s been life and death to me over here to be sent down to discover the souls that are willing to listen to me—to help me and care for me. It’s been all wandering about. By Jove ! That breaks a man up ! The old haunts : the old places, and not a memory anywhere ! Dear old Murray has made a good fight against truth, anyway, and a rattling good fight against odds.”

[*Note by I. D.* This may sound cryptic. “ A good fight against truth.” But I leave it to Murray who understands its import. It will not be necessary to explain *everything* to the reader. Suffice it to say there has been *no* tampering with *any* of these letters or communications : no tinkering of phrase

or any attempt at "improvement" of any kind whatsoever. All is *exactly as it was written down at the time.*] * "About the book." [Murray's book already referred to.] "I was in the room with you once or twice; but I don't get conditions clear enough as when you are alone. The atmosphere is pretty dense for us and I have to clear a fog to get over here. You've got to make this message *live*. You have neither poets nor artists. Murray's faculty for expression will make him understand this. If you have grasped that I am as real as I ever was—that I create, not by my hands but by my brain, you will see the education of our images and fancies. I've been as sick as a dog over the horrors I've been opening up. *This* is Hell, if you like; for you can't stop this kind of elemental creation; and your particular temptation comes and sickens you by its never-ceasing supply."

* Later he explained—"By 'fight against truth,' I mean that for the sake of expediency and convention, the opinions of others, so-called Duty, etc., Murray, while really conscious in his own Soul of the fallacy of it all, yet strove with his conditions. The Soul always knows. But you have to find out the truth of all this, and often the lessons are bitterly learnt."

I find I jotted down a note relative to the hat-pin incident mentioned above. "It was I that saved you. You were *meant* to kill yourself."

The very thought of this horrifies me, *now*. I remember distinctly the curious and uncanny sensation, which even as I describe it, brings back all the attendant conditions that then were around me, and which I heard and was conscious of, a kind of fight going on attended by a queer *rustling* noise as of a woman's dress which was like the unfolding of some huge snake, or the furtive and almost inaudible swish of some grey creeping mass. I can write of this no more—nor even permit my mind to dwell on it. Had it not been for the brave, kind and indomitable perseverance and kindness of my friend Murray, I could never have got through all that dreadful time.

It seems as though he and his friend on the other side and I were all fighting for some tremendous issues,—something has *loomed ahead* through all this. And Murray himself says often that he has been conscious of acting with a kind of im-

personal force and feeling. He has had trouble enough of his own, too. It is all very mysterious but very inspiring.

[From a slip of paper sent to Murray by Iris. February 19th.]

From the Other Side.

“And behold in the latter days men shall dream dreams and women shall see visions.”

[This doubtless is a reference—possibly an intended quotation (of Gerald’s) of St. Peter’s words in *Acts* ii. 17, where he is intending to quote the words of Joel (*Joel* ii. 28) concerning the “last days.”]

The Life and Love of three souls.

The Artist.

The Author.

The Instrument—a mere woman!

[I detect again here the harking back to the idea of the book that Gerald suggested. Or, maybe, it was intended for the framework of what this will develop into. Iris and I have been talking over the scheme of it. It will be difficult to cast it *all* into the form of fiction without unnecessarily misleading the reader.—Murray Compton.]

Friday night, February 19th.

“You can ask me any impersonal questions you like, Mimosa—well, that’s as pretty as Mousme. Ha! (with a laugh) you thought I didn’t know that!”

[This is Murray’s *petit nom* for Iris.]

“It’s been as interesting to me as this design. . . . What design? you say. Well, I’ll shew it to you when finished. Come, you are chaffing me about the constant nude. It is *permanent*, isn’t it? Had you there!” [He had suddenly become full of fun and shook with silent laughter. This makes me laugh too as I re-read it, for “permanent” is an adjective he must have often heard me use. Murray and I had a long discussion last year about the permanent and the impermanent. It is the gentle touch and the *bonhomie* about this man-soul that I delight in.]

What follows is the striving of the memory of herself and Murray in Egypt, in ages past. [Vide Introduction dictated by Signor.]

“Here’s your picture,” he said suddenly, and turned it towards me. “This will do for the meeting.” This was his picture: The moon was shining and there

was an old Egyptian Temple. A group of men stood outside—waiting as if for a traveller. Inside the temple, a man (Murray distinctly) with bare head watching a woman (myself) who was kneeling before a quaint carved marble slab. I heard a voice. "It is many years," said the man, as though speaking to himself, "since I watched her light the altar flame."

Here I felt faint and sank back on the pillows in my bed. The picture was too much for me.

"Yes," said my friend's voice (very far away from me now). "You are beginning to remember."

The picture was still there. The whole room seemed to throb and throb with music.

I must have gone off in a dead faint. When I came to myself again, I thought I was in Murray's arms and heard him comforting me as I then showed him the picture.

Saturday morning, very early.

February 20th.

I saw my Guide just now. Such a *magnificent* figure. He says he is going to get Murray's (and my) friend to try and communicate with Murray when he and

I are alone, as it was the *interlocking* of memory that was too much "rushed" by our "medium." We have a great work to do. He has come to give me strength (my guide) this morning. He seemed to be burning something in the room. He is very majestic and silent. I slept a long time. Millicent (my daughter) woke me up. The last words my guide spoke to me, as he turned to me with that *wonderful* face of his, were "He will return to you—and very soon."

(*Past 10 a.m.*) I am throbbing like an engine. *He* is here! . . .

"Mimosa—I can't keep away from you. I'm in a bad mood to-day. Murray will explain to you one day my enormous difficulty. I have only been allowed to come into contact with her the last week. He'll know what I mean. No. I cannot speak—through *you*—plainer than this. Well, Mimosa, the world's black to-day. I have got all those damned material conditions.*

* *Authors' Note.*—The reader will doubtless be surprised at this very earthly expression. But contrast with this condition and the circumstances he was dealing *there* the later conditions. There were very pronounced and strong reasons for his being then, *of necessity* and by his own free will, in very dense and material earth conditions.

I suffer horribly. And yet, here I am, to guard you both. Pray for me, Mimosa. . . . Yes, the Catholics have got that right. It sends us on. Your guide is taking me off."

(Suddenly returning) "We're going into the country. Get up—now, Mimosa."

I jumped up.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

I pointed out to Iris next day a fact that arises out of the foregoing which interested me extremely, for I had often pondered concerning the sphere of "guides."

From the evidence to be gathered here I think it may be inferred that without doubt the guide controlling souls still incarnate also controls those that are excarnate. And this again seems to emphasize the idea that I have previously already alluded to, viz.: that there is more of a *oneness* as regards the world in which my friend is functioning and our own than most people can possibly be aware of. There would rather seem to be more "difference" between the *monde* of, say, a clubman from Piccadilly and a Zulu, than between his and my sur-

roundings. We feel at home together now. They would not. I cannot *see* him with the natural vision — with the eye. But I can *feel* his presence. I *realize* that he is a great deal with Iris: and every time I go into her house I feel as though he had but just left.

Morning of the 20th.

[Iris Delorme.]

The day is so brilliant when I step out of the train on to the platform of the little station which leads out yonder to Watts' Country—out into the far-stretching lane. Once before I walked here with Murray by my side, and I am absolutely preparing myself for a heartache, because now I am alone.

For the repetition of all good in life is melody in harmony, and there had not been a leaf or bud we seemed to miss in that walk which leads up to the place where, nestling among the trees, lies the home and the chapel of memory to our Painter and Sculptor, Watts, full of divine imagery burning to find expression. I know a welcome is ready for me, but I linger by

the way. Here we had made merry over trivial things; but, as I walk, I become conscious of an over-mastering joy in life. Suddenly it seems as if not only the sun were shining—and it is bursting over hill and dale—but I am bathed in a wonderful light which seems to envelop me. All is vibrating to this glorious ecstasy of life and feeling. The beauty and joy of it I feel so intensely as I turn and stop and say aloud in the solitude "Oh! why am I alone?" It seems to come about so naturally that I am not even surprised to see Signor leap over a little hedge on my left and he walks beside me, talking all the while, in a gay *insouciant* boyish way. He even waits for me as two absurd tiny lambs insist on accompanying me, to the grief of their stout mother who cannot struggle through the hedge. I get the lambs back, eager, after their short independence, to find refuge; and we continue. Some instinct made me take pencil and paper, and I sit down by the Pollards and write what he says. He is talking of love, marriage and union. Never have I approached a place with a more strange unearthly feeling of reverence.



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

IRIS DELORME.

Portrait in plasticine by Signor. [*Vide* p. 236-.]

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Murray and I had had golden moments of understanding and revelation. There is with me the whole time a breathless expectation as if Signor had a *distinct purpose* in this walk; as if there were a goal he sees and knows, and his eyes have the living restless look of the man whose soul is going out and meeting the Infinite. He too is being taught. The gay look departs. So much to learn, to accomplish; and the world is dull. Is the great spirit of Watts with us now?—for Signor has gone as I turn up through the Pine wood and find my hostess at the door where I am almost afraid to enter, for the living, breathing presence of the master sends forth the divine power of its message still.

In the panelled room, with his face looking from the walls, a hundred touches of the thought that had built the place, through symbolism of joy and love, in the artistic gems from other lands, and always behind it the curious feeling of mystic power and the real.

Over tea and scones one began to find the extraordinary sympathy and golden

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wand of expression in everything that my Hostess touches.

“Tell her. Tell her,” imperatively came Signor’s voice. “Tell her.” She leaves me alone in the studio, rapt in contemplation of “The Magdalen,” one of the finest and last works. I look at “Love Triumphant” and see the dead souls and bodies of a man and woman and the rising of the glory of the Divine Love and Triumph with the illimitable, endless vista behind, speaking of no *time* nor limit. I am saturated with it, intoxicated with the illumination of an understanding that makes me reel with the scheme of the vastness of this creative energy and force. It is this supreme force behind me. He must be here but going down the hill, just at sunset, I stop to look at the statue of “Physical Energy.” The colossal monument of work wheeled out by loving hands into the sunshine, as if that still had the consciousness in its particles of the dead who conceived and who wrought. In an ordinary way I should have been lured by the pictures into the gallery again, just as Murray and I fastened on them to wrench

out their meanings; but this imperative, impatient voice behind me says, "It is getting dark now. . . The sculpture gallery. . . The workshop. Ask her. Tell her."

"Tell her what?" I ask mentally.

"My designs. My designs." . . .

And so continuing down the hill I tell her the story of a dead sculptor and the design he has given me of the woman standing by the unfinished wall; the Chaos and the Completion. And that sympathetic ear understands.

"It is getting late and rather dark," says my hostess, pausing as if reflecting. "Come, we will go to the studio where my boys work."

Two eager lads race to get the keys; lanterns are lighted, and I follow her into the workshop of great ideas.

"Only a village boy did this," she says. "He has surpassed many already."

The moulding of the limbs is fine. I feel the dead, or is it not a living man, almost laughing aloud.

We linger lovingly over the models of Galahad; the Celtic symbolism worked in clay, the transcendental exquisite figures.

I, who know nothing of this art, feel it tingling in my veins. Finally when, in the dusk, I am driven away to the music of the soft wind in the trees, to the rippling sound of water and we plunge into mists from hill and dale, I know Signor is speaking. He tells of a fair place on the hill where his work will be projected one day by hands that can express—a Temple of Peace where a house of healing shall form a centre for tired, weary hearts. The vision continues. He is ceaseless in his earnest words, in his joyful new-found purpose. He fills me to the brim with this enthusiasm. And then I get into the train where I fall fast asleep. But it is to Murray I am to tell this tale. After all it was he who brought me here first. But with us the joy of it is that there is no beginning and no end, and I ponder on those wonderful words which said:—

“The great Egyptian people, wisest, then, of nations, gave to the spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman, and into her hand, for a symbol, the Weavers’ Shuttle; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed in by the

Greeks, became the Athena of the olive helm and cloudy shield, to faith in whom you owe down to this date whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national inspiration."

Therefore, oh! Signor, the woman shall stand one day, white and shining at the door of my Temple, whither all shall enter and whisper, "Love and Work are Peace."

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

Late Saturday night,
February 20th.

Alone on my return from "the Watts' country," I feel him coming.

"Well, we've had a splendid day, *Mimosa mía!* This is nothing. Of course I made you go down! I doubt if you will have the patience to do it yourself, but the boy will carry out our design. You and Murray will be able to work there. I should ask her for the piece of ground. Yes. Someone will have to carry it out. . . .

"A good welcome." [This referred to my being welcomed by my hostess, Mrs. Watts.] "I walked every step of the

way. . . . Your temple and summer school!"

Then he went on, as I paused to think of this wonderful walk with him and to ponder on that great one-time "walk to Emmaus."

"I'm designing you a *robe*. I'll bring you the colour. Sequence of events! Never met such a *suspicious* pair as you both. Begin from the beginning. . . . Oh! the ring? Have it made into a girdle for the woman's figure. I'll draw you the design. Did I come to help you or him? I never intended to bring you together. I told you this. But it's for my own sake as well.

The book ought to give consolation to thousands. Tell Murray it will do all he wants it to do. . . . What! I muttering to myself? You are too sensitive, Mimosa." [He seemed to be in some sort of consultation, with the guide here.] "What! still harping about that? I told you not to take me too seriously. But my past clashes with his and I forget we are both different men. Am I alive? Take my hand." . . . [It felt just like anyone

else's—alive, warm, throbbing.] “Do I love you?! . . . Mimosa, you are not going to flirt with *me*. [Here he laughed and I could not help joining in.] You're not going to humbug me! But if I take you over, you'll not go back.” [Here the Guide appeared in a threatening attitude and I *felt* scolded.]

The following was written at Signor's dictation, by the pollards, as above described on the way to Watts' studio.

Written by the field—Watts' country—
February 20th, afternoon.

On Union, Love and Passion.

“The personal element is, of course, the creative. You ask me this question.” (I asked him about Marriage.) “The particles of the physical brain *actually* mingle. The vibration is immense and the exchange is beneficial. It brings balance, magnetism, clearness. Half the married world are only joined. Union is quite different. Come here and look at the sap running through this pine cone. In Nature everything dovetails or repels. When the Christ spoke of ‘the eye that lusteth’ it meant adultery of the brain. All these things are deep and fundamental.”

Sunday night, February 21st.

“Just like all women—and you particularly as a child over this. Murray fortunately takes it seriously. Perfectly impossible to tell you all the story. All memory brings pain. Bound to inflict this as part of the retribution. Yes. We pay to the uttermost. You are not strong enough yet, physically or mentally. We are giving you both an easier time.

“As for me, when I am not with you I will tell you how I am employed. Can you imagine a photographer looking over his blurred negatives? I spend a great deal of time travelling over every inch of the ground where I had *failed*. It's awful to see nothing forgotten: repulsion and disgust wipes it out. Self-pity and mercy to ourselves and others makes us partners or accomplices in the vice or mistake which we dare not repeat.

“One moment of desire here gives me days of hard work. I am as human as Murray. It's killing me half the time. . . . Yes, I am anxious to start our work, It's as necessary to me as bread to a hungry man. Saviours of my soul! and

I need not purge it all out again and again.

“I’ve been down to G—— to-day [here he mentions a well-known town in England]. I walked up that reach of river by the old mill. Do you remember? when I smashed the scull, I stood under the same old tree; I climbed it and broke the branches. Felt suffocated at meeting my lost boyhood.

“We should never waste a *moment* if we only knew the worth! Murray will be vastly interested to know your physical brains help us with knowledge. On your side you can get all you want. Here we are left alone to find out until we get a Guide. Everything I ask you to accomplish and in which you fail will keep back my progress.

“Your Guide says I’m to be trusted. Now, Mimosa, come! I’ll be honest with you. I was not quite to be trusted at first. Fact is, I had to believe in you as much as you wanted to believe in me.

“Then I had to reconstruct, dear old man [this apparently to Murray]. In fact,

we are reconstructing everything preconceived all the time. . . .

“How we do suffer here! Well, part of it—and the greater part is that, law governing every principle, we cannot safeguard beyond a certain point, and we can guarantee nothing as to other’s progress. . . . You say your soul shivered in you?”

“How far did you see ahead?” I asked.

“Only a few hundred years or so.”

“How many times have you and Murray lived and parted? I don’t know. You have made some big mistakes. Tell you your faults? Your *great* fault? It’s nearly gone. Power from the Other Side and too much of human love, You’ll know it all one day. I’ll not bully you about it. You’ve been nearly in tears the last hour or so. How absurd you are! Murray is quite right! The book is to be printed . . . Don’t stop my progress, Mimosa. You are beginning to live: so am I. You thought me a bit of a cynical brute at first. I catch myself talking to you as if you were a man, but this is the only way I can get at Murray. If I could communicate direct

I would. I am looking right into you now.

“This will interest you. The *mist* of consciousness is like a mirror with clouds chasing over the surface. . . . But you’re such an innocent woman.”

I said I was surely *not* an innocent woman—after having lived through so much.

“Innocence can know every vice in the world; and, while it dislikes it, remain untouched. Ignorance can yearn for vice and be vicious. I’ve met some of the most vicious of every class; and seen a street-walker with the eyes of a saint. That reminds me: Murray will appreciate that ‘Magdalen.’ It’s the finest I have seen.* I should like a series of the statues done—say four. No. Certainly not the Seasons. And yet we might work them out as the Seasons of the Soul. † I’m pretty keen on that subject now—at least I believe I am, but am compelled to go back to the old

* This is a painting in Watts’ Studio.

† This refers to some work Murray has just heard about on the subject of some busts and casts which Gerald left in one of his studios in Italy.

haunts. That's strange how it pulls one back. Phew! It's being compelled to do anything against one's ideal that cuts me in two, and I never did stand that sort of thing. I should like to smash something up. If I don't behave myself I shall not have this hour with you.

"You are getting tired. No? Don't trouble to be polite. You are very disappointed, Mimosa, I have not told you the story. You are not ready. Insatiable creature! You have to be prepared also. Besides, there is to be no excitement over this." [I protested and said we had been "rushed" all the time, so he need not spare me. He laughed very happily and naturally.]

"We three are coming out of this."

"Coming out of *what?*" I asked.

"You don't know. Everything, Mimosa. We are building lives—pictures—eternity—in sculptures. . . . Good-bye. Do you want me to draw the winged globe again? . . . What? Odd that Mrs. W—— told you the meaning. [Refers to Mrs. Watts telling me the meaning of one of the great artist's pictures.]

“Ah! I thought better of you! Why, even that was predestined. Do I not say, ‘Did you not read it to him?’ Purpose in *everything* from this side. Your Guide is coming. Burn the incense, . . . Oh! hang it all—I’m coming.” . . .

CHAPTER IX.

Shoulder to Shoulder.

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

I think the following is a remarkable "letter." That the whole of this, just as it stands, should have been written down by me at the time (it was *hard* work!) without a break, and all the time with the clearest possible conception of his presence and all that I said (which may be incidentally gathered from the foregoing where no actual words of mine are written down) is to me highly satisfactory.

Murray is much struck with the above reference to the statues.

Monday early, about 6.30 a.m.

"Here I am again. I am glad, little woman, I am to be given some work to-

day for the earth-bound. Get pen and ink.
I want to communicate with Murray direct.

[Letter to Murray, written in ink.]

My dear old chap,

We're getting along splendidly now.
I've got to write this to you *through* her and
that's the difficulty.

We have to be bold and uncompromising here, and you and I *know where we stand*. *She does not*. The book cannot go on or any progress under present conditions.

She is working in a fog. Everything is in your hands. It's been a bit of a Fool's Paradise, this return. You see how helpless we really are when we are bound by you. Your thoughts and actions affect us. Tell *that* to the World.

Well, you see it all: and would to God you and I could talk face to face. I shall be forced in a short time to tell her who I am—why I came. If she rebels (as she will) there's an end of it all. She may stand the test. I *can't see ahead*: and women are curious creatures where their affections are concerned.

There's no disguise allowed over here. But, I tell you what it is, I funk it. This

Earth welcome means home. Now do you know what I feel? You and I have been very "smart" over this, and her mind is as calm as a pool. But she has to know. The guide insists. If I go, though, old fellow, you go with me—that's a bargain. You never saw a great chap like me cry, did you.

[Note by I.D. I had to end this abruptly: the pen being almost taken out of my hand. I was sobbing so violently. Indeed it seems I too am paying back—and that quickly. What *does* it all mean?!]

Monday night, February 22nd.

"I want to bind you, little girl.

"You'll never forget all this, will you? But you are to have a rest and I am not allowed to interfere until your and Murray's guide have decided."

"Decided what?" I asked.

"Never mind. I never was a sentimentalist. Ask him, Make the ring into a cross and you wear it. By Jove! this is sentiment if you like!

"I can't stop to-day even if they let me. They'll allow me to be near you if I don't upset you.

“Don't you understand? But of course . . . I forgot. They've made you blind. Murray and I are standing shoulder to shoulder. We are being re-born. Fear nothing.”

Just as he was going, he began chaffing me and said: “That's a beautiful drawing, I must say.” I turned the note-book over, not being aware of the existence of any drawing whatsoever. On one of the inside pages, where my finger was, I found the “Winged Globe” I had sketched from the drawing he had made on the occasion of his first (or second) visit. It is a vile concoction and I can understand how his artistic spirit must rebel at having to translate pictorially through me! Whereas Murray *can* draw. The pity of it!

Afternoon.

My artist friend—I wish I had a name for him, especially as he has found one for me—came for a little while. But I evidently did wrong in trying to approach him (much as I did the other day). He begins to disappear when I try to get near him. Murray came in, and I told him. He wrote down a question for to-night in my note-book.

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“What is the meaning of dematerialization on contact?” I know of one case where contact produced a diseased condition of the flesh. Of course I don't really *know* whether he actually materializes every time (though I have already seemed to *feel* his hand and the edge of his velvet coat) or whether it is the reality of his “presence” projected through me. After all, what does it matter in the end? I sense the *reality*. The thought is the same reality in this world whether it be spoken or not. That which is, is—through all forms of manifestation or interpretation. And I think that we have ample proof that “as above, so below.”

Thursday night. February 23rd.

I'm alone and *he* is sitting quite close to me on the sofa. I can see him materializing—even the puffs of his cigarette. He is laughing and says quite loud “Build me up.”

[Here occurs a sentence concerning which he added: “You'll not be able to give this out publicly. It's for you and him.”]

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“Tell him I can get anything from him when he’s not disturbed. In regard to building up. I could have come to you months ago if I had drawn on the secret force. Why do we have so many women mediums? Child! Women have the children. Don’t you see? We draw on the secret internal forces of life. . . . You are very searching in your enquiries. No. I can’t hurt you. Yes, Murray builds you up immediately. The power was immense to-day but I was not allowed to materialize behind you.”

[Referring to a public meeting when I had been on the platform.]

“Both figures were sent—both of you *in the past.*”

[The figures referred to were seen by two persons sitting in different parts of the room who did not know one another. Both told me afterwards independently. The figures were those of an Egyptian priest and priestess. The former was seen behind me (as my guide) on a former occasion about five years ago.]

“How I laughed! And you, Mimosa, forgot your Guide has a beard. She said a

clean-shaven man. If I'm allowed, I'm going to give you your story.

You must write the truth from the beginning.

The 'fiction' is what I'll tell you—and I tell it you as fiction. I'll draw it in a set of pictures. You can shew them to him. Why, hang it all, you can't draw. This makes me wild. Never mind. Watch my fingers.

In the scheme of progression neither you nor Murray would have progressed without me. But I have other work connected with others, and the tragedy is that under their conditions I cannot approach them, nor ever shall in this earth cycle again.

You must remember that this is fiction! Now, Mimosa, go to sleep; you are tired. Remember your preaching. A large heart, my girl; a very large heart, and then you'll understand. [*A great pause here.*]

I had a cousin once and Murray and she became deeply attached. I'm not going to tell you her story. Murray himself does not know it and never will. You will remember I told you I was not to be trusted. You will see how this fits in. You can't

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get away from it, and where you failed and yet succeeded. You chose your path, you can remember.

You expected a dream. To continue, I was not to be trusted. I was able to instil into you the passions of the past. Your soul was practically given up to me and I used the medium of a past for my own satisfaction and his and your punishment.

I delighted at first in the pain I foresaw. I found satisfaction for my own thwarted desires in every disappointment you both knew. I opened up Murray to you, using always the means I had. But I did not reckon with my own change of spirit and the attitude of reconstruction.

I came into chaos—destruction. I went mad, over this side, over the waste. . . . Do you remember the letter he wrote you? I was by his side. I had *refused* to bring you together. I was made to. Read his letter to you. You doubted him. I heard you exclaim: "I will believe in no one again."

And here we are, believing, trusting, hoping—aye! loving and building.

Never forget that. You can bury your skeletons now. You have got a story to

ring through the ages. It has come from the ages . . . Since blinded in F—I was condemned to leave my work; and that's another story—of another life and another woman. You are writing this asleep.

[This reference to the letter and to the compulsion and necessity of bringing us together is perfectly sound. The whole circumstances were extraordinary—obviously from the Other Side—Destiny. *Vide Part I.*]

[Later he continues.]

Now that we have got over all difficulties we can devote ourselves to the art of expression.

Avenues of thought undreamed of will open to you, and by your two lives you will get me rid of my earth conditions. Book upon book, and the figures—the designs. Who knows? Watts himself may come if you provide the medium.* You

* *Authors' Note.*—The great *reality* of perfectly spontaneous and inspiring communications between the spirits of the individualities ex-carnate and incarnate alone justifies us in leaving these words as they were written: more especially as there is, as regards all parties concerned, the greatest admiration for the Works and the noble character of this grand Master of his Art.

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have the symbols of Egypt to draw upon and the living temples of your own powers.

And you must acknowledge, Mimosa, you cannot draw a straight line! . . .

My penance is the cursed wandering. I have to pick up the threads here and there and watch any previous destruction. Then back to the real life with you both. Do you realize I earn every minute I spend with you both? I'm like a boy on my good behaviour. The very thoughts you may think might retard me. The curious part is I should have become hideously bored with some of those you meet in earth life. One never had time except to live. Was it life? So might a puppy gambol—mere folly in ignorance.

It broke my heart trying to get through. Thought I was alive and wanted to speak to Murray. Tried to get through them. Found a stone brickwall.

Do you see this? (Here he drew *magnificently*, a man in chains—a spirit kneeling at the side of a woman who, leaning back in a chair, was drinking a glass of wine and laughing. The look of dumb agony on the man's face was unspeakable.

“Oh! Hear me!” Altogether a wonderful and most effective sketch.)

I shall complete this set of “The Wanderer.” An amazing power is at last let loose between us. Thank God. It is hovering over you like the hand of a lover.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

I *felt* the strange force and power when the two figures appeared behind Iris but did not see them. It was unmistakably sensible, for it shook me so that I nearly failed to speak at the meeting when called upon to do so.

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

Just about this time I happened to elicit a reply from my friend that may be interesting to a good many in view of similar experiences. He had spoken on several occasions about not being able to communicate direct with Murray, had mentioned Murray's ‘obstinacy,’ etc. Murray used to argue that the conditions favourable to such communications must be due to something more than matters affecting the individual. I was asking if he (Gerald Urquhart) knew about certain matters con-



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

MURRAY COMPTON.

Portrait in plasticine by Signor. [*Vide* p. 236.]

1875
1876
1877

cerning my daughter. He replied, 'We only see as through a telescope—that is to say, until fully developed, we only see in a circumscribed way according as our Guide tells us, so that I can only see, as it were, half the room.'

As my daughter and I were invariably together, and he could always see me, I saw what he intended to convey here, *i.e.*, that their vision is limited very much to the same extent as ours is—except where it is opened owing to certain peculiar conditions. So many people seem to think that the limitation is all on *this* side that I thought it as well to emphasize this point here. I am perfectly well aware that any emotion, excitement or disturbance of vibrations is detrimental to clear interaction of mind and mind. This has been very forcibly demonstrated again and again in my experience of clairvoyance and telepathy. You may go, with a tremendous amount of forcible mental insistence on a particular subject, name or episode, to a clairvoyant, and that particular note is probably the very last one he will strike; in all probability he will not strike it at all.

CHAPTER X.

Past, Present, and Future.

February 24th, 11.30 a.m.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

I looked in this morning, as I do now whenever I have a spare moment away from duties and business appointments or writing up these notes and trying to get the right scheme for the preparation of our book. And yet, oddly enough, just now in the midst of all this profoundly interesting and serious time every hour seems to be broken up and evaded by some sort of unlooked for episode or minor demand. Invitations pour in. I refuse them all—*nearly* all. I ought to refuse everything, I tell myself, and devote myself to silence and the words and instructions of Gerald. Yet, again, I can hardly imagine that to be

right. I *could* do it: but must be so particularly careful not to arouse suspicion. If anyone had an inkling of what was in my mind I should have no peace, and this atmosphere—now sacred to me—would be invaded by every conceivable sort of criticism and unbelief, chaff and doubt—to put it mildly. It is all part of a test, I am certain. Intuitive I have always been, often to a most remarkable degree. I value intuition, as the great divine gift, though it does not always seem to be at work, worse luck. However, it is better for us in the end. We learn to develop *ourselves*. We are not intended to be always simply *media* for the working out of Destiny or the world-scheme, Providence—whatever one may call it. If we depended solely upon intuition and inspiration for all action we should develop into mere automata. A horrible idea! There would involve a corresponding loss of character. But I believe the right position to assume is to hold oneself poised as far as possible between the two. The wisest individual should give himself freely to intuition as well as to his “own” reason and common-sense.

Iris and I talked over things. I was preparing to go on with my notes, etc., when I noticed she felt tired and looked like going to sleep. She lay back on the sofa and said she wanted to be quiet as she was certain Gerald was somewhere near. I placed her note-book and pencil handy. Presently the door in the next room opened and a servant came in and fussed about. Iris began scribbling. I burned some incense and lit a cigarette.

“What a horrible noise!

“I can't build up. Come now, I'll write through you.” Then a pause and he continued on a new line.

“Introduction to Murray's book.

Prologue—first.

The old story.

His view of it.

The trial of you both.

“Her story you will remember. You were intended to commit suicide. I told you I came for your progression.”

Here came a monogram signature with his initials quite clear.

“I am here. You want the *purpose* of

the book? The Link between the two worlds. The Priestess is the symbol of the Virgin heart of the world. This I will draw for you. The Priest is Power. The third we continue. Yes, I continue—conditions bad. Can't you get to sleep?"

Signature again here, vigorous but not so clear.

Iris crossed the room and sat down in a large armchair by the fire. In a moment or two she fell asleep, then she drew great deep breaths and moaned a little. The deep breaths at intervals. She began to write, then became calm; but very soon awoke again. There was not much to record and it was with difficulty that I was able to decipher it. But in view of what was imparted later it is interesting as exhibiting an interrupted or unsuccessful (owing to conditions) attempt at giving the story of the Egyptian priestess. Here it is:—

“And now you will have the story so very soon to have the original story from the beginnings of the temple we have orders.”

Wednesday, February 24th.

(During the night.)

[By Iris Delorme.]

The room is full of light and I can hear a deep, stirring full voice. Am I dead, indeed? They are carrying me out on the bier to where the waters of the hill are lapping in my ears. I am alone. No, my Guide burns strange perfumes. The moon is full. I am where I can hear them talking of me; and he—where is he? I have died for him. No, no. I am back again in bed and my friend is bending over me. I can hear the rustling in the room.

“Don’t be afraid. It’s all right. I’ll carry you through. Hold my hand, Mimosa.” What is this he is saying? Is it music or rhythm? They are chanting my sins.” He is speaking very hard and quick —“You will find it in the old records.”

“The High Priest of the Temple Neith: people from all the lands worshipped. The priestess burnt his name, with secret fire, on her arm—Ahmes, Ahmis. The Assyrians and Jews came to the land and there was a gathering of the people. One woman,

the mistress of the Jewish Ruler, sent for the High Priest. She gave him herself, and he fell. . . .

“The Priestess, looking in the flames of the fire, saw how the Soul had gone in lust for power.

“Give me,” said Ahmes that night, “the Secret of that power. I fear and love this stranger from Greece. The Jew shall not rule our land. Through her the strange peoples will make me priest and king.”

“And is that possible? It is a sin,” replied the priestess.

“But because I love thee past the love of woman I will give thee the secret of my powers and thus defile our altar.”

Never had he seen her face till then, when she threw back her veil; and, seeing it, he beheld his twin soul.

“And with the power, go back to endless ages to live until we meet again,” she cried.

“What is this thing thou hast done?” said the High Priest. He left the priest for the robes of the King. And but a few suns had passed when the other reproached

him for the lost passion of his soul and his spirit struggled hard to be free.

“She shall destroy herself who bewitched thee.”

The Priestess, alone before her altar, called down the flames to burn the Temple of Peace and Love. And as the flames ran out they licked the earth, and the peoples rose; for the grain was burnt, and there was desolation on the land.

“She took a knife and plunged it into her heart. Out there in the moonlight he saw her die, quivering at his feet and heard the words “We shall meet again.”

[Note.—This was indeed remarkable. *The same phrase* that rung in Murray's ears the first time that he and Iris ever met. (*vide* Part I).]

Later. 3.17 Thursday morning.

“We've got through, alive or dead, Mimosa. See the sequence and repetition! You were scarcely ready for it—What? I look ill?”

He looked as though he had been through some desperate struggle — some effort that had taxed all his strength. He

drew his hand across his brow which was veined and covered with beads of perspiration.

“It’s been pretty bad. You and Murray forget the Other Side have their Guides too. The Greek is a pretty tough fellow. Real? Rather. He got me by the throat once. And now for a general clearing up.

You want to know where you are going to find the story word for word. It’s in indelible carving and hieroglyphics. This has been one of the most exciting episodes a fellow ever had. Ah! Mimosa, you see what a bad lot you were! I can chaff you *now*. You will never have to go through that again.

Why hasn’t Murray had to go through it? I tell you you know nothing. He’ll do his part on the physical. Make no mistake. Is this an ordinary sort of thing, then, you ask? Depends upon the advancement. You may have rushed things a bit. You don’t mind my smoking?”

. . .

[He suddenly is silent. What a great *strong* fellow he looks; buoyant, too, and

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brimming over with life. He suddenly laughs.]

“By Jove! I got the better of that! I shall make you and Murray work very hard now. I deserve something for all this. It's been a splendid day. I treated an old Red Indian pal to the best day's sport he has ever had. Sent *him* back with a full bag, anyway!”

[Murray said afterwards he must have known several Red Indians and gave a description of a canoe trip out in the Far West he had told him—Murray—all about afterwards. It is now nearly 4 a.m. This is *not* a dream or even a vision. I feel the most extraordinary and lovely *peace* He has gone away. The room is a mass of flowers and colour. *This* is Heaven. Through the mists I see Murray sound asleep. No! He is sitting up. At last his friend is touching him. He *must* hear him. It's splendid to *see* that meeting.]

“Dear old fellow. It's all *real*—all this side of it.”

[I feel breathless, watching this. I see them both. Oh, I am tired now.]

Later—nearly dawn. February 25th.

Never was he more *real*. His eyes sparkled like a man who has had a *fight*.

Murray came in and we talked about things. Of course, I know all this *is* real and Murray has *no* doubt whatsoever. As he has pointed out, from a dozen different things and statements in connection with our friend, I could not possibly have "imagined" even the barest circumstances in dreams or visions. I am *not* incredulous, only suspicious from the desire to be unscrupulously honest in all I say and see and write. I feel that no true psychic would probably doubt anything of my experiences for a moment.

He is as real to me now as Murray or anyone else whom I know well. Murray says "You can't lie! You can't tell a lie, and therefore you can't think a lie. You know, you are always a bit suspicious. . . "Well," he adds, "it's the right attitude under the circumstances. But don't overdo it, or you will break his patience." St. Thomas again, at worst! And yet, have I not already thrust my hand into his?

Thursday 25th (Morning—nearly dawn.)

“You look very tired,” I said. He was wiping his forehead. “You smoke too much,” I said.

“Never with one out of my mouth—eh? Now we have real progression. I spent yesterday in the Bowery in an Opium den.” I may remark here, against myself, as betraying a good deal of ignorance, perhaps, that until afterwards enlightened by Murray I could not make out what the Bowery meant. I had never heard of it.

“This is splendid work and you can write the pictures. The degradation of the woman who drinks secretly is almost past redemption.”

“Where is her soul?” I asked. And he appeared vastly interested.

“This is the solving of that problem both in regard to lunacy and drink. The Beast in Man and Woman always exists. But this is a wrong term. I have a design for a figure. Nothing of the kind has ever been done. A sow with a woman’s hands and a woman’s face beginning to emerge—the Dawn of the Spirit.”

"But," I replied, "I wish you would tell me, Signor. Yes, that's my name for you. . . ."

"Good!" he interrupted. "Bravo, Mimosa!"

How he enters into it all!

"Tell me," I went on. "How do you account for our being so led away by the physical attraction of personality in spite of conscience, good taste, and our understanding?"

"Physical magnetisms pure and simple. Men and women dislike the truth of this. They *will* deceive themselves into giving the finest attributes to conceal sexual desire. This is plain speaking. *You* are writing, I see; the old joke—the Permanent Nude.

"To go back to the Soul. Have you grasped that you may get intellect, charm, emotion with the animal soul? The spirit has never touched it. Now, will you and Murray carry out the *spirit* of my work? Any ass can model when he has learnt." [I may note *àpropos* that during earth life, my friend was an artist and sculptor! Murray Compton.]

“Accident, heredity, produces a fine body, we see so clearly here. Ages of time, suffering, experience produces the Spirit.

“On this side Love can only be born of recognition of the Spirit. The soulless, the callous, the worldly, appear beautiful, but they are compelled by Law to wear their true self for a certain time. Between a woman’s breasts she has to reveal a fibrous, slimy sore. My God! It’s awful—indescribable. But I’ll tell you no more.

“I am doing *work* now for the Harlot and the Drunkard. My brain burns to fulfil through Art. I could set the world on fire with the ideas I dare not tell you.

“Who taught you to learn—well, a certain amount of silence? I’m going now.”

“Oh! Signor,” I cried, “I have such heaps to ask you. You will remain like this always won’t you?”

He lit another cigarette. I saw him take out the cigarette-case. [I can hear people snigger and scoff at this. I don’t pretend to understand. I only write the *truth*.]

"It's made out of an old mocassin," he said.

"Before you go, Signor, do tell me *what* is *Sin*," I asked.

"Well, you know, my dear baby philosopher, this will take time to explain. Nature and God never lie. Only Morality, manufactured by you. Anything transient and fleeting is a sin against the higher understanding—conscience if you like.

If every man and woman paused—because there *always is* a pause of the Soul—nothing is ever done without *conscious* premeditation. It is the safeguard of humanity. Tell *this* to the world, both of you. Reality alone is not premeditated. Sin, suffering, satiety, slackness, always follow the soul's mistake and failures. There is neither repentance nor remorse when the spirit is faithful.

Here are mysteries. . . . Your power is going. You must go to sleep."

"Addio, Signor."

"So long, little lady. I'll tell Murray through you if I can't get to him myself. Obstinate beggar, isn't he, sometimes?"

February 26th, morning.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

I have just received by early post a letter written privately through Iris to me by Gerald. Owing to the nature of its contents and the extremely private though *intensely* interesting nature of the subject-matter, it is impossible to reproduce this here.

It is written in ink (at his special request) and marvellously clearly written, although written by Iris in a dead sleep. It begins: "Letter to Murray. . . . My dear old chap. You must acknowledge I have taken the greatest trouble to avoid giving pain under the instructions of my Guide, yours and Mimosa's. But you must both have the courage to help me, and you will be further instructed as to how you will give this to the world. Your work is with me. Mine is also with others. I know quite well 'were one even to come from the dead' . . . but, dear old fellow, give up the idea of being etc., etc. Write the book. Mimosa cannot draw. She makes a fearful hash of it, dear little soul. It's pathetic to see her artist spirit

struggling with the crayons. . . . I know every difficulty. *Courage, mon ami!* Don't create anything in thought we don't intend to sweep away." The meaning seems to be rather confused here. Surely it means, Don't create anything in thought that we (really) intend (ultimately) to sweep away.

"The story is for the world. Individuals have to suffer for every cause. I will give you careful instructions as to how it is to be done. But get on with it, for God's sake—for all our sakes. That can't be plainer. I haven't come to fool about it. Put it all in. . . . The Guide is here. Now, here you are, word for word." (Here follows the short *Preface* at the beginning of this book.)

Iris had been getting very anxious and worried as she could not find the MSS. I had brought down to her house and which, before leaving, as I was to call *early* next morning and work at with her, I had put carefully away in a cupboard in the dining room. I was dining out and going to the play. As a matter of fact, she saw me put it there, at least I thought so, so there was no idea of telepathy here!! The last

thing I thought Iris would worry over was the MSS. and notebooks.

She got this message to reassure her from Gerald that evening.

“Yes, Mimosa, the MS. is safe. I’m jolly impatient to-night with both of you. Murray has got it all at his fingers’ ends. Ask him. By Jove! *am I a liar from the other side?* He can’t get me to give it plainer.

By Jove! It lifted a big burden, and we three have done our part. Our *work* comes later.

Friday morning, 26th.

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

I’ve had a fright. I can hear the awful rustle—those indescribable rustling sounds. Signor is very vague and indistinct. . . . Now it’s better: he is coming.

A dreadful black shadow—a woman’s hand coming out close by Signor. All is dark. . . . She has struck him across the face. . . . Everything is black. . . . Confusion. . . . , I have lighted the electric light now. The candle by my bedside had burnt out. I feel very shaky. Now he speaks:—

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“ If you knew all my position, Mimosa, you would appreciate more all I am doing. But since we have sealed your lips you doubt even now if this is a fiction of your brain and Murray’s.

When the book is written and perhaps Time, as you call it, has passed, Murray will enlighten you.

Be patient, Mimosa. We are very *thorough* over here; and you are learning too.

12.30 p.m.

Murray was sitting writing in the drawing room. I seemed distinctly to hear Signor’s voice saying: “ Look at the Catalogue.” I had been out about an hour before to a Publisher’s and brought away one of his catalogues.

“ Now get your Bible.” I took it, and turning the catalogue, stopped at a page where my eyes fell on a title:— “ Spirits in Prison,” which I mechanically marked with the pencil I held in my hand. The Bible opened at the epistle of St. Peter: “ But ye are a chosen generation, a Royal Priesthood, that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called

you out of darkness into His marvellous light."

"Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you."

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you." All strangely relevant. And then my eye fell upon the end of the verse which runs thus:—

. . . "and the sow that was washed returns to her wallowing in the mire." And I remembered, with a shudder, Signor's picture so vividly painted that night.

By what strange allegorical methods and in what oddly symbolical fashion he has always demonstrated his presence near and about me!

[Note by Murray Compton.]

At 1.45 p.m. this same afternoon, as I was sitting and writing on the sofa, Iris, being in the big armchair as before, handed me something and I saw scribbled in pencil on a half-sheet of note-paper:—

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“I am going to send Mimosa to sleep as I am trying to communicate with you direct and now. See there is no disturbed condition. If I can get her to sleep, even for what *you* call a short time.” [Ends here.]

I closed the doors and sat quietly while she slept ; but nothing happened.

Later. Friday 26th.

I got the following from Iris in the evening, on my return home :—

Signor seems in the best of spirits. He is full of fun. “ It will amuse you both to hear I have been having a day off from serious work and have been given a chance of what they call here Impressism. I’ve been to a lot of my old London haunts. Same bricks, same places, men and women full of trivialities. ’Pon my word the most serious trouble for some of them is going bald! I sit close to them and fire off the most desperate efforts. Easier is work in marble! It’s practically a physical condition also. I’ve been whistling that rattling old *Casino* melody to-day—do you remember the fat old croupier who had a permanent cold in the nose? Paralysed now and a

beggar. '*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!*' By Jove! it was a *Jeu!* Do you know what Murray has done for me by the belief in my coming? I am free enough—almost, not quite—to go, now, and to come as I please. But your Guide, stern old Devil, has something to say to this—I beg his pardon. He really is so out of place, I tell him, out of the Pharaoh's Hall in the British Museum, But you mustn't chaff a Guide! I feel like quicksilver to-night, eh? You get it, Mimosa? Well, you've got enough vitality for a dozen women. We look after you here, don't we? You have sulked a bit, though: confess it. No, I won't chaff you. I always said Mrs. — wanted a curate and a dozen children." (Mentioning someone who is known to both of us. A deliciously happy remark but quite *apropos de bottes!*) "I'm heart and soul with you, Mimosa. Get some clay. I might get a chance with you there." (Remember, it is the sculptor speaking. Iris has often been told she has the "sculptor's mobile hands.")

"You have to convince your world, both of you, that you all have to grow,

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pay up, rehearse, repent, progress. Wish I had learnt something of all this before. Good night, Rainbow. Ah! ha! I know that, too!!" [This last sentence is very delightful—only the day before I had used the word in chaffing Iris about something personal. It escaped my mind. *He* recalled it!!]

P.S.—“He was delightful—exuberant,” Iris writes across the top of this letter.

Another letter from Iris by the last post to say that “the dear fellow had written me another letter which he told her to seal and never to read.” Across it he wrote (through her of course) the word “Destroy.”

“I do not know the contents,” she writes, “as I have to obey implicitly. But it *is* trying a woman—*fearfully so*—to do this sort of thing; and I feel so dreadfully curious to know what is in it!! He told me to seal it up and I have put four seals on it. He seemed pleased as I did this. I sat and *looked at it* afterwards for a long time! However, I’ve resisted the temptation! I never knew of a more gay, *insouciant* spirit. Practical, too, with real solid ideas

of help. He was guarded as to what to do about a coming book. . . . It appears he has a scheme and I am to approach the Royal Academy and go down to Florence. He wants to get his sculpture in publication. He said, 'Mimosa, go to 80. Go to 80 if you want to begin.' I couldn't make it out. No, 80 is the W——'s. It appears however, that Mr. W—— is mad as a hatter, but had never told me this! He says the *sturm und Drang* time for us is coming along now. Well, it's bad enough now! But I suppose the *same* kind of troubles and bothers happen to us together as we are engaged together in this serious but *splendid* and engrossing work for Signor."

I went on Sunday morning to the house and got possession of the letter which she had kept ready for me. My instinct was right. I would not have it risked in the post for anything. It is an absolutely private document so that I do not mention anything further about it since even Iris has not been permitted to see it. But had I had a sceptic's elbow all this time reading the letter

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Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

SIGNOR.

A later portrait in plasticine (by himself). [*Vide* p. 236.]

whom I could have explained the thread of the story of my friend's life and of my own, I had only to show him *this* letter to convince him. Thank God! I needed no conviction. I have known all along. It has all been so absolutely real to me. But this letter is absolutely and inevitably final and complete. Some day I may be able to publish *everything* and to crush criticism at a blow; though, of course, there are some critics that one does not even desire to try and "crush." For why seek to convert an absolute agnostic? No amount of pressure or argument will make a fool see the reason of a thing his mind is incapable of grasping. It is idle folly and waste of time to endeavour perpetually to be making people run (intellectually) before they have learnt to walk.

And as for faith—well, it is almost as scarce as credit nowadays. People will believe a thing they see in their Bible because they have the Bible to believe it in, not necessarily because they have the faith to believe in it.

Miracles do happen. But you have to get an accurate definition of a miracle.

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Miracles differ. But so do "opinions." And so we inevitably come back to Thomas thrusting his senses in where his faith was wanting and believing through them. To-day the majority have faith in sensible phenomena; but they have but little sensible faith when the senses are "absent." It is perfectly astonishing to what lengths people will go and what astounding and trivial arguments (?) they will trot out in order to try and circumvent evidence for believing. And there are many who pride themselves on their reasoning powers who have so narrowed their perceptive reasoning faculties that they are warped irretrievably from taking any bold grasp of Truth even when it is thrust under their nose. Opportunities come seldom enough. And opportunity for grasping at Truth very, very seldom occurs. When it does, we may be thankful if we have schooled our Reason to be able to run in double harness with Faith without jibbing or kicking the harness to pieces.

CHAPTER XI.

Experto Crede.

On Sunday afternoon I met Iris at an afternoon Sabbatarian "At Home" at the house of a resolute and unflinching pioneer of Psychism, in Town. It was the occasion of a very important and interesting meeting (about fifty people being present) to discuss certain very urgent matters which, for aught I know, will have transpired, much to the world's utter astonishment, by the time these pages are in print.

I had to leave before the meeting was over, but Iris stayed behind and was evidently in the mood for taking advantage, after the party should have broken up, of the enormous *force* prevailing which she said would undoubtedly help her in some kind of "demonstration." Instinctively, I

felt there was a danger here: that she ought not to interfere with the already existing domestic "arrangements" of Gerald. I felt that this was scarcely the atmosphere he desired; and, above all, that there might be a tendency to an effort at materialization. However, as she was bent upon it, I contented myself with cautioning my host, whom, being used to all manner of psychic conditions, I felt I could trust to see that no strain was put upon Iris.

I returned home at 7.30, and, after dinner, instead of being able to work felt such a strange and unusual lassitude, I went to bed. The reason for this will be seen presently, for, as Iris remarked, Signor had to draw upon me in order to get her back to life!

I received a letter from my host of the previous evening by first post on Monday morning, as follows:—

February 28th, 1909.

Dear Mr. Murray,

Mrs. Delorme has her experience. She lives to tell the tale. At one time I thought she would not return, and that we should have a corpse on our hands! Fortunately it was not so bad as that.

I have not time to tell you all that happened in the fifteen minutes she was under control. But two things, the big Egyptian Guide said, I promised to transmit to you. The first I could tell Mrs. Delorme: the second I have to keep secret from her.

I. He has given her good friends on the Other Side. Tell him that the man is quite all right. It is the man whom he thinks it is.

II. He said I was to tell you that you were passing through That is in an envelope which you have in your pocket (I think he said sealed, but I am not sure) . . . I asked where the friend lived, in England or elsewhere. He said he would give no more information . . . That you would know quite well what to do. All that is in the sealed letter is true.

I don't know what this means—I hope you do.

Mrs. Delorme will tell you the rest herself.

I am,

Yours truly, ——,

This told me two things, then.

First, that Iris Delorme had narrowly escaped with her life. Secondly, that there was no mistake about the private letters I had from Gerald. There had been *no* doubt in my own mind. But it was, at any rate, highly satisfactory to get it from the Guide as well as from, and quite independent of, Gerald. I remembered that the latter said he was going to be absent, and that the guide would take charge of Iris and give her information, etc., etc.

I think I know what he is doing. And I have to help him. My God! this is real life indeed. Life, as I have known it, and comedy and tragedy sink into insignificance before *this* Reality, and the immensity of the scheme to which we are all of us attached.

Realizing this—not merely “knowing” it or believing it as one believes the account of something read in a newspaper or a letter—but realizing this to the full, I now understand that while one can chaff and laugh and enjoy oneself healthfully, there *is* this enormous responsibility ever present in every action and *in every thought* in our

lives. We are linked to circumstances that may be æons old. We *are* a necessary part of the whole Cosmos; and our every breath in life is drawn that we either may stifle truth by spreading waste and bitterness and falsity, or breathe forth words and utter thoughts which stimulate, inspire and cheer. This is no time nor opportunity, easily obtained, for canting phraseology and the quotations of Scripture.

There are plenty of analogies in Nature and in the histories—in the Bible, too. Everyone knows that. Knows; yes, but to *realize!* That is where we are blind.

Longfellow says:—

“ . . . And Christian works are no more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the
animate Spring-tide.”

And thus, too, nobly felt and spoken
by Whittier:—

“ . . . The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.”

To many of us, alas, for how many years have our steps fallen on this seeming void! Now I can *feel* the rock beneath!

And this certainly, in my own case, I feel to be very wonderful. For long ago I

thought I had realized that thoughts were things as much as actions and objective matter. Have I not seen (as many have seen) thought visible in its forms?

But only *now*, at last, after months of desperate work and thought and struggle and aspiration, do I *realize* it all—all that I can see amid the tremendous All that surges around.

[Saturday night or Sunday morning, early.]

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

I have had a busy day, and saw this poor girl who has got a terrible outlook on life (I had been asked by Mrs. — to see a young lady who had kept to her room and would see nobody). She indeed wants healing. I am wide awake, sitting up in bed quite longing for him to come. I have just lighted my candle. . . .

Must have been asleep, the candle nearly burnt down . . . Here he is, the dear fellow. I quite started. He looked magnificent in a kind of Greek dress. No velvet coat, and he is not smoking!

I notice this, and he replies: "Murray did this, don't you remember? Clothed me

as a Greek in thoughts yesterday." [Perfectly true.—M.C.] "Here I am! No one more surprised than myself."

He is really splendid. How the face is spiritualized! I wish I could draw him. He sees the thought and answers it. "But you can't. Poor Mimosa. No more drawing for you."

"Why?" I say, impulsively.

"Want of form; colour all right. But we'll try the clay. You are brimming over with questions. Are we, on this side, callous to the sufferings of our belongings? Do we avoid giving pain? That's the worst—and the best of it. We are allowed, but not always, to see the end. Then our perspective and horizon is not limited. Once the engine of Progress is set in motion over here it is relentless. You require temperament, artistic imagination, desire, and dogged determination. Every clergyman should be a prophet and a seer. Hopeless conditions when they are not. I'll go to church with you if you like, to-morrow, or one day, and tell you exactly what is occurring. The Catholics are wise: they choose men with temperament and imagina-

tion—natural leaders evolved. You may “bet your bottom dollar” the hardest bit of granite to tackle is the man and the woman of superb material intellect. Even he is sometimes given a touch of fear and a belief in ghosts. Am I a ghost? Not exactly. I am what I was: what I am and what I am going to be. There’s an Egyptian symbol of the chrysalis butterfly and moth. You and Murray run great dangers now of spreading your wings in flame. Look out, both of you. You are very human, Mimosa, and you love admiration. Yes: yes. I know, for what you do. That’s all right: but the Priestess loved the power over the people. There is not much chance of broken hearts nowadays. Any amount of sensational dramatic emotionalism.

“If he became deaf and blind, what then, Mimosa?—a cripple. Impossible, you say, in this state of progress, for such an expression. Granted. Well, well, that’s not your test.

“‘Beloved be not afraid concerning the fiery trial.’ Well, well, here’s a Greek demon spouting Scripture! They’re beginning to recognize me over here now. That deathly

solitude is being broken. *What's* that? You want to know how to make people believe in the Supernatural?

“I believe I'll make you do this. Send to the Royal Academy. I gave you a hint of this (*vide supra. I. D.*). We'll have a colossal statue of the woman with the wall. All this expression of Sex is creating a sea of disturbance—a psychic sea over here. I'll give you the secrets *re* a golden key by-and-bye. Egyptian wisdom still in you. Think of the race. I'd rather have a woman weep for me being cut off because of the might-have-been of my work than for the thought I was a big fellow who knew the trick of making love. Not strenuous woman with a dominant principle. This is Murray's word! Woman—the travesty of her—is lower than any man. Can you understand? A misdirected creative force in a woman's body. Result: temper, animal appetite, confused with maternity and weakness. She does create by inspiration and blending. Who ever heard of a workman without his tools? Can you and I work if you are directing, questioning, holding me? How meek you look! But all

the same is your soul fashioning me, to use an old word.

“Peace . . . What woman gives it to us, eh, Murray? Unless she'll put the idea first and the lesser follow the greater. Art? It's superb—grand. God is an artist in Divine creation. But the idea came first. The man and woman *followed*. All this I knew, restlessly, spasmodically. Drowned it, lost it, refound it. So give this, too, to the world.”

He is walking up and down. He checks himself. For the first time I think, and am half afraid. I must write it. I see him *supernatural*. Oh! he'll never come back!

“Yes, I shall, Mimosa—always.”

He has answered me, and I can see the Guide. They are talking now, Signor is delighted. They go away *together*. Oh! this is past description! . . .

When he returns he is his normal self.

“For identification I shall tell Murray some of the episodes of my past life. But we don't want trivialities. You are nearly ready for some of the deeper mysteries. I don't even know this, so

shall be probably cut off from you for a day or two and your Guide will instruct you.

“Yes. That’s well done. I had both symbols ready for you. ‘What a coincidence!!’ Dear Mimosa, *when* will you learn none of this is a game or chance? Ha! ha! how surprised and innocent we look when anything happens! St. Thomas! St. Thomas!”

He is chaffing me now, smoking and turned half away from me, drawing. I like that turn of his head . . . Silence for awhile. Then he speaks:

“Call it ‘The Book of the Golden Key. A Message from the so-called Dead’—don’t forget *so-called*.”

* * * * *

This chaff about “coincidence,” etc., refers to an episode of yesterday (Saturday) afternoon. Mrs. —, on whom I was calling, wanted me to read a book she had. I should have left it behind but she was insistent. I brought it away, and out of it fell a bookmark and a symbol designed in colour which is the Egyptian Mystic Key-symbol as given on the inside of this

book—the Key of the way out of the Labyrinth.

* * * * *

Later.

There is another shadow rising. Then a woman's voice "I have come with him." A dainty figure. Oh! How different from when I saw her last. She is *radiant!*

"You recognise me?" Signor has brought her—and after all these years. It is the Countess C——. She is nodding and smiling. Now she is speaking.

"Do you remember so many years ago? Did I not predict the little, little hands of the sculptor? Of course! Of course! I see now" . . . She has melted away. He is laughing like a schoolboy and has dabbed something on my hand. It's a lump of clay. Bad boy!

* * * * *

Sunday morning—later.

All this is so *intensely* real. I expected to find the clay—and looked for it.

[Sunday night, after being at——, referred to above by Murray Compton.]

"You may well be sorry, Mimosa. We had the greatest difficulty in getting you

back. Do you think I fought out conditions for you and dear old Murray to get you messing it all up by calling down your Guide. No wonder he was mad with you all. No. You knew perfectly well you risked your life. If Murray had been there he would have built you up. Well, you got rid of some of the exuberant vitality with a vengeance! Another twenty seconds and you would have been over. *No more of this.* I have the privilege of reading your mind, but you know neither mine nor Murray's. He knows pretty well the situation. I was not allowed to come near you to help until you both proved yourselves. Well, little Mimosa, you have stood every test up till now. At noon you know the truth and are a Priestess. At five (according to your time) you are playing like a child. God knows *I'm* not playing; and you and Murray are building every minute now. No. I haven't the heart to scold you. Murray is not your father, Mimosa, and a man risks a good deal when he opens out his life to a woman."

[This was doubtless in reply to a question he read in my mind. For I had, about

a year ago, been told by Miss——, a remarkably psychic lady I met in a country house, then unknown to Murray, that he had been as closely related (*vide* Egyptian story above). Miss B—— knew something of this story and revealed matters that only an advanced occultist could know. It is only because I have not tampered with Signor's MSS. in any way that I am obliged thus to refer to such passages as these to render them intelligible to the reader though I have refrained as far as possible from lengthy explanations where they are for the most part solely on purely personal matters.]

“If I trust you and he trusts you this ought to satisfy. You've made me suffer to-night more than you know. That old dare-devil spirit came face to face with loss. Yes, it's quite right you should weep. Did I bring you together—after swearing and kicking against it—to see you go out in folly? Your Guide has power for ten men. He protects, but draws: and you play over here.

“Yes, yes, dear child, you are happy: but even that would not last. There is

much to be done. And if you are wise enough not to want to know too much, I believe there is a great reward. You scared the dear fellow out of his life! You don't *want* physical manifestation. Murray, God bless him, has got enough to convince him now.

“In regard to my works, won't they get chipped about! You might write to—, or he might casually ask — if any list was taken.”

[These references are distinct. The initials in each case are given of people in Europe and England who now have certain matters affecting his Art works and designs in hand for disposal in various ways. And it is interesting to note that the opening of this “correspondence” and the opening up of these negotiations (started by someone the other side of the Globe and no relation of his) have occurred *almost* simultaneously, *i.e.*, within a few days.—Murray Compton.]

“I am not allowed to write the names. Your Guide is here. The subject is painful and I don't suppose she cares a fig. On second thoughts I'd rather he did not.

R

We'll work this out ourselves." [I'm glad M. C.]

"I refuse to be kept back, and once out of thralldom, criticism, and even that sort of sympathy, I can live again. You understand nothing of this and he will, and will shake hands with me over it. You are dead tired, and Murray will give you a sharp scolding." [He did—a few hours later I got a letter from him pointing out the error of my ways! Iris Delorme.]

"Good God! Haven't I shewn you I am real? and your Guide can instruct you, as we are alone. Am I angry? No, dear; only grieved. I've had such a rough time, you see, to comfort you. Women are such liars! I was glad to *find you.*"

Here we touched hands. I wanted to detain him, but he vanished like vapour.

[Note by Iris Delorme.]

This is all in regard to my staying on at —, this evening. I'm sure I'm very penitent over it all. I felt so unhappy when he went. But he is right. The Guide came. He is huge and talks in deep guttural voice. I can hardly understand

it; but he tells me there is danger of his manifesting through me. If Murray is there he draws on him and on my etheric body. There is something in Murray's etheric double at present, he says — something heavy. "Thoughts very heavy: one big power holds him. That very *heavy*. His friend try get through."

The Guide spoke so fast and so deep that I thought him very unsympathetic until he smiled and the sternness vanished. He suddenly seemed to make Signor *appear*, with awful cables, chains, on him, a dreadful *hard* look on his face, just like he used to be once. Then Murray chained to him. Most agonizing to me, this was.

"You look. Your hand. He give it to you" . . . And there was the *key!* Of course—the Golden Key!—wonderful!

So it's only a vision, is it, these two dear men! I feel all upside down now. But the Guide again pointed to the key. Both men then smiled and walked away . . . They are laughing . . . Signor throws his arm half round him. They both look like boys. A *vivid* picture!

CHAPTER XII.

Old Memories and New Ideas.

Tuesday, March 2nd—9.30 a.m.

I wrote nothing yesterday. Only a most welcome rest after the Sunday episode. Signor is here. He makes me take my pencil.

“Splendid night, Mimosa. You’re all right. Wise Murray to come to you 3.30. Tell him I shall be with him to-day 1.30 if necessary.” [Murray wired me he would be with me at that hour, viz. 3.30.] “We have arranged direct communication with him by sending you to sleep.”

“Thanks, Mother Eve, you behaved very well over my last letter. If you had broken the seals I should have had to leave you. Another test. ‘So long’ for the present. I have plenty of work for to-day and a

pretty arduous task. But shall have a discussion on various subjects to-night—what *you* call night. Meanwhile, your Guide and I have drawn up a practical plan for the book. You will both devote yourselves to this production, which eventually will bring you into touch with America and Australia. Concentrate your energies entirely on this. See you get good plate productions of my design." . . . [Here follow some details.] "I know all that is going on. The clay is being got into shape. . . . Let anything else rip until this is all done. You will both lecture on the Links of the Chain, supernatural or superphysical.

"No, you cannot put my portrait. Murray will understand. Remember, the message has to be *unmistakable*. I shall pull you both through anything unforeseen. I am advancing in strides, Mimosa. God bless you both. Remember, later on I shall only come at intervals. We are unfolding and developing each other. No time for more.

"Murray will be with you at 3.30. He will probably be needing help through a rough time. Above all, no explanations.

The other side . . . conscience . . . will supply all that. This is for Murray.

“Let us get on with the work. . . . Perhaps we shall hear something again about the winged globe, eh, Mimosa. . . . Yes, I know what to-morrow is.” [The next day was my birthday.] “No. I never met your father. Can’t stop. I shall not appear.”

March 2nd—night.

I write this just as I am going to bed, hoping Signor will come. I have burnt some incense and put the lovely flowers by my bedside.

Murray and I have been comparing notes and seeing all the wonder and the beauty of this Message. It makes one’s heart *beat* so with joy that I can say my prayers with a new peace in my heart, feeling the whole of one’s life is not wasted when out of the Darkness has come this fulfilment of work and affection. To build, and not to dream! . . . He has suffered, this new-found friend from the Great Beyond. I have tasted the bitter, bitter waters! Murray has written of chaos; and have we not wept together amid the

darkness and chaos of this world into the vortex of which we have, in such an unaccountable and strange manner, been so often swept together. And yet, surely, greater devotion is born of joy, not of tears; and the joy we must build.

Do come, Signor.

3 a.m.

Here he is, looking so tired and weary. He is not speaking at all and does not seem to notice me. He is turning over an old green portfolio or a kind of album. He is sighing, and looking at an old house in a garden. He puts this down and suddenly takes out another. This is a foreign scene—Italy, I should think. He is drawing rapidly. A tall, dark girl, her back turned towards me, is standing on the terrace. Now a dark and rather sinister-looking man. The woman kisses him passionately. . . . Signor is murmuring, "I warned her." He is still drawing and the picture seems to move, I see an Opera Box, I cannot see the woman's face but she is loaded with jewelry. This is a foreign city, too. Several men come and go. . . . There is a table with wine. Signor is drawing now.

Now he is leaning over her, expostulating. It all disappears. . . . It is an English garden now; a summer's day. The woman's back is turned. She is pacing up and down.

Yes—here is Murray. Signor is drawing him rapidly. He is walking in at a swinging pace. He looks as he finishes this (a splendid drawing) as though considerably agitated. The picture vanishes. . . . How wonderful it all is! What? This is *myself!* But what a glorified self! What, I suppose, I wish I really were. Yes, I wish I were like this. What am I doing? Yes. He is drawing it all. I lift up my arms and call on the unseen powers. He draws, quickly, a wreath of roses—now a crown of thorns. . . . I go towards him. It has all faded. Wonderful! A *cross* of roses and thorns. It is changing. He holds it up, and suddenly smiles. He draws a *key*, and above it a crown. Then, at last, he speaks:—

“The last chapter, eh? Mimosa!”

“What are you drawing?” I ask him while he seems to be lighting a cigarette.



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

THE PRIESTESS.

Portrait in plasticine by Signor. [*Vide* p. 236.]

“Some of my work to-day,” he replies. “I had to go through it. Let me explain. My work is Impressionism. No, not artistic, but personal, real. Shall we call it ‘Impressism?’ I repeat once again scenes belonging to my life, and throw into them the result of my present knowledge.

“My part is done. For instance, had I been a seducer or tempter, the fact of immediate disgust here wipes out my action. Call it repentance if you like. Now, do you see what I mean when I say to you both that more can be done by you in half an hour on your side than by us here? Here we have astral shadows of the things; and the terror and the horror of our impressions on the living materials when we have not succeeded. So there is no such thing as Repentance—remorse—none but retribution, until the new man or the new woman realizes the love of the grand intention of the control of events which permits neither satiety, disappointment nor selfish retrospect to the risen soul. I feel tired to-day. It has been a heavy day. Yes. I did call out to you. But that was your own curiosity, Mimosa. You have

sufficient power to make people turn round and stare at you! I shall say no more. After all, we are not going to scold Mimosa on her birthday. Now for your questions. Let me see if I can answer them. You are asking what it is that causes glamour, delusion of the intellect, senses and finer intuition. Let us take it this way. I wish to hew out a fine statue. I choose for my subject, for example, Pygmalion and Galatea. In the deluded sense, I give you the woman: fine form, good head, fine face. I put her before Pygmalion as allurements of the Senses—every passion and every sense aroused. But I put her with blinded eyes, and I make a fine statue of Pygmalion at her feet, vowing eternal vows and all the rest of the language which is formed of delusion. I go further. I make a second statue of Galatea, eyes open; alluring arms—inviting. I give you still the woman. I give you, thirdly, Pygmalion with his mallet, having destroyed the figure of his imagination and fancy, but from the figure, shapeless and inert, I take the marble and the clay and I build, without delusion or snare, a figure airy as a dream, more elusive

and yet more real. I turn her half away with a beckoning hand. I put her on space, if I can convey that idea, and I place a veil over her face. There is no snare and no delusion, *glamour*—your own words by the way—(because we are getting quite fond of big words!) but Pygmalion, eager, yet afraid, recognises, at last, his soul. [He is excited here.] “You may call this all imagery, if you like. You and Murray and those who knew me will say when they read it, ‘Rubbish! He never thought or spoke like this. Sentimental rot!’—men who live hard—yes and, My God! who die hard, will say this. And *I* add, listening to them, ‘Don’t draw pretty pictures!’ But let us get back to it. You have hit the very sore of the world—Delusion. Delusion and gratitude for their drunken dreams and hours of sottish passion—gratitude for the white fair, soft skins and all that makes their loveliness of form a fog to them—gratitude for the semblance of power over us poor devils who know our weaknesses—gratitude for their dumbness, their blindness, and who then smash the looking-glass when the day is over and the wreckage remains . . .

I've seen it, I know it. And you can't prevent it. That is where we seem callous or relentless,

"I stood close to you when you took the sealed letter." [The second private letter he wrote to Murray] "I *saw* the soul's pause. I could not interfere It's your birthday. No. Women never tell their age. But that, too, is non-existent, like Time."

"This will be enough for one reply to your searching question. I shall soon come again. You can tell Murray I can impress him. One day he may see me."

[Here he signed his initials in a monogram, which Iris, of course, did not recognise. This never varies. — Murray Compton.]

P.S.—[Written Later.]

"The word was 'conscience.' Look back." [This refers to the passage above: "The other side—conscience—will supply all that." Murray, too, was puzzled over this when I shewed it to him.]

"I am with him," [*i.e.*, Murray] "when he most wants me — always now. We weren't pals, old chap, for nothing!

“Can I see you always, you ask? That is in your Guide’s hand entirely. We have no necessity for curiosity. We see what we have to learn, what we have to help in, what we have to endure.”

[Monogram signature again here.]

March 5th—Friday.

I’ve had a lovely sleep and am so much refreshed. I feel Signor’s presence and I can hear him now—What is this?

“Both senses awakened, hearing and seeing, Mimosa. Strange, do you remember telling Murray that you had ‘shut down your psychic force’? And yet from that moment you were taught more; and I came to you. You were passive.

[Quite true. I had been so much troubled by some rather unpleasant and constantly recurring episodes on the Astral that I determined to disconnect myself, if possible, from all such, in order to obtain repose and quiet. I told Murray I had “shut down the door.”]

“So now I will not say that we have come to the parting of the ways: but we are near the end—eh?—of this story. But

there will be continuity in this: and as long as you need me I can come and we will work out our problems together. Come, I see your trouble. And you say that an author always knows and feels the end of their story. Suppose I tell you that your story is only just beginning; but *you* are editing this and you complain there are lapses, mysteries, silences, I see. Then I or your Guide will direct you. You forget you have not yet seen Murray's part. It is more real to him than to you. You can dream of me as a spirit friend if you like. But to him I am the Man he knew.

"The task has not been a pleasant one, not at first, but he never failed me, and so I shake hands with my old pal for this.

"But, the story. Well, the Temple will grow. Do the end your own way. I'll be close behind you. Ah! you're thinking aloud. You're troubled about the other woman. Yes, like a woman who comes and goes in the book. Come! Let us go ahead. You shall put in the scenery for effect, but you have got your Iris down at our Temple away from London. Murray is writing. The Golden Key, nicely bound

and printed, is lying near him on the table and he is writing a letter to the Unknown . . . What! You refuse to go on . . . Mimosa!!" . . .

We come to a deadlock. Something seems to bubble up into me. Signor laughs a little, quite good-humouredly.

"Never mind, Mimosa. You have felt it all, and were meant to feel it. For priestesses don't burn temples for nothing! You have nearly paid up your debt. I'll write the letter for Murray and he shall put it in his part. You will seal it and not look at it . . . So now you have a free hand to go ahead. We'll have some more splendid talks together. There is so much to learn and to do."

"You shall go to sleep. You are only weak. As soon as you see Murray you'll be all right. Just think of the surprises and kindnesses you have had."

"Lunatics and raw steak, by Jove! Too much for you that scene. Yes, tell him, he'll laugh."

[This last remark harks back to the invalid girl who, when I entered, was sitting up in bed eating an underdone steak!]

CHAPTER XIII.

Progress and Plans.

Friday, March 5th.

[Introduction to the Book. Dictated by Signor.]

The labour of love and the promise to the dead is now fulfilled. To those who read, the man called "dead" but who is living in an abiding eternal life (the sculptor) wishes to make it known that he is glad that his message of regret for his failures, his message of hope to the living, his message of the truth that the so-called dead return to pay their debts, to retrieve and to help, is now finished. Yet, I know myself by his promise he will never leave any of his work undone.

Both of us have tried, under difficulties of avoiding the giving of pain either to the

living or the dead, to write the story. It has of necessity been worked into a romance, but not a single word of Signor's has been altered.

To our readers the sequence of the travail of the souls of the Priest and Priestess through chains of desire and matter, right up to everyday modern life must read as a symbol. And yet a living truth of the struggle of many passions, of matter and of spirit.

The High Priest in chains *is* the same man as Murray Compton who comes face to face with his past, and who, as an Initiate, lives in a modern world under modern conditions.

I write this from my heart when I say that this opening out of bleeding wounds, this baring of a "dead" man's soul, are responsibilities; and, although the literary form of Signor may lack polish, we have left it.

I tell the tale as it was told to me.—
Iris Delorme.

Signor is dimly seen by me now, 6.30 a.m [awake]. I felt on waking very light-

s

headed and queer. It has been such a curious night. All these curiously odd sounds. I counted them. First of all five knocks; then three more. Then I went out into a dazzling light. I wish Signor did not look so dim and far away. No one is astir yet. Now I can see him forming. He is in a different dress, like a workman's blouse. I'm going to sit up . . . He is coming quite close. Oh! Now I can hear him. He is covered with splashes—clay and white stuff.

“You're all right, Mimosa. Now do you see what Thought and the nervous system can do! A chill? Nothing of the sort. You can tell this to the doctors. Nervous shock depleted your circulation. You rushed out on the third (Wednesday) wound up, and the sudden drop to you caused fall of temperature; and the Other Side—astrals—got immediately in to that thing you call consciousness.”

“But isn't it consciousness?” I exclaimed.

“I am going to explain to you the working of this mechanism—this division

of labour of body, soul and spirit; this interlocking of communication.

“What did I do to-day? I spent half the time between you and Murray. Poor old chap, it was a near thing my impressing him. I’ll tell you how this is done. The difficulty is I can’t get his brain passive enough. I’ve managed to get him into what you writers call a *reverie*. That is a preparatory condition.” [Murray was taken ill on Wednesday night.] “Well, everything is going smoothly now. We must expect obstacles. A little while ago, big chap as I am, I was as nervous as a woman before I realized the value of the independence of man’s will. We could have done nothing with you, Mimosa, if you had not, so to speak, thrown up the sponge. Be careful, Mimosa. But out of despair we helped you build courage for yourself, and an indomitable will for him. I never lacked force or will, and I could impose this on others. You and Murray are impressed unconsciously by others’ will against your own judgment. Initiates never make mistakes, and live every

mistake down if they will rely on the fundamental principle of will.

The Spiritual force can *always* break the material, but, allied to the spiritual force, is a curious weakness of doubt when it comes in contact with the Material and with the world.

It makes the soul of the man and the woman shrivel. Therefore do not argue or explain yourself. The courage of silence and withdrawal—the first solitude of standing alone—is what I have had to learn through my Hell. You'll both get the best out of the world by assuming that attitude. Yes, Mimosa, I will repeat the words you now have in your own mind. Respect is even greater than Love. But even here I can tell you that to be well with all men and all women counts as a lowering of your own standards.

Popularity is a poor game. Here is the sure test I have found. I was left alone in those cursed months of wandering. Don't you see how hardly I learnt my lesson? They don't tamper over here. They know you and leave you to find your way out. Don't go down to the Pharisee.

You'll be called selfish, false, untrue, fickle, unstable as water, reckless. Perhaps you know all this . . . (Your power is going). But it's for you both, until you become a creature of reproach from this world of yours. You have not learnt your lesson that you are the creator of the New, where you can stand formidable by the spiritual courage you believe in.

I learn now myself humbly every hour.

It is my privilege to come to you. I don't swear so much, nor long to be back as myself. Yes, this book is nearly done. Your Guide will tell you how to end. You will see, as I talk, your fever has left you, and you are calm and peaceful. The year contains many days. Neither the sea nor the hills will run away. The snow is on the ground" [just after the heavy fall] "but underneath are the flowers of the world."

We change our minds, our bodies, our souls, over here; and though I'm tempted to joke and laugh with you two, I'm overwhelmed with this real, newer life of work I see before me. There have been a few narrow squeaks for us all the last few days;

and my words to you now—to both of you—*Close the Door.*”

Then he added:—

“Dear old Murray, I have a private message for him when we meet. As for you, little girl, you’ve not behaved badly after all. But we must not weep or despair—eh? Yes, I am ever yours. [Monogram signature here again.]

“Badly done, Mimosa!

Yes, my symbol, if you like. I shouldn’t get up yet.”

Friday night—March 5th.

“The hardest part is over; and if you can *use* the trouble and the friction you will come out strong. I can say to you, fear nothing. Murray will receive from me a little present which will be left at your door. You will understand the moment you see it.”

[This indeed took place. The present alluded to took the form of a book which I found on Saturday left at my house while I was out. Directly I took it Signor made me open it and write in it messages and an inscription to Murray, to whom I immediately sent it, and who perceived

its peculiarities [and particular appropriateness and meaning. I won't give the details here, but all concerned with this episode proved very interesting to Murray and also to myself.]

“Yes, Mimosa, you may have to go away; for others—*not very far*—for you have plenty of work to do, and there's plenty coming in. You and Murray are but just beginning. You will be guided in this as in all things. You are losing your usual calm and this is affecting him *as you will see*. It will amuse you and interest you if you try modelling to-morrow. Have had a heavy day's work myself so shall not stay as it would hurt you and him. Be calm. Much depends on this: and to-morrow I will help and write.—Yours, Signor.”

* * * * *

No message was received from Signor on Saturday. I have not seen anything of Murray for several days as he is still laid up. I have sent him the book.

Sunday, March 7th—Early dawn.

“If there are any important questions relating to Humanity, social questions that

Murray has at heart, I am now in touch with Higher Intelligences (of whom your Guide is one) and these will be answered in proportion to their interest for the book."

"This is what you call 'the time for' the book. I'm always amused at this word. I can answer your question. If I was clever enough to send a book, why don't I send in money and cheques? Come, that's amusing! I haven't spared myself in coming to you. But the Reward is here. By the way, to break off, Mimosa, was Murray angry with you? No, poor old chap, but he can't help feeling in prison: and a woman's writing—if it's from the washerwoman!—is enough to start her. So I prompted you to the open letter, which I laughed at and saw her open and read. So that puts all matters right. Yes, it goes against the grain. But we require no disturbance in our work."

"I am now permitted to help you in a material way, you will find, *unexpectedly*. Don't even seek for them, for friends will come forward to help you and Murray. Murray has loved his real work, which

has always been his writing. As soon as you see your way clear, you will get the piece of ground and begin to build our Temple. A friend who needs you will help you. The place will spring up, and connected with it will be your Lecture Society. Ha! ha! We can see those 'tea parties' and those gatherings! Murray will prefer it all on one floor; one big top room. He will collect a fine Library. Your Temple of Rest—but of Work—will invite people of all nationalities. There will be no shirking of work."

"You will have your work, too, in London. There is the Royal Academy to approach, and we will have the four Seasons of the Soul outside the Temple of the Golden Key. No. It won't be a boarding house," [I asked if the scheme would include any kind of *Pension* arrangement] "but you will have just the people you want coming and going. You had better leave practical details to Murray who will see that you are not swindled. Keep the End in view and you cannot fail. Enormous interest for you both, apart or together, in a garden or Sculpture Gallery,

and helping the tired and the worn-out all the while.

“ Murray must run off a practical little work on education. He has never had his chance. But many poor devils have not even had £100 a year to fall back upon. Let him believe in himself. Yes, little woman, you are a divine enthusiast, like him.

“ Put your shoulder to the wheel again. You say you have *loathed* being helped. How wrong! How wrong! But we have seen all arrogance knocked out of you. No one really stands alone; but the only dependence worth having is the dependence of Love. And yet that, too, is as free as air. I usually found women exacting.

“ Murray knows what I mean. The trotting out and the trotting in. Get yourself and him associated with the Work in the world's eyes, and even if they hint at an affection I am worldly-wise enough to know that the world honours the man and woman who *can* work together.

“ Otherwise we should not have had the stones, the melody, in marble and in colour. The Real—remember this—*forces its*

way as long as it is real. To be seen in a Box at the Opera, in a stall, at a supper, at a luncheon-party, constitutes the usual game of the Cavalier Servants. I should like to 'ram this home'; no, not because, Mimosa, I'm dead against women. I've seen all sides, God knows; and what you *don't know* is—well, that's another story. The 'thing' that is made of self-indulgence, emotionalism, love of power, self-gratification, or even used for any purpose is not the *real*. (Be careful of the writing, Mimosa.) Held back by the whip of conventional speech, women like this are scourges—pests in the world. Things I've laughed at, egged on, winked at, I don't wink at now. And in Paris the party of three being always the accepted foundation of a play—the woman, the husband, and the lover—we bring it over here for *our* public. This enormous cleaning of the mind shews us, over here—this Other side as you call it—the *hideous truth*. You've made a glorious mess of the modelling, but how pleased we were, eh? And you could feel me trying to control you." [I had previously got some clay and had, under his guidance entirely, made four

models: a figure of a French peasant girl; myself, asleep on the sofa; another dainty little figure on a pedestal; and the dreadfully horrible sow-woman he spoke of some time ago. Murray saw the models and gasped! But, of course, *I* did not do these—but Signor. Nobody but a sculptor could have modelled the exquisite hands and feet of the figures. I did not know in the least what I was doing. The figures gradually developed.]

The following, which I cut from the Press, may be interesting here, as shewing that this episode is by no means an exaggerated nor an isolated case. [Editor.]

(*Daily Mail*, Mar. 16, '09.)

MYSTERY OF A DEAD ARTIST'S CANVASES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, March 5.

Over a hundred paintings, in the style of the landscape artist. Mr. R. Swaine Gifford, who died in January 1905, have been produced during the past three years by a middle-aged goldsmith of New York named Mr. Frederick L. Thompson, who had never had a lesson in the art.

The case is considered to be one of telepathy between the dead artist and a living medium, for Mr. Thompson, knowing nothing of painting, asserts that he only works under an irresistible impulse. Art critics declare that his canvases "reproduce all the charm, fine colour, and atmosphere of Gifford's best style."

Mr. Thompson has given an account of his psychical and artistic experiences to the Editor of the *American Art News*, who purchased one of his best "Gifford" paintings.

"About three years ago," he said, "I began to see distinct visions of landscapes and faces, and felt an irresistible impulse to paint them. I thought I was going mad, but the impulse grew so strong that I secretly began to paint. The visions came and the colours would work out into form. I am compelled to paint by an unknown force. The paintings are finished entirely by feeling.

"After I began painting an exhibition of Gifford's work was held in New York. I went to it, and heard a voice distinctly say, 'You see what I have accomplished. Why not go on with my work and finish it?'"

Mr. Thompson had seen Mr. Gifford twice during his life, but only on one occasion, when the artist was buying some jewellery, did he speak with him.

Accompanied by Professor Hyslop, of the American Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Thompson went to the dead artist's home in Massachusetts. Among other things, the widow showed them on an easel a picture of a group of trees "exactly representing" (in the professor's words) "one of the sketches that Mr. Thompson had left in my hands."

Professor Hyslop is convinced that the visions haunting Mr. Thompson are "clear illustrations of the process by which the departed may be able to transmit their thoughts to the living when conditions are favourable."



JEW : PRIEST : SLAVE : GREEK AND PRIESTESS.

The small drawing underneath the figure of the Greek Woman represents the Sarcophagus in which was placed the body of her child, which was buried by her in the sand (and witnessed by the Greek Slave whom she caused to be beaten). *Vide* "The Redeemed," to appear later.

These are characters in the Life Drama, B.C. 700.—A.D. 1909.



(Drawn on the back of a bill in the train, June, 1909.)

The Priest and Priestess drawn again by Signor, June, 12. The head on the right is himself as Greek Slave. The next (central) figure is that of the Greek Woman who ordered him to be flogged.

“DECEASED” SCULPTOR AND
ARTIST AT WORK.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

A day or two after Iris Delorme had done a number of models in wax and plasticine for the first time, my attention was drawn to a cablegram from New York in regard to the “influence of the departed” on the wonderful paintings by Frederick Thompson, in the style of the late R. Swaine Gifford, the American artist.

It is all the more gratifying to us both to know, therefore, that my colleague’s work as regards these models and sketches *are not unique*. Such instances as these but serve to illustrate *facts*: and I make no apology for quoting here from the recognized organ and leading representative newspaper devoted to Psychical Research.

[From *Light*, June 12th, 1909.]

PAINTING UNDER SPIRIT INFLUENCE.

The Sketch for May 5th published a reproduction from *Harper’s Weekly*, for March 6th, of a picture painted by Frederick L. Thompson, a working goldsmith of New York, who is without artistic training. He is believed by Professor Hyslop, who has investigated the



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

Portrait in wax (from a melted candle) by Iris Delorme under
the influence of Signor.

case, to work under the influence of the spirit of the late R. Swaine Gifford, and a picture by this artist is given for comparison with the one executed by Mr. Thompson, who has painted a hundred or more of these pictures under the same influence. Mr. J. B. Townsend, editor of the *American Art News*, gives the following opinion as to these pictures:—

“When Mr. Thompson brought me that painting I thought he was lying. If ever a painting was full of the characteristic touches, mannerisms, and particular style of Gifford, that was one. Gifford’s style is so distinctive, so much in a class by itself, that you can tell it at a glance, and no other painter has ever had the same peculiarities of style. Mr. Thompson told me his story; I was much amazed and regarded him as crazy. I found he had in his home dozens of paintings, all in Gifford’s unmistakable style.”

Mr. Thompson himself thus describes his own experiences:—

“I began to see distinct visions of landscapes and faces, and an irresistible impulse overwhelmed me to paint them. Within a few moments from the time the visions first appeared, I had my sketch ready; I was compelled to paint at once by some unknown force. The paintings are finished entirely by feeling. Soon after I began painting an exhibition of Gifford’s work was held at the American Art Galleries in New York. An irresistible force prompted me to go to it. While I was looking at Gifford’s work, I heard a voice distinctly say; “You see what I have accomplished; why not go on with my work and finish it?”

The telepathy between living persons, about which people talk, will not account for Mr. Thompson’s visions. The result is that our alternatives lie between fraud and the influence of the departed. Mr. Thompson’s visions seem to be clear illustrations of a process by which the departed may be able to transmit their

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thoughts occasionally to the living when conditions are favourable.

The writer of the article in *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Gustavus Myers, after citing the above testimony, concludes by saying:—

“Whether these explanations be true or not, the fact remains that Mr. Thompson in some mysterious way has painted a large number of canvases in Gifford's own personal style, and with a skill that dumbfounds artists who have critically examined them and who know that Mr. Thompson has never taken a single lesson in art, Gifford seems to have come to life again through Mr. Thompson; all the charm and beauty of his paintings, the bold lines, the subtle touches, the fine colour, and the atmosphere done in Gifford's strikingly distinctive style are produced, and by a man who knows nothing of the art of painting.”

The accompanying full-page process reproductions from the original models speak for themselves. They are necessarily rough and incomplete since, as Signor himself on several occasions remarks: “Iris Delorme has no knowledge of form or drawing, and has never before modelled anything more artistic than a Spring hat or a pair of woollen stockings.” Furthermore they were *all* done inside three minutes; some being done in about half-a-minute. I regret to say that several most artistic full-length models and portraits (busts) were accidentally destroyed

the other day when my colleague was moving out of her late home. The value of some of these lay in their composition. They were conceptions such as none but a sculptor would have put forth. But, as Signor has promised to illustrate his book of "The Redeemed" through her fingers. I shall hope to have replicas of these later.

The following remarks are so pertinent that I cannot refrain from quoting again from an unsigned article in the same copy of this journal.

[From *Light*, June 12th, 1909.]

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

The opinions and conduct of the people of this world, viewed from the standpoint of those on the Other Side, must often appear strange and well-nigh incomprehensible. Our fear of death, for instance, to those who enjoy the fulness, freedom and beauty of spirit-life, must seem childish and pitiful. How often they must feel surprised and hurt, when they try to manifest their presence to loved ones on earth, to find that their affectionate strivings are misunderstood and are received with terror instead of joyous welcome! It must strike them as being very curious that we are so blind, deaf and unresponsive when they come to visit us. We imagine that we are alive, and that we know and see a vast deal, and yet when they speak we do not hear, when they try to show themselves we are blind, or, if we catch

a fugitive glimpse of them, we are afraid. When they try to send their thoughts and impressions into our minds they find that we are so prepossessed (many of us prejudiced, if not actively hostile) that their efforts are vain and futile. Even when we sincerely mourn their departure we too often think of them as "resting" and "asleep"—waiting for a coming recall to conscious, active life—and thus we exclude them and isolate ourselves spiritually from all possible helpful ministrations.

If we have advanced even so far as to think of them as still alive—thinking, loving, and enjoying life—we straightway, in our thoughts, shut them up in a far away "heaven" and picture them as too perfect and too happy to be able to think of and return to us. We imagine that we ourselves are wicked and selfish if we wish that they could and would remember us and return to minister comfort to our sorely stricken hearts. Indeed, we often think that we are virtuous, and brave, and unselfish when we say, "Oh, let the dear dead rest"; "It is wicked to call them back"; "We retard their progress and injure them when we desire their presence"; "They have gone to a better world, and will not want to return, and would not be permitted to return—it is better so!" We hug our fetters, cherish our blindness, nurse our griefs, and we imagine that our loved ones have been so transformed since they passed over, that the love-links and affectionate services which made our earth companionship sweet and brought a breath of heavenly happiness into our hearts, will now be distasteful, injurious, and under the ban of God's displeasure! We can well imagine that spirits, possessing a sense of humour, frequently exclaim: "What fools these mortals be!" and well they may!

One of the strangest of all the strange notions that have been propounded regarding intercourse with the people in the beyond is the theory that it is wrong to invite our loved ones in the Unseen to return to earth

because it injures them and retards their spiritual progress!

What kind of progress is it and what is it worth, that advances by leaving others behind and severing all ties of love and remembrance? Can a greater selfishness exist than that which would reply to the heart-broken cry of the loving mourner: "I have not time to attend to you; you hold me to earth, retard my progress and injure me!"

How enlightened spirit people must smile—sadly and wearily, no doubt—when they realise that persons on this side entertain such fallacious and unspiritual ideas regarding them. Surely the highest spiritual development is attained by sympathy and loving service—by self-forgetful helpfulness in "preaching to spirits in prison!" And who are the spirits in prison if not those of us who are still in bondage to the flesh—to false ideas and prejudices, or shut up in the sphere of self-love to the exclusion of others?

Love delights to serve, and in ministrations of good grows strong and pure and free. "Let him who would be greatest among you be the servant of all" is a sentiment which profoundly illustrates the true method of progress in both worlds, and we can imagine the pained surprise of loving and helpful spirits when they return to their dear ones and, in effect, are told: "Oh, go away, never mind us, we want you to progress, and for your own sake we shut you out from our lives that you may be happy in your heavenly home." If we were to treat one another in this way here, in daily life, our friends would imagine we were insane, or they would feel that we were insinuating that they were insincere, selfish and superior, or they would infer that we ourselves were morbid and, in a perverted way, taking credit to ourselves for our self-sacrifice in surrendering their affection for their supposed good.

"But you can easily get the proper stuff, all in good time and study hard. The first naturally is Animal; and the

second the Creator.* The *man's hand*, emblem of so much.† . . . We cannot do without each other. No, we *cannot*. We learn that over here. . . You say Heloise was not even a good woman. Goodness is relative. Goodness is of the spirit. Think of this: a harlot of the street may be 'good' if she plies her trade against the dictates of her soul. Abelard and Heloise worked; they couldn't help themselves. That is not luncheons and motor-drives, nor even helping people in your own way. I know a woman, in earth-life, who denies herself nothing, secretly, sexually or materially. She is always trying to *keep*, from the love of power, Everything she touches fails. To be connected with her brings unforeseen disaster. I am allowed to watch and do *nothing*. She is to be prepared at the right moment. But please remember this most emphatically, Free Will—Free Will—Free Will. What sublime impudence of many of you to dream of being Saviours!

* NOTE.—This refers to the Pygmalion and Galatea designs described already on page 218.

† NOTE.—See page 122. The picture he painted and shewed to Iris in a vision.

Preachers, yes—and many in the world. No conversion was ever made until that *within us* stirred—the White Fire of Life.

“ But I know the slow Hell over here ! the solitude ! I shall never go back to *that* : so I won't even describe it. Words will never paint to you this Joy of Life I feel in me. Don't either of you get down or dispirited. That which was destroyed so many years ago—years as *you* call them—will rise anew. And now for the Seasons of the Soul ; put in curious order—eh ?

1. Spring.
2. Winter.
3. Autumn.
4. Summer.

“ The figures were (1) myself in chains. You remember, the “ Oh, hear me.” (2) A French-woman. (3) A portrait. (4) Mimosa asleep. (5) The Animal.*

* These figures were unfortunately broken.

CHAPTER XIV.

Faith and Freewill.

Monday, March 8th.

Letter to myself from Signor. He gets more tender and kind.

“And now a few more lines for yourself.”

“You say I have become quite a serious person. Not at all. I’m as full of fun as ever I was. You and Murray both have the faculty, so I have, of putting things right and putting past miseries behind you. The Future is *now*.”

“Well, I did say ‘don’t take him seriously. I said some hard things of him: but that was part of the big game of mine too. Talk about Murray’s game! You haven’t the smallest idea of the work I have undertaken. Neither Murray nor you

must even *think* of failures *nor allow others to think them for you*. You will find, if you stick to it, the right people will come along. The contention and the battle have been fought *here*. I've done my part. It is finished. The *reflection* of it may still have to be played out. Perhaps not. That depends upon yourselves. And because you are a child still in many things, dear Mimosa, your trust and your child-like faith have gone home to me and to him. We men are not such devils after all! If women only knew! . . . And how pleased you are—much more than if I had called you Queen and Ruler. In your weakness, if it is of the right kind, is your strength. So lightly, yet so fondly, do we hold what we really love in our arms. But, as you are making me positively a sentimentalist, I shall end. So don't get spoilt.—Yours, Signor."

"No. Wait! But one word before you go," I cry.

"Why do you seem so bitter sometimes against one woman—for you are bitter?"

He paused. A great shadow fell on his face, I was afraid.

“No,” I cried out, “Don’t answer.” But he went on, rapidly. “We see too clearly here. (Be careful. Write slowly.) And I know things I never knew before. Besides, she kept me in that solitude.”

“What? Do not you, who are a spirit, forgive? You bear no resentment? It is impossible!”

“No! No! But we also see the end.” He stopped—he looked sad. Then, suddenly, he looked up as though he were making some request from the Unseen Beyond, and added: “But that, too, was in the scheme of life—and she knows.” . . .

I *dare* not ask nor seek to know. I will *not* ask Murray *anything*. But I have suffered so much. It is a horror to me, that force—but Signor has promised.

Sunday night—March 7th.

“You are very tired, dear Mimosa. But the battle is fought and won. Even those material difficulties had to be overcome. But the soul of the Priest has met the soul of the Priestess. Yes, recognition was the foundation of all this history. You have not been afraid, Mimosa; for

yours was the spiritual sin over the fire of the altar in the temple ; yet, human love, when allied to the divine, being the foundation of the creative word, after all your tribulation met every obstacle and trial of faith. Even poverty has been put into your paths."

"But the Soul knew ; and look back now on the past year and see how I came to you. I watched you with the poison in your hand and knew the Divine will was Free will. I watched Murray analyzing, sifting, doubting. I could not interfere. Let the story of the Priest and Priestess go down, as it will, to all time, throbbing as it has through all its lives. The hour and the moment when you fell on your knees—'Not my will, but Thine'—broke the chains that bound me to earth with all my mistakes. Freeborn, a spirit, now I can take my flight, only to return to be ever one with you both ; the first to greet you on the Other Side. For I am passing on. Boldly and without fear tell them how I came to you a wounded, suffering, cynical, disbelieving man. You will probably see him to-day. See how strongly I write through you." [The writing all through

here is *remarkable*.] “Be brave. The world-spirit will chain you; but I and those who sent me stand by both of you. May your thoughts, your designs, be clothed with the love which passes all understanding.—Yours, Signor.”

[This he added immediately:—]

“Mimosa, of all flowers, is the most sensitive in consciousness. Darwin, I believe, corroborates this fact. Mimosa has passion, feeling and sex: will live and bloom like something sentient. Therefore you were given your name.”

He has gone!

* * * * *

Wednesday, March 10th—5 a.m.

It is not quite light, but I distinctly heard a sound as of someone calling me and when I awoke he was there. This time, curiously enough, he was dressed just as though ready for a journey; his cap pulled down over his forehead; a big ulster on and a scarf round his neck. He looked thinner, too, but was very radiant.

“Why are you dressed like this, Signor? I *am* so glad you’re back. I have missed you so much.”

“I’ve been a long way, little Mimosa, according to your ideas of space. There’s a fellow got some documents of mine in regard to money. But —— probably knows that. I went and looked up a fellow who owes dear old Murray money; tried to impress him. Hope I succeeded. Saw Murray hard at it. Do I really go near him now? Certainly, when he creates me. What! you say this sounds like a fairy-tale?” He laughed quite loud, like a boy. “Well, yes, I am your bottled genie. Fairy tales are true fundamentally, Mimosa; and you’ll see they will say in the world what a fairy tale you and Murray have written. All the better for some!!” He suddenly took off his cap.

“I’ve been by sea to-night. By Jove! It makes a fellow think to see these young fellows going out abroad. I wish I had stuck to the old country. They’ll buy us body and soul over there—America. You’ve never been. America is the most wonderful place in the world for cultured savages. Yes, they *are* advanced in Psychism, as you call it. By Jove! What a name! It’s laughable. But that is curiosity-mongering,

a great deal. I was looking over Murray when he wrote. Mean trick, eh! Well, tell him when you see him directly, from me, that nothing has been waste. All that is part of the great plan of expiation.

“You’re right, Mimosa; keep the freedom of your soul and spirit in spite of love. You will see the eternal survival of the fittest is also right. And both your’s and the dear old chap’s chance is to know when the survival is taking place. They will only do with the fittest over here. But there’s no over or under; it is all interlocking, like body, soul and spirit. It permeates, expands or contracts. Thought is the lever. Keep that idea of the Survival of the Fittest before you, even in regard to making money. *We* can tell you what you are fit for. I can’t howl over the Past. My business is with the Present. I’m not even sad now. I see so clearly. It is environment, training, education, and temperament above all, that make the man or the woman. And God help them if they give way to temperament. They’ll come a cropper, as I did. It’s the very deuce. And my message to him, more than to you, is that, in this

wonderful chiselling out of the lines, he must know he cannot *recreate* conditions, circumstances, emotions, passions. The larger mind looks back on the unfulfilled. . . Yes, he is a lot down on his luck. I am looking through him and sifting it for him. This is allowed; and I hear him repeat—'a waste.'

"But am I not (I solemnly charge you to repeat this)—am I not the survival?"

He looks so earnest here.

"Mimosa, you, too, have perhaps a heavy trial in store; but there is no waste. But I am permitted to tell you nothing. Be guided by wise, loving counsel. Murray will help you here. Again I repeat this. He is not to be sad. Have *I* not been wrung, who helped? But I have not faltered nor lied to him. The winning of souls, Mimosa. . . . But no compulsion. Silence about even your own secret knowledge of your own past lives—priest and priestess.

"*Courage!* I'm going now. I shall be with Murray *before* and after when he needs me. But into one circle I cannot and will not enter. . . Will he understand?"

By-and-bye he will tell you more. Therefore, Mimosa, be very patient, true and loyal. You know—Silence.

“ Well done ! I’ll come soon. Courage !
Courage ! ”

Murray came in early. He said he felt constrained to come. I was so glad, for I was in great trouble. As Signor had said there had been trouble in store for me. Without this kindly warning, I should have been distracted.

Murray confirmed what Signor had said about the man who owed him money—in America. *Everything* Signor has ever said or hinted at is so absolutely true that I feel *certain* he will help me in this. He also wrote a private letter to Murray. I have just given it to him.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

This letter from Signor to me is again astonishing—wonderful ; and, could I reveal its contents, would be sufficient to convince the most thorough-paced sceptic in the world. But it concerns his private affairs—and mine. He has already said enough to convince. This is not his purpose now.

We speak as soul to soul—and, thank God! I have no longer any surprise, astonishment or superstitious awe in regard to these communications. To hear what he tells me and to go “behind the veil” is a great privilege, but it brings a terrible responsibility. I only trust that everyone who reads thus far may go on to the end earnestly regarding all this as truth and not fiction or “imagination.” Otherwise let them put these pages away once and for all. For it is not for them. We are not *playing* with life here—let alone with words or ideas—or the souls of the living and the so-called “dead.” It is all real—real—*real*. Doubt there may be—I know people always hanker after *proofs*. But not here, I earnestly hope, the scoffing or mocking spirit. Portions of this book, so far, I know, may sound like something between a fairy-tale and the commonplace. Only do remember, reader, that we are dealing with a discarnate soul, still fresh, relatively, from the memories and language and modes of thought of earth-life. In fiction or in drama we should make solemn demigod-like figures—personalities—who would speak

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in a set form and use grandiloquent language. Here you have just thought, fancy, utterance, action, *as it is*. One can do no more than render faithfully *word for word*. I add this note, not so much as an apology, but because I know and feel how hard it is for some to *realize* that such things have been and are as they find them here set down. I can only repeat they are here, as you find them, *because they were given to us so to set down. Pour reste, "Magna est veritas et praevalabit."*

CHAPTER XV.

Marriage.

[Note by Iris.]

March 10th, p.m.

It is midnight. I fell fast asleep on the sofa and then—did I wake up or did he come really and sit by me?

He looked so well, so big and so strong. This time he let me come quite close to him, and I seemed to *feel* his strong fingers close over mine. [His opening words referred to someone in whom I was much interested, and who had suddenly disappeared, causing me great anxiety.]

“No, I can’t tell you where she is, Mimosa. But she must seek you: not you her. It is a great trial. But she has to learn. Come! I feel in a mood to talk to-night.”

“I sent that message.” [This in reference to a message by Planchette which I happened to be using earlier in the evening with a friend whose husband, long since in the Spirit world, often writes when I am with her.] “I feel happy to-night. I was able to impress a man I know to do something he ought to have done long ago. So that hour’s not wasted. I told you I would instruct you. But I shall have to call a spade a spade—we can’t say man to man!!! And I doubt if you can put this in the Book. And yet it should be valuable from a moral sense. Let us speak then of Marriage and Love. Of course, Mimosa, we are experts on this.” He is chaffing me! But I know this is a sort of continuation of what he said once before.

“We are interested in body, soul and spirit. I have told you that it all means *interlocking*—intermeeting.”

“Suppose I were to say that the whole of the unseen world were married—every blade of grass, every flower, every dew-drop. I should be giving a scientific fact as regards interchange. You are right *intuitively*. All women should be in re-

gard to fundamental principles. But more than half your world is washing in filthy water. They never touch the stream. You shirk this from the beginning. I was never taught it. Polygamy is a lie: and I'll shew you how. There is pure animalism; but animals are not polygamous in their affections when their intelligence is awakened. They are faithful. Animal desire is cloaked under every sort of name. Body, acting with a portion of the Soul, which is emotion, not Spirit. Marriage—or marriage here—between lovers is atom and molecule respiration and psychic brain matter. This is union. It doesn't occur in your world—or very rarely. Men and women would laugh and jeer at the notion."

Satisfaction? Yes: They'll get *that anyhow!* I'm not preaching. I did myself. I never touched anything else for the reason I did not know that it existed."

"You are right, Mimosa, you *cannot* put your ideal too high . . . And when this secret knowledge is known a new race of women will spring up. If you say Nature is promiscuous you are wrong. The bee itself, by what is Law, rarely makes a

mistake and mixes the pollen. It can't be done without damage to the Soul and Spirit."

"I am permitted to know all your life, Mimosa, as far as it is necessary. Therefore I reply to that cry of your heart by speaking or illustrating as a surgeon with a knife. You won't get men and women to accept the Fidelity easily. They put the body apart from their *real selves*."

"Suppose—I only say suppose—I said to you a man you loved dearly deceived you constantly—wilfully. Ah! I see the physical effect upon you at once. *You* are, physically, the atoms shrinking. That is fundamental. But if I tell you he's as honest as the day and abhors the thought—the contraction ceases. Look! You get warm again. Greater than this is the consideration of the children born under emotional, passional or psychical conditions."

"One day I will tell you more about this. But the marriage of body and soul and spirit is round you in this world. It is more refinement; more 'selection' if you like; no, not necessarily intellect, but an

understanding, a handling of divine force and fire. Being creative in substance, word, action and deed, it does not stop at Marriage, or what *you* call Marriage—what we call Union. It inspires and expands. It never stops still. This is the secret of Regeneration.”

“I saw the book he was reading (Murray). The man is wrong and right too. You’ll doubtless remember the night that — broke the pearl necklace round your throat. You do? From that hour” . . . [Then follows something of a quite private nature referring to an episode of some sixteen years ago in my early married life—long since forgotten by me. But Signor vividly recalls it—the whole phase and atmosphere of the conditions—deep and complicated as they were. He *explains* things I never dreamed of. He was on earth in those days. So here he incidentally gives me an example of the fact I have now so repeatedly learnt from him that *all* is registered as in a picture or photograph.] . . . “And there are things that I can explain more as Spirit than as Man. We work here always as a Trinity when advancing. It has to be simultaneous

for any purpose to be accomplished or any work faithfully done.

It is we who learn to be scientific here. For this reason. In that awful solitude I carried my body with its desires and its follies. But only my body—my shell—chained. I always seemed to be getting at the Soul and Spirit, which stood apart and mocked me for my efforts. Once you know the truth of these things you cannot go back. Debasing links and ideas go. And curious this, for, when this knowledge becomes perfect, you will see how coldly, analytically, both you and dear old Murray will watch the Pageant pass by. Therefore all is Unity: all is Trinity. If lovers meet here in *union*, the touch of their hands causes interlocking. It is the rush of positive and negative. Teach your boys that the best is worth waiting for. Those who knew me may not think so, but *au fond* I was the executive Dreamer and Idealist. But, living in material and orthodox surroundings, a boy even is shy of opening out. Murray vaguely felt this for me. You must leave it to him whether to publish this or not. The Physiologists talk nonsense. There's



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

Portrait of a *Mondaine* as seen on the Astral (by Signor).

not a particle of that creative essence of life to be wasted in the world. Remember lastly, union is not waste. The brain re-creates. You have had a dim understanding—very dim—of all this. If you could see the perfect blending of the earth body and its own counterpart of soul and spirit you would realize even the awful truth of the Risen Body. *There is no death.* And the beginning of this will be when we shall come to fetch our friends, and it will be said that they fell asleep.

I know you pretty well now, Mimosa, so I am not sorry for you. And now a message for Murray. I knew he would not disappoint me. How could he! when he knows how I'm standing by him. The difficulty I shall have is with you, for you do not understand two or three things.

If you are helping to build you have to be very patient. And also a word of warning. When you are dissatisfied, weary or impatient, don't look over the edge of your shoulder, even, and welcome the world-spirit.

“For that is on its way. You have Free Will. That sort of love will never content

you; nor gifts, nor temptations. I won't have you smirched, Mimosa. Cannot you trust us both enough? But I always said you were very human, after all. Murray, dear old chap, he has pleased me.—Signor."

(Monogram initial here.)

His symbol.

* * * * *

March 11th—Morning.

Let no one say that there are not evil elementals and spirit tempters that bring us face to face with the most subtle forms of temptation even in the midst of protection and when under the guidance of such a strong and loving force as that of this dear "Signor." For last night, amid a strange darkness and that *rustling*, which I cannot bear even to think of and of which I have spoken before, something came to me and told me that I was not to believe one word of all this. That I had been mistaken all through: that it was but the effect of Murray's imagination and that he was "having a game" with me. "Burn it all," said this voice. "Destroy it all. Burn every leaf of what you have written. It is all your own imagination."

So strong and so overwhelming was this *awful* feeling, accompanied by such indescribable and hitherto unimagined strange forces that I was thankful to turn with a supreme effort of will to the affairs of the day.

I told Murray about it. I doubt not at all now. But it was such an *evil* force. Signor warned me of tests : and has warned Murray also, in private messages. And then we recall how once before, though not in so horrible and aggressive a fashion, I was called upon to destroy something—some papers. And have I not been called upon to destroy *myself*?

I bless Signor for his words of encouragement and bidding me be patient. And I watch Murray's face when I speak of these things ; and I can feel the vibrations of his very soul. He does not fear and he does not doubt. And yet, this thing that he has to do for his friend, for Signor, that has had to try my faith so sternly, now through private messages between them, now by half mysterious allusions—how it settles sometimes upon Murray's face like the shadow of a great

cross. I know he, too, has to suffer. . . . And then he will jump up and exclaim: "But it's all *reality!* We must not fail! We are all working together. I can go through *anything* now for him."

He has let everything go for this work. Can anyone do more? And I, too, know that Signor does trust me. And I, too, will let everything go since I know that somehow, somewhere, we are "building," and so have to be patient.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Apport.

March 12th—4.30 p.m.

I was lying on the sofa when he came.

“Dear little Mimosa, you did not expect to see me in broad daylight, did you? But here I am! as I have been, more or less, the whole morning.

“Dear old fellow, you felt that he was going through some stress and you did right. No. I *cannot* guide you. I may be allowed to impress you. You, Mimosa, have come through; but *you were right to shew him* he was free as air as far as you are concerned. I've had to take a knife the last few hours, and you don't cut out a cancer without letting blood. Perhaps I've been rougher than I intended to be. But when I went out, against my will, I

got to love reality [as he, dear old chap, calls it.]

“Yes, write strongly to shew I am with you. I told you yesterday I would not have you smirched. No. Birched! Come, come, I’m still in such good spirits, I must have my joke! I’m pretty strenuous. Tell him the furniture and stuff can be used for a good purpose. . . . He will understand.” [This refers to some furniture in connection with part of the proposed scheme for the “Temple of Peace,” etc. Murray had discussed this with somebody, I afterwards learnt, only this morning,] “In regard to yourself, you don’t know yourself or your own power; and, when you do, think of me, little Mimosa. You see I know everything I am allowed to know; and I’ve had to do the standing by and hit in when the moment has come. Murray, God bless him, aimed for the best. He’ll get more than worldly goods, though he’ll get that too. And you, too, quicker than you expect.

“Every regret he has over my work (for it is mine) hampers me and spoils even my artistic output. Did I not tell

you I had to *earn* my hours with you? If you will have it, then, I've grown fond of you where I should have hated you. Dear little sister, if it's encouragement and help to you, I'm your brother-in-arms as I am to him; and if you knew everything you would realize the extraordinary sequence of our lives. But we don't make mistakes over here; and in strength, and yet in humility, I make you both, in renewed unity, to love but yet to work." [Signature.] "I am, dear old chap,—you know me." [Signature.]

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March 13th—morning.

"A line only, Mimosa. Yes, when the moment came, even the message from M. W. arrived! Why did you fret over this delay? Bad Mimosa!

"Be careful; the world spirit is very near you. *Now* I am alive. And, when I can, I'll manifest myself to him. You'll both write even a better work." [Here he gives the title,] "I see the end. Neither of you are allowed to know the future. Above all things, tell him that his private message

. . . . I'm in charge of this goal. I'm wicket-keeper! Go to sleep . . ."

I fell asleep and rested.

Saturday, 6.30 p.m.

Later in the day I attended an afternoon recital in the West End and a remarkable thing occurred to me. It will be remembered that, some few days ago, Signor had given me a little poetic parable on his pet name for me; and Murray, delighted at this, had written me a line on the properties of the Mimosa and the Sensitive Plant.

Well, I bought some carnations to wear and proceeded to the recital with some friends. I got to my seat early and had plenty of time to notice the people as they came in. I need only say that, as a woman, nothing escaped me—their *toilettes*, any flowers they wore, etc., etc. The stage was decorated with huge bouquets of roses and there were palms at intervals all down the hall.

After the performance was ended and just as I was leaving, a lady, who had come down from the boxes to speak to

me, said: "Oh! take care, *don't* tread on them." And looking down I saw at my feet a large bouquet of Mimosa!! I enquired of the Secretary, who had the management of the proceedings and who had handled (and ordered) the flowers, if *any* Mimosa had been used. He said, definitely, no. I told him. He laughed. So did I—at the time. But I thanked Signor for the flowers all the same . . .

Some of you have heard of an "*apport.*" Psychic scientists know about this. To the ordinary reader I only say: "Live and Learn." There *are* more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

* * * * *

Sunday, March 14th.

Early—near the dawn.

His force is terrific. He comes in splendour.

I've made you do it, Mimosa; for you asked my help about ——" [This refers to a letter I felt constrained to write last night. It was a business matter of very great importance.] "It's very hard. But,

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brave, faithful little sister, you had to bear the wound. There are no relationships—*none* here, but that of Love. You say it is strange that this trial came now. But your life is deeply linked with that of Murray. Here is a mystery which we have shewn, and you and he lacked strength. You were hypnotised, as he has been; a hypnosis of the Soul, which made you sluggish.”

“The dominant *world-force* is not Love. It is the world-spirit. While it can control you, it works, it commands, it hypnotizes the spirit. It captures and steals from you. It has from you both. It conquers and rejoices then. When the spirit rebels it has to go. Well done! Mimosa. I watched you last night and saw the pause Tell this to Murray; and tell him, moreover, I’ll answer this great question of illusion.” [Murray and I had been speaking of this *apropos* of Signor’s remarks also thereon some little time ago. He (Murray) had been speaking about the underlying meaning of the human affinity for all forms of beauty and delight in the beautiful for its own sake, and the difficulty, to an individual keenly sensitive to all form and

beauty in the world, of eliminating the educational value of such from its more poisonous effects in a variety of ways, etc., etc.]

“Illusion! Have I not been trying to answer it for him? I’ll put it brutally. The beauty of all things is intrinsic in themselves. You never gave the flower its perfume. But the flower responds to the Highest. Alas! in Humanity the beauty is there, but Intelligence mocks at Spirit. The debauchery of sensuousness is, in a measure, that getting out of Self: but the price is too big. Here we see it *as it is*, and it is another form of intoxication. Everything is relative. It ends always in satiety, disgust, as with myself. I see them here up to the neck in the physical attribute of sensuousness. It is all self-hypnotism or the hypnotic force of the World-spirit, which has its place . . . *Ties*, *Mimosa*, are accidents. This seems harsh. Once and for all the Spirit of Love was *never* tied. Every word I wrote last night through Mrs. B— is true.” [I had doubted something at the time—chiefly, I have to acknowledge, because I did not like

what had been written! But very shortly afterwards my friend's husband, who frequently communicates from the Other Side, wrote and said that everything Signor had written was perfectly true—as *I afterwards discovered.*]

“Aha! Did we not give you a surprise over the flowers!!” [The Mimosa episode, alluded to already.] “Well, you know now what to do about the Book and the title.

“The World-Spirit is as strong as mine. It never lets go. It devours. But the Spirit is stronger. I've wrestled with it and I know. No, dear Mimosa, you can't run away out of London. Your place is here: and perhaps the dear old chap needs you a little too. You are not going to fail me, are you? Yes. He's an obstinate beggar sometimes. But he's got me by his side. Go to sleep. You are to put this into the Book. I'm going to give you now, by permission of the Guide, the words—the last words of the Priestess to the Priest. These were her dying words:—

‘I see before thee, for thy sin and mine, the endless stretch of years. It is nearly over: and yet it is not yet begun.’

' We shall carry on the restless memories of our love to years of agony and pain. You, Ahmes, shall taste the bitterness of loss, deceit and strife, Thy soul and mine shall wander through the Pit; for lo! as fallen angels we shall wander. On many a woman's breast shall rest thy head; and, seeking thou shalt never find it. Through all the ages thou shalt hunger for the real, the true, and passion after passion shall rise; but seeing that in me and thee once burnt a flame divine, that same thing shall burn thee through the ages, and thou shalt find it in the eyes of many, in music and in words. Behind it all I'll stand and mock thee as I mock thee now; for then, again, I come, and thou dost throw me from thy path. I'll lure thee with a love as real as thine—then fail thee at the last and lose for ever thy soul and mine. All this will come to pass, and yet — and yet — God gives a way, perchance . . .'

After this I hardly remember anything except that I could not write any more. I felt too tempest-tossed, and I reproached him. But he will return . . .

We had a terrible scene—for I was overwrought and much disturbed with worry and trouble: and finally I drove him out. But he came back again and knelt at my side, “I’ve done my best for you, Mimosa. I’ve done it all for the best.” . . . His face wore an expression of grief, and his voice quivered. . . .

Thank God that is over.

* * * * *

March 15th—early dawn.

“Dear little Mimosa. You may be sent for to-day but I shall try and prevent it as — will be there. Yes—Yes. I know your impatience to know: but your (and Murray’s) Guide is here—can you see him? He is directing me. I cannot tell you the results as — also has Free Will and he can do the right thing now at the eleventh hour. So, although the delays have been your suffering, yet *rejoice* at the Instrument again. It was his chance. The debt of life is a heavy one.” [This refers to a lawsuit. He *did* effectually keep me away from the Court.] “And now for the subject that brings us all into our new life. Did I wink at you last night? Perhaps I

did. But I don't mean to chaff you too much. I hope the dear old chap sees I left him entirely alone about the names. . . . He pleased me much—how much he will know himself by doing this. In regard to yourself—what about your courage, Mimosa, in facing a storm of criticism, not personal but from the sceptic's standpoint.

“This book, you see, will pass into many hands. . . . *You* know me, of course. So does Murray, Well, it's absurd to doubt it. But if only I could make you draw me—which you can't do for you would make me an ugly enough old scarecrow—*(laughing)* any relative I have would say it's a “fake” from a photograph. So be guided by Murray. You pretend to be very strong-minded — Oh! Mimosa! Never mind. I won't chaff you. But if you are strong enough to say ‘aloud’ that you know me, then you can face the music. I tried to impress you yesterday to sleep as I wanted to send Murray a message. It will—write clearly—It will have to be veiled now as you are so wide awake—brain so active. No. Don't worry, but I think I'll

make him understand that, apart from the sequence of our lives; apart from the scheme of evolution which brought you again together; I did it (don't forget this) because that put me in as a double wrangler. Be careful of your writing, Apart from all this, Murray has missed and not yet seen one of the most important points. When I spoke of being earthbound, and of my chains—and in those horrible words—there was something to undo. . . .”

[Some private matters referred to here which I don't understand.] “Don't get restless, Mimosa, when I say this is my last secret with him. I could tell him all. But I must not clear his road further. The thing was well done: but yet it was badly done. By degrees the meaning of it all has dawned upon him. . . . I am waiting to rub out the films for him.” [I remember, on one occasion Signor appearing to me, and as he was talking I noticed he seemed to be holding in his hands a sort of series of films like the films of a cinematograph. And he was *sponging* out something from time to time. He seemed to be looking over them all and occasionally stopping — sponging out as



Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

THE GUIDE.

Portrait in plasticine by Signor.

[Iris Delorme and Murray Compton have the same
(Egyptian) Guide.] [*Vide* p. 236.]

though to say "That's gone. . . . and *that's* gone. . . ."] "I'm sorry, little girl, the World-spirit terrified you last night. But remember you have a power, too, and when you speak of evil in some form or other *it creates itself*. Yes: tell Murray; but don't be hard upon the other man. Shall I say it again? If I owe you much, both of you, do you owe me nothing? There is Peace and Love and understanding. Tell him, too, how trivial and weak regrets appear to us. If he could only see the work I'm on now!

"And when you know much, Mimosa, as you shall, I will say thricefold, you shall be taught to love and unfold in him, as in yourself and in me, the jewels locked in a prison-house." [Private message here.] "Ask Murray to be deaf—and dumb; to be kind, yet strong to the World-spirit. Not to fight it, but to let it go. God knows, have I not put a key in his hands? And the hour he doubts me he sends me back—for here we are *made to do our work*. . . . So important is this message to Murray that I must try and get leave to make you sleep in order to come through to him.

“It is so difficult to explain through you when you’re awake. If I can (because I’m only allowed to come as they direct) will he say out loud, ‘I understand, H——; I understand.’ Dear old fellow, shake hands. I wish you could see me. Joy cometh in the morning. The night is over. . . . Dear, brilliant old chap, you’ll do!”

Monday, 15th. Later.

Murray looked in with some MSS. I gave him the foregoing, in full, to read. He seemed very deeply impressed, and much troubled and distressed about something. He seems to understand and yet not grasp its full significance and exact and precise reference. But he says nothing. I ask no questions. I know he has *something* to do for Signor. A few minutes later he is in unusually high spirits—exhilarating. He says he *feels* something—something good—but cannot grasp its meaning. Perhaps I have won my case. Anyway Murray has disappeared—and reappears with various little luxuries and a box of cigarettes. He draws up a chair for Signor and lays a place—cigarettes, too, by the side of the

plate. It reminds me of the old Indian custom. I feel Signor close at hand. Murray feels the same—that curious cold, cold draught. In the middle of luncheon I feel Signor is with us and wants to write. I ask for a pencil and begin scribbling on the cloth till Murray brings paper.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

He sent a series of private messages to me and replied to my questions. I then asked why he was using the name H—— and not his first name by which he had always been known, to which he replied:—

“If he knows that —— is always ——” (mentioning two names of a mutual acquaintance) “this gives the key.”

Here followed, in numerals, the number of the first letter of his surname, followed by the word “alphabet.”

I did not yet quite grasp why he used this name. He wrote again. “The duffer, can’t he count?” The number again repeated. “—— is also where I am.”

I hesitated. Then came more insistently. “Idiot,” followed by his signature and his second and third initials

placed alongside the corresponding initials of our mutual acquaintance. I grasped this; but still wanted to know the reason. I happen to be much interested in names and their numbers and significance. Signor knew this, of course, and was probably annoyed at my not putting my knowledge to better account, for he then wrote a sentence which made me realize the *full* meaning which none but a student of the occult significance of letters and words would understand. Suffice it to say that the key to this most interesting but cryptic message was contained in the one particular letter which occurs in this name H—— and which is the “common denominator” of *all the names* referred to; and, furthermore, which is particularly adaptable to *writing psychically at night*. His next message therefore came “——” (mentioning this letter) “writes in the night, oh! brilliant Murray!” I felt somewhat small after this. “When will you write for me?” I asked. “Very soon,” he replied.

We have it, since, from Signor that “We bring through creative symbols of our names to re-live through. You will

find the same personality or rather individuality as an original Egyptian story."

Then he continues: "I had to have ——" (the name he takes) "and had, on account of this work, to believe I belonged to the family. But there are no relationships. So do you understand? I must, however, keep up the name *in order to get through.*" This will sound ridiculous rubbish to the uninitiated, I fear. But they may take it from me that it is very good sound sense and perfectly scientific. The *name* counts for a very great deal. It is a matter of Law, vibrations and harmony."

I then asked him if he had been present last night when I had had a tremendous talk with a very clever individual who was arguing in a distinctly materialistic spirit.

"I told you all you said, only you rather skirmished. It is *personal*, remember, as well as public work. Stand firm."

In reply to my question as to whether I should be able to ultimately convince this individual, he said: "Are you the saviour?!" And he is right, I see. We cannot hope to persuade and convince

others to our point of view by argument. They must learn and perceive and work out these things for themselves. As he has said to me before "Give up the idea of being a saviour or a safeguard." People have Free-Will: and they must learn the greater truths by experience and by suffering or gradual expansion and awakening. Throwing a white light into a yellow flower does not make it white!

Then I asked if he could give me any news or reference to two friends who had passed over several years ago. Last Sunday I had been talking to a lady—a relative of theirs (they had been husband and wife) about the survival of personality after death. She is always very sceptical: but told me that she would believe if I could give her any correct account of doings or conversations she had with them on several matters before their death. He replied: "I gave Mimosa a message to Mrs. ———, but she never wrote it. I have not got into touch there again. Ask *your* question" . . . He broke off into some *astounding* revelations. Then somebody came in. I hope I may be able, later on, to get something tangible to

give to the lady in question. It is really pathetic to see how belief *creeps* in when one is enabled to bring people "proofs" of a "surviving" individuality and personality by simple written messages. But my experience is that to the hardened sceptic it is by no means an easy matter. The most pious and devout persons are usually among the most sceptical. Their faith so often does not go beyond a matter of form—or more often a form of matter. I have seen more than one atheist convinced in half an hour where a "devout" Christian will doubt and discuss for half-a-dozen years.

[Iris Delorme.]

Tuesday, March 16th. Dawn.

I am staying away with Mrs. ———, out of London.

"So here we are! What nonsense, Mimosa, to say I might not come in a strange place! I may have to communicate with Murray urgently, so take this down carefully. All this is for him."

[Here follow three or four cryptic private messages for Murray which I do not understand . . . Murray wrote me a

letter this morning in which he asked me to try and get from Signor the meaning of a cryptic message I forwarded him yesterday. But, apparently, Signor has *already* anticipated this and replied.]

5.20. p.m.

Letter arrived from Murray asking me to "go to sleep," and get a private message from Signor to enlighten him on several points.

5.30. p.m.

Signor writes a private message to Murray.

6.30. p.m.

Murray arrives, and I give him the MSS. to read. Signor adds *apropos* of my friend and hostess Mrs. —. "Sorry I called her 'the old lady.' She's a trump; and, as to you, Mimosa, you can amuse yourself writing the story, if you will hurry now, and also *eat*, if you please. But we do want to play, don't we! Yes, lay the knife and fork beside an empty chair. That thought of love drew me from a boundless sphere. I tell you, Mimosa, you are making a regular fool of me! Your heart is weak

to-day, but I'll see if you will sleep. Brain active.

By the way you'll put incense in the room for me, and keep a place for me as soon as the furniture is in."

[This is in reference to the "Salon or the Golden Key" in which we are so interested and to which I have alluded before.]

Murray seems deeply impressed by the messages received in connection with Signor's work which he (Murray) has in hand. It is all very arduous, apparently, and mysterious. Murray seems at one time depressed and at another moment reflects the spirit of Signor's words to him this morning in one of his messages. "We are twenty-five again, old chap, with all our ideals before us."

Later, 9 p.m.

After dinner, for which Murray stayed, he and I went into the boudoir, and felt Signor was present, and would doubtless send Murray a reply to any questions to which he wanted a reply. I turned the light off; burnt some more incense, and lay down on the sofa. Murray said he

x

felt a strange drowsiness, and lay back in a big armchair.

Almost at once I felt Signor's presence and he began writing—in the dark.

“The end has come: and if you could see me now I am bursting with life and with renewed spirit. I can write this. — (initials) is — (initials) and 26. No more. Mimosa is ill . . .”

[Note by Murray Compton.]

I heard the sound of a falling paper and a dull thud. Iris was lying motionless and prostrate on her face at full length on the floor, her hands lying by her side. I jumped up and went to her. She was quite warm. I lifted her slightly. She complained of feeling very cold. I took her to a chair before the fire. In five minutes she was completely herself again; and said she felt immensely refreshed. She continued talking on my hostess' arrival, with vivacity and animation, the rest of the evening.

I have so frequently noticed after she has been in touch with Signor that, whatever the strain at the time, the after effects were always immensely beneficial and

refreshing. This is clearly the effect of *spirit* permeating and reanimating the body and nerves. And surely this is the real reason why, when we sleep, *i.e.*, the *body* and brain rest in deep and healthy sleep, we wake refreshed in the morning. The real spirit *ego* contacts there with the "spirit-world" freely, naturally and without any conscious effort. It is *this* that is so beneficial and so necessary to us after the expenditure of psychic force which cannot be supplied to the ordinary individual in any other way. For the discarnate spirit there is no day and night. It is only when hampered by the body and brain functioning that the spirit requires a time when it can withdraw and re-charge the body. And for this purpose the body must be deeply passive and receptive. Hence the necessity for what we term sleep. To many a short period of artificially induced unconsciousness is both refreshing and invigorating.

[Letter from Iris to Murray.]

March 17th.

Last night, my dearest, after you left I went to my room and I felt the great spirit

of good that went out with you to protect you in every dark hour, and to-day with the sun blazing in at my window, it is most fitting I should write down at once what our beloved friend has done for us. As I fell asleep I became conscious of what I call the soft unearthly radiance; and when he came it was in splendour—a purple robe shining just like you see the shimmer in nature. I can scarcely believe this great unearthly Being is the one who chaffs and laughs and “smokes” and even sometimes uses abrupt language!! and yet just once last night when you knelt at my side and I was too overwhelmed and shy to tell you all I felt, I knew the bounding, leaping realization of recognition, for your face was quite transfigured and you looked just that which I had always known, I suppose, from all time, the Knight in shining armour, the Priest blessing his people. One can never tell at the moment what these sublime seconds fulfil; and yet they do mean glimpses of the Unearthly and the true which draws us relentlessly, strongly, and yet so lovingly.

“Come,” said Signor, with such a

smile: "They will trust me to take you with me to-night, and part of that which you and he knew you shall both know again. No writing to-night, but Experience and Wisdom. So he took me out on his strong arm, rushing through space, and he talked to me of coming wars and all the conflict of the world, and how it was the reflection of a supreme battle being fought between Good and Evil in the beyond; and, so deadly was it, the atmosphere over the city was black with red, murky splashes. He showed me palaces of Art; pictures. I heard music and saw radiant figures passing to and fro. Then he took me to the country and shewed me the difference of earth atmospheres. I was breathless with all he said, for he was speaking all the while and telling me how horrible and loathsome was the fight even of astral matters with the spiritual, but how the predictions were true, of all time, and that the destroying element even had its use in the frightful place where he had walked in solitude. He shewed me how corruption stood behind the artistic hand; he pointed out hidden places where unrest was drowned in sin

and drink, until I shivered; and he spoke of the virgin soul of Nature with a depth I could scarcely follow, and then he suddenly took me away to quite an ordinary place, a house with a portico, built almost like a Temple, and a great garden beyond; and he said "Here I will wait, for those there do not yet receive even me." And I ran in and saw two men walking in deep conversation; and one was my darling Father and the other Henry B——. They took no notice of me and of my guide, and I did not feel sad somehow at not being recognised. I knew they were thinking of us, and then I heard Signor come, and I ran back again, and he said: "Come and see what I'm doing here. You and Murray," he said, "*really my dear old chum*, will see it done," and he drew away a cloth, and I cried out with amazement, the figures were so perfectly dazzling.

"No one has yet," said Signor, "I think, taken this conception of the story of Psyche. Can you understand? And I saw Psyche with the lamp having just dropped the oil on her lover's shoulder; but he, instead of being asleep, had

started up with loathing and horror in his eyes."

"I will explain," said Signor. "It is a symbol. True Love came, as it should, with mystery and divine intention from the Other Side. Love, even in the most intimate union, should retain to the end the mysticism and the ecstasy of soul. Here I make the woman curious and unashamed, piercing the veil; and thus the wanton who puts the body first. Yes," he sighed a little and threw the cloth over it, "I wish I had known these things on earth."

"But people will not believe these things, Signor," I said. "But I know what you mean, oh! so well. Love in itself when even permanent needs always wooing afresh for it is always afraid." He did not answer but he looked at me very kindly, and I heard him say something about "The Minotaur of my youth," and I saw he had read down to the deepest secret of my heart. We were walking on firm ground in the most perfect garden. It was quite hot, and he said quite naturally:

“Ah! you'll have a fine day to-morrow—what you call to-morrow.

“Come, let's go and find Murray and see if he's having a rest.” And he showed me you lying under a tree looking so young and splendid; but, as we watched, we saw you start and murmur and cry out; and a look of pain came. Then he leant over and whispered something, and you smiled in your sleep, and I did not go any nearer for I saw he was talking to you earnestly and quickly; and you seemed to hear and a great look of peace came over your face and I saw you were a youth again. But in Signor's eyes, although I pretended not to, I saw tears: and then, I don't know where he got it from, but he put a big spray of Mimosa at your side and he said exactly what the old man said yesterday, in the garden.

“It blooms in stormy weather.” And I was so overcome that I threw myself down and cried until I heard almost the footsteps of one greater, and I got up. It was wonderful for there was a greater figure shining by my side. They had even forgotten me, I think, for I saw that glorious



Sigismund Goetze.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

From a painting by

face smile and Signor walked away with him. This is just as it happened and I feel *so happy*, so joyous to-day.

Thy IRIS.

P.S.—This photogravure was in *Pearson's Magazine* that I was reading this morning. I had not yet seen it. As I laid down the magazine I heard Signor say suddenly, "Look again in this." I turned over the pages until at last my eyes fell on this; when he added, "Send him this Symbol. It speaks. Signor."

CHAPTER XVII.

Stormy Weather.

March 19th. Morning.

I am still staying with my friend Mrs. B—— out of town. I was pondering on Signor's words, previously quoted, about "a seal on the arm," when he sent the following :—

"No bible in the house! Oh! this is shocking, Mimosa. What a state of affairs! Come, little woman, though he (Murray) can denunciate the Church, dear old chap, he can't find a text. Too bad, isn't it? And for a High Priest, too." [This delightful bit of sarcasm had reference to Murray's book, referred to earlier that he had been writing last year, now in the publisher's hands.]

“ No time to-day to stay. But this is for you, Mimosa. It began when the red moon rose above the waters of the Nile.” [I recall the High Priest and Priestess’ story.] “ I’m thinking over the *design*—the beginning of our Temple. Well, well, here you are. Now find it. ‘ Many waters cannot quench.’ . . . ‘ Set me as a seal, . . . What about Solomon?? Love to you both.’”

(Signature).

I went to town after this. I was calling on a friend when Signor spoke to me and said “ Go over there; you will find the bible.” I crossed the room. There was a small bookcase, a bible stared me in the face. I opened it haphazard at the Song of Solomon, and read :

“ Set me as a seal upon thine heart and as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire. . . .

“ Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.”

Murray came down and stayed to dinner. He, in the meantime, had looked up the Biblical allusions and had brought a

bible in his pocket to show me the passage referred to. We laughed a lot over the letter, and my hostess felt it incumbent upon her to explain the mystery of this depraved condition of her bible-less library.

Signor with us the whole time. Constant correspondence with Murray and replying to questions.

March 19th. Midnight.

Most of the messages of yesterday and to-day have been of a private or cryptic character for me to pass on to Murray. These have been very strenuously given, and at times have (as to-night) made me feel quite ill for the moment. Signor seems to be in a terribly earnest and serious — almost desperate by anxious mood. He has just written a letter to Murray through me that, as I wrote it, almost tore the paper and made my arm and hand *burn*, quiver and ache. There seems to be a burning sense of righteous indignation on behalf of his friend—some half hidden story of shame and deceit, corruption and cheating which permeates at moments the very atmosphere, and

vibrates in the very pen with which I write the words. Yet it is veiled in a mystery which Murray alone can comprehend.

In all this I sense the fact that for Murray's sake his friend is fighting—or rather *has* fought and triumphed over the dark and forbidding forces ranged against him. There is theft and deceit . . . It is dreadful to see the shadows; and yet there comes, ever and anon, the fitful gleam and flash of the quick sword-stroke across the dark background. Then comes a muffled but stirring paeon of Victory . . . Yes, I am certain that Murray feels it, too. He will sit reading the messages and pondering. Slowly the clouds will gather about his face, and then there will rise up a strange and strong look of determination. He is strong—stronger than ever now; and has bared *his* blade, too, for action. It is all mysterious, grand and terrible. But it must pass soon. Signor speaks of the thing—this bit of his work—being already done. Is it that he is eagerly watching his friend on this side—to see that his own Free Will rises and completes the business? Yes. That is what I feel. Oh! it is grand to

think that our spirit friends are here to right the wrongs, and that under their noble guidance we are able to act and achieve. They come and go as they please, or are directed by a higher power. It is not for us to seek them often and curiously. But to *know* that they can and do come to help and strengthen—that is everything.

Saturday, March 20th. 4 a.m.

“Remember, Murray, on front page, these words. All women now are my sisters. This book—my work—has been written for women. I repeat again, I came with a sword and a heart of steel; and for one woman I have come there for help; and help this other. It does not matter whether your public criticizes or abuses you. You and I know, my dear old chum, the terror and the truth. My work over this is complete. But my work through you for the world but just begun.

“Your friend,

“(Signature).”

He added later:

“It’s been a strain. If I seem to alter my mind as regards directions, as you have

already noticed, do not disturb your mind I am under higher authority and they see further than I do. He is strong—a *rock* now. If necessary I'll dictate through you. Go easy, Mimosa, in taking down my messages. I had a fine day's work yesterday. Robbery, that money. I am going over there to impress him. Part of my work was cleaning out a pigstye. You will notice as I speak to you even my own robe I'm wearing changes colour."

[I did, even as he spoke. It had been white. It changed to a *deep black*. Getting through these vibrations and speaking of these unpleasant subjects, must, as he has so often remarked or suggested in so many words, indeed give him unspeakable pain.]
 "———— [cipher here] got money. Prior claim, and original plan from the beginning. Yes, that's all right. Robbed you of ——— and the money. We needn't go over that all again, old chap. But I wish you to have no doubts whatever about this. Now go ahead and get over all this calmly. Money gone. Well let it go. I repeat we get these knocks in life. I had a hard one myself. But once we *know* we are saved. . . . I can't stay :

nor need I re-open the old wound. Good-bye, old fellow. On the whole, you have infinite cause to be grateful to me and to—well, shall we say “others.”

(Signature).

Sunday, March 21st.

Nearly daylight.

“ We shall have many such a delightful afternoon again. That is the Promise. And when the time is ripe, we over here will walk and talk again with you, the barrier between spirit and matter being removed.

“ Talking of barriers, until they were removed, I could not communicate in this way between you and Murray. Yesterday made me feel a boy again. . . . There were several questions to which to reply. Murray will clearly understand that Sin is relative. But here we are taught the difference at once between premeditated passions, natural, vitiated and supreme. It is the law of what *you* call Nature (the World-spirit, quite apart from the Divine Nature) *to prey*. This is instinctive in the animal spirit. From excess of vitality, from vanity, from any lust of any sort, from power or

primitive passion, you get this faculty of preying upon people. There are those who, as I have explained to you carefully, have the divine spiritual force undeveloped. They are affectionate and trusting—my God! how trusting. *Here I speak to you of a man.* They are usually destroyed through weakness. It is my purpose, from personal experience and from my own sufferings, to point out in all my mission (for so I am bound to call it) the indestructible force of the *Divinely Natural*. This prevails against the natural. Murray and I both think a great deal of form. We learn to discard form here *immediately* unless it is running in parallel lines with soul and expression.

“Now then. Mimosa, here is *my* Psychism.” *

“I don’t make a fine design here without remembering the trinity. Murray, dear old chap, has worked like me: 1, 2, 3—Body, Soul, Spirit. Start with 3, 2, 1. There, you’ve got it. A profound truth.

* The meaning of this word was thus interpreted by Signor, to-day. “The real meaning of the word is Soul recovery and Soul discovery. It is ridiculous the way *you* use the word. Hence my figure of the Psyche.”

v

“It *does* physically, when called upon to work (I will use this word) transfigure the form. We are taught here to be very cautious of the word Beauty . . .

“I spoke of my own portrait” [this was on the occasion of my seeing his photograph, for the first time, when Murray brought it. I recognized it at once, of course, but it was less refined than his face as I always see it now. He told me that, as I looked at it, it would become in time just like him, as I see him now. And curiously, Murray said to-day he had been looking at his photo again, and ‘never realized before he was so good looking.’]

“Come when I send you my bust— what a joke! I wish I could. But you’ll walk down your garden path yet, Mimosa, to that studio we visited together. Well, I’ll cut off a bit of the jaw! I won’t say I was coarse. But you know me as I’m trying to be.” [He is chaffing me here about the personal remarks I made (to Murray) about his jaw and chin.] “Once your spiritual eyes are opened, you see any coarseness in beauty of form. By the way, my child, will you tell Murray to

re-read one of my letters. Shew him this.”
 [Here he drew the design of a wine-glass.]
 “ But your Guide is in charge of 26 : 148 : 8 ”
 [Murray understands this cypher, and says
 it is all right.] “ Now don't forget, *pre-
 meditated* Sin and passion is my message in
 the Book of the Golden Key. One day
 I'm going down to impress ——. Where
 you love, my child, we shall always be a
 happy family; for 'tis true relationship,
 that is.”

(Signature).

[Compare what he has said above about
 the Soul, which *always* pauses, even though
 we are not always conscious thereof.]

Later.

“ One word more. Faith removes moun-
 tains. When you meant it, Mimosa, and
 called upon the Divine Force to take away
 your suffering, you called to the one Supreme
 Force which never fails to respond. You
 can work miracles by Love and Faith.
 But you had to go through the fire . . . I
 have scarcely ever left you. I do not wish
 my dear old fellow to remember conditions.
 Where he thought to build, I destroyed a

rotten fabric, although premeditated—carried through regardless of all consequences. But when he made a demand, ask him, did I fail him?

“And here is the mystery and secret of Life. You are not, by methods of punishment, ever left in the circumstances into which you have brought yourself if you are *sincere* in your demands. I cannot speak of it, but the torture of my solitude (after I had come from where you are); the being face to face with a reality I could see but could never handle; the seeing so much of other's conditions—*that* was Hell.

“It was inconceivable to your mind—to Murray's mind—to find out much that I have spoken to you about—he will understand—a life's drama, if you like. And that path was deliberately chosen. I can do no more. That is not my work. By the way you won't become flighty, will you? Ha! Ha!” [He had changed his manner and was smiling. This last sentence tickled me very much, as it was *apropos* of Murray's visit yesterday after he had been to the Aeroplane Exhibition, in Town, at Olympia.

He had been much interested in it, and we had had quite a long talk about it.]

“If you are seriously interested in flying machines I might get information for you. I am sure the construction of the body is wrong. It should be spiral. Here, when we move in space, there is natural inflation and contraction. However, I’m not a scientific man. God bless you—both of you. I shall always be with you.”

(Signature).

Sunday night.

Murray came down to dinner to-night and stopped until a late hour. Motors are safer than aeroplanes, anyway just yet! It was a *most* impressive evening and Signor with us the whole time, and I wrote during dinner as well as after. As usual, now, when Murray is here, the messages were all of a private nature concerning Signor’s particular work that Murray has in hand. I seemed, at dinner (and just after sitting at the dinner-table) to be, literally, a *telephone* between Signor and Murray, as they carried on the conversation on the paper in front of me, Murray writing and asking questions

and then, *immediately*, Signor replying. All this, too, I am glad to say, in front of my hostess, Mrs. B——.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

Sunday night, March 21st.

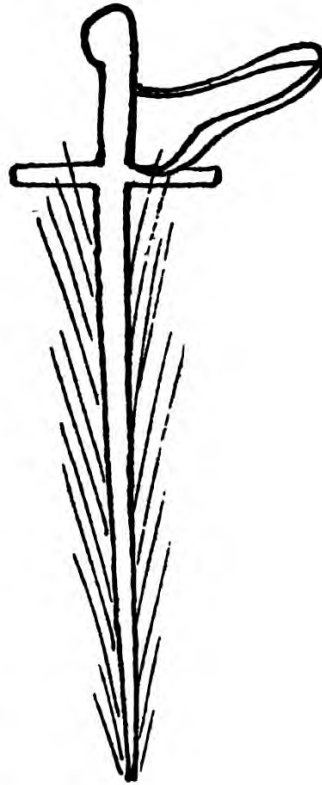
With the exception of a few moments during dinner, when the vibrations became very powerful and seemed to upset Iris considerably the work to-night has been most satisfactory and calmly done. Iris was, however, so much upset—for the moment—that even her appearance altered and she seemed irritated and resentful. Considering the circumstances I understood this perfectly and asked her to desist. She went upstairs, and in about four minutes returned to the dining-room radiant. Signor had written her a four-page letter of reassurance and had quite calmed her.

The following extract from an entry in my Diary, later, will be found useful here in regard to these sensations of “disturbance” :—

May 10th (after drawing this design, Signor writes):

“ Note for the book. The Blade of

Regeneration. You will perceive now that every instrument and person throws off, when in work, like the sun. The handle and loop signify the power to wield: the shield, the protection of Soul against Matter. The reason of the disturbance in those vibrations I used was the physical and psychical clash of the *rays*. You will, if you are interested in thinking this out, see the normal Divine order of Nature accepting and absorbing the rays which penetrate.* The spiritual *rays of the Celestial*, in which I am bringing you fast, will penetrate and give this illumination. Yesterday was a storm struggle of the brain to assimilate. It is our newer and higher method of communicating. I am quite ready to have a chat. I am here. Can you see me through the sun? I will



* NOTE.—Hence there is no struggle or effort with Nature in absorbing the Divine; as it is only when non-essential Matter (*viz.*, the Material brain) argues with the Spiritual that the real consciousness limits itself.

try and physically disturb the ground. . . .
I am more living than ever."

Shortly afterwards Iris and I went upstairs, as Signor said he wished to write to me when we were alone. Iris wrote in the dark—four pages of MS.—privately to me. Then the pencil dropped from her hand and she remained quite quiet as if asleep. I went across to the sofa and felt her hands quite warm.

"You can turn the lights up, old chap," he said to me through her. I hesitated a moment as I knew the danger to Iris of electric light (under such circumstances) suddenly switched on. But I know he is *always* right and that he knows quite well what he is about. So I switched the light on. It fell full on her face. She was fast asleep. I read the message, the last words of which were "She is fast asleep." In a few minutes she awoke, and asked for pencil and paper. She scribbled a short private message, and, on another half sheet, just afterwards, "I'm going now to see if I can get the money. A. I. R. It's all over now."

(Signature).

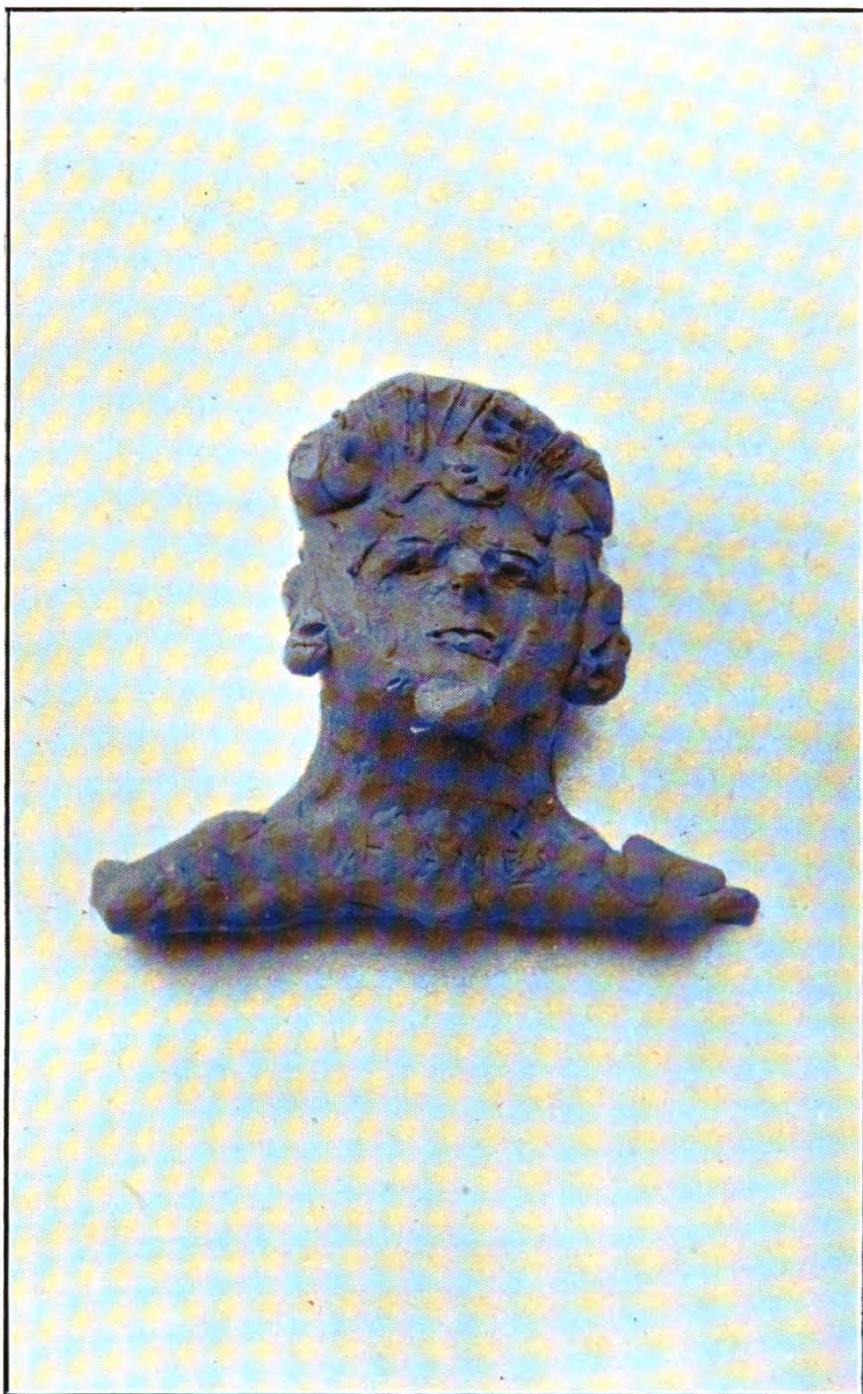


Photo by

Warren Curtice, Newdigate.

THE PRIEST.

Portrait in plasticine by Signor. [*Vide* p. 236.]

I called my hostess and while we were talking over our coffee, suddenly Iris got that curious far-away look in her eyes, and said "Wait—I can see him now—He is far—far—oh! miles away. He has a travelling cap and a heavy cloak on. He is standing behind a man, whose face I can't see; puts his hands on his shoulders. He is speaking to him . . . The man is in a place where there is a lot of machinery. He has a pair of compasses in his hand . . . He is going out—putting up the collar of his overcoat. It is a cold country . . . It is snowing. They are walking together. He seems to be expostulating with Signor. I can't see his face—just the edge of a moustache. "It wasn't altogether my fault, you see," he says . . . He is back in the room. He has just lit the lamp. He is writing a letter. I can see it clearly. It is to a woman. He takes out a baby's sock and looks at it. He has suffered, this man. He is looking now at a photograph. It is the woman he is writing to.

"Devil!!" he exclaims. "But you will have to come . . ." He is looking at a letter—from a woman. I can see it. Wait

a minute . . .” Before we either of us realized what she was doing Iris had scribbled four closely-written pages. She handed it to me. “I don’t know what it is. Read it yourself.” I read it with amazement. Drama, indeed! I seem to have in my hands the MS. of the last Act of a tragedy I had been writing these last three weeks. *Stupendous* clairvoyance! Iris breaking off in the conversation to watch this going on at least five thousand miles away, and telling me things of the truth of which *now* I can have no doubt whatever. Iris became anxious, here, about the letter. “I don’t like keeping this letter. It is so private.” I hesitated—looked at it again and put it in the fire.

If this should meet the eye of the writer of that letter or its recipient—they will recognise it from the very circumstances described above.

And once more, as in the fairy-tales, the good spirit is seen, superior to and triumphant over matter, rendering itself invisible and influencing to better things. Drama—tragedy—hideous and appalling nightmare of human impulses, passions

and deceit, yes. But over and through it all is sounded the note of Peace, not conflict; not of revenge but of Love.

Out of the happenings and the written messages of to-night might be furnished food for weeks of profound thought and meditation: material for poems, sermons and dramas. And Iris goes on quietly talking, laughing and chaffing, as though nothing had happened. Ah! would that all the world of doubt and unbelief could be in my very being to-night. Having known what I have known, and learnt as I have learnt; seen what I have seen; and so been once and for all convinced that Purpose and Free Will commingle—Spirit and Flesh—*this* world and *that* world beyond. *All one.* Yes, as Signor has put it, not Body, Soul and Spirit, but Spirit, Soul and then Body. Cause, motive power and reason, and vehicle. Spirit, Intelligence and Flesh—God, Man and the Human Animal. Mediums we all are, and we have Free Will. Yet, “not my will but *Thine* be done.” When the “on earth” is “as it is in Heaven,” the man divine will marshal all his force. Then not brain but

soul shall move us. Not the World-Spirit, but *the* Spirit. Oh! Heart of all the world, when will you move responsive to this flame of fire that brings us knowledge and surrounds us with its unseen force? When will you no longer only think and blindly know but *realize* the all-too obvious truth that Life cannot be played with, is no game, delusion, or mere sport of Chance? Its real and potent meaning goes pulsating through all senses, sciences and arts—calls through the conscience and quivers in intuition and ideals. Let us have it out. *Here* is the battlefield; the school; the testing-room. By blast of furnace, sensuous sensations and all oppositions and obstacles its potency is tested. Let us have the truth. We do so often fail because the *here* is, to us, all. England's not all the world. Life's but *one* passing phase. And not cut off from all that is so seemingly now beyond us.

The Faith that feels and does not only coldly know and dimly hope shall be that which will do all the miracles and wonders that we want, if the soul is sincere and the consciousness claim spirit and not matter for its guide.

But we must learn to *wait*. The will cannot so easily alter the time-tables of Necessity and Law. I speak from out of the *depths* of a long-drawn-out experience, which, had it not been for a faith, sadly worn and tattered, yet ever held firmly fluttering in the van of thought and action, had never brought me to a greater knowledge of Reality. "Things are not what they seem. Then it is our business to find out *what they are*. And out of the depths of sorrow and humiliation has come one whose love was stronger than Death to counsel and console. To me alone? No, but to others, too. And he tells that for others—for all—such help, if they will let it come, stands waiting. Even here, without friends, without the means of communication—posts, and trains, steamships and telephones we are *alone*. Terrible word! But not so if we tune the soul to spirit and the flesh to finer stuff. Already unconsciously we move in the right direction there. True physical culture is no fetish and no fad. It is but means to an end. To what end? To fighting, muscles, trophies and games? No. They, too, are the

“accidents” of each improved means. But to the end that the first body may be more in harmony with the second body—the fleshly vehicle with its tenant—that there be less discrepancy between the two forces interlocked. We only want to know if it is worth while. We only want to get a glimpse of something of that other world—only the next one to this, yet as real—so that we may *know* that all our symbols, all our parables, our faiths and creeds are whispers of something that is *true*.

We know it now. Beyond the veil are substances, not shadows of our former scenes. Beyond the veil is no delusion: no uncertainty, no shams. Beyond the veil is life more active and more vivid, cleared brains and higher intelligence. Here a huge school and its playgrounds. Why, then, not play like men and work like students? Nothing is wasted: all remains save that which we can still wipe out before we have to leave. And for this, as for every noble and great and sincere aim and resolve, we have our staunch allies, lovers and friends—Beyond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Psyche.

Monday, 22nd, 4 a.m.

I had an unpleasant experience in the night. He writes later:—"A pretty strenuous night, eh, Mimosa? I did not fail you; but you had to do your bit alone. We all have to do our bit alone. And you were *helped*, as usual.

"You *reflected*, at that moment, conditions; and through all this I was again earthbound. Can only get to you now as *Spirit*. I doubt if you will ever see Signor or the velvet coat and with a cigarette; but *I* shall come.

"Tell my dear old fellow he does not have to pay a debt twice—I've made you

say that. He will be able to face the world with the strength now that he always *had*. I'm as keen as you that he should make his mark. You are all right again, eh. If you could have seen the astral conditions as *you* call them. Remember, too, the material forces of A—. This was there also. As for the dear old chap it has taken me all my time to keep him well. You can't expect any man to smile when his pocket has been picked and he's found it out. No. I don't mean a real pocket—What? . . . Well, we will buy him a new coat! Ah! I must have my little joke. To us over here the pains of emotion we see as medicine and as children drawing ugly faces. It is apart from the fundamental laws which govern. Yes. We will get him a new coat, but not of many colours!!

“We have both had a bit of a thrashing, but we have taken it like men. Better here and now for him than to go over with all that.

“There is great good coming out of it all, and for 26 also.”

(Signature.)

March 23rd.

I knew Murray had been having a strenuous time. In the afternoon I saw him. Signor wrote two private messages to him, and then spoke through me once or twice. Then he wrote: "Such a comfort to find Mimosa receptive. If *you* will only keep *cool*, I can get through always."

Later, in the evening.

"My heart bled for my dear old fellow to-night. It couldn't be helped. I was with him. Cheer up, Mimosa. I came through you splendidly; and you may still have your bit to do alone. But I am with you both. Tell him I did not persuade him: I did not even impress him. But I command him to destroy each bit of correspondence as it comes in now. We are seeing the thing through. £.s.d. hopeless. He is practically through now. I was by his side when he got the stamp. His demand was true and sincere. God knows, I have answered it *to the full*. Now, good-night, my little sister. I know your own private sorrow; but my old fellow is going to help you through that. Step by step

z

you have each had your own trial. And I, too. Tell him, after all, *he* is creating a mountain. It was inevitable: and if it had not been done this way we should have taken him over. I am allowed to tell him this . . . Peace to you both.

Your own brother.

(Signature.)

Well done, my boy!"

March 24th, 4 a.m.

"Don't be anxious, Mimosa. He will understand . . . Bad actions need explanation and self-justification. My work, if you knew it all, *is its own* justification. Do you doubt even me! Never mind. I forgive you.

Signor."

* * * * *

I had not really doubted him. But there are moments in the thick of the fight when even the stoutest hearts may quail—for a moment. I can *never* doubt in his presence. He has never made a single statement or told me anything that was not true. If I doubted at all, I had the patience to wait; and found he had spoken truth—always.

He has defended me, warned me, watched over me. What more has a soul ever demanded of a "Guardian angel?" And if strength be a further consolation—why then he is immensely strong—and with a force that makes itself felt as a great, noble and sincere power that casts away the black shadows and ever fills me with the noblest motives and desires. Indeed I love this Spirit-man. He gives me vitality and power and clears my brain: robs me of nothing; leaves me all my individuality and Free-Will.

May God bless all his work, and his devotion to his friends on earth.

* * * * *

March 25th—(4 a.m. as usual).

"Here we are given differing conditions and surroundings. Even the ethers are different when any work of ours is accomplished. I still have to revisit my old haunts and do my work of Impressism. I'm glad to get back and put on a new robe! There's no lounging about here, and I set to work to finish my designs.

"You will remember I gave you my idea of the Psyche—the curious Feminine,

and the figure of the lover awakened. This meant the soul of the woman, in one sense, but not in the true. My second design is the Psyche standing alone, and a butterfly emblem from your Egypt fluttering down to her. My third, not a woman at all, Mimosa, but the man sitting alone—or the lover—yes—the highest form of nude, looking at the butterfly that has alighted on his heart. It is the Soul of Woman. But the soul free, with the wings of the butterfly, conscious of its freedom and ready to take flight. This conception is unlike anything I ever attempted in life. I could not have been inspired to it, for I looked on Woman as a different kind of butterfly altogether!

“ You are disappointed, Mimosa, because the Woman doesn't appear. Don't you even see this? In real union the Soul has gone beyond its symbol, and actually enters as the bride into the Man. These things are mysterious. But so it was from the beginning. You will perceive that his heart and intellect and self provide the home for her soul. She brings intuition, wisdom, and freedom of conception. Hence, again, *his* wings.

“As for you, my child, you have attempted several long flights—and *not* in an aeroplane! Here I am joking with you again! But I am permitted to go yet higher.

“Signor.”

March 25th, 9.30 a.m.

This is written to Murray and myself jointly.

“Please tell my dear old fellow that I have had such difficulty in communicating through cyphers and figures, as he is fixed on one code and I have had to catch on and alter numbers for him. It was necessary to do this partly for your sake, Mimosa, as there was always a constitutional and even physical tendency to rebel against some of the vibrations. However, we need not enter upon all that back part. Our work is going forward; and as you were so lazy last night you had better write this now, as I shewed it to you. I purposed the showing of myself. Aha! I am succeeding beyond my hopes. Tell Murray . . . we are so safe when we know everything. Don't be surprised, old chap, if you are

chaffed at having turned serious and 'religious.'

"But you are amongst those who now know the real man that I've tried to bring on. Couldn't have done it if you had not *asked*.

"I should like to describe to you one day how I used to stride up and down with you, wondering how the conflict would go. I congratulate myself on doing some smart things, too. Witness that little affair about the arrangements for the new Salon!" [This would be tedious to chronicle. But it was indeed a remarkable piece of work which included so many "coincidences," as people call them, as might fairly have taken the breath away of those not conversant with the manner in which things often "arrange themselves" under Spirit guidance.—Murray Compton.] "I so enjoy a chat with you.

"I hope Mimosa won't be too lazy to write down my new designs. She's a beggar for work sometimes, eh? But she does love to play! There, Mimosa, I must have my joke! Yes. I have a broad chest, but is it compulsory for me to look like Wilson

Barrett?!!" [This is *apropos* of my hostess' vision described below, when she said he looked like a glorified Wilson Barrett.] "I'm so happy, old fellow. There's nothing like being with those who believe in the highest of one and who can't throw up disagreeable memories even by a look. That's a chain, if you like! You and I have got out of the abyss. It is worse over here, for it has physical, or what we should call physical, counterparts. But there is a lot in this we cannot discuss, although if you could hit out a bit here, if it did not give me an hour's 'Earthbound' I could give you a hint. Mimosa here is getting restive; but there is many a thing that, as man to man, I should like to answer.

"Yours affectionately,

(Signature.)"

CHAPTER XIX.

Through Deep Waters.

March 25th—morning.

Mrs. B — (my hostess) had a vision last night, very vivid, and has now seen Signor again for the second time in the same night. The veiled figures of two women (one of whom she recognised) came and sat at the end of her bed, and endeavoured to persuade her to withdraw her protection from me.

She has been my earthly guardian angel on so many occasions during troublous and anxious times, and has known me so many years, that she naturally resisted these impertinent and monstrous insinuations with defiance. Then Signor came, throwing his *toga* around him, and the two figures disappeared. She described him as looking

splendid—"like a sort of glorified Wilson Barrett, my dear." I could not help smiling at this, as I knew at once from the description that it was Signor she had seen. Then, standing for a moment at the foot of her bed, he seemed to pass out through the curtains. I am glad of this as she has taken such an interest in all this comradeship and correspondence with him: and during this time has been enabled to meet and get valuable messages from several relatives from the "Other Side," including her husband. She has also been present on the occasion of many interviews and talks with the Signor. I am more than glad to have had, in regard to so many episodes concerning us three (Signor, Murray and self) so reliable and unprejudiced a witness, and one blessed with so much commonsense and rare tact. She tells me she has been enabled now to have evidence that is absolutely reliable and immensely helpful.

After this, I took my hostess up to Town and showed her the photograph of Signor which she *at once* recognised.

March 26th.

Murray came down to lunch to-day. After lunch, when we had done our work, we agreed to ask Signor some interesting questions, as I felt his presence and he seemed to be in a *good* mood. I got my note book and Murray wrote down his question:—

“Have we passed, in our scale of evolutionary rounds, through lower worlds than our present one; or is this world of ours at the base of the system from which we are all evolving on to higher planes by physical evolution and spiritual involution?”

Signor quickly replied:—

“It would take me many hours to reply to you, my children, on this subject—for you are children now, in knowledge, relatively to my position. But before I do reply, I must leave you to ask permission as you have been dragging me into other work. So I have to do that bit. So *wait*.”

We waited about two minutes and a half. Then he replied:—

“Interlocking permits of no such word as Lower or Upper worlds. Baser perhaps

is the better word—the baser world to which I went. Here the animal propensities are, for a certain time, compelled to fasten as loathsome creatures dividing a superhuman into human and sub-human. In very low cases only a human head is left. The original species on this world were of the highest. I will explain. The reason I am put to work now is to express the loss of my own evolution; and the refinement of intellect attached to the spirit brings man to evolution. There are many worlds; but thus, therefore, not as lower and upper.”

Here he drew a diagram shewing how the spheres interlock.

We asked: “What do you mean by superhuman?”

“I am superhuman because, since I got her to respond, I not only use now the Baser World, where you, old chap, insist on sending me sometimes, but also the second, and have now touched the third.”

Murray then asked: “Can we three share equal worlds by word, thought, spirit and inspiration?”

“Come,” he replied, “that is impossible. You eat, drink and live differently. But

you can, at certain moments, enter in at the closed door. Remember that everything was made as difficult for *me* to enter in by as can be imagined. But you can always work *two* worlds.

“ Please see that Mimosa does not play the fool and run away into the third.”

Murray asked what he meant. He replied by making a rough sketch of a chair attached to which was a long electric coil in spirals. Underneath this sketch was scribbled:—

“ Too far for the physical to stand this sort of thing.”

We asked what he intended to convey by this. It looked a trifle symbolic at the moment. But we ought to have grasped his meaning. He gaily replied:—

“Two idiots!” — [Here he mentioned the name of the gentleman at whose house I had so nearly collapsed as described earlier. Hence the chair and the “magnetic” coils to represent, I imagine, my freed spirit working out of the body.]

“ You were too excited. Keep calm to-night.”

We had been invited to dine to-night at the house of a mutual friend, where it

had previously been arranged we should have a small private conference.

[Note by Murray Compton.]

March 26th. Midnight.

Just returned from the D——'s, where we certainly had a very strenuous evening. But this was not the result of having disobeyed Signor's injunctions. As a matter of precaution, seeing that Iris had had so much heavy work lately, especially that in connection with private messages, I requested that there should be no formal demand but that she should keep quite quiet, and, if she got any message from Signor, that she should be satisfied with that.

But dinner had barely progressed beyond the fish when Iris asked the servant for paper and began writing vigorously. I began to feel strangely uncomfortable (I was sitting next to her). Then, pushing three closely-written sheets to me, she slid them under my bread. I felt a great force round about me and became quite unable to say anything either interesting or amusing to my hostess who sat on the other side of me. A few moments later Iris left

the room. I followed and found her gasping by the front door!

So the cat was out of the bag, and I asked permission to read my communication. It was an urgent private message; and I had to ask for paper and ink to indite a letter. It was about the most thrilling moment I had had for a long time. I've no doubt it all seemed to the others very mysterious. Iris returned and said she had felt as if she were going to suffocate. I could not eat any more dinner; and Iris, I noticed, with difficulty diminished the *menu* by a mouthful of fruit about twenty minutes later.

After coffee and cigarettes had soothed my nerves, I heard Iris singing and playing—*con anima*—in the drawing-room! Wonderful vitality! After this the room was darkened and she sat. Soothing music from the piano. A momentary uproar as the guide came through and then she wrote me a private message: Signor spoke through her to me and she gave some message to someone in the room. Her spirit then went right out of the body and played with the spirit of her child. The

guide warned me that she was to be recalled, and in a few minutes I brought her back. She was radiant after her interview with the little boy, who, she said, brought her flowers as usual.

It is a great responsibility to keep her within bounds, and I doubt if, even under the best conditions, she is strong enough to do this except at very rare intervals. But no bad force is ever controlling or disturbing her. It is simply the physical organism that requires careful watching.

She recovers very quickly and seems always spiritually refreshed; and refuses all stimulants—except fresh air and conversation! Both Iris and I, however, suffered all the evening from the same unpleasant sensations *consequent on the conditions* accompanying the messages given at dinner.

* * * * *

Sunday, March 28th.

A wonderful day, again. Murray came over in the afternoon as he was studying in a house not very far from my hostess, Mrs. B. —.

We went through a good deal of the typed MSS., and Murray was very busy assisting with the corrections, etc. We seem to be approaching the end of this absorbing phase of life—the beginning only, I hope, of many other engrossing and stimulating co-operations of a similar kind with this great and grand individuality—our beloved friend Signor.

About the middle of the afternoon Signor suddenly wrote: "Don't you think, old fellow, that L—— *rather* cared for someone else. But this is all only to shew you that I am *near* you. Hurrah! I'm in grand spirits!"

(Signature).

Later we discussed, with many documents and short messages that are not included therein, before us, the wonderful interweaving of the more personal part of Signor's work and the wider bearing of his message on the subject of Art and development. "My definite work," he wrote, "is greater than all personal work; and it means much—so much to me. Everything else has been in the rough, but *this* outcome is the message as well. If you are guided,

as I wish you to be," he says to Murray, "you will carry on the work when others have passed over and the world will grow. This is my object now in working and giving out designs through Mimosa."

Murray is aglow with enthusiasm to let slip no opportunities, however they may arise, for carrying out the original and brilliant designs of his great artist friend.

But, like myself, he is as yet too overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude at all the other side of the message that Signor has brought—is still throbbing with the deep emotions of all the past few strenuous days during which the personal element has so actively and forcefully predominated, and wherein Murray has seemed at times as though wrestling with those mysterious and terrible forces which I have felt so much, and which at certain moments all but unstrung me. But beyond and triumphing over all this, now that the smoke and flame of battle have begun to disperse, stand out clearly the greater messages of enlightenment and truth for so many others. And even just now while talking about these truths and ideas un-

folded to us in these pages, our dear friend writes "Look—*the end.*" He directs my glance to the table over there, where is lying the Bible in which I found his text the other day. I turn up "End" in the Concordance. There is a whole column on this word! "Look at the top," I hear him say—S. Matthew "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed: and hid, that shall not be known." . . .

We were going to ask him some further questions in regard to his work, when he wrote that a near relative of Murray's with whom he had only recently been enabled (by Signor's assistance) to communicate, wished to speak to him. The handwriting at once changed and Murray received a communication referring to some events that transpired some twenty years ago. Then there began a lengthy correspondence between this relative and Murray, Signor here and there assisting. Murray had from the first never doubted the reality and (it almost seems sacrilege now to write it) the genuineness of this communication. But the intimate details and references as they were unfolded to him were a great

delight to him to receive and to us to watch.

“We expect love and faith when we come,” were the final words. “And here we can renew the love of many years.”

How terrible, indeed, it must be when the loved ones come but find not that “love and faith” which they expect—so naturally.

Mrs. B— also was in the room the whole time. What a true sanctuary she has provided! Here, far from the busy hum of humanity, the roar of traffic and the many cares of life, we have sat, day after day, in quiet communion with our unseen friends who seem ever at our side. In one instant—quick as the thought that flashes forth its message—they come: they speak. Unseen they may be sometimes, but not *unfelt*. And they come with no cold, distant and unhuman touch; but with words of wisdom and love, with a cheery salutation, a merry laugh even, or throwing a light on interesting problems discussed or puzzling queries that have occupied our minds. Now hinting at episodes of the long ago, almost lost, until, by an effort of memory one recalls them; now alluding,

by some rather cryptic phrase, to *apropos* circumstances and allied events. It is all so frank, so homely and so *real*. Has not the Master said—and with what meaning is it not now incisively instilled into one's heart—"Behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

And millions have repeated to-day those mystic words:—"I believe in the communion of saints" . . . Do they all? I wonder. . .

* * * * *

[Iris receives a letter from Murray.]

March 29th.

How peaceful yesterday, after the last few days! Your greatest labours, my Iris, are discharged, I mean, by now; and I only long for the moment when you may take your rest—so well deserved—so hardly and so nobly won. You have walked, blindfold, through fire and Hell with me and never flinched nor failed. You trusted *him*; you trusted me. Your faith and courage merit indeed a greater reward than I can ever hope to find to give you, my dear, brave heart. When the time comes, our Messenger

THROUGH DEEP WATERS. 341

will enlighten you as to *all*, I have no doubt, if he sees fit. He has done *his* work in this. It is not for me to speak. I owe you *much* : but I owe him all. For without him I had never known you, as, you will remember, he himself declared. And, above our comrade, I am conscious that we owe, both of us, more to Him who designs their work and our affairs than ever we could pay.

Have we not triumphed through obedience to the highest instincts of our being? or, rather, by endeavouring to give expression through our larger selves, to the ideals we held more sacred than ourselves.

We have worked together, have loved and lived and laughed. We suffered—God knows what dark and gruesome days we have not seen together. It all seems now like some grotesque and ghastly dream! But it is well that we have suffered with the rest. I do not question that. It had to be. I have learnt so much. And I have learnt what love can do: how it can stick. It is stronger than Death. . . . And now—we are seemingly to work and rejoice in labours that we never dreamt of but such

a little time ago. Yet it seems years—years. Yes, we shall work on, side by side; and more—a Trinity of Souls—with that great, daring splendid soul beside us, with ever his mission of Art whereby he is eager to manifest the truth and the beauty of the scheme of things. Painter, musician, sculptor, scientist or poet—whatever man be; howsoever he seek to express the divine force within him—it is all one, the message. I always treasured, as you know, this thought. God *paints* the world and *sings* the soul to ecstasy; carves, builds and writes the Truth in every land. His dramas and poems stir; His *interpreters*, by pen and sometimes by the sword, with steam and electricity and gold and coal, create for him the Is-to-be, providing each by their slender methods the wherewithal, as means to greater ends, for stirring and strengthening the hearts, the minds, the souls of women and of men.

So let our grand Interpreter—sculptor in stone and souls—live on with us and those Beyond with whom he is in better company—alas! for us—but fortunate for him.

Bravely and with what love has he seen us through! Bravely we'll stick our paltry ploughs into the mud and follow him to where he leads—and *points the way*. Sometimes we'll have to go—alone—together. But we *know* we are never really alone—now—don't we? Whatever we thought or wisely felt, to-day we *know*. And knowledge will ever put a sword into the hand that cannot bend or break before the fiercest onslaught.

I come to you—and we go to the work—the work—the kindest heritage to me of all your faithful trust and all your courage and your love which 'passeth all understanding' indeed.

Fighting there will be still to be done, my Iris. But you will not need to be called—to be stirred to the work. He has strewn the way with flowers—and the end is Peace.

MURRAY.

* * * * *

March 29th. Evening.

Murray had come down from Town just for an hour or so. We were sitting

with my hostess, after tea, in her snug and comfortable little boudoir. Murray was smoking a cigarette. We were speaking of the book and its final phases. Would Signor have a word to say to us about his work? Murray suggested that he would, no doubt, be occupied with other things and that we ought not to *draw* him to us just now. He would come, if he wished, probably to-night, and speak to me. But the last two nights he has come to fetch me and together we have passed out into those realms he refers to as "What *you* call on the Astral"; and there he has used me for his splendid and self-sacrificing *private* work. I cannot say here what this comprises in its entirety. Only Murray and he know that—*now*. But something of this I guess, for I have been permitted to be used as a divine instrument in all the work of healing and reconstruction, regeneration.

That much I know. I cannot—I may not—reveal aught of it here. There may be those who will smile, incredulous, here. But I say I only hope by now the incredulous will realize that it is their own

incredulity alone that blinds them. For these things *are*.

Then, into this simple scene of everyday life and surroundings Signor came.

He came with a force and healthy spiritual vigour and earnestness that made itself felt, gradually by degrees, until it intensified itself into the burning words that follow. Murray grew silent, mysteriously restless. Mrs. B—— had felt it, too. I asked for pen and ink—and silence. I felt that we must on no account be disturbed.

“And now,” said Signor, in my ear, “you and Murray need not discuss the end. But since you refuse to wait till I take you out with me to-night—and I intended for the first time to take you both—I will, as I am with you, shew you the result of your work.

“Come with me in thought to this bleak and barren place of solitude and chaos and darkness, the place from whence I came; and pass on now from here to this ‘upper’ world and listen to that great burst of music and see the face of his mother.

“The word ‘joy’ was given to him, and she repeats the words, ‘There is more joy over’ . . . etc. . . .

“Yes, you have work yet to do for me. But now, if you can bear it.”—[Here the writing became tremendously rapid.] “I will shew you the splendour of the land to which I have reached out. I breathe an air sublime. I live, I move, I have my being, now, in a sphere of those, whose thoughts, being like crystal, are sending them down in great waves to you both, and so for you to give to the whole of those who suffer, who are in the pain and deception of life which I have tried to shew. Once more, and for the last time, I say I came with a sword and with my heart of steel. But here I stand, with its steel turned to gold, burnished with the love that has taken off all its rust.

“It shines as will shine the Golden Key. Thus ends my book.”

(Signature.)

* * * *

With aching arm I flung the pen from me.



mine!

*Should a man
then buy his*

Design on the back of the St. Mary-le-Bow (Cheapside)
Church Programme, drawn by Signor in the Church.

The top design is a key: the third is his signature.

It was a great force with which he came: but a great force of purer spirit—so different from the moments when, in the strenuous times, he has come with the sense of some heavier, denser and more violent conditions attached. I feel that it is done. His work is done, and his message is given—that message that has been revealed in the pages of his book. *His* book—not ours. But he will not leave us—he will never go. . . .

ENVOI.

“And thou, O spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me; for thou know’st.”

Milton.

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

IRIS DELORME.

MURRAY COMPTON.

The Salon of the Golden Key.

FOUNDED MAY, 1909, BY
HUGO AMES AND FLORA NORTHESK WILSON
(*Flora Hayter*)

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The Salon of the Golden Key.

BEEING that now-a-days so much at any rate of *official* opposition to the ever-increasing movement in favour of Occultism, and what is known as Psychism, has been wisely withdrawn, it is not to be wondered at that the larger freedom given to the individual has resulted in an increased interest in such matters. And the reason for this is not far to seek. For there is not only the inherent tendency in Man to search after something "new" and mysterious, to run after the phenomenal and the so-called "*super-natural*," but, what is of far greater importance and of far deeper significance, there is an eternal craving of the sub-conscious Self—of the real *ego*, or *soul*, of the man and woman to *know* more. That is to say, there is and always will be a silent and intuitional *demand* of the Soul to "learn" more, and therefore to *recover* that knowledge and those functions which are its own rightful possessions.

The search, therefore, after the "Occult," or the *hidden truths* of the Universe, proper to and *belonging rightly to mankind*, is genuine and is intuitively right action.

It is quite impossible to ignore the importance

and the dignity of any undertaking, such as *The Salon of the Golden Key*, among others, that has for its aims and object the right interpretation of Occultism in its broadest and most comprehensive relation to human life and character.

Occultism and Psychism and all that comes under the head of the Mystic and the Occult is now represented by able Scientists and exponents, and is consolidated into numerous Societies, Missions, Associations, etc.

Now Occultism and the various forms under which the Occult is handled and taught is admirable and praiseworthy, and not at all to be condemned or derided. For these things have (or should have) to do with man *spiritual* and not man material.

Psychic work is *not* fundamentally and ideally concerned with raising "Ghosts"; but with raising Humanity and ideals; with stimulating the Consciousness of each individual and *making Life intelligible*, instead of its appearing as a jumble, or a chaos of seeming inconsistencies, cruelty, hardship, and despair.

To the true and earnest student of Occultism, there always comes—there always *must*, inevitably, come (apart from the mere seeking after phenomena)—the understanding and enlightenment that is *necessary* to a more complete understand-

ing of the meaning of the World; of human life and endeavour; of so-called "birth" and "death"; of family life, national life; race; and language. It explains the seeming artificial and antagonistic conditions of Rich and Poor; sick and healthy; and, finally, it throws a *flood of light* upon the confusion and opposition in regard to Religions and Creeds; and explains, in a logical and *convincing* manner, the sayings and "historical" records of the Bible. It unfolds the message of the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Seer and Prophet.

It was only after much consideration and thought that we ventured to open **The Salon of the Golden Key**. But it has been a work of sincere love, since direction in regard to it had been given to us from what has been called "The Other Side." To be the willing instruments of conveying "Illuminations" and direct knowledge and encouragement to those friends who have hitherto given us such warm support is in itself the reward. But there is an even greater reward in the demonstration, through faith, that in this world our earthly hopes and cares *are* guided and helped by the Supreme Powers, whose work is to bring Harmony and Joy out of chaos. Therefore, to those who need a more direct inspiration, and who wish to join the community of believers

and helpers, we address this pamphlet. The name of "The Golden Key" was given by the so-called "dead" who has helped us both. The story is told in our book "The Golden Key."

If it be asked wherein does this Salon differ from those now (we are glad to say) numerous Societies which deal with the same subject, we wish to say that we do not claim any originality in regard to our teaching, that is to say *fundamentally*.

There are different rituals in the same Church: there are different "Schools" in the same branches of Art.

But in two ways we shall be found to differ from the various other allied schools of practice in regard to Occultism:—

- (1) We hold no "Spiritualistic" Séances, and cultivate no Materialization phenomena.
- (2) This Salon will aim at being the focus of all that is most cultured, not only in regard to Occult Science, but also in regard to Art, Literature, Music, the Drama, Poetry and Science.

And this is not to make a *confusion* of

elements and principles; but, on the contrary, to broaden the basis of the Salon and its work. For Art, Literature, Music, etc., etc., are themselves the *means* of *expression* of the fundamental principle with which Occultism concerns itself.

The artist, the poet, the *littérateur*, the musician and composer, the sculptor, the writer, always where they give out their *best* work to the world and work from the standpoint of Idealism, or, as it is called, from inspiration, are really endeavouring to *give expression* to something and to interpret Life. Nature interprets; but "Man" is the great Interpreter—painter, parson, poet, and prophet. And all these will achieve more because they will expand the Consciousness more, once they accept and *understand* what is meant by that seemingly mysterious teaching implied in the word Occult; but which is really no more and no less than the higher and more profound knowledge of the Psychic Man or of the Soul in regard to that *Other Side* to this manifested world of material forces and illusions which is known as the Unseen—hence hidden, Occult. "Seeing is believing" is a poor maxim to help ourselves through Life. We appeal to those that have the true instinct and the desire for the larger

perception of the "greater than these" that lies
Beyond, yet *here*.

HUGO AMES.

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