

COLLOQUIES
WITH
AN UNSEEN FRIEND

EDITED BY

Walburga Lady Paget

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[It must be understood that though for the convenience of the reader subjects have been grouped together under one heading as much as it was possible, they constantly overlap from one chapter into another, and extraneous subjects are occasionally introduced which cannot be excluded without changing the sense.—ED.]

COLLOQUIES WITH AN UNSEEN FRIEND.

Edited by WALBURGA, LADY PAGET.

INTRODUCTION.

IN publishing these pages I obey an inward conviction which tells me that the days of crass materialism are over, in which everything that was not quite patent to the commonest mind was ridiculed and called into question. There are now thousands and tens of thousands sufficiently advanced in thought to admit of a possible intercourse with an unseen world, and there are hundreds of thousands who are eager and intelligent enquirers into the conditions, hitherto wrapped in mystery, which would enable the dwellers upon this world to communicate with their friends upon the hitherto silent shore.

It is hardly necessary for me to premise that the whole of the following communications are based upon the theory of reincarnation, a theory which commends itself to almost every thoughtful mind, untrammelled by prejudice or overawed by fear. What

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renders these writings particularly interesting to me, is, that ever since I was a small child I have cherished this belief of reincarnation, which appears to me to be the only one which makes life worth living, as it gives us the hope of a constant rise and the certainty that our efforts are not wasted. The crowning happiness of this belief, however, lies in the thought that not only we ourselves, but every soul that wishes to do so, will attain to perfection in time, and thus in the presence and nearness of the Almighty make Eternity one of bliss unspeakable, instead of one of horror which it would be, if we had to pass it in the company of imperfect or sinful souls, such as leave the world in thousands every day at the present time. I may also add that many of us, I hope, could not enjoy an Eternity of Bliss if they knew that other souls were suffering, even though they were separated from them by an immensity of space.

These papers have been confided to me, as I am intimately acquainted with the three actors, or let us say motive powers, which have produced the revelations therein contained, and I can therefore furnish the necessary explanations. The principal Speaker is a disincarnated spirit, whom we will call Fidelio, and in him centres all the interest. His personality is so strong that it is impossible ever to escape from it. He is a man of action and strong convictions, full of acumen, decision, wit and humour. He is sometimes

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a soldier, a courtier, a politician, a statesman, a humanitarian, but always a man of the world and above all a gentleman. That he is profoundly, sincerely religious will be seen in his utterances.

The second factor in these conversations is a lady of British nationality, but born and bred in the South. It will be readily understood that she is the ideal medium when I say that she has strains of Highland and Hindoo blood in her veins, a combination extraordinarily auspicious for occult purposes. She reflects the thoughts which are thrown into her from the unseen world, as a mirror would reflect a face, or an unruffled lake the mountains surrounding it. She is the most perfect spiritual writer it is possible to imagine, and the sheets which are so swiftly covered with a small and legible writing by her nimble pen, could not be printed more unerringly or succinctly by the newest machine, if Fidelio himself fingered the keys. I have named her Tarquinia in allusion to her birthplace.

The third person who appears in these pages, and whom I will call Ermengilda, prompts by her questions Fidelio's answers, and it is to her he addresses generally his discourse. Her hand on Tarquinia's arm appears to be the condition which ensures Fidelio's attention and interest.

When Tarquinia and Ermengilda are together in the same place, the communications come in conversational

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form, in answer to the latter's questions, Tarquinia only very rarely making a remark ; but when the two ladies are separated, often by more than a thousand miles, Ermengilda writes letters to Fidelio, which she begs Tarquinia to open at a certain hour on a certain day, and at those times Ermengilda concentrates herself and projecting her thoughts towards her friends, thus lends Fidelio the power to impress Tarquinia more readily.

Though I have added nothing to what I publish, except the necessary explanations, I have been obliged to excise a great deal of matter of the deepest interest because it refers to persons of note who are alive, or to political transactions of the present day.

To make the book more readable I have generally embodied Ermengilda's questions in Fidelio's answers, and have only left them in those rare cases when for clearness sake or some other reason it was absolutely necessary to do so.

The writings in this book extend over not quite two years, but the time the questioner and percipient spent *together* was less than three months. I have divided the book into different chapters, in each chapter grouping together kindred subjects as far as possible, but the sayings now collected in one chapter were often distributed over many sittings, which will account for the somewhat disjointed and fragmentary nature of the repetitions and writings. But I feel it would not be

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fair or honourable to put in anything of my own, even if the form were improved by it.

I regret that the extreme ease and rapidity with which Tarquinia writes often prevents her dating her papers. This, however, is only of real importance when things of the day are discussed or predictions made. The ladies assure me that during the Russo-Japanese war, Fidelio always gave them accurate information beforehand of battles to be fought, changes of ministry, or any event of that kind. He also sometimes warned them of impending danger or annoyances.

I am convinced that in the future communications of this kind will grow more and more frequent until to more intuitive generations they will become a condition of daily life.

Being a friend of the three producers of this little book and having entire faith in their sense of honour, I send it out into this world of doubt and timid thought, signed by my name, as an earnest of its truth and genuineness.

WALBURGA PAGET.

Torre di Bellosguardo.

CHAPTER I.

REINCARNATION.

(THE discovery that Tarquinia and Ermengilda could write automatically together was brought about thus. T... was staying with E..., and on finding out that one of the servants in the house was a spiritualist and knew several good mediums, T... asked whether she might organise a séance. E... said she might do so as long as she herself were not expected to assist. T... invited several friends, but no sooner was the medium in a trance than he turned out everybody and said he must speak to E... alone. Upon E... coming into the room he told her that a man was most anxious to communicate with her, but as the medium seemed to suffer a great deal E... insisted upon his being woken up, though even then and for more than an hour he continually saw this man who most urgently wished to speak to E...

That evening T... proposed to write with E... in order to find out who the spirit was who so perseveringly asked to communicate, but E..., who had had a good deal of experience of uninteresting and vague

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automatic writing, refused to do so, and it was only because T... insisted very much that she at last gave way. Before the first sentence was finished she felt that she would have no reason to regret having done so and that the power they were dealing with was one of a very uncommon kind.)

F... Cara amica.

E... Why do you write in Italian ?

F... Because of the medium who first recalled me to your remembrance. But a wish from you is a command, so I obey. You have heard from T... how the past is to be recalled and how necessary it is to realise the different races and temperaments which have collectively formed your present Being. I can tell you nothing about this Villa because I had nothing to do with this place before you came here. I confine myself strictly to things of practical use to both of us. It is most useful to know your incarnations, for then you will understand the origin of your prejudices and so be able to mitigate or reinforce them according to what is most needed for the welfare of your soul.

Those who love are clearer sighted when they have passed the Threshold of the Invisible, and my knowledge of your *world* and *entourage* is complete. There is nothing that you do, or say, or think, that I do not realise in the higher plane of my consciousness, and so I see at once cause and effect. It is difficult to talk thus through a third, but I have seen that it is useless to

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attempt to speak with you directly in a waking state, and also I am not sure that it is right for you to dissipate a store of mental energy which might otherwise be utilised for more useful things. Why attempt to write down *my* counsels when you are needed to complete some given task? Leave off trying to write yourself alone and stick to your *own* clear and true discrimination.

E... What were our first incarnations and what was the beginning of the world? Very terrible?

F... Not exactly terrible, but they were very unhappy days. We were birds together, seabirds; then afterwards deer in the forest with mild black eyes and branching antlers, and we died together eaten by wolves. Many years passed, and we varied in appearance, perfecting our natures till the Word reached us, "*Man*," and we became human beings.

We were in what used to be the fairest land of the earth, that which is now the Atlantic circle. We were free savage untamed forces. It was Lemuria, the beginning of human civilisation. Very few traces of it are left: it is hardly recognisable, and is covered with mountains of ice and snow. Here we attained the fuller consciousness and became *thinkers* fit for Atlantis, the home of the gods (for Odin and Walhalla are only shadows of a great past).

Atlantis was the most glorious sight that ever man beheld. It was the Queen of all civilisation, and it fell

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because it was too great. We went together through all the different castes in Atlantis, from the lowest, that of slaves, to the highest, that of priests and rulers.

Once you died in the Colosseum as a slave killed by gladiators. You had been condemned to a death by animals, but they would not hurt you, so you were stabbed, and your soul fled to heaven where I soon joined you. You were a northern woman, taken in warfare, dragged in a triumph and slain to please the Roman lust for blood. Do you not still feel the indignation and horror with which you faced the howling Quirites? It has survived, and you felt it in you at Rome.

E... Was it under Nero?

F... No, it was in the days of the Emperor Trajan. (When was the Colosseum built? Don't ask irrelevant questions.) I was near you all the time and wished to save you. But my hand struck the blow that killed you. I died soon after. For me Rome was a city of hard work, wild life and fearful death. I do not care to retrace that life which made me into the fiend I was during the later incarnations.

A Lombard princess came directly after the slave who died in Rome by the gladiator's sword. It was in northern Italy, which is quite altered now, for the convulsions of nature in the middle ages, by constant earthquakes, have absolutely destroyed all likeness to where we lived in ancient days. It was a very short

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life,—at all events too short for the evil she would have done,—and not one that influenced you.

You rested, for the force of will was wanting, and it was not till the voice of Francis dawned on the world that you again realised yourself and became a soul in a state of waking. You were one of the chosen band who followed their almost divine master. Read the stories of that time, and a secret intuition will teach you your former name. I was with you and T... all the time. We were one in thought and action: hence our present bond of brotherhood and divine love. The helpers of humanity claimed our spirits as their own, and ever since that happy day in which we first learnt the secret of Christhood, our souls faltered perhaps, but *never* withdrew from the cycle.

Your next lives were very agitated, and then came the expiation of the missionary. Born in a very humble station, this young man entered the provincial college and went first to India and next to China, where he died. It was a life that took up again that desire of serving humanity which you first felt under the divine influence of St. Francis.

Then came rest and after that the present state, which will last until you have completely regained the *knowledge* you once possessed of the true life of the soul.

You must expiate the last shadow of the past. say *shadow* because the reality is cancelled. When

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you have learnt the great lesson to be tolerant in love and hasty in good, when you have put aside the prejudice of the slave, the pride of the Lombard princess, the ignorance of the follower of St. Francis, the impatience of X..., the want of toleration of your neighbours' defects, the revengeful nature of Y..., the dogmatic will of the missionary—then, oh my dearest friend, will you have gained the three-starred crown that, lighted by the gems which you have created, will become your heritage and yours to wear through eternity. This prays your old friend and leader.

[E... begged me to eliminate some of the latter incarnations because they touch on historical events. Also it is a curious thing that though none of us are ashamed or embarrassed about our present lives, we do not much like others to know what our former incarnations were. This feeling will vanish when in a more advanced spiritual state all our former lives will lie open before us.]

E... Can you give us details of mediæval life?

F... When St. Francis was on earth I was a peasant, or nearly so, and took no interest in worldly things. Before that I do not remember, but think I rested or made abortive attempts to reincarnate. My memory is not clear.

When we were Lombards, you were a princess. I saw you first by a river, sitting, with long shining hair, a white dress with golden girdle and big gold brooch,

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and a ring in your hair to denote your rank. You sat by the river and sang a song, and I loved you, for I, too, was high and noble in rank. Then came trouble and afterwards death, and we both suffered and became St. Francis' followers and learnt that life is made to serve and not to rule.

E... Can you tell the place in Lombardy where I lived?

F... No, it is all changed now. I do not know much about the middle ages. T... does, however: ask her. She got in when I was kept out and made a failure of things as usual. She was always unmethodical even in her incarnations.

(T... protests.)

F... It is the truth. You had a very good chance but gave it up, just what you would do now, unless kept well in order. I can't tell anything about her incarnation except the result now written in her aura. It was a well-meaning failure, but in some ways that makes it worse.

T... Why do you scold me?

F... Because it does you good.

In Spain, among the Gothic races, she lived in the days of the knights and the heroes. She was a man, not exactly so unstable, as incapable, and she imitated the prevailing chivalry with painstaking care. She was very fair, and proud of it, but got knocked off her horse and drowned before she had done anything.

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That poor result made her glad to be St. Francis' disciple. She was drawn into the fight when not well and became too weak to conquer, and so she died and was very unhappy because the time was lost and no more incarnations could follow for a long period.

E... What of T... 's Hindu ancestress ?

F... It is this lady who is my most anxious and most annoying controller. She wants T... to write to her, but has nothing to say. She is not exactly her guardian, but she looks after her a little and causes trouble to me.

When can I speak freely to you, E... ? It is very hard to have this barrier between us. You shall see me soon if I can manage it. You are cultivating your intuition; you are remembering your dreams. It is a good sign, for so many false illusions try to come between us that I am glad you do not see them. An honest doubt is much better for the dawn of intuition than the foolish acceptance of everything however unreasonable.

[This was in response to E... 's remark that she often knew beforehand what T... was going to write but that she always doubted its being the right thing.]

F... I do not exactly know when you went as a missionary, but it was about the time when the first efforts were made by the Jesuits to instruct uncivilised heathens in the faith of Christ. Of time I am no judge, for as I told you, I rested very much between

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these last incarnations, and you were not very easy to get on with, after the last incarnation of Y... [It must be remembered that E..., after being the follower of St. Francis, had two incarnations, X... a very brilliant one, and Y... a very bad one. As they are both well-known historical characters she does not like them mentioned by name.] You died young as a missionary, and it was not interesting except as an expiation. We had quarrelled. The whole thing was a mistake, but the times after your X... incarnation were most inauspicious, and I declined to have anything to do with you. It is a sore subject. The whole affair was a mistake and a going back, after St. Francis's teaching. You were Y..., and then you were a Jesuit, and you did neither thing well, and I was very unhappy, and then I had my great work in the Revolution, and you were not there.

This present incarnation was chosen for you. You *accepted*, but did not *take*. I was still alive, a very old man. I saw you as a child, a baby, on the road to — I was travelling. I cannot tell you the name of the place, for you see the memories of some thousands of years are apt to become indistinct. I only realise facts and important ones, and I did not know you were you, until afterwards, when I passed over. Then I found you by your *soul-colour*. The memories of a soul re-tracing its incarnations are very much confused. For the period you ask for, I go back to the great world

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memory, to retrace for your amusement and instruction; but to tell the truth, I have not had the courage to investigate the lives of either the missionary or Y... I was not with you either of these times.

E... Did you incarnate between the X... period and the Revolution?

F... Yes, but I may not tell you when, for I cannot explain with what a band of people I became enrolled. My life was entirely given to the progress of humanity, and I worked hard to reproduce my former powers of knowledge, and I succeeded. That is why I had such an important part in the Revolution, but as my whole life was bound up with this Brotherhood, I am forced to be silent.

E... You were a Rosicrucian.

F... Exactly, you hear me think it. That shows why I must not speak of this incarnation.

E... It was my own cleverness in guessing.

F... I prefer to believe that our souls thought the same thought intuitively. It shows that we are growing closer. I will tell you when we are together, not when T... is between us. I refuse to tell you anything about this period. I am too much involved in occult matters. It was about the time of the Regency, but in this case I may not tell anything, and might be forced to say things not quite correct if you pressed me. But my oath rejects all compromises, so I am silent, having said too much already, and I am repentant that

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I let it out. I said I had incarnated once between X... and the Revolution: when, I will not tell you, and indeed all I have said is an allegory twisted round to put you off. Ladies are too curious—sometimes even my dear E... Go to bed, and good-night to both of you!

E... Do you never need rest?

F... I never feel the need of rest while my work is waiting, for spirit is immortal and so cannot be tired.

E... I shall miss the flowers when I die.

F... The flowers here are far more lovely than on earth.

E... Are the animals also?

F... There are none here, but we have other things. All good things come from our side to yours; only sorrow is earthborn. Animals are good and pure, and evolve into men, and as men they become citizens of the higher planes.

May 7th, 1904.

F... E..., are you with me? I don't feel your presence.

[E... had just gone into the next room to give an order and begged F...'s pardon for doing so.]

You are very dear whatever you do. Are you still with me? Be with me a little. It is now so nearly the end of our talks.

E... We will talk in the daytime when the other visitors come. Will you have time to come?

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F... Perhaps. I will do my best to come. In the evenings it is much better: it is calm and quiet.

I want to tell you two things from yesterday. First, I cannot tell the exact date of your missionary work, because I had separated from you at the Y... incident and only met you again just before my death.

Next about the Rosicrucians. On thinking over matters, my oath and other things, I find I may tell you this. The Rosicrucians were a branch of the great Masonic Confraternity. They were a new departure, as they were a kind of attempt to revive the study of Alchemy, etc. But secondly, under this outer veil they were in close connection with my own branch of the secret Brotherhood who direct the affairs of Europe. They were composed of three different kinds of members. I shall call them the outer, inner and central circles. The outer were the Alchemists, the inner were the psychical researchers, the central were the directing minds of greatest ability. More I cannot say. I was a masonic Rosicrucian. We also possessed amongst our secrets the elixir of life, which really and truly exists. It is quite an easily understood thing.

Now go to bed because you are sleepy—nicely and healthily tired.

* * * *

What a long time has passed since we met and spoke in the flesh. I don't mean the last time you saw me,

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but the last but one period when I did have the joy to be with you in France with Guise. How different you look now, my dearest E... Always sweet and shining, but now so much holier, for you have purged evil, into strength and good. You retain all the strength and purity of motive. I am never tired of admiring your soul, dear friend: it shines with such a delightful roseglow. You were horrid as Y... I avoided you then: it was not quite a nice companionship. You told me to leave you, before you left the astral plane, and you were too infuriated with the world to listen to any advice, even mine. [E... had been murdered in the X... incarnation, and sought vengeance in the Y... incarnation.]

St. Francis did not exist for you then. Your karma after your return was ghastly: you felt it and were sorry. It is a characteristic of your soul nature, that you are very angry with all wrongdoing. You repent your anger when it is too late and are sorry for your unkindness, which exceeded perhaps all reason. Because X... was without stamina he willed good, and when evil came he refused to accept it as a result of past wrongdoing, and rebelled. Like the Empress Z... he felt himself ill-treated and denied God's justice. When the chance came for vengeance he took it and acted.

Y... was a wicked woman and acted vilely. She was very handsome. You would never enter an ugly

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body. This depends on yourself. Keep the soul lovely and do not make so much bad Karma and you will never be asked to sacrifice your health or beauty.

The missionary incarnation was a self-sought punishment. I told you that in that incarnation you were French, but as a matter of fact I was not with you during that existence. I think it was a mixed race. You were trained by the Jesuits.

* * * *

You want to know the economy of our plane. Very well, of course it is a great question, but I will try to explain it. You see, in the old ideas of Christianity money was considered an evil, and it was impressed into the minds of the early Christians that poverty was the sacred bride of man's soul. St. Francis carried that teaching to its legitimate end. But with the denial of superfluous luxury came also the denial of art and of beauty; and puritanism ruled, destroying all the joy of life, and considering all that is natural as tainted with original depravity.

Now that is not right. Ignorance is not good, though innocence is good. Beauty is God's gift to man. Money is not evil in itself: it is the evil that uses it evilly that is to be repudiated. But you cannot ingrain ideas into a man's higher instincts without causing him to adopt the moral as part of his character. So it became a privilege of Saints to renounce every-

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thing. But Karma is consistent, and when all holy people refused the gift of money it fell to the lot of the unworthy who had attained a certain level, and they took it greedily. Therefore is it that foolish, mindless creatures choose the gift of beauty in the material sheath of the soul, and vulgar souls choose gold as their idea of paradise, and beauty is given to the foolish, and gold to the unworthy, and the Saints sit and look on at the result of this mistake, and they will not make it again. A pretty face is not as practicable for philanthropy as £100,000 a year would be. The one lasts twenty years at best; and the other does good, all a man's life. Which would you choose?

E... I would have a pretty face and £5,000 a year.

F... Oh E..., I ask if you will have ten strings of pearls or a lovely villa, and you say "Give me half the pearls and a castle!" Is not that like you? However, you shall always get even more than you ask, if F... has anything to say. You want the money as a weapon. Next time take care you have wealth. You refused it this time.

E... You said this incarnation was offered to me and I only accepted it.

F... The instinct of the missionary and of denial was strong in you, but you forgot my advice. Well, E..., do you realise how necessary the purse is, even to the soul? Without money there is no actual material result to anything. I wish I could help you,

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but you have refused it; it is, however, wanted now, for many of my ideas must stop if there is no capital to start them. Wait till our next incarnation. You will be a rich princess, I promise you.

E... I don't want to be rich or a princess if I am not good.

F... That depends on E... It is her soul who acts. Nothing can alter that. But see, the same mistake was made in this incarnation. Money, like death, is a condition, not a soul quality. You can be well and happy and yet be poor. You can be well and happy and yet be rich. Let us hear E... 's list of incarnations required, first good tender accepted!

E... First, health.

F... That, my dear, is the result of self-denial and careful diet in this life, so you will have some chance there.

E... Second, looks.

F... That is a very doubtful quality. It means a certain level of good marks, shall I say? and there are degrees between plain [features and the great beauty E... possesses in her present form. I honestly tell you I doubt the possibility of beauty in the royal note. To have fairly good looks; to be clean-skinned and healthy; to be pleasant to see: that is all right. But beauty—no! One blessing is, however, that you will always find the world think you perfection. Would the Queen of N... have been thought anything more

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than commonplace, if she had been a music-mistress? All royal ladies are by their station beautiful. Beyond the fact that you will not be positively plain, I can promise nothing.

E... In that case I should prefer not to be a princess; or at least let me be a reigning queen.

F... It is not within your power at all. It is F... who is trying to arrange matters. You will marry a reigning prince, and have a good ruler for your son, if my plan succeeds. There will be no reigning queens at the time I spoke of; but the country will suit you.

E... That will be about the year 2,000.

F... No, it will be sooner, for I wish to hurry up matters on our own account.

E... I don't want to be rich or a princess, if I can't be good and clever.

F... Rich you shall be if you have the sense to take my advice. Goodness is the result not of incarnation, but of the evolution of the soul. Cleverness is also the prerogative of royalty, if we are to believe the newspapers.

E... I also want to be artistic and to make everything around me beautiful.

F... That is impossible with brains. You have all that is delightful now, but we cannot find in the limited selection of rulers a brain that will give you this, and art is least necessary in a queen, for it is only needed that she should choose well her art advisers. Brains

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are necessary, and the art of dressing well is engrained in E..., but the power to create beauty will be absent.

O E..., if you knew the difficulty even to obtain this so-called concession—. The fault lies with your present royalties, for they persistently refuse to improve themselves and cannot therefore present the world with adequate descendants. But be consoled: you will never feel the loss of your present virtues and you will be told you are perfection in everything, though your natural good sense will doubt this remark. But why bother over this, when we have so much to talk of, and perhaps the conditions will be more favourable than I think?

E... Who settles the incarnations?

F... The governing laws of fate. They settle the final decisions of a soul's incarnation. It is automatic and cannot be tampered with. L. L. is clever and not a bad example of what we could obtain from a race of kings. His son is inferior, a minor soul from the great commonplace band. The R... is one of the same type,—not a happy one. They are alike in soul as well as in features,—half-cooked. [References to living Royalties.]

T... That's what you said of me.

F... I would not hurt your feelings. I shall not do more than think it. Why say it? One does not remark at 12 p.m. that it is midnight. Forgive me, I must tell the truth sometimes.

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The body is not the soul, but it influences it.

[E... had made some remark about the mixed blood in T...]

Her soul is strange, but the prevailing quality is the power of love, so there are still hopes she may improve under firm discipline. E..., take notice. F... does not want reminding.

T... is a mixture that puzzles and annoys me. She wants concentration. Everyone is his own ancestor, and there is no oriental in T...'s soul: it is far too simple. But she is very oriental in her body. In her suspicions she is most Italian. Also remember that her family came from Florence—her mother's at least. She must not reincarnate in Italy and must not have Italian nurses.

[I cannot always omit the encounters between F... and T... as they are so characteristic. They show F...'s sense of humour and T...'s extreme good nature in writing down these little gibes levelled against herself. They also show how imperative it is for her to write down things exactly as she perceives them.]

E... Does one in a future life keep the knowledge of one's former lives?

F... All real work is to be done in the life we are going to, but even as the foetus passes through all the stages of human development, so the soul also passes through its different phases of evolution. But it is very quick work when once the soul knows the road.

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Do you understand me? The human body had to be made slowly in many million years of slow evolution, but the babe only takes nine months to pass through these stages. So with the soul. It begins by being inarticulate and then passes through many periods of speech, but by the time the child has grown to be a man all changes are completed which originally took many centuries to evolve. You will be born like other babies, speechless and mindless, but before the age of reason your intuition will have resumed its sovereign position in your nature.

E... I hope that to be once a princess does not mean that I shall always have to be one.

F... You will have to continue in the ruling caste, for it is your highest note—that of service. To rule means to help.

E... I do not yet quite understand why there should be a special order of spirits who always become royalties.

F... One evolves it if one has that note in one's nature. I have not. Remember you have evolved the note. Many of them have not as yet, and may not for many centuries to come. In you it sounds loudly, but in them it is latent.

I see you do not understand. I will try to explain. The rays are all from one source. Each ray has a definite sound and a definite virtue. Each ray has the same starting point. Each ray has a definite

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character of its own, but there are natures that form, as it were, the borders or transition points between each ray. These borders lying in close contact with two rays are more alive than the central portion of the rays proper. They are what I call resolving notes and have a double nature. You are one of them.

E... I think I now quite understand that the resolving note is one which merges.

F... Exactly so, and so has T..., but very unstable and ill-defined. That is why she is worth cultivating. Otherwise there would be no mediumship possible between you and her. The note is the same, but mine is not. Mine is the note of action, not the note of service. I make ready for the servers, I protect and I guide them, but I have not that royal ray of self-sacrifice to which E... has nearly arrived. It is the edges that give the tone to the central part of the ray.

E... I don't feel so very self-sacrificing.

F... You do not realise yourself, and yet you know that given trouble and sorrow you will fly to help the suffering, but when things are right you get bored and go away again. Is it not so? Well, what is that but the royal note of service? Remember the Pope calls himself the servant of servants, and it does not matter if he does not act up to the title: it is his title, and his the sin if he does not materialise it.

E... I rather think I wish to help for my own sake, as it makes me suffer to see others in pain or trouble.

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F... Don't you see that to do good for your own sake is the first sign of service? E... has by the power of her will so imbued herself with the will to serve that when suffering comes, it is as natural for her to help and as painful not to do so, as it is to yawn when sleep comes. It is a relief.

My happiness depends upon your success in passing through the present trials bravely, but there is a greater joy in store for me when we all three meet together and are one in aim, in desire and in action.

July 1st, 1905.

E... Will you help me to communicate with my friends when I die?

F... Perhaps through T... if she lives, but she has so little vitality in her and is only half alive. T... must rouse herself. Expostulate with her and keep her straight. I have no time.

How can I think of that happy moment? To see you face to face and hear your thoughts answer mine—I dare not think of it. I am overpowered with the feeling of great joy. Death is freedom to us both. It is our holiday, our "festa," and when we are together we will see what can be done. T... is so miserable when it comes to work, and when I am not there to call her to order she will sit and cry instead of listening, which is foolish.

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[T... protests feebly.]

You know I want to make you stronger. So be a friend, and of course I know you will do your best to help E... But she will not have much to say to her friends after death, only to tell her love and that she exists herself. One never knows till one tries it, that reincarnation only changes the *sheath* and not the *soul*.

You have all the elements of X..., all the passions of Y..., only purified forces now, instead of actively self-seeking. The Missionary was, I said, not much beyond the light of self-sacrifice, and I told you before that he was expatiating and not renovating; he was the *cleaver up* of old, not the *builder* of fresh material.

E... I had not much chance in this life. My parents died when I was so young and I never had anybody to direct me, or help me lovingly.

F... No, but you must be you. No parents could do more than or as much as you could do yourself. We must work out our own nature.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

F... E..., many new things are preparing for both you and me. My heart is full of love for you, my dear friend. It is difficult to realise how near we really are and how I watch over your mortal career in the present incarnation. There is still much to do before we shall

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meet. Will time and opportunity be granted to us to conclude our task? That, alas, I cannot answer. As our Karma stands, so shall we return to the earth, and as we leave it we complete another cycle of our existence. But how much is true progress and how much is evanescent desire, I am unable to tell. Indeed, nothing can tell unless it is the Divine Quality of Separation that divides the true from the false.

Do you think these lessons are worth publishing? For my part I think that the more people learn this fact, that we live and suffer from our life work, the better it is for the world, and our suffering thus teaches us to become better. Without the knowledge of re-incarnation the world will never become wiser. Until the "resurrection of the dead" is understood in its truth, there will be ignorance, superstition and useless sorrow. Until man learns that he is a product of the past and the seed of the future, he will not amend his ways, for no punishment that he feels to be *unjust* will have any weight with him against the passions. There is no control of human will except by voluntary *law* accepted and declared, just and true. Superstition may bind him for a while, but if there is no truth under the mask he will soon discover the imposture.

All law is based on fact. This world only exists by compromise, for it is a compromise between the two opposing forces that have created it. But evil and dark though it is in many ways, there is a *truth* at the

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bottom of *all that is*, and these two opposing forces are two aspects of the same Divine will. God's will is perfectly *manward*, but man's will is imperfectly *Godward*.

It is useless to teach new things until the old are recognised and made one with man's intelligence. You repeat each day that the priest stands before the altar, "I believe in the resurrection of the Body and the Life or Divine Life (Life everlasting), in the world to come."

God works very slowly and man must realise man before he realises God.

[I hope that the fact of E... and T... allowing me to publish so much personal matter will not be misunderstood. It is a sacrifice they make, hoping that by doing so, many points which have remained dark until now will be cleared up, and also that others may be helped by these revelations and will recognise the overwhelming importance of making their Karma for their future lives.]

CHAPTER II.

ATLANTIS.

[THE following two articles, which appeared in the *Theosophical Review* of December, 1904, and February, 1905, were written by E..., and I leave them as she published them at the time and will only add what F... said the first time E... mentioned Atlantis.]

F... The story of Babel is the story of Atlantis. Man learnt too soon to find the parable of wisdom, and was overthrown by the Gods, for the Promethean fire would have made our vices immortal. There is no true civilisation. How can you call anything civilised which is based on brute force, be it soldiers or butchers or judges? It is *force*, not reason, that rules. The world will only be civilised in many aeons, but you may see the shadows even now approaching. Happy will you be in a future state. You will be permitted to assist at the advent.

In Atlantis there was a governing class, a class of priests. The class of rulers was entirely under sacerdotal dominion. Beneath them was the class of merchants, then the artisans, then the peasants, and finally

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the slaves. We passed through each class as we rose to knowledge. The slaves were almost soulless beings and at first, like children, were kept from all evil and made useful."

ATLANTIS AND ITS INHABITANTS.

T... and I have now for some months written together, I asking questions and she holding the pen which moves automatically. Though we had known each other for many years and I was aware that T... was endowed with occult faculties, the idea of trying our forces together had never occurred to us. It was a purely accidental combination which led to T...'s asking me to try to influence her to write. I knew that she had written much with others, and I myself have read many writings of that kind, but after the very first words we both at once recognised that we had this time to do with some quite exceptional force. The clear, concise, decided and practical wording gave us at once the sense of being in touch with a most original and strong personality, whose quickness, wit and knowledge of human affairs were those of a statesman and thorough man of the world.

F..., as he calls himself, has thus communicated to us many most interesting accounts of historical events and other things, with the most minute and unexpected details, but he always steadfastly refuses to answer

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questions about things which he has not seen himself, or at all events about which he is not quite certain.

He tells us he can be so exact because T...’s endowments and mine harmonise like two clocks which go exactly together, my questions exciting his answer and T... acting as a typewriter. He says that even in this exceptional case he cannot always be sufficiently exact because he must express himself in the language and with the words of T...

F... often answers my unspoken questions and also my written ones when I am at a distance ; but in the latter case we have to appoint an hour at which I project my mind towards him. It happens that at times T... does not quite understand the sentences she has written down, and then F... says “ E... will understand,” and this is the case, for suddenly a veil seems to be withdrawn from the hidden meaning and it stands out clear before me.

F..., though a politician and a man of the world, is an enthusiastic humanitarian. He says that the one thing that matters is the raising of the world to goodness and happiness ; and as he himself was, as he tells us, at one time a humble follower and disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, I need not say that he loves animals. Thus it chanced that the other day, after gently rebuking me for calling a dog an animal, he went on to explain that most dogs were half human, and that they were on the brink of promotion to become so quite,

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though they would be elementary and uncivilised savages. He added that he felt very anxious, for soon an important discovery would be made which would give the doctors a greater power than they had even now, and that it would lead to more cruelty in experiments on animals, for the man who found it out would think he had learned it by vivisection. "But remember, it is not so: it is not a *discovery*, but only a remembrance; for the man who will find it out was an Atlantean, and the Atlanteans were far more learned in medicine than we are: indeed the body had no secrets for them."

I then began to question him about Atlantis, of which I knew hardly anything at all; for what I had read about it in Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* had completely vanished from my mind. T... was in the same case, and this will explain the rather disordered and fragmentary state of the information elicited by my questions, which I now give as it was written down.

Lemuria was submerged in order to drive humanity into a kind of material competition, from which the civilisation of Atlantis arose. The Lemurians were savages with every bodily faculty ready for development. These simple creatures were during many thousand centuries slowly evolving into the glorious divine gods and titans of Atlantis. If you had seen the Divine City in her pride you would be very sympathetic with me. There is nothing left of Atlantis

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proper, but all South America was colonised by the people who survived the second catastrophe.

They built pyramids and in them placed their sacred laws and knowledge, written on plates of gold. Some of their descendants still exist. In the unexplored parts of Patagonia a few of the descendants of the slave Atlanteans, the giant races, still remain. Under the great desert lie buried cities, and there still exists part of the so-called prehistoric fauna. The desert tells nothing, for no man has yet explored it thoroughly, nor can do so, until the air ships and Röntgen rays are made practically useful for exploring purposes, in another hundred years.

The world was very different in the days of Atlantis. There was no Europe, nor indeed much of Asia. It was quite another earth, and only one part of it was inhabited by men. The other parts were covered by great forests, and filled with creatures in a half evolved state. The famous passage in the Travels of Herodotus is hardly correct, for time was calculated differently and it is not likely that the Egyptian priests would tell the correct date to a globe-trotter like Herodotus.* I can only tell you what I know personally. For me

* It is hardly necessary to point out that this is an error of objective fact. Plato, not Herodotus, was the writer of the *Atlantidem*. Our contributor, in answer to a query on this point, writes: "I asked 'Is it true that Atlantis disappeared 9,000 years before the time of Herodotus, as he records?'—(I had heard this mentioned casually), and hence his answer. In order to make the paper more readable I incorporated my question."—ED.

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Atlantis ceased to exist some time before the first destruction, about 2,000 years or so before.

Atlantis was a thing so rare and so perfect that no wonder on earth will ever recall or surpass it. You are in comparison babies with toys, not civilised creatures. Let me tell you a little about it.

Imagine a world in which there was nothing ugly, nothing weak, nothing decrepit, nothing sickly. Imagine a world in which none existed but those who were giants in intellect, and who admired beauty and followed science into depths you have no conception of,—men and women equal in godlike form and strength, and gifted with all possible knowledge. They saw as you now see, but their powers were far more—their powers were increased by absolute possession of the astral body. They could move from place to place without trouble or need of any instrument.

They had no animals about them, had no different creatures near them. They were served by beautiful creatures, human automata, whose trained intelligence, or rather the want of it, received obediently each thought of their masters and obeyed it. They ate quite differently from us, absorbing nourishment, not as we do now on earth. They had no animals, because an animal to them was a source of disgust: their senses were too acute and their ideal of beauty too strong.

They had no love excepting for themselves. Men

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and women joined together in a state of supreme indifference, only seeking to enhance their own life by the union. Love was, as I say, unknown, yet beauty without love was their passion. As soon as a thing deteriorated they abandoned it, and at last reached the point of annihilating it. When the creature who served them became older, they disintegrated it instead of allowing its body to deteriorate. This, however, was not in the beginning: they had evolved a long time before they came to this.

They had no machinery except as a kind of amusement, and they regulated it by direct communication with the elemental forces of the universe. They commanded the elements, making fine weather or storm as it pleased them. There were no children, for by an effort of unnatural power they attained to the great secret of causing life without material union of the two forces. The soul returned and reincarnated by an effort of will, taking its form from the natural elements without any other medium. This was what ultimately ended their power, for it could not be allowed to continue. It is dimly figured in late Hebrew legend by the "tree of life." There was nothing left of progression, and therefore a cataclysm had to overtake this civilisation, and destroy even its memory.

They found that with children love came, and with love self-sacrifice, and this brought pain, sorrow, and ugliness into the world. So the order was given "no

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children." You will never re-create Atlantis because you have grown souls and you love, and no material civilisation can be perfect where there is pity. Remember, however, that this heaven and earth are not for ever, and we are citizens of a Divine Kingdom where the knowledge of earthly science is absolute ignorance, and where the fool, if he loves, is a symbol of perfect wisdom.

The lower orders of the Atlanteans, however, still retained love, especially the slaves. It was useful to the masters. As lower people you were still selfish for your family, but in the caste of rulers the last trammels of love had fallen away. The lower people lived away in other cities, while the Divine City was filled only with the rulers, and served by such slaves as they had evolved in the precise way they needed. The cities were each filled with a special caste and so there was no jealousy.

The Divine City was so called because it was a sacred "Pharos" of wisdom and of power. I cannot tell you exactly where it was: all is so changed. It was always called the Divine City: of course in Atlantis itself it had another name. I cannot tell you the name because the Atlanteans generally did not use it, but only the caste of rulers, and they *never spoke*. They talked by telepathy, or wrote messages on the clouds, when they wished to attract the attention of any distant friend who wished to be alone, and they

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could not telepath their thought (I use the word friend because you have not got the exact word to express the Atlantean thought). Friends were souls that struck the same note, saw the same colours, liked the same beauty. They were what you might call friends, for they understood each other, and being alike they could not injure each other without hurting themselves.

The streets of the Divine City were paved with a golden substance, but it was clear like crystal and endowed with a power of conducting the forces that were needed. The Atlanteans were not *materially* depraved when they arrived at the caste of rulers, though they had before this sounded the depth of iniquity in a lower capacity. It was only when lust was extinguished, for lust is in a curious way connected with the last shadow of the love force (it is *desire* for something other than yourself and might be purified) —it was then only, when the last feeling was extinct that the soul was fit to enter the company of rulers.

Lust was a virtue, then, for it meant that the soul would risk something to obtain its desire. The real Atlantean was a creature of divine capacity without a single human affection, or desire; prompted only by the wish to become perfect and have all perfection materialised round him unrestrained by any law; caring for nothing but himself.

The earliest beginnings of mankind were of the lowest: through evolution they slowly and with diffi-

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culty attained the human status, led by rulers of another human lineage. I mean that the Lords of Life detached certain great spirits who incarnated as kings or chiefs and trained the first humanity till it was sufficiently evolved to produce rulers for itself. They were not exactly demi-gods, but very like them, for they all came from the same Divine Spirit that broods over humanity—the future Christ Child. These inculcated a *strict* law of human morals, the so-called *natural* law. The Lords of Life are the rulers of karma: they are what you might call the archangels, the rulers and leaders, bearers of the divine messages. They are in a manner the “ends” of the Divine Rays that warm and foster life. These Rays come forth when the creation begins; they restrain themselves when the Word saith “I have finished.” Like the sun’s rays, they work invisible to human eyes, but without their action there could be no life or love possible on earth.

The submersion of Atlantis is what the Hebrew books relate, but in a very casual way, for they only talk of one cataclysm. There were several. It was the revenge of outraged nature. Noah was a symbol of the rearrangement that then took place. Men were not allowed to return with knowledge of their past from the other side of things: I mean that the souls were compelled to return to ordinary methods of incarnation, and were no longer allowed to bring

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back their wonderful materialistic science. They died and were born as you are.

The Atlanteans were a race that was obliged to attain to *material* perfection. The first difficulty in material evolution is that the soul does not care for material incarnation. Thus it must be shown the possibilities of life in the flesh. But in Atlantis the spirit forgot his higher nature, and lived to evolve not his god-hood but material existence. The Atlantean catastrophes were several: they were like the overflowing of a pail of water placed beneath a fountain. It required time for the newcomers to arrive at the wickedness of their predecessors; but they did so. Then came the punishment, automatic, self-delivered. They upset the balance of creation, and so ruined their civilisation. The material cause was that they withdrew the life-force of the earth and exhausted all the supplies of the life-current. This caused convulsions of nature: and the storm broke, irremediable, terrible; and swamped them. The Titans vied with the Gods but were defeated. All religions tell this tale as a note of warning.

Your earth is a living creature, and if you can tap its life-current you can work all miracles. The Atlanteans are the souls of to-day in some cases, but they have been discrowned. All who *know* now formed once part of the great triumph of matter. The Atlanteans fell from pride and from selfishness. They had

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to return into ordinary life by the simple way of being born as an ordinary infant. The giant in wisdom lost his power of knowledge.

The land of Egypt was one of the colonies of Atlantis, and was saved by the drastic means taken by its priesthood. It is from Egypt that the great wisdom of the ancients took its rise, and that is the reason why so much was asked of the candidates for this priesthood.

The last trace of Atlantis is in what you now call America ; there are still ruins in the south which tell their own story ; also in Tibet there were till a few years ago several precious documents which are very interesting. They have been removed from the civilisation so-called of the West, now about to enter the forbidden country, and have been taken into good keeping, I may not tell you where. I have, however, seen and read them.

In the sudden convulsion of nature that ruined Atlantis some peaks in the Himâlayas that were then existent, were not submerged : to them fled the few survivors, frightened and repentant, carrying with them the sacred books and unlawful learning. They gathered together such few of the slaves and lower people as had escaped the tragedy, and carefully putting aside all their hidden knowledge, the priests began to repair the harm they had done, to remove the chains with which the minds of the slaves were

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bound, and to inure the soft bodies and blunted conscience of these Atlanteans to a hardy and natural state.

I will now tell you a little more about the wonderful power of Atlantis, so as to make you realise what man has been, and will be in future ages; for to tell the truth, Atlantis was *material perfection*. To this, man can never return, but to *perfection* he will come in future time.

The ways of life of the highest classes were most simple, for nourishment was obtained almost from the air alone. Like orchids, the rulers, and more especially the priests, drew all their sustenance from the substance contained in the atmosphere. Consult any botanist you like and you will see that I am right. You cannot do this, for you are not self-materialised: you are creatures *born*, and not *made by your own will*.

The conditions were the same, but life was a thousand times more potent. Only a few of your present souls would consent to lead the life the Atlanteans led, but they would not care for it, as it is impossible now to reproduce the conditions that took many centuries to evolve. The powers of humanity were evolved very slowly and very carefully. It was only the discovery of the *great secret*, that of the "tree of life," which simplified matters; and that you will never regain until you cease to care for the power for its own sake. I mean the secret of death and birth. There is no need

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for men to die. There is no reason for men to be born. I know the secret in part, but not fully, for I am not good enough to be permitted to recall the wonderful power. If I could do this I should at once be tempted to reveal it to you; for it would be, God willing, an eternity of happiness.

I will, however, try and define somewhat and give you an example. A man is entirely renewed each seven years; after a while, however, he deteriorates and slowly decomposes. This is owing to ignorance, for if he knew how to regulate the inflow of new particles, he would never choose worse but rather better particles, and the atoms would remain permanently polarised by his will. Man is really held in a single cell: this cell is immortal and goes down from generation to generation, creating ever new forms in which a human spirit can manifest. If this cell is retained in the body, and there is no procreation or waste of conservative power, then there is no reason why man should not exist for ever, during the cycle. By his children, however, man reproduces himself, and so destroys his material self. To an adept to marry is to become a lower creature subject to death. This is truth. Every man or woman who creates can only do so by handing on his immortality. Man is a spirit, and the spirit is the central point of the materialised form. The whole of mankind accept death as a necessity, and therefore hypnotise themselves into a belief

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that they must die, but there is no reason for it if the *cell* is still intact in them.

Think it over and understand that this is *one* of the chief Christian teachings that has been corrupted. Christ rose from the dead to be the first fruits of life.

Of races still existent none are pure Atlanteans, for their powers were too strong, and so had to be extinguished. Their forces were too great: gods you would call them now, in beauty, strength and mind. Understand that if it had been possible to regenerate them, they would never have been destroyed, for in all material and mental characteristics they were perfection; but they destroyed the earth's equilibrium. Some remains of Atlantis are covered by the oceans; but nothing remains intact; all is now worn like pebbles by the rush of the waters, ground to fragments and reconstructed in many other forms. The secret of Atlantis is carefully held in the hands of Fate.

I doubt my powers of being able to delineate the contours of Atlantis on the map, and I shall spoil it. A pencil will be best: mind I do not vouch for absolute correctness. The earth has changed several times since. Herodotus was not correct: he drew too much on his imagination. I will not tell what I do not know. One difficulty is that there were no maps then, and so I must do my work carefully, as I do not know if yours is quite right. The ancients knew far more. [Here followed a delineation of Atlantis on a small map of the

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world known to the ancients. It included part of South America ; the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, or rather parts of them ; also a small part of India and a strip of North Africa.]

I want to refer to the new discovery which will be made, and of which I have previously spoken. It was well known once, and will return to the fated man's memory, and he will be hailed as a benefactor of humanity. In the old days of Atlantis, when the secrets of the body were entirely unveiled to the caste of rulers and priests, who learnt it in a far more terrible way even than that of vivisection, namely by the stultification of the soul, thus destroying or distorting the power of evolution in a creature. You do not know this, thank God, or the earth would be once more a land of devils. The greater part of these men were self-seekers, not God-seekers. You cannot now realise what a man or woman at the highest point of physical development can be : it was, however, once thus on earth. You are now born low animals in form and in material, compared to the great lords of power that ruled over the Divine City. They were not Gods, however, but rather Titans. You could not comprehend all the glory of the human frame made manifest in perfect shape and divine power, but ruled by a spirit untrained, untaught, looking simply to realise the ideal of supreme earthly perfection in *itself* and for *itself*. They were the creatures who evolved from the

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great scheme of evolution their body and their astral form, not their soul nor their spirit. They were first led and taught by Divine Rulers : these then left them, and the Atlanteans chose their own lords, and formed a close body of men and women the like to which the world has never since seen. Supreme power was theirs and they used it. The Titans are a symbol, or perhaps the Satan of Milton, of their godless spirits.

They were clothed in the most beautiful fabrics made of the leaves of roses and of other flowers : that is, the substance was the same as that of which the roses were made. In reality they evolved their clothes from the elements as the roses do ; they worked on the principles of things ; their chemistry was that of nature. They did not die, but their soul rejoiced and showed itself forth in spheres of beauty, for they were as gods on the surface of the earth. In spite of the great care they took, to exclude all interference from their lives, still God, who is the sower of all good, would send them now and then a message, and they would feel the influence of God's thought, of God's discontent, and suffer. This they called the darkness. It was the only touch of material imperfection that remained.

And so the earth was changed entirely, as you are told in the story of Noah, for they were spirits that opposed the Divine decrees : they sought perfection for their own selves and reversed God's order, but they were lovely creatures, and you would worship

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them if you could see them. They were materially the most glorious work of God, on seeing which He said: "It is good." But they did what God had not ordained. They oppressed the weak, and made the lower natures to become stultified. The people were less advanced in materiality: some, as I told you, had children, and were less selfish. They were on probation, and were not admitted to the knowledge of the priests and rulers; they worshipped the Divine City and its inhabitants; from them came the few that had to be allowed to remain as conscious beings.

They did not, however, eat so coarsely as you do, for they lived on the elements of nourishment, that which made the grain and fruit grow. Their food was prepared in the higher ranks of the priests, who kept the people from knowing the secret of its preparation. From this comes the legend of the "food of the gods," ambrosia and nectar. It was just like the beehive with its special food prepared for a queen or a worker. The priests in this way ruled the nation completely. The slaves were chosen and fed on this stultifying nourishment, that consumed all their mind power. The agriculturists were fed so as to be akin to the earth, for it was for the earth they laboured, to content the great Mother, not to make wheat grow. I cannot explain it better except by saying that as the priests had found and tapped the source of life on this earth,

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they had found it was necessary to keep the earth cared for and cultivated, for in some mysterious way the earth when tamed tames the souls of her children. The forests of Africa produce pigmies, and the lands of Germany and England produce human beings, conscientious and clean. This the priests knew, and therefore the earth was well looked after.

[At this stage T... had to leave the sunny garden in the south, where we had written the foregoing pages. She went to the north, where she met a friend and relative, a lady who had been a crystal gazer but had given it up for some years. T..., however, asked F... to help, and the following is what the lady, who knew absolutely nothing of Atlantis, said.]

“I see the sea misty; beautiful spreading waves rushing in; wonderful palms—more palms—strong creatures, one like a young man, but no moustache, very beautiful limbs and very small head, very tall. It is the garden of Atlantis. I see such strong communication with the stars, the Great Bear especially—influence comes from the stars—but everything *newer*. The *new* stars are much brighter. Books are being written. People are there who think they can do everything in the world—great flying creatures—huge great fishes—so new and wonderful that I can't explain. The inhabitants are queenly kind of creatures—all ruled by women—thinking out things; they *seem* to feel. The women seek to create things—have charge over things. There are no

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houses, but great shelters, not quite houses, of reddish colour, clear like glass."

[There was some more of a personal interest which I leave out. Otherwise nothing has been changed in F...s writings or in what the crystal gazer said.]

A week or so after T...s departure the following paragraph in the *St. James' Gazette* met my eye :

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in *Broad Views*, mentions that in three different places Dr. Le Plongeon, the American explorer of Yucatan, has come upon direct written records of the tremendous cataclysm by which the last remnant of the Atlantean continent —itself a huge island as big, at all events, as all Central Europe —was swallowed up by the ocean about 11,000 years ago. One of these records is in the form of a manuscript known as the Troano MS., a document which survived the destructive habits of the Spanish conquerors in Mexico, and is still to be seen at some museum in Madrid. The all-important passage in this MS. is translated by Le Plongeon as follows :

"In the year 6 Kan, on the 11th Maluc, in the month Zacm, there occurred terrible earthquakes, which continued without interruption until the 13th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu, was sacrificed : being twice upheaved, it suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and rise several times in various places. At last the surface gave way and ten countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to withstand the force of the seismic convulsions, they sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants 8,060 years before the writing of this book."

I have quite lately read Mr. Donnelly's interesting

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book on Atlantis and found that in many places he dimly indicates the things which F... so clearly states. I think also that those who will read attentively *Genesis* vi.-ix., will find that they tally with the account here given of Atlantis and the Flood.

I hope at some future time to be enabled to write something more with T... on this subject; but in the meanwhile I should be very glad if some of those who read these pages would add some knowledge of their own to this most interesting glimpse of antediluvian civilisation.

To the above article Mr. Scott Elliot, the well-known authority on Atlantis, responded in the *Theosophical Review* of January.

Some criticisms having been made upon F...’s allusion to Herodotus, in the paper on Atlantis in the last issue of this *Review*, I must explain that the misunderstanding arose out of my own question. I asked:

“Is it true that Herodotus states that the last portion of Atlantis disappeared 900* years before his birth?”

[As T... and I have not been together lately, I had to write to F..., telling him what had been said. This is his answer:]

F... I certainly should be foolish to mistake

* Presumably a mistake for the 9,000 years mentioned by Plato — ED.

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Herodotus for Plato. The fact is, the ancient traveller mentions many things that I have read of in other works of his, and in some more recent incarnations. I have not the Pope's mantle of infallibility, and that is why I am shy of speaking on subjects I have not *recent personal knowledge* of. I would stake something, however, that Herodotus *does* mention Atlantis. Unfortunately I get confused as to the present state of ancient literature, and cannot recall what is now preserved or not. Do you understand?

Until I have become part of absolute knowledge I am always liable to make mistakes, and in recalling things *read*, I cannot be more certain than you would be. But I know Herodotus *does* speak of Atlantis in his Travels, and mentions the Egyptian records—*because he told me so himself*. And that is why I mentioned him in so casual a manner; for, being an initiate, I knew how much the priests had misled him, and was, to tell the truth, rather angry with their excessive care for ecclesiastical mysteries.

Beyond what I *personally know* as facts I own to a small opinion of Herodotus, and certainly I never should consider the Travels as a trustworthy book of reference. However, I must be more careful and look up your present remains of the classics.

Tell the Editor I never intended to allude to Plato's version of this catastrophe. I do not remember it at all; but then Plato was not a favourite study of mine.

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I am very sorry to have spoken without first completely explaining everything. But as Herodotus bragged so much of what he had extracted from the Egyptian priests, I naturally thought he had written it in his book, and I believe it is or was there after all, even if you have not saved it from oblivion.

Really I am not, nor ever was, a great reader, but I lived always in the centre of things, and generally am most averse to philosophy. I told you long ago, my dear E..., that I can't stand long-winded dissertations on subjects one knows nothing about.

[*Next Friday.* Friday was the day set apart by F... for correspondence.] I hope I made myself clear as to Herodotus. I remember perfectly my meeting him and the week we spent together in Egypt, but I can't remember when I last read his book. I think it was the time of St. Francis. I also read it when first it was published; but that is so long ago, that I can't remember a word of it.

[On December 9th, just after the issue of the *Review*, but before T... had seen it, F... of his own accord reverted to Atlantis, and said as follows.]

F... The article is very well arranged, and it is not at all too long or prosy. I am surprised to see what I have told you of old Atlantis. No doubt many are anxious to contradict out of their *own* experience, and

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we shall have much discussion on the subject. Remember that each soul looks on a civilisation as he himself found it, and each individual personality has a separate point of view.

Therefore it is difficult to get the descriptions to match each separate memory, more especially as Atlantic civilisation covered a large period of time, and it is useless for a man in Rome of the twentieth century to read a description of Rome in the time of Nero. Rome of the Christian martyrs or Rome of the Borgias will hardly tally with a description of Rome under the influence of Pius X.

[On December 16th, T..., still being absent, wrote at F...’s dictation the following answer, to the criticisms of Mr. Scott Elliot, which E... had sent to F..., begging him to answer them.]

F... As E... wishes me to answer certain criticisms, I will do it, but for her sake only.

Very curiously and strangely the facts that I thought to have made quite plain are confused in this article.

Atlantis was a very long-lived civilisation, but I can only speak of the time when I lived in the Divine City as one of the rulers. Let us do things in order.

First. Never did I intend to include the general mass of the people of Atlantis in my description of the Divine City and its inhabitants. I thought I had completely made that clear. Only those who were

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able to pass the most complicated and severe tests, and to prove their right to be numbered with the *Supreme Race*—shall I term it so?—were admitted into the life of that extraordinary city. The town itself, if I can call it a town, which was indeed beautiful beyond the power of man to describe, was a *Sacred City*, so sacred that it was forbidden to even the higher castes of the ordinary Atlanteans to approach the gateway. Once a year the highest among the inferior people were allowed to stand afar off and to bring their offerings to a certain spot, beyond which it was death for the unauthorised uninitiated to pass.

Certainly there are tales of the times when the Holy Ones ruled the still earlier civilisation of that wonderful land; but, as I said before, I cannot myself tell you about this and so I am silent.

Of course I am forced to give you broken and mutilated statements, for my power of communication is limited, and, as I have often said, the words I write are not equivalents of my thoughts, but they are the nearest and best way in which I can express my meaning. How can anybody imagine that I could say that all Atlanteans had the power? But the rulers of the Sacred City were not accepted unless they could prove their power over the so-called "natural forces" in far more wonderful ways than the simple truths I have spoken of.

I told you that there are several actually living who are masters of such wisdom, but they are not at

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all in the same condition as the lords of Atlantis. I do not remember anything of the disgusting blood food; certainly none who lived in the Divine City during my existence there, fed on it actually; but in an *esoteric meaning* it is perfectly true, for they *lived on life itself*, if I may so express it.

Now I have not expressed myself clearly enough, so I will recapitulate.

My account of the Atlanteans refers simply to a certain select number of rulers and priests who were absolutely apart from the rest of the civilised community. Beneath the nucleus existed innumerable other grades and castes who were more or less under the control of the "Wonderful Ones," the Lords of Power. The highest and more or less initiated caste of priests who lived as "regulars," let us say, in the outer world, served as a medium of communication between the Lords of Power and the lower world.

These priests had colleges and were severely trained, each in his degree and order of development; and to such a pitch had the inner wisdom been utilised that no man was ever suffered to adopt a wrong line of life. His talents were all noted, infallibly checked and utilised for the general good of the people and for the Lords of Power.

These "under-studies," as it were, carried on a direct line of experiments under the surveillance of the Higher Powers, and much in our present animal and

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vegetable world is the result of their experiments. But this useful good work had nothing to do with the studies in that place, which for want of a better name I call the Divine City, and *there*, I repeat it, *no* animal was allowed to enter. The aura of such creatures would have disturbed the entire life of the community. I repeat that when I spoke to you, I did not imagine it was necessary to explain that what I said referred only to the highest order of Atlanteans.

Now as to Herodotus. I can only give my former explanation. I last read some of his writings in the middle ages. By the merest chance a MS. fell into my hands, but I never completed my study, and my memory of this is of the faintest. On the other hand, I remember well a week passed in the company of the great traveller, and an animated discussion we had on the subject of Atlantis, with the difference that I, an initiated priest, knew perfectly that the dates he had obtained from my colleagues were absolutely false, and this "*alteration*" of truth I always disliked, though forced to conform to it by my oath and position.

As far as my memory goes Herodotus spoke much of his interest in that subject, and I naturally thought it was from his books that the story was drawn. I have never read anything of Plato, and absolutely retain my prejudice against the man because of his having profaned the mysteries, by revealing sacred knowledge to the vulgar, even if he was right.

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But please remember that I have often told you that I am not infallible, and only guarantee my account of what I have myself experienced. I knew some knowledge had survived, and also that it was a fairly precise account of what had happened, and through your question and my memories I considered Herodotus to be responsible for the legend. He is not ; but this mistake does not alter my power of reporting such facts of Atlantis as I myself witnessed, though it will make me very careful to be caught no more in fault, and to be less negligent in accepting whatever question is put before me, even by you.

I don't think I can give you any more complete details of our lives in the long vanished Divine City. Navigation of the air and all kindred subjects were poor expedients compared with the wonderful power possessed by the great Lords in the Divine City, to whom it was a natural thing to pass through rock and stone, to enter shut doors, and to transfer themselves from one place to another.

I dare not and I must not say more of these marvellous beings. Only remember that when once they left the Divine City, which happened *very rarely*, these lords took upon them the general disabilities of humanity, and would as soon have exercised their marvellous gift in the public view as the King of England would wear his crown and robes of state in ordinary life. Outside the charmed circle the common

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life went on *differently*, but in its way as *usual* as that of the present day.

These experiments of the Great Ones made as little difference to the general existence as a great war makes in our own civilisation. It was only in the end that the blow fell.

In all my remarks I referred entirely to the life we ourselves shared, and the crimes we ourselves tolerated, and did not consider it necessary to define my position more clearly. To quote my critic :

“The only district dealt with is that of the central city, and that at a time when it was entirely dominated by the black magicians.”

The central city is not quite what I mean. It is rather the Sacred Divine City, home of gods and men, that I speak of, and it was this land of beauty and glorious humanity that I cannot refrain from regretting, although it deserved a million times its dreadful fate and the punishment which finally fell upon it and its children.

Some day I will tell you more, but for the moment I am very much occupied with important matters. If it were only possible for us to communicate in some more certain manner—but that is impossible, and so I make the best of it.

One word to the Editor :—

All spiritualistic communications are not reflections from other minds, but are often mere rubbish projected

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into a medium's consciousness by elemental and astral shells. But there are some *real* entities who use even this most uncertain means of communication, and in spite of Herodotus I think I may fairly claim to be the exception which proves the rule.*

I regret I cannot devote my time to giving a clearer version of my reminiscences of Atlantis; but there is far too much to do just now, and though I would speak, I cannot always find an audience, or count upon a secretary. If, however, we meet in the astral, I shall be pleased to express my thanks to the courteous and amiable critic for the pains he has taken to control my poor remarks.

I do not change or add anything to F... 's statements, being myself too ignorant on the subject. I can only say that, though he has written to me on a great many different subjects, some of which I am very conversant with, I have never yet found that he gave me false information, and, if some little inexactitude slipped in, he has corrected it the next time he wrote. He often illuminates historical subjects with the most interesting and explanatory sidelights, and is one of the keenest and most far-sighted politicians I have ever come across.

E..

* This is thought by our contributor to have reference to a phrase of mine in a letter in which I said, referring to the Herodotus question: "All of this is very interesting as a study of the complex nature of combinations of different consciousnesses."—G. R. S. M.

CHAPTER III.

CONDITIONS OF COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE INVISIBLE.

[THIS chapter, which in many respects is the most interesting and important of all those contained in this book, has also been the most difficult one to arrange, as it was impossible to leave out all personal allusions without seriously damaging its clearness and importance. E... and T... have therefore consented to its appearing in its present form, but it must be understood that neither of them is responsible for any of the statements made therein.]

F... The way I work you is this. You are two poles : E... positive, T... negative ; and I stand between and unite the wires. I must use T... 's language because her brain is part of my battery and your thoughts excite my answers. It is complicated. We write more clearly than is usual and we can use direct communication. Why others cannot do it is because the poles are not harmonised and there are few that can touch so closely that the molecules can correspond in action and vibrate in unison. It is a kind of wireless telegraphy,

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but the human brain is a far more subtle and powerful force storer. If we have time I shall be able to explain the way we manage it.

The visible fibres of the human brain are very many. The invisible are almost countless because they come forward or retreat, and are like the emanations of a jewel. It is impossible to work the currents on them unless you can harmonise, and this is as difficult as to make two clocks move together. Therefore if ever God allows us to find a way of communication we are indeed fortunate. But if it is needed for other than mere curiosity, we are helped by a new insight or faculty (I cannot call it a sense) which we develop.

It is difficult to write all by a third. Never mind, E... can answer me, and can discern what I mean very easily. It is a mistake to communicate too often even when we are such friends as E... and myself. Don't tire yourself so much and feel despondent. If people make foolish remarks it is not your fault. All innovators have suffered. And do not tire yourself by giving up too much time to the coin of the realm. Mind to work well at what you have in hand. It is a *great work*.

The very fact that my communications are what you require shows that we are souls in harmony, and affinities. Unless answers are suited to the question and to the mind of the questioner it is *no use* attempting to communicate. When you ask for help in most

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vital and worldly matters, what is the good of my answering your request in a moral essay? That you can supply yourself if necessary.

It seems sometimes as if a veil descended and *checked* our sight. We cannot judge then how things are going except by induction, something in the same way that you judge the weather. If there are no clouds, you say it will not rain, and so if the Soul horizon is cloudless we say that the hour is a good one with that soul.

I can give you no exact knowledge about either of the souls you ask after. The conditions here are so different from anything you can ever realise that is useless for you to interfere lovingly, or the reverse, in their affairs. It is a question of *Love*, the *Human Love*, or rather *Love Divine* I mean, which will in time re-order all that is imperfection.

You don't know how you touch me and how I try to comfort you when I see how you suffer from things that the "World" cannot understand. How much that "escapes" other persons presses itself on you and *makes you, forces you* to defend yourself when you would rather be silent and not exhaust yourself with such follies. But you are gifted with so much force that a few years of a future existence in the body will make that body perfect for what you need. You will vitalise and renew the molecules. Much is given to him who loveth truth. We shall meet in the flesh, all three, and God willing, I will remind you of these words.

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You are afraid of lingering in inaction ; you fear paralysis ; you wish a sudden death without warning. You will have your wish. I am here to help it. Fear not, you are protected and loved. Ask and you shall receive. Only formulate it clearly, strongly, in your mind in silent meditation.

The waning of reason is the departure of the spirit for its home, and often other nature spirits take a deserted body and desecrate it. That is the reason of many a tiresome old age. The animal nature is left and the new arrival takes it in hand and amuses itself as best it may. That is why so many old men become vile after good lives, and old women show traits unknown before.

The love I bear you, E..., is quite reasonable. I am a very amiable character, but I do not like to be confused with the ruck of twin affinities, *etc.* *Horror ! I am myself. You are E...* No nonsense about either of us. Do you think I am likely to spend my time in eternity like a heavenly Siamese twin ? [*This was in answer to a question whether it was true that a man and a woman soul eventually made up one perfect soul.*] No, each of us to our own work, then each for the other, and both of us for God and good.

CORRESPONDENCE.

F... I am much vexed that my wishes are very near and yet very far off realisation because there are the adverse forces against us.

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You are a peculiar nature, E..., and those you love most bore you sometimes. It is not because you do not love people that they bore you, it is because they are empty of interest, open sieves in which there is nothing to consider. After a few hours *all* bore you. You love the soul because it is true and has the spark of Life in it, and in crowds this spark gets dim and will not shine. That is why you hate crowds. Of course I am truthful, what is the good of lying to a friend! How foolish men have become, to *lie* with their lips while the world sees Truth Eternal.

You never were a doctor ; but you studied Medicine because each man who was a missionary had to learn a little medicine before he started on his travels, and out in the East he soon became practically perfect. Also you are *natural* and cannot care for anything against nature. It does not attract you. It would be no good your being a doctor the next time you incarnate, for they are nearly all humbugs. You must be a great *statesman*, from whom the doctors will ask *protection* and by that you will manage to put a little common sense into the world's affairs.

You must develop both sides of your character, you are, as I told you, a resolving note, two-sided. Great sinners make great saints. You must take note of this. You were very proud and self-willed, and you always wanted to be the first in what went on.

Are you not convinced that I exist, not in material

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form but in spirit? We are *ourselves*, whatever *form* we may show to others *we are always ourselves*. Therefore we must truthfully meet in soul before we may love each other. All souls must harmonise before they can meet. It is like a letter that we write and answer, and though neither writer can see his correspondent, does that interfere with the letter or make it less interesting?

[F... has a bewildering way of mixing up the second and third person.]

F... E...’s will is true and brave and the love of truth is your great virtue, and your best and most perfect weapon. If I were part of your *under mind* you would most assuredly recognise yourself.

[E... had expressed a supposition that F... might be her own under mind.]

F... We spoke in my last letters of children of the sun, and I know you have not quite realised what I tried to tell you. The Q... of W... is one, but a slow one. You are one growing. I said there were resolving notes. You are one. You can grow up, or grow down, your voice is not placed yet. To be a child of the sun is to possess spiritual *affinity* (not as a twin) with the solar race. You are not quite developed yet, but resolving.

The Q... of W...’s next incarnation will be a very brilliant and Royal one. She had the same before, but failed to retain her advance. She is unable to

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work yet for she has suffered too much in this life.

The true child of the sun, when developed, is of the race of Man-Mother of the race. You are right—I mean root race. In a way I can hardly explain and you could never understand. A child of the sun is an active power that gives *life* or quickens the faculties of a race or note in humanity.

The first birth is an accident of Karma, the *note* of a soul, or rather the “timbre” of his voice let us call it, is the *law* on which he is placed. A man may possess the finest tenor voice and yet never learn to sing.

E... Is the reason why you cannot communicate with the Q... of W... because you are on another way?

F... You misapprehend me. My disquisition was not so much to explain the reason of my being unable to communicate directly with your dear friend. It was also to give you some advice which will later prove useful.

I know *what* you feel about the change you call death, and I want little by little to initiate you into the analogy our side of life presents with your side. It is wonderfully alike, the Soul life here and there where you are. It is the change you dread, not the thing itself.

One knows all among men, all among animals, but not among spirits. This is what I wish to make clear. Souls are in categories and classed by a special note and *tone*. In this note Love exalts, and selfishness

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abases. There is a note for children of the sun that you call Princes, they are the highest tone in that special note. The other so-called planets have each this note, and each note is comprised of infinite vibrations and tones. I use the words "sun" and "planets" to denote a curious grade of existence that is linked *spiritually* with the Light of the spiritual life. You have materialised on a star or plane. Outward circumstances man can control, but spiritual realities are God-given and are essential. I said that all rulers are children of the sun, but I did not say that all children of the sun incarnate in rulers, and certainly children of the sun are like other souls, good or bad, but they are judged and live by different laws from the rest of humanity. It is not a difference of birth, but a difference of quality. Also there are many who cheat, as it were ("falsetto," shall we say?), and they generally come to grief.

[E... had mentioned Napoleon, Caracalla, Nero, and others of the same category who were not born of royal lineage.]

Most certainly the souls you mention came to earth as scourges of Divine vengeance. It is not a pleasant subject. Let us think of them as sunstroke rays, not the tender spring sunbeams which foster life.

As a rule, the children of the sun are hardly developed souls as yet. They are comatose, and do not realise the forces stirring within them. The name I give

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them is not perhaps quite correct, but I hardly know how to express myself clearly. It is this fact that the note is hidden and that the soul is dumb, that makes the majority of rulers so very uninteresting and insipid. But all the same, the timbre of the voice is true, and some future incarnation will give it freedom to expand. For the most of your present rulers the time is far distant.

Unless we are of the same light it is impossible for me to communicate with your friend. This seems foolish, but a soul must be here of the same *time* or *scale* of vibration before you are able to communicate with it.

I say *time*, as this is part of the "Great Secret." There is no *time*, only identity of conditions. Eternity is an everlasting present. Time is caused by only the different vibratory conditions set up by a certain nucleus of souls. Thus in the middle ages you had a series of souls who incarnated and produced these—by a certain environment, which harmonised like a musical scale with the dominant accord. It is not the *time* that creates the society of souls, but the society of souls that produces a general Harmony with the united whole.

In this plane, however, souls learn to recognise this fundamental law, and grouping themselves in accordance with certain recognised laws, produce a harmonious fitness which gives to each soul the power of emitting to the utmost possibility of perfection its

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dominant note, and all such souls as demand other modes of expression for their own expansion and perfection are kept at a distance by the operation of the same and most natural law.

Thus it is that I, having no point of contact with your dear friend [Q... of W...], am unable to communicate with her, for neither would she recognise my speech, nor would I be able to impress my desire on her reasoning faculties. However, you have already done this most friendly act. For as you on earth can see it is a fine day without any direct action on the elements, I, on my side, can realise that the atmosphere is placid without taking part in the discussion.

The Q... of W... needs rest. She is a note below me and in action above me. Therefore, I am unable to impress on her what she would willingly hear, but on one line we meet, our love for you, and I see a rose-coloured cloud passing over the brightness, which means in our language, appreciation and return of your loving message.

[This was immediately after the sudden death of the Q... of W...]

I am only too much attracted to earth whilst you are there. It is fatal for any ambitious spirit to devote himself too much to another, but I do not care, for I am on your level, and I should suffer if I knew that through some evil influence I had progressed out of *the power of your atmosphere*. Do not fear about the Q... of W...

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She is far happier where she is now, than she would be on earth. All Princes are subject to different laws from other human souls. They are children of the sun, so are judged by solar laws. There is a survival of this in the idea that the King can do no wrong. It is not that they are less leniently judged but that any child of the sun, be he great emperor or African chief, belongs to the royal clan and is subject to a different code of vibrations from the usual man or woman.

Psychically speaking, the Q... of W... was inferior to E..., but spiritually speaking she belonged to a higher scale of vibrations, even less developed beings are held as royal because of their self-note. It is like a voice that is soprano or contralto, and although it strikes the same note, it is not the same voice or "timbre." Still there are passing (resolving) chords to all grades, and through them I may come in contact and shall be able to distinguish and give your message.

[*March 20th, 1904.*] There is a unity of purpose which is the true soul relationship and explains all outer appearances of innate ties and relationship. I fear I am not easy to understand because it is a difficult subject. Souls are realities, facts, and soul ties are because the whole nature is in unison the one with the other. A soul that loves is one in harmony with the beloved one, the more complete the harmony the more complete the relationship.

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Like a long-sounding chord stretching down the infinite series of ages, our beings are united in one Divine thought. Yours, mine, your daughters and a thousand others are but fragments of one glorious whole, incomplete as yet, because incomplete in outer development, and as this Whole seeks to manifest itself, our unity becomes more and more apparent, until in the Great Day of perfection which will at last arrive, all notes will be gathered and expressed into one complete Divine Eternal chord. There is no room for jealousy left when one considers this Truth. The nearer we are to unity the purer and the more vividly do we reflect the Power of Good that dwells within us. That is why I want you to be perfect.

After this explanation of what in spite of my best efforts will always remain mysterious, I will descend to the physical and most unpleasant *fact* of your recent danger [a bad carriage accident]. [It must be borne in mind that F... always addresses E... unless he mentions T... by name.] You are just now traversing a period of unpleasantness, paying up old debts and receiving the "change" of old claims made upon your Ego. We are powerless to intervene against the power that utilises your past mistakes, but we *can* and *do* prevent *real* mischief ensuing. Tell me, *did you not feel* protected? I *know* you did. In spite of all the danger you *knew nothing* could *really happen* to harm you and those you loved. [This E... bears out.]

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You are in a cycle of change and until the wheel ultimately revolves you are liable to certain evil influences which attack you through outer conditions of life, but be sure *you* are never left without help and *nothing* shall or can hurt you as long as by your innate faith you help the protecting force to actively protect you from evil.

Never refuse *help*, for that is only inspiring your higher self. Be sure, however, that such help is given so as to act in a way that spreads over the highest and largest number. Be sure that it is the *simplest way to work*. There is so much practical use in simplicity.

There is so much still left to say and to tell that I feel overwhelmed. It is provoking to be so near and yet so far and language is so poor a method of conveying *thought*.

E... Why is it that as one grows older and more spiritual the outward forms of religion become less necessary?

F... You are a spirit and need not impose silence on the animal life. You realise it when the animal vitality is waning. *Religion is a bridge*. If the river is low, no bridge is needed and you pass barefoot. I hate metaphors but I don't know how to put it otherwise.

If you read what I say you will understand more and more what I mean. If you bear Christ on your heart you need not seek Him on the church altar. By

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Christ I mean the *Light of man* that promises *Divinity* when fully developed.

God is so very near us, even in our heart. Open the door and read your own soul.

Separated from those you love, yet in truth your house and your rooms are filled with souls that love you dearly, and your daily path is anxiously smoothed by loving wills. Be not afraid; you keep good company and your footsteps are watched by loving care. God be with you.

This night I watch your sleep. I hover near your pillow and when your soul is released for a short space from the trammels of the flesh, whilst the tired body reposes, then *we meet* and speak Soul to Soul. Try and bring back to your waking memory the counsels I give and the knowledge of my vicinity.

Eternal love can never cease being love, that should comfort and reassure you. But I am unable to give you more news. It is not possible for a *true* pure spirit to know and give knowledge of all matters. To answer a question as to the future I must withdraw my consciousness into my inner self, nearer to the Divine Existence. This is Divine consciousness and from there I can see what happens. But if I am anxious or interested the knowledge gets coloured by my personality and the clearness of the vision is destroyed. Thus when I see E... 's future I am always liable to error in details but generally right in essentials.

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E..., you are really, my dear friend, the one I hope and feel will understand the good I love, the devotion I feel, the hopes I nourish. I am always longing to be with you, and this is a true joy which will last for many æons, for who knows how and where we shall meet in the flesh, and when T... is dead how can we communicate?

Death is no sorrow, only a completing of existence to those who are initiated, comprehending the Unity of man incarnate and disincarnate. If E... should precede T..., which I doubt, for you T... have no work as she has, we shall be together at once, but it is the present that matters, and E... knows a little how I longed for this moment and appreciated it when it came, and value its memory now it draws near to an end.

[T... made some enquiry as to the time of her death.]

F... Never mind when you will die. If I knew exactly I should not tell you, because it is not allowed to foretell death exactly, unless you are bidden to do so. But you, T..., are attracted to the other side so very much and they are calling for you. It depends if you have paid up your Karma.

You are going to have a phase of trial. It depends on whatever happens. I shall not say more about it, but I think it right to say there is a great cloud near you, T... [*a sudden death which brought a great change*], what it means I cannot say, and inside or behind the

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cloud is a great change. [This was written a fortnight before the change occurred.]

I have so long wished to speak to you but it was impossible to utilise T..., so I waited. On the Appenines some years ago I was on the brink of my happiness, but it did not succeed. I could only try and *will* you, but you were both too much engaged with the beauty of nature. I was very sorrowful. I am so very happy here together with you, with love and peace and no unkind thoughts to disturb us.

[E... and T... had some years before on a fine winter day made an excursion to Covigliano. There, sitting on the yellow grass, already starred by violets, they had spoken of many things between heaven and earth. But T..., who was deeply interested in folklore, brought out her Tarot cards, and F...'s appeal remained unheard.]

E... Were you ever a woman?

F... Never! I developed in another way from you. There are different roads for each soul. The end is alike. I never was a woman. I am dictatorial and self-ambitious, and I want my own way and must get it.

I cannot tell you about other people's incarnations, for in my anxiety to please you I might say the wrong thing. But in your case I *know everything* very plainly. You see I will only tell you the *exact truth I can test myself*, and there are millions of souls that exist and are reincarnated, and it is difficult to find out who they

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are. You see I must be very careful not to make a guess at anything. I can only tell the colour of the soul and the comparative age.

[E... asked about a friend's marriage.]

B...’s wife suits him and he likes her, and he paid off a big debt in marrying her. He has made over his Karma. You can give your Karma to others by accepting facts and becoming linked with them. I mean that by marrying the person you owe a debt to, you cancel your debt, and if it has any sequel they take it.

E... Tell us about crystal gazing.

F... You are always acquiring knowledge and I am glad now to tell you how the crystal ball reflects the image of a future or a past. It is not the imaginative faculty you understand by the word imagination, and yet remember that to imagine is to *create*, if the Creator is Divine.

Do you understand me? The clearness of the vision depends on the "*virtue*," in Latin phrase, of the Seer. It is the fruition of past endeavours, just as the soul that yearns to express itself in music, is a musician. So long cultivation of the intuition will result in an awakening and manifestation of the Soul.

E... My great wish is to advance humanity.

F... You must not be quite certain that all Humanity is rising at the same rate. You see that Humanity is so vast. To speak correctly we should take all nature to be of Humanity and thus we realise our duty is to all

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creation, indistinctively, good or bad, that all that suffer have a claim to our help; that we are responsible as well for the evil as for the good. And then our note resolves into two categories: that of the Saint or Mystic, the *passive* receiving love; and the *doer*, the *ruler*, the active dispensing love. Strange to say that both find their completion, their affinity, in the *divine nature* who acts to the Mystic as a *God*, rewarding his beloved, and to the *ruler* as Wisdom, inspiring his action. These are the two lines of perfection, and as I told you the note is different in each child of the sun and child of the moon.

No spirit is infallible, for all mediums are fallible, and remember *all spirit* is a vehicle or *medium* for the *divine to inspire*. Too metaphysical? But I can't put it clearer. So we all are imperfect modes of expression for the *divine* to say its thought in. But thought is not action. On the material plane it prompts action, forms it, but is not action. There faileth Christian science.

I am more a man than most, for I have never taken woman's form. That is exactly why I like you, being a complementary spirit to me, *not* a Siamese twin. We sound the chord between us of two notes, and T... gives a third note to explain the principle, so that it becomes tangible and a positive fact, to be translated later into action by E...

Do you understand my little riddle? You under-

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stand what I say so well, because I stand beside you and hold a shield, as it were, of light, from which your soul reads my meaning of any remark that is doubtfully translated into words. Remember that I only differ from you in my clearer and longer vision as I have no longer the wall of flesh to obscure my senses.

I must not tire you and I see you have had a very strong current of thought and are straining at the soul leash!

[This latter part was correspondence, E... and T... being separated by a great distance, and during this last *séance* E... was very ill with strong fever for several hours. She imagined that it was some bad influence trying to separate her from F... She wrote to him through T..., and here is the answer.]

F... *November 11th.* My battery is not working well. Wait a little, now it goes. How frightened I was. My foolish anxiety to make everything very clear had made me take too much fluid from E... Just now I took too little, hence the difficulty in answering your question. I made a too great demand on your soul forces and you strained at the leash like a foolish eager dear creature. . . .

It is my anxiety to tell you all my story that makes me not so careful as I should be of the most precious fluid, and my mistake is very *sad*. I cannot say how

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I suffered when I heard that you were ill. I could not understand why, for some time. Nothing could make me so careless now. No enemy can come between us now, unless we give place to any feeling of hatred! . . . I took too much fluid and made E... ill.

Believe always in my intense sorrow, if it really is my fault. I am overwhelmed with my stupidity, and now I hardly dare take fluid, and so the current is unequal and we cannot communicate so freely. I drew too much fluid from you. I can't understand it. I felt there was a great resistance but mercifully not more.

The reason why it makes such a difference to me when T... and E... are together is, because I can realise from T...'s impressions of pleasure at seeing E... a little of what I feel. This is complicated, but to control T...'s hand I must in a measure enter into her nervous system and in so doing I come more than ever into contact with E... and *feel* her thoughts and know she likes to be with me and hear me. Any ordinary medium could put us into contact, but the measure of our essential harmonies can only be resolved through T..., and for this joy I am allowed to *have* a personal influence on E...

I have tried to come into direct contact with the aura you have, but am prevented because I might unwillingly injure you. This is always a great sorrow. I tried a new way and was wrong, for I interfered with your life current, trying it in an old way I knew from

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Atlantis. Imagine my fright. But never will I return to such a dangerous method. It was only dangerous because you were different from old times. Then it was easy, but I did not know this.

Why wait so long before you come to talk with me? [E... had been unpunctual for a sitting.] For T... goes away and then comes silence. Only in thoughts can we converse, and those are treacherous, for we doubt both question and answer coming correctly. You feel me and I see your presence, yet when I enter the inner sanctuary of your life, my touch will check the currents of vitality and I am fettered within sight of my desire. You have felt this, E... Oh days of past Atlantis when it was possible to interpenetrate each comrade soul and enjoy rapt communion. Why is it now so deadly to attempt this most simple process?

I cannot see why the new barrier has arisen. When I try to reassume command of the sympathetic forces and irritate the membrane which surrounds your cords of communication, the link which beginning in flesh, ends in the highest spiritual substance, I feel at first a slight and ever-increasing power of resistance, and if I put out my stronger current, the barrier snaps and I feel that my thoughts have entered the deadly waves of Lethe. I see the iridescent circle of your active mind power grow confused, and if I did not retire hastily, God knows what permanent evil thy life might suffer. It is so strange and new to me to find

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myself so baffled, that I cannot quite believe in the truth of what my friends had always warned me.

The human body has deteriorated terribly, and is now more beast than the human sheath for the divine spirit. If then we are really divided from each other now, there is all the more reason that we should make the most of T... whilst she is with us. T... is quite different from you, E..., and it is more as if long fibres came from her brain and floated in the air, and through these cords of communication I can adjust my thoughts and utilise her forces to communicate with you. These fibres are very fragile and sensitive and I have to be most careful, as the people who look after her (her spiritual guardians) are most suspicious and not over inclined to forgive my mistake if I make any. But I have not as yet made one, for I am most careful not to tire her power.

But all this is most annoying, for I long to speak soul to soul. Put your hand on her arm again, E... I hold a long fibre and perceive her sensation and it is indeed a joy to know you are near me.

E... I see the fibre. It is white inside and red outside.

F... Yes, that is the lowest point nearest to the brain. The higher point is of different substance, and I may not do more than interlace my fibre with hers, and so by means of our twin perceptions I manage to communicate sufficiently freely. In the old times I

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entered into the substance of the fibre and pressed my force down on to the brain, diverting the natural life current into my own, and forming one long round link between us of our two forces. Now my fluid being that of a spiritual being, acts as poison on your body, for your body being too weak to contain my spiritual electricity would have been rent asunder. It is very unfortunate, this barrier is a real wall to separate us. The barrier is on your side, . . . you are not spiritual enough to assimilate my fluid, and I imagine from this experience the legend came that the sight of a God kills the mortal who is rash enough to look upon his face, for if our fluids united you would see me, as well as hear and feel.

E... Why can T... understand you?

F... Because her fibres are loose. Also she is the more flexible nature and I can bend her current to one side and put in a shorter circuit of my own.

E... I see the two rounds, a very long one and a short loop.

F... Quite right, besides, she has a very peculiar reflective nature and passes on my thoughts quite clearly. It is partly the want of will and partly the feeling of self-sacrifice that guides her in this path, and for that she suits me wonderfully, and what is very rare, she is of the same note as E... In a million souls it would be very difficult to replace her. She must please be very cautious, and I implore her to run

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no risks. Think of what it would be if before the work was done I could no more speak to E...! She must remember all this when she has a fit of the blues and run no risk. She must see that it is most important that our communications are kept clear, as otherwise I should not have been allowed to use her so freely. It is really a matter of moment. She is doing good work.

Now good-night, I am afraid of another mistake like on Friday. You see I cannot realise my deeds till they are over, and then too late to remedy the evil. I only felt your soul answering to my touch like a well trained horse and I did not realise I asked too much of your love and goodness. Forgive me, if you know how sorry I am and how ashamed of having risked my dearest friend's health.

We have enemies, but they cannot interfere, thanks to T... 's friends, who are always on the *watch*. That is one reason why T... is so useful. She is protected so thoroughly from all evil, she does not herself originate, and that is the reason I cannot work through others, for the contact of the fluids would not be allowed by her friends.

F... I think some time ago I told you that the second person of the Trinity, the Divine Logos, came down in the flesh of every human being at the time of the creation, and that it was by this great sacrifice

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and passion that we are really brothers and sons of God with Divinity latent within us. Crucified on the cross of the four elements, Christ died to spiritual happiness and was buried in humanity.

I did not see Jesus in Earth-life. I was not within the limits of the earth then. I can only tell you what I heard, but I have seen Him often in the spirit. He is the first-fruits of earth's harvest and is as nearly Divine as man can hope to be in this manifestation of Divinity.

Buddha was not Christ, for Buddha was not of the love-ray. Jesus Christ, the anointed One, was the incarnation of the love-ray manifesting itself on earth.

St. Francis was the second coming of the Lord. He only came twice in his Christ-nature.

As the body and soul form one man, so the God and man form one Christ, says your creed. Try and understand this, for it is true. When a saintly soul reaches one stage of Being, then a fresh descent of the Divine takes place. This time it is individual and a new species is formed. God cometh in the flesh, a child is born, Emmanuel our King. The advent of such a Saviour is the birth of a new cycle. It is the drawing up of the entire earth, one little step higher in the scale of being. Imagine what that means. Each grain of dust is vivified by the supreme potentiality of this Great Being and the new life bestowed is not withdrawn but remains. Thus alone is it possible to raise

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the world heavenward, by the sacrifice of thyself, and in truth Christ did give his life for the world's good and by so doing attained his Christship.

So thus became possible the life of St. Francis, and the subsequent ideas of a former age were being slowly realised. The gentle Master is always with us and when the storm-clouds threaten, then the holy figure descends and bids the winds and elements be still, even as He did in the tempest tossed lake of Galilee. St. Francis is the supreme ruler of mankind and I hold my power as a delegate, proudly, gladly, as we did when we followed Him along the dust-laden roads of Umbria then, as now, always His servant.

O, master, that hast learnt the lesson of supreme good and seeketh to teach it to others, thy poor brethren!

I will speak no more, for you are tired and cannot communicate to-night with me so fully as I wish. I did try a new way this evening, but it was not completed, and I fear it will have tired you both. You will sleep very well to-night, both of you.

[They both slept very well, in fact E... went off into a kind of trance.]

Here the correspondence ceases and T... and E... came together again.

F... It is a mistake to think we are ever separated by *space*. It is rather a want of our *sense* relations that is

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the result of death, and thus we must have a medium so as to be able to communicate. Our eyes and ears are the mediums in life. T... serves now as a medium to you and me in our different planes of action. It is all so easy and yet so different from what you see on your side, and it is only by a kind of experience that one learns to see the medium properly, and if it were possible to develop the mediumship in *ourselves* it would be a great advance. But I am not yet able to evolve a body capable of impressing and being impressed by waves of matter even as you have not evolved your *spirit senses*.

I told you before, I knew you slightly, but you cannot remember ever having seen me. I have not *reincarnated* yet and do not intend to do so unless we are all together. It is very rarely we can communicate so freely as we do now, and the power depends at present on T..., so I must be careful of her in many ways, but as long as *this* medium is possible I shall continue to keep myself in touch with the earth.

When you die, or T... dies, I shall be able to alter my plans and arrange for a new incarnation. It takes some settling, and is a very difficult matter. When you come over we can talk a little together and arrange everything.

The resurrection of the body is a great mystery and yet the reality is most simple. I will try and explain it. All bodies or material vehicles are only *sheaths* for

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the soul and depend on *one central* point in which lies the manifestation of the *will* to incarnate. This central point formed at the fecundation of the egg, is the nucleus of all bodies and in it resides the power of communication between present and past. In it is the *material* memory, for *it* is the same from birth to death. *It* never changes.

This point then holds together all the different atoms poised in unison. The other atoms change each seven years and are replaced by others that in their turn give place to the next comers.

By means of this atom the soul of man recovers an earthly body. The *resurrection* is the *evolution* of the soul's medium. It is the evolution of the medium that implies the perfection and completion of the infant soul. The exact phrase implies the truth of reincarnation, "I believe that I shall again live in the flesh." But the material vehicle of the soul all evolves from this *one double* cell.

I long to speak with you face to face. After E... 's death we shall be very happy together at our work, I think. It is a long time back to Atlantis, but sometimes I think I have never been so happy, and wonder why it is better for men to suffer than to be happy in that exquisite land of joy and peace.

The worst time in my life was in *Rome*, and yours too, I think. The middle ages suited us well in the company of St. Francis and Guise, and we *lived* our

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lives most thoroughly. Afterwards it was unpleasant and I hated the blood and horrors of the Revolution, though I applauded the punishment of so much sin and selfishness. Then we miscalculated and your life began when mine was at the last ebb, and so we were separated until T... gave me speech once more.

I write again to answer about the body. The Divine Human Vehicle is an epitome of *all bodies* made of Immortal Virgin Substance and penetrated by the Divine Human Nature. It is the flower born from the seed and resembles the present Human body as much as the flower does its present seed pod.

Are you satisfied by this our intercourse? To me it is the one thing I have longed for in bitter consciousness that we were separated by a blank wall of different mediums of communication, so I knew not how to be able to break this silence. God was very good to me, that I feel in the fresh love which there is in your heart. The light of your soul shines rose-coloured through a gold-coloured veil and from this I see your affection.

Of course it is impossible for you ever to realise your Ideal of truth. *It should be so*, but the weakness of the human conscience will not permit absolute Truth to reign. It is too hard, too cold for us you say, and as our words never quite express our thoughts,

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it is natural that we should sometimes deviate from the truth that shall reign unadulterated, complete and perfect in these our hearts.

I am very anxious about everything and the future is a mist. We are all working for *lasting* peace, but we need your prayers. Did I ever tell you the real meaning of the Eucharist? When you knelt I was with you and felt your thoughts. It was a far higher thought than the usual explanation. God gave us His substance matter and spirit divine and human, and we are the masters of this great verity, the love of God manifested in creation. When we partake of this symbolic food we own our own brotherhood, with all that suffers and all that joys. The wheat ground down to give us bread, the grape gathered to strengthen our tiredness. We unite ourselves to Divinity in Humanity and from that moment we are indeed the temples of the living God and must reverence our divine Father in the smallest of His children. It is a bond of service and an oath of allegiance.

I must be going now. My service is to all creation, but I am always your faithful F...

[*Good Friday, 1904.*] I should like to tell you a little of my thoughts about Good Friday. It is a season of purification, moral and physical, and will bring its reward to you all. [Interrupted.]

Now I must end, and T... is as usual on the way to

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bed. I wish we could write in your dear, quiet room, all peace and sweet with the breath of flowers and the company of good animals. Rome is so heavy and is full now of soul disturbance, like an electrical storm it disturbs and deranges the current, so they work badly. [This was written when both T... and E... were in Rome.]

It is useless to try and elucidate more of what I wrote on Good Friday. It was absolutely *impossible* to penetrate the dark thick cloud of nonconducting substance. [It was written in another person's house.]

It is like a telephone and when there is a spiritual storm the wires *won't* work, however good the conductor or receiver may be.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

The true Hygiene is of the soul. Light, air, beauty make Humanity recognise that this is as much a necessity of the soul as Light, air, beauty is a necessity for the full developement of the body.

I know that you are praying now that all may be well with us [F... told his friends that he was constantly working in Russia and on the battlefields], and you are right. Only strong and fervent prayer can dispel the mists of Untruth that surround mankind at present. Pray with all your heart for Help, seek to live in charity with all, and look into your heart if

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by any chance you nourish a feeling of dislike against any living soul, and also remember that who seeks to advance the race in any fashion has to suffer for his ideal. You are ready to pluck the crown, but the cross is also by your side. Nobody can become a teacher to his brother unless he has crucified his lower self.

[E... had been worried by some of the strictures made on "Atlantis." People had said it was inspired by the Devil.]

F... We are told to suffer fools gladly. They said that the Christ was possessed by Devils, and He in His turn told His Disciples that if men said this of Him they would also say it of them. It is the same thing here now, as then. I told you that Atlantis would cause much foolish chatter. Is it worth while for me to say that I am not a Devil and only a very humble serving spirit that seeks to follow the Divine law of Love in all things, and who, in his most humble way, would fain obey the Divine teaching that God is love, by loving his brothers and serving Humanity? If I am a Devil, then it is for God's service that I am created thus, but alas I would willingly be called a Devil and worse, if only I could by these terms of opprobrium work out that sense of personality which remains in me.

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For I am no Saint yet and have many grievous defects and many passionate longings to purify. I am still very human and I suffer terribly in my humanity when I seek to eliminate my lower self and become one fire of love towards all creation. What I would be, that I cannot yet become, a pure ray of God's Love that will bless my dearest brothers of men. I struggle forward towards the Light of Heaven, painfully, slowly. Each foot of my task is contested and I myself am often tired of the fray and wounded sore, for we spirits suffer and are sad at heart, but the Divine Grace descends on us and recalls us to our blessed work. "Up Children," it says, "up and be doing, for the night is far spent and day is at hand, and the Children of the Bridegroom must be ready to welcome the Lord of all that is."

How can I explain rightly all I feel? I would tell you so much and yet my lips are sealed, for there is fresh trouble at hand and I know not how to spare you or defend you from this blow. God's grace will perfect you, dearest One. God's blessing will defend you, and the prayers of one who loves you dearly will ascend to the Eternal throne in never-ceasing petition that you may be protected and refreshed.

Tell your friends that Christ prophesied those who should walk in His footsteps should be possessed by the Devil, and that if God will give me grace to be counted amongst that hallowed band I will welcome the

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accusation as my title of honour and my charter of freedom.

Yet I confess that though night and day (as you divide space) I work for the fulfilment of the Divine Will yet I am ever an unprofitable servant, nor can I say ever that I work or that I conquer, but rather it is the spirit of the living God that inspires my work and my actions, and to that Divine Guidance I will ever prove faithful. I regret so much that you should suffer from these annoyances, only remember that it is sufficient to put oneself forward in any way to become the mark for all spirits of darkness to attack. You wished to enlighten your friends and your brothers, and instead you are suspected of folly and unholy trafficking with false spirits. This is the earthly reward of your efforts, and all who seek to enlighten mankind will have to learn this lesson, that their reward is heavenly, not of this earth.

My warnings cannot be repeated or explained, for if I could have been more explicit I would have written plainly at once. The law may not be broken. For my part I think it is mistaken, but the law exists and if I break it I may be deprived of the power of communicating with you. These limitations are very strange and I resent them sometimes, but it is the law of our present condition, and none may break it with impunity. This is why I have to be quite mysterious when otherwise I could make a clear story and let you

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be protected against much trouble. The only reason I can give for this otherwise unaccountable prohibition is, that if we were permitted to interfere, your life would be ruled from this side and your own sense of intuition and prevision remain undeveloped.

We are, as it were, on a hill and can see both sides of the road winding up and down on its flanks. If we warned you specifically you would not walk on the road but wait for clearer guidance. Now it is necessary that you should climb up the hill and walk down again, and there are many paths, but some are not so easy as others. Then suppose that the Doctor had said you must take a certain walk of a certain length for your health's sake and it is necessary you should not know this or you would rebel against the Doctor's orders. You see how wrong it would be to direct you up the shortest path. Have I made it clear? I was never good at allegories.

So we must not interfere and tell you where to go and how to do it. You must learn your lesson yourself to be able to speak the language well later on and do up your accounts. We know the tongue and the grammar and we know the result of the arithmetical problem that you are asked to solve, because we have done it ourselves and solved it too. But we must stand aside and any direct interference with the game is wrong. Some souls do interfere; they are impatient; but it is of no use, for another sum is given

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of which they do not know the answer and this is harder for the loved one, and then besides those who tried to help are placed in quarantine like naughty children.

You can always help if you are willing to pay the price of your interference, but it is really no good and I have seen this so often that I will not disturb our present happy condition. Here is my answer then to your first question. I told you, we can help a little with the elementals, and *that* is allowed—"Policemen's duty."

O, E..., I suffer with thee, for the times are evil and the stormclouds are very close at hand. [This was written just before the Doggerbank incident.] May God avert them and protect us all, I pray. Remember we hope and trust it will all come right, but it looks very black. *In any case I will let you know what you desire.*

Life is so short and eternity so long. O, E..., remember that nought can separate us from the love of God. That is my consolation. God is with us everywhere, all-powerful and all-holy, and before the Divine Majesty what are these rumours of disturbances? Nothing.

You, my dear T..., must become more actively useful. I will recommend this recipe to E..., who herself is out of sorts and out of heart, but it won't last long with her, my dear friend. . . . Dear E..., one word

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more to tell you that I love you *with all my heart* in all honour and all faith. I love you in God and of God, and I seek our united salvation.

F...

Are we all to talk over our own souls then? T... is weak, and most miserably deficient in backbone. Her main quality is the wish to improve her service to Humanity, so she runs into very odd corners in the search after humanity. Her colour is lilac-rose because she is pessimistic and looks for evil, and is very often disappointed by having good coming instead.

T... is too childishly inclined to believe all she hears and sees. She is a good judge of many things but not of those most important to herself. Her next incarnation will be a more pleasant one and her talents will be freely used, which they are not now. The lilac is bordered with gold, for she has also the Royal note hidden deep within her, so deep that you would not suspect it sometimes, but it shines more in her self-sacrifice in small things. Where she fails is in her ordinary common sense and in practical brain power, for she can't do anything properly, like a small idiotic child; that is why I want E... to stiffen her like a wobbly blancmange. The gold is all round the corner, and that must be caught up into the centre of the soul robe, then the thick green mantle will be covered

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with gold also, and we shall have a useful member of creation.

[E... asked F... to touch her.]

F... I will touch you this evening. Why do you ask it? Because you want to feel my presence and to know I am here protecting you? You are lonely in spirit and want a brother's hand to say "Here is a friend who loves you." Alas, I am not material and T... 's fluid is too refined for use as a materialising factor, but I will try when you are alone this night to make you feel my presence.

[They then made a little experiment in materialising F..., upon which he said] :—

F... This must not be done again, for T... 's friends [her spiritual guardians] object. They wish her fluid to be left in the subtle realm of thought and not drawn down, but for once I might use it, they said. What a waste of time! Not the writing, but the effort I made and the fluid I lost.

There is nothing I do not seek, if only it profit your soul and bring you nearer the Divine type of perfection. Remember that is the ray to which we three belong. It is necessary that we should confess freely our faults and virtues to each other, so forgive my palace of truth. For myself I will not fail to tell my soul colour. I am of a fiery red and the rose in me is like burnt amber pink, with flame streaks of ardent nature desires, that lead me ever on to a higher phase of existence.

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My great fault is my want of sympathy with those I know inferior to me in intellect. Then my red turns earth-colour and weighs me down. Rose is the Royal hue, I am not Royal as I told you long ago.

I have not the capacity to serve with such deep humility; my service must be intellectual. So God made me, so I seek to be. My fault, like yours, E..., is pride; and also self-conceit, that neither of you possess. My fear is lest my desire should chain my soul too long to an earthly horizon. My next fault is anger, of a blood-red, with steel jagged points. Like you I cannot stomach the crass wickedness and evil ways of our so-called brother men, and we cannot see God in him. This is our lesson; "too much backbone," we need curving, as T... needs the whip. So you see now what a monster F... really is, but Caliban had his good points.

[April, 1905.] I will tell you more about the future. We are coming near a very impressive time, materially and psychically. This is a most important cycle. If you were free to leave your home and earth duties, being the soul I know you are, this wind of progress would carry your ship away into unknown seas of progression. When time has come for us to unite our two, now, alas, divided potentialities, my force and your force will make a great weapon with which to strike down the impending barrier man has

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set up against the Divine will. United we shall be able to rule the earth for its own good.

I need you as the resolving note of my pioneer's trumpet. T..., too, is wanted, then as now, to be a useful condition of our work, so I shall never lose sight of her. E... is to be the magnetic point of our pyramid. I am the base, for I  hold up the sides, which want so much stiffening.

E... You seem to have risen a great deal since we last wrote.

F... Yes, I have crossed a new division and am at the head of a great movement. It is a post of honour God knows I never wished for, except inasmuch as I felt my soul ready for all service, however small, however difficult. But it has been placed on my spirit and, God helping, I will carry the matter to a good conclusion. Therefore do I call on you to offer up your soul as a fellow worker for the righteousness of man and spirit.

E... Could you not join with T...'s guardians to protect us against the spirit which wishes us evil?

[F... had warned E... especially that she had a spiritual enemy.]

F... I wish I could prevent those evil thoughts coming near you and T..., but her guardians are too much engrossed in the Kabbala to look after such little troubles. I do not understand them nor they me. They are holy men and very good to T... The Kabbala

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(I use its name as a synonym for transcendental science) is most useful to the highest intellects, but there can be a little too much of it, at least I think so, especially just now, when the conditions of the world are so grievous.

It is like two orders of religious men. I belong to an active order, and T...’s friends to the contemplative order. We are both needed, but we can’t work together, and just now they have ceded T... to me. She will never get out of the transcendental, unless we drag her out of it into active life. T... is so useful to them as an intuitive medium, that they wish to delay her progress or rather make her their scribe, but that is not quite right, and so they give way to me and we can thus meet and talk, but I am under strict laws and they keep me to the exact letter. I will, however, see what can be done, but I suspect that this spirit must be laid with kindness to rest and its innate anger allayed.

As X... you woke the hatred first. In the next incarnation you increased it and the hatred has followed you about everywhere, placing a drop of acid in every joyful cup. Do you not realise it? Ever with the crown came the prick of thorns; nothing was unalloyed, always there remained the unattainable.

E... Is anything perfect in this world?

F... No, but there are those that do not suffer so, for only human hatred can direct such weapons. E....

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understand that you have a right to a perfect future, if you can only break the cloud. Therefore pray that love may cleanse the soul that seeks to injure you.

E... I am indeed sad that our last talk is ending.

F... There is a grim black cloud near you that tried to break, but cannot. Be careful that it is not a bad trouble caused by your mistake. It won't come if you are careful. There freewill comes in. I see things as black shadows and dark rays, and these are all connected with Karma, so I cannot tell you where they come from, nor where they go. This cloud is from the East, but where I cannot tell, for you see there is a perfectly different horizon here. Our East, South, North and West are told by colour and form and not by direction. It is very difficult to explain. It is not yet fixed, so can be avoided—at least part of it. You have no lines connecting you with it yet. I see the form of thought trouble within your soul. The cloud is a rectangle.

E... What is the black cloud you see ?

F... Can't you understand ? It wants the completion of its line to become manifested and pierce the plane, and you have to give the uniting force. Don't, and it will disperse ; that is why I want you to be very careful what you do. I can't say what this cloud will bring, but if you can get over another six months with no grave mistake, you will never have any trouble with it. It hovers over you but does not touch you !

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E... I will not do anything except what I think right.

F... Never forget that right, is love and kindness. Don't be too severe. F... is in unity with you there. [F... means that he too is severe.] I also am very impatient with men's folly. Don't take anything for granted that people tell you. See for yourself in most things. The cloud is magnetic and is guided by an intelligent force of hatred. I am anxious lest E... suffer.

E... How is it that this soul should have so much power, as it was nothing great in life ?

F... Because this soul has also evolved, but cherishes the hatred that evolves in power with the soul who bears it. The soul has not actually incarnated during this life period, but it takes possession of weak souls who injure you. Do you not remember one extreme case of malice to try to injure you ? You know who I mean, for it was possessed by this soul. It descends into the mind, which it draws to itself, and makes the people in question do just what it desires. Afterwards they repent. Now do you see how well I know the events of E... 's lifetime ?

It is trying now to do another deed of annoyance, but cannot as yet find a good place to rest in for leverage. You must give it no chance, and the force which has tried to accumulate its strength for the last five years will disperse innocuously. It will annoy you very much indeed, in quite another way. There is a

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pretty little idea forming that can't materialise. You see the cloud forms into patterns like rakes or thistles or scythes, and cannot continue in them because they have not the strength to get solid. It must get force from you or else the magic won't work. You are so very good E... that it is a pity that you cannot learn to moderate just a little your nervousness and sense of irritation when things drag on slowly. It is there where they catch you, also in your candour and faith in other people's honour. You would not do a thing yourself and you cannot believe others would lower themselves to do so.

E... Has every soul got a friend as you are to me ?

F... E..., are you joking ? The souls are made of different colours and of different rays. Some harmonise, others do not. Unless they have evolved the required colour, they would be friendless. T... has several, but none like you or me. T... must evolve like the rest of us. Most of her friends are incarnate or were so lately. She has another on our side, but he is not evolved enough to be useful. Gomez would always try to help, but he is too dark to bring much light. [T... knew for years that she had this friend.] He is not bad, but most unfortunate with his Karma, so is a long way behind T... You are well advanced, but I wish you to be further still.

I am anxious about the cloud. I went near to inspect it closely. It has no decided form, except a rectangle,

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and is very pliable. So I hope you will break it. You prayed well the other evening and it shows a sign of weakness in consequence. That is the only weapon to extinguish hatred.

[*Spring, 1905.*] You always live the life of those you love and so share their anxieties and their joys. Your fancies about money are due to the fear that a noble idea will be stopped or maimed for want of this. It is a very favourite romance. Don't worry. I really can help you for this, and will do it. [F... kept his word in this, E... says.] It is also suggested because you are low after the strain of the Influenza. It has left you a moral weakness in that point, though you may be well in body, "over anxiety"! Think of God's word "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," God knows we have need of these things—"Ask and it shall be given to you."

Both you and T... must keep quiet this year. It is not a lucky one for either, but no great evil will come if you are prudent. You can see that this year evil triumphs. Therefore do not undertake any fresh work. Look at the world news. Evil is not chained as in good years, and right does not belong to might. I want you to read carefully the papers and see the world is tending badly, not with any definite evil but with a general laxity that will not be withstood. This will go on for another year and then there will be a

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great change. But life must be carefully and cautiously borne in this difficult period.

CONVERSATION.

F... I must make my lament. T... is too stupid. [She had just thrown over a lamp.] So little time left to talk with you and of course we have to write in the dark, since this accident has happened. This morning [it was E... and T...'s habit to write in the evening but this morning they had called F... and an answer came, but in a different hand] I was too busy to come, so sent a messenger. It was not I who wrote, but one of T...'s friends, a Kabbalistic master. He was the answerer in my place, but is too full of learning to do more than repeat my message. We are full of peculiarities here, as in the earth-plane.

Oh T...! why smash the lamp? am I not right in saying you are a little fool?

You have become so much more intuitive, and that is what I want E... to be, but certainly not in order to communicate with earth when she has joined us here. That would be a waste of strength. Excepting in abnormal cases, such as my own for instance, it is time lost to communicate unless there is something important to impart.

There ought to be a great deal of order and method in psychical communication. Nothing can be done unless you are exact and methodical and not imagina-

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tive. You see a bureau of communication between the living and the dead is only needed in extreme cases just after the loss, to console the distressed relation. Otherwise it would be a nuisance, and hurt instead of helping souls.

I am glad I have made my spiritual powers clear to you. Freewill is a truth and it is the *zero* which prevents any certain reckoning.

I am much amused at parts of your letter. You wanted at first to know more about me, but now you are satisfied. I exist, I *do*, and before long you will have fresh proofs of my existence. The Human society looks so strange to one who is no more an active member. You have no idea of the laughable fallacies you hold, and experiments that are as toys before an express train.

E... Do dogs see spirits?

F... Of course they do, because they are nearer nature than man. Savages see spirits better than civilised men. Orsetta [a dog in the room] sees me quite plainly. Why should she be frightened? I am not like a man, only a cloud. One of my hands is on T... 's arm and the other on your cheek. Your hand is on me now. Don't you see how useful T... is? I could never find another such medium, and should not try to do so.

I am not yet free from the trammels of desire in many ways. That is, I cannot become a perfect being

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yet, for I am too near earth and also one must think that my plane is the base of our triangle. Therefore I must belong to the active doing ray and cannot become a server or helper except in the field of life energy. You serve, and T... ought to serve, God in man or the manifested creation. I work on the God in man, for the feeling of accordance is pure, by divine love acting in our hearts and blessing us.

It is too delightful a moment when my aura feels the atmosphere round you, and which I can only experience when T... helps me, by transmitting her fluid with mine, so that we know that we are together and our thoughts can answer and communicate with each other. If I were a foolish being I should seek to show you both the Elixir of life, but I am really unselfish and therefore would rather be for ever away from you, than retard your souls' development. Please believe this, both of you, and that is why I differ from the Kabbalists, who are entirely self-rooted in contemplation of the Divine beauty, and would prefer to keep any number of subject souls dependent on them, rather than let them pass on out of their power. It was right in the olden days when each band of thinkers possessed a server who transmitted their thoughts to men, but the oracles are plainer now and it is wrong to chain a soul to one doctrine, however noble. We can only progress by our mistakes showing us the roughness of the road.

How can I explain the necessities of Providence?

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Karma, strict laws, even forces and imperfect results. That is our struggle—to work with imperfect tools, and to have to work with those who ask for material reward. The rulers are more materialised elders. They are typical, and rulers are practical. Remember we are working on two planes. [These latter remarks were in answer to some questions that B... R... put, who was mainly concerned with the Kabbala and the scientists of the Kabbala.]

About C... L...n, you must have patience. She is useful and will be more so. I want to work off that little defect of impatience in E...

C... L...’s work is all for self-glory, but it profits others like the Terror (in the French Revolution). Don’t complain, or where would the world go to if someone higher did not lead the lower nature? It is no more trouble than you would take if you plainly saw the good you worked. You must make friends with rich people, even vulgarians. I was civil to her. It is not a test of my friendship to be civil, rather the reverse, but she will need a lot of refinement, though she has a good heart *au fond* when she is not too purse-proud. It is all “the smart set” with her. But it all helps. Only start her giving to good works, though it brings no glory she might do so in ignorance. So be careful, or I will hold E... responsible and scold her. How I love talking with you. T... does not count and B... R... [a friend] is quite amiable.

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T... Oh!

F... Never mind, but I want things out of you! The truth is my delight. There is no need of compliments between us three. I am here to make people work, but the word *service*, is love to all beings in creation.

I am not perfect. No one is good, except God, but all souls have to make a choice and ours is made, to suffer all things in the service of humanity of God manifested in creation. I can say no more. We all make mistakes, and the only thing to do then, is to ask forgiveness and not to do so again. Tartuffe exists in all planes. It depends on your not being led into temptation willingly. They would take you by your very nature, to hurry on, without consideration of the brothers and sisters you trample on. That is why I preach patience. You must add that jewel to your royal crown.

E..., it is for your good that the trials come, and against my will I must tell you home truths sometimes. You were rude to K..., too curt and too extreme in your superiority, not outwardly but in the heart. Patience with idiots is your daily task, and it is real service, if not pleasant.

Karma is a very simple matter, but our own mistakes make it more serious than it need be. Now I have unfolded my tale and so will not bother you more. You are stiff-necked when you feel in the right. I like you for it, but of course it is not diplomatic when one

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wants to get something and can't, such as when you want the world generally to get better.

It is great fun talking with you, you are so refreshing after the world of self-seekers. As for you, T..., it is the best thing you can do just now, to be my medium. I am longing for the time when we get to La Verna. [The place where St. Francis received the stigmata.] I linger near you when T... is not there in the evening. You feel me, but we may not talk. That is our punishment. The next incarnation will be different. We shall meet again and know each other.

[E... made some slightly satirical remark.]

F... Oh E..., be a little less frivolous. I told you before that I want you to develop in every way and become perfect, not for my sake but for your own, and I am trying in my little way to give you the help of my experience. As for the other side, I who am there am surely more to be believed than all your pious folk who are wrapped in their own ignorance.

The one evil spirit that tempts man is his own lower self, and this is what I wish you to overthrow. If you can restrain yourself and become a soul who brings love, all carefully guarding your freewill and self-responsibility, you are on the right road. Never mind what I say. Do what you feel is right and Godfearing. I am not infallible and can only see a very little farther than you do, but on my side the passions are silent, and so I can do no more than you on the earth-

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plane. Oh E..., what a heaven it will be when all we know and love, work together for God and for the Brotherhood, body and soul.

E... Can you read the thoughts in my mind ?

F... More perfectly now than ever. The line runs ever more perfect till we rise to the summit of our desire. Our personations are, as it were, steps that lead us on. Each incarnation is the result of the dominant force within us, like a Zodiac which rings changes passing from one sign to another. It is indeed my delight to talk with you.

I have just discovered you have asked me something, but my dear, you must not ask in that way, I *never* read your thoughts without permission. [This refers to a mental question E... asked whilst T... was writing, and F... probably meant that she ought to have asked it as a thing by itself, not in the midst of the writing. He is always very particular as to not reading people's thoughts without their permission.]

[E... and T... were sitting by the side of a brook. What follows was spoken, and not written, whilst E... put her hand on T... 's shoulder.]

F... It is not wise to make T... *speak*. It might strain her brain too much. It is not exactly immoral, but we are taking a liberty.

E... Then let us stop and we will write to-morrow.

F... No, for I have things I must tell you, and

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besides, I have now woven a web round T... 's brain and I have done it very well this time, for it is difficult to do. Besides this, I know something will occur to-morrow to prevent your writing in the morning. That old woman in the house is so dreadfully afraid of it, and sits all day long saying prayers against it. Such as she are quite good and innocent, but they prevent us from being quite free.

The reason T... is so weak and we have to take so much care is, because when at Thebes she was a priestess and a seeress, the priests ill-treated and misused her, so that it has lowered her vitality through all her incarnations. That is why she never lived long.

[August 4th, 1905. 1,000 miles separate E... and T...]

F... Never believe that F... would ever be far from you or that he would leave his beloved friend for long. The anxiety I began to feel for my E... 's welfare last autumn and winter was only because I love her soul and wish that both of us and T... may achieve perfection. E... believes me when I say that nothing in all the world is worth a *mistake*. To become less than your *true self* is a great sin and is committed hourly by mankind.

To hesitate and take the unworthy part is not E... 's fault. Her's is rather to *hurry* forward and take the first line that offers. Yet this, too, has its disadvantages, for it is best to choose with an open mind and

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clear foresight of what will follow the decision. I know your truth and your faith, my dear one. This is the crowning test of our friendship. I can only tell you how I look forward to my meeting in the world of *causes* you, E..., who have so long struggled to straighten out the world of *effects*. Your great fault which is not yet quite eradicated is your want of patience *with the weak minded*. You are better, but there is still room for improvement. I could also tell you to be less assertive in one matter. Let others come forward and you prompt them without letting the world know that you are doing it.

I wonder if you understand me. I do not mean this to be other than a *hint*, for you are on the spot, but there are some prejudices which I should like to remove. O, if it were possible to be once more together on the Penna! [See the last chapter with reference to St. Francis.] My soul still pastures on that most desired hour of love and counsel. I think of it often and wish we could again meet in sweet communion on that hallowed spot.

Oh E..., how I love to speak with you, to feel the influence of your presence spiritually around me. It is not so near as if we were all three together, but it is near enough to be a veritable joy to my lonely self. You cannot realise how much one feels the need of a kindred spirit, even here; the cry for companionship is more desperate than on earth. It is the solitude

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of the soul that terrifies one. It is part of my penance to work alone just now, to suffer alone, to be without the link of brotherhood. For E... is on earth and am here, where we fight against the torrent of evil in man, and round man.

It is so terrible to be always in touch with human sorrow and human crime. But for God's grace no spirit could stand the strain and even the bravest of us falters sometimes. That is why in my dark moments I seek E...'s soul and mirror myself in its serene self-sacrifice. What is the good of all Creation compared to the answering note of a kindred soul? God knows this, and therefore when from the depths I call on the divine Love, I hear far off, but still distinct like distant bells, the answering call of my friend. But such is the mystery of man's nature, that no sooner have I realised this, than I seek to interchange thoughts with E..., and then, but for T..., would come silence. So I am grateful to the messenger who brings me in contact with your self.

X..., Y..., (different incarnations), and the missionary: of these three incarnations only *one* was passed with me. The others have been passed not only in separation, but one was the denial of all we had striven for. Now the light again shines brightly and I rejoice that before long we may once more meet, first in spirit and then in flesh.

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Oh E..., be patient, be loving, be merciful to the faults of others, and do not measure people by your ideals, but rather take into consideration the weakness of human nature that veils the Divine nature within so completely.

[*October 20th, 1905.*] Why must we be so long separated? I know and regret it. I sent you a message through T... and hope she gave you it. E... also regrets separation.

CONVERSATION.

F... *You know it.* I am *almost* able to materialise. Since we met last June I have been hard at work learning how to manage the currents that now surround your astral and my earth. There is a great change that I foretold you, and the eclipse also has helped by the union of the two waves and currents of vitality, passive and active, sun and moon, to alter the *rate* of vibrations in these currents. So after some thirty or forty revolutions of your planet round the sun, we shall be enabled to create fresh centres of psychic activity.

I told you that the danger was that these new agents might bring about active results, and so it has happened. In Italy it has brought earthquakes, and to the minds of men disquietude. The danger I told you

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politically is in Austria and still remains there. You will see things develop slowly but surely. I am not infallible, but I can see the *spiritual* cause that produces the external effect in our plane.

[Here E... asked F... if he would mind answering some question about a person E... was interested in, and if it would matter if a friend of T... 's were present, as T... did not know how to dispose of her.]

F... Why ask what you know I always try to do. Please yourself, but please get rid of her. I won't have her. Put her away, send her back. *I have too much to say before a third person.* T... is too much, but I can't do without her.

[The next day as E... was expecting the two ladies, T... appeared alone, saying that her friend had a slight indisposition, but one of a nature entirely prohibitive to her leaving the room. T... felt sure that F... had contrived this to ensure her being alone with E... It was not the first time F... had thus visibly directed affairs.]

[*October 21st.*] F... You have improved much in intuition! Think of the Penna, that is what I want you to take warning by and not fall back again. Love must be an *instinct* not an *effort*, and love to the horrible and terrible, not only to the beautiful and good. It is not *I*, but *your soul* that demands this counsel of perfection. Help *without* love is like a flower without fruit. It *won't* last and will *bear no seed* for the next incarnation.

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I know I ask a great deal but remember it is not the outer shrine, but the inner God you must love, that as yet is hidden beneath so uncouth a wrapping. [F... here admonishes E... not to attach too much importance to outward beauty.] Look to the past for Divinity, to the present for a Saint, to the future for a God. Each being begins in Divine Creation and ends in the Christhood of Humanity.

I have something yet to tell you. A few little clouds on your soul horizon have left their mark, and not all are yet reabsorbed.

There are two great mistakes you always make. One is the great trust that accepts without compromise if the trusted strike a *certain* kindred chord in your nature. The other is the sudden swift aversion, like turning from a poisonous serpent, that you feel all over your being when you enter into the aura of certain people. This is poison to your astral nature. The first is, do not mistake me, as the purr of pussy before the fire, welcoming the hand that gently flatters and rubs the sensitive parts. These two faults counteract each other, and again both reinforce certain elements in your nature that need rebalancing. The trust of X..., the suspicion of Y... are the root of these two qualities. [Former incarnations.]

Now don't misunderstand me. *I do not require you to destroy these valuable remains* of a great and turbid past. On the contrary develop both *instincts* but make

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them *your servant*, not your *master*. *If you can manage* to incorporate this double thread into your *intuition* where it rightly belongs, you will have a *true and certain* guide to *past and future*, and you will have a good and true judgment. But where these instincts do not belong, is in your dealings with materiality. *You must be cautious and you must be all-embracing*. You must see the God beneath the mark of the sinner, and you must see the cloud that covers the sun.

In England you were too severe though not disagreeable. [E... had been unpleasantly impressed by some new social phenomena.] But do not trouble. I am so glad to be with you that I hate to talk and criticise, but I want to open your eyes to these little mistakes and errors. You know I only form the words your conscience has already spoken. Now that's enough of Father Confessor. I am very near you now and I want you to feel my presence. [T... distinctly felt a hand on her head. E..., who is not a sensitive, strongly felt his presence *spiritually* but not *materially*.] I have gained in strength since I last saw you and let us hope in wisdom. I too must learn that the babe can teach the sage. Oh E..., what hours have passed since we sat on La Penna and worshipped the Almighty God in man. It is hard work climbing up-hill. I am very anxious to be with you a little, for life is growing grey and there are many storm-clouds lowering in the sky. Wars and rumours of

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wars, nation fighting against nation, earthquakes and human minds rebelling uselessly against the law of their condition.

The year 1905 will set in great desolation. No one can be contented in this season of trouble. Z...Z... was in fault about the revelations of the *Matin*, but there has been much lying and the truth will never be revealed publicly. It is all a plot to set the two great nations fighting. I told you before that France is doomed. Italy is most uncertain now, I fear that many things are drawing nigh her even sooner than I expected—a change. . . .

I wish you could see the psychic currents round us. Each thought creates a vortex and from it spring forth other currents. We are a force centre and from our minds spring cleansing streams of *clear pure magnetism*.

[E... expressed astonishment at F... leaving so suddenly.]

F... The carriage has come, I think. [T... had ordered it at ten o'clock and it was a cold and blowy night. T... had brought with her a little American table to write with, which, however she had not used.]

F... Try the table a little to please T... She must be allowed her toy, for just now T... is an amiable Baby, so we will allow her five minutes' recreation. My best wishes and thanks.

[I sometimes give these little jokes of F... 's to show

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how entirely human he is, and that if once we can get over our childish fear and superstition about disincarnated spirits, we can talk to them just as to the people we live with, on this plane. This would add a great deal not only to our happiness but also to theirs. It will some day come, and the publication of this book has been mainly inspired by the wish to encourage this movement.]

F... Not everybody can communicate as we do. There are not many sensible people on earth, and earth is a sample of what we get here—mostly fools, I regret to say, one-sided minds bound in a crust of convention; and here it is the fashion to be prophets of great things which take a long time before they manifest. Cant, vulgarity, selfishness, even in holy matters and spiritual, are in your world the manifestation of forces we suffer from here. They are blinkers that hide the good road from the horse, but are put on by his own request.

[October, 1905.] Caution is best now as the Planets are very contrary to all honest folk. Just now all planetary influences are evil and this must tell in the long run. Don't put yourself forward. Read, study and *think ten times* before you *act once*. *You must* keep in the background if you would do good work next year. Next month is very ill omened. I told T... this several times. It is not for you alone but for all

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honest folk. There is an evil influence that you can tell by the extraordinary weather. [A long and excessive spell of icy weather quite unheard of south of the Alps in October.] It comes to the front personally to each of you as you will find *everything go wrong*, even in little matters. So patience, even to calling on a friend, you will not find her, letters will come just after you have answered the last and before you have arranged things.

There is a general disquietude and no one can prevent it. You will hear news, and just as you have made up your mind to it (F... means just as you have settled things in accordance with it), you will find it is not true. A hundred unpleasant little worries, smashes, losses, petty thefts, disagreeable annoyances. All the honest folk will suffer and the evil ones will find *everything go to their extra satisfaction*. Nothing can hurt them *just now*.

Take care especially of your health. That is where I see clouds hovering, nothing serious, but small ailments that destroy the pleasure of life. Everywhere Planets are equally bad all round. Your duty is patience—that is what you will have to learn this winter, and it will be worse as it goes on; so courage.

I have also lost force for the moment, not force of writing fluid, but force *over circumstances*. The Planets with us act as visible barriers we cannot pass. We

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can go round, we can evade, but if there are many barriers our best and prudent course is to remain quiet. Therefore, I say, don't put yourself forward when I can't reach you to warn of annoyances. . . . You want bracing, I speak psychically, you want the spark of two creative minds touching. . . .

I am most anxious that you should not be drawn out into the vortex that is rapidly forming in the astral plane. I shall be glad when this winter is over and the new cycle commenced. If I tell you this, it is to warn you, not to frighten you, for after all it is only as a tiny pinprick, that can't touch a true soul; it is only your own imprudence that can lead you astray.

[F... often before had given warnings of this kind, though not so impressive, and what he said almost invariably came true, though as a rule more in a psychic than in a material way. [The ensuing winter, however, proved a most trying one for E...]

DEATH AS AN EXPERIENCE.

F... I should like to tell you a little about our life here. To those who "know," Death is only a disagreeable emotion like a visit to the dentist, the physical change I mean, is like a sudden shock and of course varies in intensity with each individual. When you come to die, mind you try to second this evolution taking place in

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your body. It means a *good deal*, and will prevent annoyance. There is natural resistance to suffer pain like the objection of the body in the dentist's chair. You can do a great deal to avoid discomfort and get into the next world awake and not in a stupor, for the awakening process is as unpleasant as recovering from a faint is here. You should try and do as the *flies* and other *creatures* teach you. Watch their death and it will give you an idea. *They all die of cold*, absence of vitality. Watch, I think you will understand.

The soul gives itself up, it doesn't struggle, it lets itself go as if you were floating in the sea, and the tide of the great breath draws you back into the astral, calmly, pleasantly, with a little vagueness. It is my great hope to be near you at that moment, but I cannot tell if both our Karmas will permit the communication, and if *my* fluid will be strong enough to push aside the barrier and thrust away the mist which surrounds the newly dead.

It is a sacred moment when the Soul meets its God face to face, the moment when all past and future lie spread before you as in a book and the desire for reintegration in the Divine comes on the Soul as a whirlwind. This vortex of Love and Faith and Hope is the *first call* of the *man* to *God* and by it are measured the moments of infinity. This also counts in a soul's life, and if the Divine knowledge could be retained the Soul would become a *Christ Bearer*.

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You have only once been able to attain to the direct vision of the Divine after your life as a follower of St. Francis, but then it passed away.

[E... and T... hope that by publishing this Chapter, the unreasoning and so pathetic fear of death, will be removed from many anxious hearts.]

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

[F... often said that he would never speak of people he had not known or epochs in which he had not lived. The following are some of his recollections of his life in France under the reigns of the last of the Valois.]

F... The Medici were cursed by insatiable ambition. Guise (the Balafre) was hot-headed but not vindictive; when higher interests were at stake, he was ambitious, but only to carry out his own plans for the welfare of the nation. He had no self-seeking or pettiness in him, and was almost too frank and too courageous for his time. He despised his enemies, and this was the rock that he split on. If he had had less courage he would have carried out the grandest plan a man ever conceived.

This much he still retained from the teachings of our great Master, Francis of Assisi (a tie that bound him to F...)—fidelity to the church, love for his comrades, care for the wounded—a rare trait in those brutal

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times—and a great respect for his plighted word. He never lost his head when the people acclaimed him, for he worked *for them* and not for his own glory. No one of that self-seeking age understood the man, for there was no man in this corrupt court that thought of others but himself.

Of course, Guise was dazzled by the possibility of a crown, but he felt that *he alone* could cope with the dangers encompassing France and that he could do so best from the throne. Therefore he was ready to accept it when offered. But in spite of his great temptations, he had retained so much of the influence of St. Francis that he would never seize the crown disloyally. First he would warn, then he would act.

One thing he lacked, the power of quick decision. It was useless to warn him; he was a true gentleman, and to me the perfection of manhood. His eyes were like fire when he was wrath and were torches of strength to his anxious followers. To me he was *immense*. He was not much akin to his relatives—a swan amongst gulls. I was not with him when he was murdered. I was wounded and saved by chance from assassins directly after. It had nothing to do with Guise but was due to a private vengeance from which the authority of Guise had protected me, until his death.

[F... had said before that Guise was incarnated at present.]

F... His plan was betrayed by a traitorous servant.

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He must take care, for this servant is even now incarnate and still nourishes hatred to him.

E... Was it a man or a woman?

F... It has been both.

E... Can you tell where *it* is now?

F... I look and I cannot see because I love him too much.

E... Does he know it?

F... Yes, he trusts it. It is not a servant now. He will see *it* soon. Do not fear, for his goodness to *it* blunts the power of evil. This servant, a kind of page, not gently born, but a hanger on, as it were, found out that the master used a pretended amour as a cloak to conceal the deep, well-thought-out plan for the welfare of France. From suspicion to actual opposition was a momentary step. The page made use of his knowledge and sold it to the minions. They informed the King, and Henri, despicable monster of lust and infamy, determined to save his throne by murder. He was successful.

E... What had Catherine de Medicis to do with it?

F... She had very little to do with it. Her plan was far more subtle. She would have accepted the abdication and named the successor to the throne, which would not have been Guise.

E... Would it have been the Bourbon?

F... No, the Cardinal! [*de Guise*]. This would have enabled her to rule, for the Cardinal was weak and

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feared his brother, and so she would have been able little by little to force Guise into the background and herself come forward. There was more beyond. She wished the French forces to come into Italy to help her family in the great scheme which was to enlarge the Granduchy and to become a kingdom.

Henri IV. was a fox, a traitor and a moral coward. What is bodily courage to a Prince? He must have it. [F... means that bodily courage is no merit to a Prince, but a necessity.] Queen Margot was very ugly, she had many lovers because she was the King's sister. She thought they loved her, and it was a good thing to be her lover. She had a long nose, sleepy, half-closed eyes, and a dreadful complexion; and there were some very lovely women at this court. If she had been really good-looking do you think old Henri IV. would have left her? She was a horror, and thought herself beautiful. She was so dirty you could trace her when she passed, and to avoid the necessity of bathing she covered her skin with unguents and perfumes.

E... Did you know King Queen of Scots?

F... No, she left before I came.

E... Was she good-looking?

F... So, so. Queens' looks are always overrated, but she had wit and quarrelled with everybody because of her caustic, sarcastic remarks.

E... Was she as bad as history makes her out?

F... Perhaps. I do not like to give an opinion, but

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considering the corruption of the French court and the evil souls that had directed her youth I think it is most likely. She was not bad naturally I have heard, but the life she led was terrible. She had many lovers before she left France. I knew three men who boasted of her favours and certainly two were right, for they gave intimate details. It was a wonderful time. Do not believe in the religious nature of the disputes. Some possibly thought the safety of France depended on the maintenance of Catholicism, but the most part wanted to replenish their purses. Coligny was a scamp. He was double-faced. Guise never knew him. He hated him, but that was not knowing him.

Catherine de Medicis was not so bad as you may think. She fought for her family and did not realise in some cases the evil of her actions. She never killed Charles (IX.). He died from an inflammation of the inner membrane lining his stomach. It was the result of evil life and congenital weakness.

When Guise was murdered his anger was so great that he chose for his next incarnation one in which he could revenge himself. He became by marriage (in his next incarnation) a member of the Bourbon family.

[November, 1903.] Guise was not all himself in that (later) incarnation. A million curses hung round that fated house [the Bourbons], and the power of revenge had in it the bitterness of a thwarted apostolate. Guise would have saved France from the fatal Bourbon, who

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degraded that wonderful nation, and would have destroyed all the spirituality of the Gauls. Guise had claimed that position as his, in order to work out fully the teachings of our blessed master St. Francis. It was granted him; and, a son of the church, he drew swords on the effeminate Italianised Valois. His brother spirits followed his leads (the spirits who in a former incarnation had with him been followers of St. Francis), but the mesh of treason was over all. Blinded by a noble ambition, Guise overstepped his rights and his duty and so fell, to wake in the next world a soul of one idea, *revenge* on those who betrayed him and his master St. Francis.

I was a friend of Guise. You will often find my name in ancient memoirs and histories. T... was a Huguenot, who died fighting for his faith. He was a friend of Guise but drawn other ways by women's influence and hatred of the Queen Mother. I survived my friend and lived to see him avenged and France ruined, for no good can ever come to a nation whose King will sell his faith for a mess of pottage, even if that be Paris. In that recantation was signed the death-warrant of Louis Capet.

I was in the Revolution. I helped as a man might, secretly, silently, to overthrow that mockery of justice, the Bourbon rule in France. Never again will France be great; her rule is almost over; she will become like Poland—another nation that knew not how to rule itself.

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By that time the world will have become quite changed. It will be a joint commission of powers that will keep universal peace. I see the future not plainly, but as you view a landscape from a high mountain. You might see the future, but one must also learn to control and confirm with study. I can explain the hidden motives of historical events and often give a novel detail.

You could write about Guise (from what I tell you), but it would be best to do so first from authentic documents that I could confirm. You can find the details in several memoirs. You have a good book on the subject and there are others of which I will tell you. To do best, you should first visit the place of his death, and I will give you several side-lights. First of all he was not cold or nervous (on the morning of his murder). He was quivering with suppressed indignation that he, a sovereign Prince and really master of France, should be kept waiting to the derision of the dreadful and most vicious courtiers of the infamous Henri III.

He did not really pass the night with the Marquise de Noirmontiers. He had to avoid suspicion and told his page to wait for him there, with a mantle or cloak, but in reality he was in council with the Ambassador of Spain. He wore the grey satin dress—he had only worn it three times. All was settled between him and the Ambassador, and the confirmation was to have been

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given after Guise had seen the King. This was a last and most chivalrous attempt to spare his Sovereign the disgrace of being publicly dethroned, and that evening, if Guise had not prevailed on Henri III. to authorise the leaders of the church party to dismiss his minions and reform entirely the state finances and direction, they were about to accept the Spanish intervention. To spare France this indignity, Guise sought the King, intending to lay before him the true state of the case, to show him his weakness and obtain from him a promise of abdication to be carried out some three months later in order to avoid any appearance of constraint.

[November, 1904.]

Catherine de Medicis' sons died of Scrofula, but it was not her fault. Who could be saved who came of so loose a race?

Alençon died from the effects of drink. He was a hunchback, or almost so. There were two ladies of the court I loved, but I will not speak of them *to you*. You would not have admired our women, for they were all so dirty—their linen was horrible. Very seldom the men were clean. The amount of live creatures were enough to disgust one (F... means vermin), and the Palaces were worse than hovels are now, and the food ill cooked. The highest of the land lived as peasants would do now. The Louvre was filled with

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crowds of unclean people, eating, drinking, sleeping, quarrelling and fighting in the very presence (of Royalty). They swore and used foul language before the Princes of the blood. Guise was amongst the few who respected women. He had his loves as all men had then, but he was decent-minded and his soul was placed on higher things.

The rooms were low and dark, with small windows, if any. Most had only a door or they had inside lights. Each gallery had to hold so many people, but the great ones wanted privacy. They had what were called closets. The best ones were furnished; the Queen Mother's, the King's, and one room of the Princess Margot. They had a chest of carved wood, which also served as a seat, which was placed at the foot of the bed. There was one escabot, and a little stand close by the bed which was low, and raised in the case of a Prince or Princess on a kind of daïs. It was also defended by a small paling called "la ruelle," and inside this the Prince or Princess sat to receive the courtiers, and only the very most beloved entered "the ruelle." This daïs was covered by a most shabby, dirty carpet, the gift of some eastern Pasha or merchant, and was never washed or cleaned. On it rested the remains of any meals eaten in bed, and they nearly all were taken there, except the state dinners. Inside "the ruelle" the lady passed her day and her night.

The walls were quite close to the daïs in the case of

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Margot. Her windows looked out on a small and smelly court filled with heaps of refuse. Their fine clothes were only put on when they left the room. Inside they wore a light garment of loose shape and often stained with the use of hairdyes, etc. They dyed their hair and painted better than now.

It was rarely more than three or four times a week that Queen Margot left her room. Imagine this ugly woman seated on her bed dangling a half-covered foot and ankle to be admired of her lovers, who pressed round "the ruelle" like a swarm of bees, waiting till the lady of service solemnly, before all those eyes, completed the clothing of her mistress. It was enough to disgust the strongest heart (translation from the French *Soulever le cœur*). She spoke to each favourite in turn. Mind you, she had many *apparent* lovers but only two, that I know, really *en titre*. She was not *appétissante*, but everyone wished to be thought her lover. She was very clever. She had her mother's power and grasp of mind with a certain power of dissimulation which came from the father. It did not come from the mother, for Catherine was more frank than her children. Catherine arranged the massacre of St. Bartholomew, because she was afraid of worse. Her death was decided and she knew it.

Henri IV. was a great farçeur. A few amiable words, a few light soft kisses, and you have a popular hero. He had no gratitude, he had no heart, but

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he got a wife worthy of him and I need say no more.

Guise wasted himself and suffered from the dirty and terrible atmosphere of the court. Imagine the state of the Louvre after the massacre, and they cleaned nothing up for three days. In heaps they lay in the corners of the court, naked fragments of limbs. St. Bartholomew was a counter move of the Government, for they knew that a plot was in consideration to murder the Royalties. The conspirators were in the Louvre as gentlemen, as guards, as friends, as servants, but they were nearly all traitors except Ambroise Paré; he was a good man. One gentleman was killed before Queen Margot's bed, the other one was wounded, but *not* killed in her bed. There was a good deal of private vengeance. Gamblers got rid of creditors, etc. It was a much simpler affair than people think. The King fired, but he was mad with fear and excitement. They told him he was to be murdered that night.

Alençon was a most uninteresting creature—a puppet in the hands of a clique, which used him for their own purposes. He was incapable of real marriage. I believe that was why Elizabeth sent him back. To marry, and yet not to be married was by no means the Virgin Queen's idea.

E... Did you see Elizabeth?

F... No, but my friends have seen her. She was striking, not so ill-featured, and had very charming

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manners, that seemed to make a man think that she would love him. Her courtiers said that she was a true "love woman," so I heard, but this is not from personal observation. She sent everyone away from her as content as if she had listened to, and granted his suit. She was clever. Mary was a fool.

I was too busy at home to travel and we had great interests. I told you my name was written in history. I was a noble and a friend of Guise. I do not tell you about myself because it is unfair to me. I only tell you what is practical and useful, and what use is it to you to know I was cruel, hated, a man of violent passions—I will not say more?

E... Are you good now?

F... No, only God is good. We are the shadows as yet. I have learnt wisdom through knowledge of my own ignorance.

E... Would it be possible to hate one of one's former incarnations?

F... You would never hate your own flesh.

Redeemed from lives of misery and woe by the protection of our Master Francis, I fell back into the slime and horror of the Valois Court. Half-baked as far as a reformed character is concerned, I was too ardent to modify my life at once. But all this is past, and your knowledge of my bygone sins is not useful to modify your small prejudices. It is interest in him who loves you I hope a little, which is the reason of

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your asking me these questions. [F... means that E...’s friendship prompts her questions.]

It is impossible to remember every small detail in many lives. It is life that passes, we remain. About the Valois I can tell you much, because you were a leading spirit. In Rome we had no chance to meet, except as slave and executioner.

E... What were the books you spoke of which I was to consult about Guise?

F... My dear, Guise is not an unknown name and you have only to take a catalogue of historical works about his house and you will soon be deep in questions for me to answer.

E... Tell us about the women’s occupations in those days.

F... My dearest E..., I never saw women do anything except flirt and make eyes at people. They never did anything beautiful when I was near, but I lived more with men than with women. I had no wife, and nursery details I never came across. [E... had asked whether the ladies nursed their own children.] Ask me of horses and of armour, not of babies. I am not a ladies’ man.

E... Did you in those days go out for rides as we do?

F... Often I went out for a ride. Indeed, I was almost always in the saddle. It was not considered possible for a noble to walk then. The dress we wore

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was very handsome but most uncomfortable, and underneath, next to the skin, I always wore a chain coat, to save my body being pierced by the kind attentions of my foes. It was lined, but it was most cumbersome, and one could never leave it off, or else one was at once destroyed. My servants were fairly faithful, but I could not trust them all. Great nobles like Guise could be without chain armour, but men like myself were unable to maintain a large body-guard always with them to protect their person.

The best countries and the most civilised were Spain and Italy. The Italians were quite modern in many things and looked down on the northern nations as savage and barbarous. They had open country houses and lived a life of comparative security, while France was overrun by brigands. Spain was also quite civilised. England was not counted as a great country then. The island was very solitary and few people went there. The German people were considered rough, but very useful, and the remaining glory of Charles V. lingered to gild his weak son's throne.

We were far too eager to advance our own fortunes to care much about what went on in other countries. Life, you see, was very parochial and limited to one's immediate neighbourhood. We did not care who reigned in Spain, if France was governed by our party. I am sorry to have so little of interest to tell you, but

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I really was quite an inconsiderable personage among the great rulers of that time. But being a man of consideration in France I knew my people and so heard many true and untrue scandals. We ate in camp quite differently from what we did in the house in which we more or less lived. In the house we ate what was served us—early in the morning a slice or two of bread, a piece of meat, a flask of light wine. In the day we could not eat till dinner was served about 11, 12 or 2 (it depended on the humour of the moment). It never ended—beginning at that time it went on till 3 or 4, and we fell asleep afterwards.

E... What kind of things did you eat ?

F... I don't know exactly. It was all delicious. I was always hungry and ate what was put before me. Guise was very moderate. We ate great quantities of bread, and much meat. There were few vegetables, and we dipped the bread in the sauces, and we had many salads. We ate fowls and pigeons, and hacked off slices of the food as the roasts were handed to us on the point of the spit by our pages. We took the bones in our fingers and threw them under the table when we had eaten the flesh.

We were quite different in great feasts and behaved much better then, for each man had a lady to serve, and he fed her before himself. We led them into dinner two and two, holding the tips of their fingers, and we gave them the best of everything, cut their

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food for them, and held their glasses when they drank, and we stood behind their places and looked after them in every way. It was the ordinary duty of a knight. Remember that we seldom saw the ladies eat because they lived in their closet as I told you, and when they dined in state we thought it a great pleasure and were infinitely ceremonious. It was the greatest honour to be chosen for a lady's cavalier at the table, and we held their napkins and were permitted to take many pleasant little liberties.

I should like to take E... into dinner in the old way, but we got very hungry afterwards. There was a lady, such a pretty girl, with delightful eyes, who sat next to me at a royal feast. I had planned to be near her, and it is still a most amusing pleasure to recall how we looked in each other's eyes. She ate so delicately, and at last seeing I was hungry, but not for food, she fed me with pieces from her own dish, placing it delicately on my own lips. Imagine how I looked at her after each mouthful, and then we shared an apple between us, and the next morning I met her brother in a duel, for she was to be married. I did not hurt the boy. She was not married, but affianced, and was one of the Queen's ladies.

No maiden was allowed to be present at these feasts unless she was in attendance on a Princess of France—the Queens rather, I should have said. Perhaps it was as well, because we were rough in those days, but no

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girls ever left the women's quarters. They were generally in a nunnery or in the household of some great lady, as part of their suite. No mother thought of keeping her daughter or her son at home. They were all placed in the household of some great noble to learn manners. I speak of the lower *noblesse*, and the higher ladies were affianced in their cradles. I never saw a mother and daughter together excepting among the *bourgeoisie*.

E... Tell us about Diane de Poitiers.

F... She was not in power when I came to court. I began later.

E... Did you ever go to Italy?

F... No, there was too much to do in France with Guise. I was always with him. He was always on the move and never fixed, because he lived mainly at or near the court and was busy always, and I, too, followed the fortunes of my dear friend and master.

T... was a little Huguenot then.

T... Ask him to say something about his lady-loves.

F... No gentleman would speak of women who loved him, of course.

E... He is such a gentleman!

F... Of course I know the code of honour. One was very intelligent.

[T... 's hand suddenly turned back quite open.]

E... Why did you do that?

F... Because I wished to tell you that I lay open

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before you like T... 's hand, ready to obey you in all lawful things. It was a little soul-caress.

E... Did Madame Henriette d'Angleterre die of poison or appendicitis ?

F... She died of illness, sudden inflammation of the coats of the stomach. You have got her now suggesting the subject—her astral I mean, not the psychic. She has reincarnated ; now she is dead, and will reincarnate soon. She became a Queen last time, and had a very unhappy life. She is far*too vain and self-conceited in her own merit. I cannot communicate with her. She has gone into a state of repose.

All the Stuarts had the gift of hypnotising their companions. It was a purely lower psychic attraction, almost bodily, and came from a wonderful magnetic development. Even the illegitimate children had it—the Duke of Monmouth, etc., etc. All the Stuarts had this fascination and glamour. They had one great fault—the want of truth and honour. There was not a real gentleman or lady in the lot. They were all intriguers, and there was not one who really loved his country or anything further than his wife and children. They had every vice and few virtues, but they had the gift of mesmeric attraction and that was their only charm, except Mary Queen of Scots, who, poor soul, was the best of them all, in spite of my objection to her moral character. I knew about her and regret the sad fate that witty, clever creature had to bear. She was

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so very witty, but not prudent in the indulgence of this talent, and so she made bitter enemies. No man forgives being laughed at.

E... I thought you did not know her personally.

F... Yes, that is what I said in the beginning. I knew about her from others, and I also said I knew several people who had been her lovers in France before she left for Scotland. She was not depraved, only precocious. She has also reincarnated.

Charles IX. was very insane. I knew Marie Touchet (Charles IX.'s mistress) slightly: she was fairly pretty. The only clever character in that family was Catherine de Medicis. I liked her in spite of everything. There was a great deal going on that will never be recorded in history. Catherine wished to found an empire for her own family. I told you this before. The Medici were a wonderful race but they soon exhausted themselves. The souls came from the Imperial race of Rome and it was not the fault of their founder that the new Augustan race did not begin conquering the world. Trace out and compare the Medici and Augustan race and you will learn much.

Dearest E..., your soul is very near me now and I pant to be able to tell you all I wish you to know, but the laws which unite as well as divide us must not be broken. So wake up.

[E... had for some minutes gone off into a kind of trance.]

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E... Can you tell us about Kaspar Hauser ?

F... Yes, the son of Stephanie of Baden. They hated the son of Stephanie and determined he should be eradicated. Kaspar Hauser was stabbed, don't you remember. I met him in the astral plane. He told me about his life. He had a most incredible history of cruelty. I could hardly believe it possible when he told it me, and it seems strange that anybody could be so diabolically wicked.

E... How was he taken away from his mother ?

F... He did not know, therefore could not tell me when I asked him. He will have a great future later on. He knew only the natural memories he brought with him here, and then the murder, most uncalled for. I do not understand yet why they did it. He would never have been recognised, and if his likeness was great, it was easily accounted for as an illegitimate child. It was one of the cases in which the persecutors overran their mark. I know very little beyond what Kaspar Hauser told me.

E... I want to know all about the Masque de Fer.

F... I will tell you what I know, very little, I am afraid. It was a Grand Seigneur who had offended the King (Louis XIV.) very deeply by making love to his lady of the moment. He was not, as you might have thought he was, his twin brother. It was necessary to keep him from ever telling the tale of the crime, as otherwise there would have been general indignation.

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The fact of hurting the King's pride as a man, did not seem to public opinion a crime.

E... And yet he shut up Fouquet and Lauzun!

F... Yes, on public grounds, but not for a simple love affair. It was a noble whose death was given out, and his wife and children never knew he had disappeared into a royal castle. Once the crime was committed it could never be divulged. For remember, both Fouquet and Lauzun were not great nobles, and the order of high nobles held together very firmly. So the revelation of this treachery would perhaps have imperilled the throne. It came from a very simple mistake, and once begun could never be remedied. You see yourself that it would have caused ridicule at first, and afterwards horror, and so the unfortunate victim was doomed to die a prisoner.

The remorse of the King, however, impelled him to treat him well, until the last member of his family [the prisoner's] who might have resented it, had died, and then the prisoner was brought to Paris and died in the Bastille, and I have forgotten his name, but I know this is the truth, as I read the papers that told the true story before their destruction (probably in the Revolution), and this was one of the many reasons that made me so bitter against absolute Government in France. This is how I can tell you the true tale of the Masque de Fer. It is less romantic, but more terrible.

E... Why did his wife and children submit?

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F... They knew nothing about it, and it was their ignorance that made the crime worse and prevented its being remedied. It all began in a fit of royal anger and fear of being laughed at.

E... Who was the lady?

F... One of the many. No one in history. That was again very unfortunate, for if it had been a historical amour, there would have been no *Masque de Fer*. It was a simple story of seduction, and number two was the victim. Every year made the fear of detection greater and the guardianship more strict. It would have been the ruin of the Monarchy if the prisoner had reappeared. The order of nobles would have risen as one man at this infamous treatment of the highest member of it below the blood royal.

E... It must have been a Rohan or a Soubise.

F... No, for there were several [of this family], but you can realise that Louis was at heart a coward like all Bourbons, and the idea of this mystery being unveiled made him tremble even at Versailles. It is a very simple matter now. You have heard the true explanation. No one knew except the keeper, and he was told it was a madman. He was taken in the chamber of the lady in question, dragged before the King and covered with a cloak and then sent off to prison, where he gave a false name in order to avoid the scandal, and from this the angry King took his clue and swore that as — (F... does not mention the

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name the prisoner gave) he should pay by his life for his success in love. The rest was very easy. By the time the poor wretch woke to the fact that his imprisonment was for life, the outside world had heard that this great Prince had died.

His wife and children were told that his death was in some shameful way connected with unpleasant details, and asked no more. Another body was buried in almost royal pomp and only the unknown sufferer remained. To kill the man, was more than Louis dared to do, and so he suffered him to live, but transferred him from one fortress to another as his guilty conscience ordered. He was not a bad man but very weak and self-important. I don't remember his name, but he was a Prince, not royal.

E... Could one not find out from the memoirs of the time ?

F... No, my dear, the secret was too well kept and I can assure you that the very man who guarded him did not know anything. Hence the reason for the mask. The King's rival was treated royally. It was Louis' little attempt to soften the victim's fate. You seem so very much interested in this one victim among a thousand worse sufferers. I am sorry for the man, but he was not actually tortured like many others, and to my mind the real victim was the poor girl. She was branded and sent to the worst of all places for women. It was worse than the galleys for men. She died

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within the year. She was a little *bourgeoise* who had attracted the King's notice. He seduced and afterwards left her, and his friend and courtier thought he would like to replace his master. The girl, corrupted and enticed by the Prince, gave way. Louis came back to her, and the result was the *Masque de Fer*. The girl was given over to the worst possible fate, flogged and branded, and you will understand I pity her more than the noble. She lived to be a harridan, a brute, to be a vile creature, and then died. A year did it in such surroundings. It is impossible for me to say more. The *Masque de Fer* was happy compared to the moral and physical fate of his victim.

E... I don't quite understand. You first said she died in a year and then that she lived to become so horrible?

F.. I cannot explain what I mean altogether. It is too horrible. It is not for a small thing that the guillotine was put up and F... cannot say that the new murders were the fruit of innocence.

E... Are you as busy as ever?

F... Not so much to-day. It is getting more settled with us, if it is worse with you. I begin to see light, where there was much darkness. Is there nothing else you would like to know? How can I cheer you? I will answer if I can, but I cannot invent true stories, I must keep to my time.

I am not able to tell you anything about Henry VIII.

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I had once an old servant whose father had seen the English King at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He said he was fat and had red hair. Francis I. was interesting, I believe. I heard much of him in other places. He was interesting as the patron of art, but had no morality.

E... He ran after the ladies?

F... That does not mean much, but he could not keep his word. Anyhow, he was a gentleman. No Bourbon ever got so high.

CHAPTER V.

HUMANITARIANISM AND THE ADVANCE OF THE WORLD.

[IN this chapter I have grouped together as much as possible F...’s sayings about the treatment of Animals, and kindness to everything that exists. They are topics to which he constantly returns of his own accord and which are very near to his heart.]

F... I am drawn to you by our common bond of universal love and brotherhood to all that lives, and we work for the same ends.

Cruelty begins in ignorance and ends in wickedness. It is the black horror of our world, poisoning all the beauty, but I fear for many ages we can only mitigate, not cure it. It is the darkness in man’s soul.

First we must teach men not to illtreat men, and then that man includes all nature. You must bear it, until by your perfection, you rise from this present state into a purer and nobler existence.

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A change will, however, come in the way of living which will help, and astonish everyone.

The efforts you make expose you to the hatred of a force which is desirous to cripple you in a certain fashion, which wishes to deprive you of the modern weapons of defence and offence—money. It is not worth fighting for, you say, and rejoice in your liberty. [F... often admonishes E... on her want of financial talent. That is not right, for every penny of your money is needed, and everything you spend or let unwisely be drawn from you is a great loss to the *cause* we strive for. You hardly know how difficult it is to fight the Prince of this World, the God Mammon in whose name so many innocent creatures are daily sacrificed.

What is all the torture of animals, of children, of poor helpless creatures, for the purest of Gods? Therefore, by the law which rules us, we are forbidden to allow our followers to waste what is ours, as well as theirs.

I know what you are thinking of, but it does not mean that you are to lead a wanderer's life like St. Francis, for the times are different. [E... had at that moment been silently wishing to divest herself of all earthly goods.] But only by the power of money can a real advantage be secured. This I say for counsel; as I said, *all* is prepared, but you must not get tired and give up. That is the moment they are waiting for.

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God is so very near us, even in our heart. Open the door and read your own soul.

There is somebody who could help I may *not* name. If I could, I would do it directly, but if I do I veil my thought and become separated from you. I destroy free will, because this does not interfere with the working of my desire and I cannot, much as I should like, *name* people. It seems a folly but I may not, for fear of losing our clearness of intercourse. I may not interfere in life-work except by suggestion, and *free will* is supreme. You would not be free if I told you whom I mean, for if you did not do as I said, it would be a *sin* and I should have made you *sin*. I am not infallible, and it is strongly forbidden by our law of honour to interfere. You must *use your own judgment*. It is *your* trial and *my* lesson.

Prayer is the only real and sure guide, for my prayer and your prayer are living forces and you work the Force of all good. They create vacuums and the Divine source comes to fill them. Remember that if I told you all, I know you would come to rely on *me* and not evolve yourself. A little I know, but you would lose that delightful *steadfastness*; and though I may help, I may not perform. *I* rest, *you* work, but the best is when both are together.

You are the only soul with whom I can speak freely. Even in our world I cannot fully express my wishes, because there are differences of thought. We all agree

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as to the wickedness, but not in the way to cure it. What good will they do? They are only able to influence as I do. They are tied as I am, by the laws of this state, and it is very difficult to act. The E...r is too much engrossed with the difficulties of Europe, but when matters clear a little we must attack him. What we want is an open unbiassed mind.

This is a moment of stress and storm for those who work for and love the so-called lower creation, for the *dark* spirit of cruelty and lust is trying to overcome the powers of love, the Human love (Love of Humanity), and love Divine, which will in time re-order all that is imperfect.

Even now you are beginning to despair of the World and to think that *force* gets the better of *right*. You are wrong, a holy life is a power for good that does not disappear with the death of the original creation.

There is much to say. You must *get* more faith. You are disappointed and rightly so, but you have not the right to abandon us all. Don't be sad; do not let outward conditions influence your soul. The aim of our workers is to promote amity between nations and health in the body of Humanity. We are working hard for the cause. You will feel the difference soon. I am so glad you realise the intense interest of the disembodied, in watching the success of the plan.

We do not blame those who do not always succeed with their humanitarian work. The fault lies with

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those who hinder the work by too much conservatism. The minds of most people are so unpliant to impressions. Humanity is far too much inclined to follow the old bad ways, and it is for the peculiar readiness to adopt all suggestions and never to refuse novelties because they are new to realise, that some workers are invaluable.

We are not angels with Divine power—we work by and through men, and while we consider many questions we cannot force men to arrange their plans as we wish. We may prompt, that is all. Neither is our judgment infallible. You are in many things a better judge of worldly matters than I am *now*, but I know my weakness and see the rock upon which my house is founded; you are not so sure.

[All of this was written in the early months of the winter of 1903.]

It is terrible indeed—the battles and wars which are to be fought; but better this than a false peace, which will be only a *lie*. A lie will never bring Humanity good. It is hard to be held a prisoner when so much is needed and so *little* might influence.

If you are tired of the folly of men and women, do not think that we who are spiritual leaders of souls are better off in the invisible. Man's folly and woman's are as dreadful as their mistakes are hard to bear. To impede the World's progress for a whim is unpardonable, yet it occurs every day, nay every hour, and we have

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to patch up the cracked china and use it again, perhaps, in spite of the ugly black mark. But with us the difference is that *our* cracked china mends itself and the broken plate becomes sound with use, whilst on your side the crack becomes worse and before long the plate is in two pieces.

Cancer is as curable as any ordinary skin or flesh complaint. It is a weed to eradicate gently, it is not of any use to cut off the *apparent* stem and leave the roots buried in the Human system to grow fresh stems and leaves. Cancer is a disease, deadly, because it is not understood. There are many ways of curing it. The best is that of old-wife wisdom, herb-compresses that disperse the hardening, and soften the afflicted and degenerate tissue. In ancient days you hear little of cancer, and yet the whole world then amused itself in the noble pursuit of the tiltyard, and there were many bruises and wounds, which would now have been *developed* by the modern doctors' cleverness into cancer, that were really got rid of by women's simples. The *knife* is the real murderer, and to break the skin is to turn a cancer into a death-warrant.

Concerning Vivisection be very careful and exact in all you write, and accurate on all occasions, as the powers of cruelty are more powerful now and are permitted to annoy anyone, who by little carelessness or inaccuracy lets open the door to them. Coleridge's adverse verdict came from the foolish way in which the

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good and righteous case was conducted. [The trial in which Mr. Stephen Coleridge was condemned.] Meet truth with truth, not with veiled suspicion. Half measures are dangerous and end in destruction of what has already been completed. We cannot fight with child's toys the battles of true civilisation. But doubt not, we of the bond of love are never left alone to fight our battles, but the blessed band of Holy Angels guard us. Incarnate or disincarnate, *always* are true souls protected.

We are, as it were, in a period of reaction and this is a halting place on the upward march of Humanity. While the tired souls rest, the stronger brothers and sisters keep guard over the helpless ones, and the struggle must be hard whilst the lonely watch is kept by the more prudent and active band. You are of this living barrier against evil, O my sisters, and whilst we fight, the weaker rest, and the tired souls gain strength to complete the day's labour. [Here a double strength seized the hand of the writer.]

Therefore is it told *thee* that evil endureth but a little and joy cometh in the morning. Have no fear, for you are *never alone*. He shall give His Angels charge over thee and protect thee in all thy ways. Only be firm, resist all compromise and keep thine own soul steadfast and strong in the knowledge that thy way is sheltered by the wings of angels, and thy enemies repelled by the arrows of love Divine.

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For it is written that in so much as ye have succoured the meanest of my *creatures*, ye have succoured the God of Hosts, and Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord. I will repay good to those who have done good, and evil to those who have misused their younger Brethren in the ladder of Evolution. [Here the additional power vanished.]

To open the eyes of new-born puppies is far easier than to enlighten the willingly and wilfully blind. Remember that prayer is omnipotent if *God* wills it to be so.

It is provoking to be so near and yet so far, and language is so poor a method of conveying thought. The true universal language will be in use when men have learnt to communicate without speech, soul to soul. That will effectually abolish *lying* and make it impossible, and then a man who can only *speak* his thoughts will stand to the higher developed creature as a dumb animal does to us *now*. This telepathy is the foundation of universal brotherhood, and when the new soul power is fully developed, *war*, *lies* and all *shams* will become non-existent.

Only two truths exist eternally, *love* and *hatred*. This is a mystery, for *love* is hatred reversed. They both start from the same motive, attraction and repulsion, positive and negative. Here is a little occult philosophy, in spite of my dislike of what I call "Verbiage."

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There is much work doing now in the world and much trouble coming on which all can help to mitigate by personal exertion and continual effort after truth, the whole *truth*. There is so little of it in this your world. Everything is a sham in your present civilisation, and yet there is nothing ready to put in the sham's place, so we must be content to wait and hope.

The beauty of the new science of harmony in thought is very great. When the laws of thought are better known it is wonderful to think of what will take place. At present none study this. It is left to another generation to learn the laws of vibrations generated in the Human brain. People will be more finely constructed, more able to manage their brain, life will be both complicated and simpler, food will be entirely artificial.

An altar is raised in vain unless the sacrifice be laid thereon. Understand this, love *ennobles, raises, never degrades, never stultifies*. True love, if really understood, is a Sacrament, it is Divine Unction, the gift of God and the scaling of the Divine Kingdom, a becoming *Godworthy*, for *God or Divinity is love*. How foolish men are to think that Love which excludes any feelings of self, is aught but the Divine nature descending upon our humanity. Through Love, Life is; through Life, Love is; by Love we realise God, even as light is the first sense by which we recognise light; so by Love we know God.

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There is a most marvellous tie and link between souls of the same category, and it begins in the family you are surrounded with, when you first manifest in outward form. The Unit is first an atom in the Whole. When the Whole divides into countless fragments, each fragment constitutes a Unity. This Unity in its turn divides and the separated fractions become other fragments or Unities, and these in their turn become *races of elementals, animals, men*. Each according to its kind evolves towards the perfection he is capable of producing. The Ideal that exists in the Divinity is latent, and ultimately becomes manifest.

All souls are first encased in animal forms, and they are called by our earthly scientists families, such as the Felis and others. These again appear *each time* in a higher grade of manifestation, until the Holy or Divine Logos becomes part of the soul, is the bridegroom quickening it, and the soul becomes Human, capable of evolving into Divinity. Humanity does not begin in the Human form alone, for many *higher* animals are *human* in their last manifestation in an *animal shape*. It depends on the power of love, *unselfish, pure self-sacrifice*. Therefore there may be Human beings, that are only *elementals masquerading in human shape*. The border line is never strictly defined; everything overlaps, because *all* are part of *one*, and all will return into the Unity, plus the individuality gained during the period of manifestation.

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Now these family ties are *loosened*, not *cut*, and the soul is naturally attracted by its fellows, the ones known best, and follows them instinctively, first as a flock of sheep follow their leader, and afterwards willingly as a dog follows his master, and finally with *devotion* as a lover seeks his love. Thus the souls group themselves together in well defined families, and to be banished from this group is a punishment, a privation. Then the soul's horizon enlarges and the group gives place to the party, the party to the Country, the Country to the Brotherhood of Humanity, and thus we realise our duty to all creation instinctively, good or bad—that all that suffer have a claim to our help, that we are responsible for the evil as well as for the good.

Don't fear—we have all sinned and all repent in time. If you do not ill-treat soul or body of any living creature, you will not be punished in your next life. Often those who have thus sinned, are then good, because they are changed—they accept the suffering as a punishment; and you rarely hear people complain of what in their soul they know they deserve and *choose* as their expiation.

None as yet are perfect, but many are near perfection not yet quite attained. Jesus said this *Himself*, "None is good, save one, that is, God."

Savonarola was not near perfection. He had many faults to expiate. He knew not *love* nor *beauty*, and

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Love is God, and Beauty is God's presence. You never *lose*, all you gain is your own. All you lose is your *want*, but the loss is *gain* to you. You can never *lose* really what is needed for your perfection, but sometimes there are material difficulties which prevent you from manifesting it.

For instance, you are given a certain work which you accept, and this work leads you into a country like Iceland or Greenland. You may then have the most wonderful faculty for painting or sculpturing, and yet because your work is to civilise the savage, you give it up, and enter the family of a well-to-do Esquimaux and raise the whole race by your glorious life of self-devotion. It is your *choice*, remember, and you do it to serve Humanity. The sculptor can wait, the masterpiece will be painted some future day, but for the moment you are sculpturing a nation, you are painting a race with the colour of Love and Self-sacrifice.

I have other work for the helpers. When it is ready I will tell you—not before, for if I formulate my plans I must risk their being overthrown by our enemies. This great struggle against cruelty is the dearest object on earth to me. It implies so much to humanity. Think of the forlorn hope of our few helpers fighting against the many who live on the *life* of others. Yes, it is even worse, for it touches the envelope of the soul. Pain is nothing, it is the spiritual deterioration which

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matters. Believe me when I say—better the torments of the martyrs, better the Inquisition than to have good health, gained in wicked transgressions of nature's laws. [This is an allusion to certain serums advertised in France and Italy which are the result of most cruel and horrible practices.] It will ruin the physical powers of the race and there is little to lose. Cruelty makes me suffer. If you could see the horror of cruelty from our side—it is like a pestilence. If T... had ever struck a dog I should not be able to use her. I am absolutely miserable when I hear the misery that is even now going on.

To be able to work here, does not depend on yourself but also on others. You can come forward as I do, but you *must* find a medium of expression. I am not mystical but practical. It is one of the sorrows and punishments of our state not to be able to communicate. Does not man possess all power within himself, even as the electric force existed from the beginning? And yet men could not use it in the past age of barbarism.

Here in England there are too many leaders and no followers. After all, a small band of really earnest people might do wonders in the great work of stemming the flood of horror, especially if a Sovereign, a leader of men, could be interested on practical grounds. The leaders of Humanity must be free of all party, avoid all narrowness. No work is great unless it is universal, without country.

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Do not let your soul despair, or rather grow languid, for it sustains the body more than you know. *We have not failed.* Much of the work we have done is most successful. Work *silently*, seek to increase your helpers, work *invisibly*—we are helping you. Be *brave*, be cheerful. We are moving, and if we differ in the way, we unite in the end.

You speak about “*your animals*” [E...’s animals], but they are no longer dogs, but beings evolving like yourself. They will love you and you love them, but they will not be dogs, they will be lights, lights of the soul, lights as yourself, only of a different texture and colour. Dogs are half human ; when they reincarnate it is as savage men and women.

We must love *all* and do our best to help you in this our life, and then afterwards we may all labour hard in the fields of Humanity for the rights of those poor ill-treated creatures, our little Brothers, the animals of God.

Alas, we have all helped to evoke the great mist of blood that covers our earth ; therefore, we all, who have done wrong, must suffer, to repair our folly and ignorance and to learn *not to do it again*. We all suffer now from the cruelty of others. Once we made others suffer from our cruelty. I see your thoughts : you are saying, “ How long, oh how long must I remain amongst such savages ? ”

I am afraid there is a new feeling of selfishness and

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unrest coming on, which will make the doctors masters. A great discovery will come and they will profit immensely by it. You have the courage and the will, and I have only my spiritual force and no material power to denounce them. Freewill is everywhere the law, and remember this will not really be a discovery (they will think it one), but the chosen man was an Atlantean to whom no secrets of the body were hidden, and it is simply a remembrance.

What we want to do is to arouse the public conscience in Germany on the duty of man to the lower creation, next, on the duty of man to woman and woman to woman, and next, on the duty of both to *children*. But I foresee two obstacles. One is the want of sensitiveness and the other is the crass contentment of the average German with himself, his country and his Ideals. If I told more, the enemies of our work would comprehend and the work be stultified. The German power is not friendly, it breathes war. The Emperor is very much interested but not converted, very anxious to do right, and self-sacrificing, but he has strong opinions of his own.

You must not be quite certain that all Humanity is rising at the same rate. Humanity is so vast. To speak correctly we should take all nature to be Human.

It is vanity that generally destroys all attempt at progress. (This is an allusion to the many ephemeral discoveries of remedies or cures based on vivisection.)

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It kills all pity and causes the fearful want of sympathy with suffering which was shown by the inhabitants of Atlantis, but *they* knew that Humanity is evolved from the animal. We have hospitals, but it is the love of discovery, not the wish to cure, which makes them popular. It is not the desire to find a remedy but the hope of becoming famous that fills the laboratory. Before, men sought the remedy to help their fellows, and if they ignored the animal it was because they did not consider it a creature like themselves. It was not the *lust* of cruelty, but the mistake of ignorance, and that left no mark on the Spirit. Prayer is the only real and sure guide to combat this horror, for your prayer and my prayer are living forces, and united prayer works as the *force* of all good.

Even in our world I cannot fully express my wishes, because there are differences of thought. We all agree as to the wickedness, but not as to the way to cure it. What good will they do? they are only able to influence as I do. They are tied by the law of this state and it is very difficult to act. What we want all to learn is the uselessness and harm of teaching men to be cruel for the mere lust of cruelty. This is how Anarchists are made, for the man who is used to torturing an unoffending creature, is the man who will throw a cowardly bomb. The principle is the same in both. By showing the real deterioration of Soul and Heart you might possibly get the *Great* of this World to interfere. It

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is no use putting the animals forward, you must lay stress on the improving of the race. They will not listen to what they would call a woman's reason, but at least *One of them* will be quick to see that it is *unhealthy* for the student to learn to gloat on suffering, if afterwards that man is to be a curer of men's bodies.

The German doctors besides are not inclined to waste time in useless operations. They work *in order*, not for show, and have already in part found out the uncertainty of knowledge wrung from the Vivisection trough. The English and French are fond of advertisement—they will not give it up so easily. Be practical and don't have sentiment, for it does not touch the Hearts. It is discouraging to see the unfeelingness and indifference of the world to what one sees to be important. The indifference is the worst. One can fight active opposition, but not the half-hearted neutrality that does not care whether it succeeds.

No one has a mind above the cruelties man thinks necessary for life. They are like sheep, even the clever ones, because they are afraid. There is *nothing more cruel* than fear. It is not a time to hope for help from the weak. The house is on fire and men and women fight to save their lives and think not of the feeble creatures that love them. Only a few are brave enough to realise that many gifts to the Hospitals do not mean the *real* charity of care and devotion to the poor. It is really the endowment of laboratories, and subjects

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free for the incipient doctors to practise on. This we know, but the necessity of work oppresses us. The work is to begin in Germany. Here in England there is nothing but show, though men are much more conscientious, but they do no work.

You will see how easily all might go right and with what difficulty all is carefully put wrong. It is very exasperating, it is like a game or race in which the players or jockeys are not straightforward and you know it and can do nothing, but sit and wait patiently and see the work of years, as you count, or of epochs as I count, overthrown by a child's mistake. Think what it must be to the Higher Spirits. The Highest of course sees both the end and the beginning, and as that begins and ends in Himself—it is Perfect. But for us, who are struggling still, it is, to say the least, a trial. You are cramped in your world by the folly of others, their ignorance and want of will. People are like blancmange—they need stiffening to retain their form, they collapse in the very moment of success.

You must all learn to use your *force morale* and draw people upwards. You can act at a distance. Learn to exert your will as you would do in healing. Antivivisection is a good work, but is it any better in England? It used to be better, but now people are so frivolous. You want *good strong* men or *strong good* men. But things are not so bad as they might be, and I see for the first time a light in the distance. It

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makes me hope we have got a chance to maintain the proper direction in the right way.

It is most provoking how all our helpers are paralysed by want of something, and above all the want of money. In Italy the creatures of God are so miserable and it is useless to ask Italians. There is little there you can do for animals and you could work in a better way than you have done lately. You have courage to fight this awful thing of Vivisection and *we* are in earnest. Women are the first and best helpers, but you want some great ladies and someone who is more ardent than they generally are.

My battery is not working well to-day. Wait a little—now it goes. The thing I wanted specially to speak about is to ask you to impress upon a *certain person* the necessity of the advance of science by other means than those of Vivisection. The real difficulty will always be the foolish and ignorant minority.

If you have read lately what we wrote at St... you will realise how supremely necessary it is that we should all work in *unity* towards *one* aim. I am so anxious that great *energy* should not be frittered away in *foolish* and unnecessary action. The world is now in so great a state of unrest that I can hardly see the road clear for a crusade such as I am longing for against the monster of Vivisection. It is indeed the blot on our civilised nations, and but one arm is permitted to us—that of cool collected reason, and *this*

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in matters the sole mention of which will make one's blood boil and conscience rebel that such enormities are committed against helpless creatures in the name of science.

The work is being brought nearer, but I wish particularly to *warn* you of the necessity of *carefully regulating* all movements, for the slightest flaw in the armour will be utilised by those who hate our cause. If before, you have thought twice before you spoke, now think a thousand times. It is essential that all should be most cautious. Pray much. I feel your prayers for the good of suffering creatures. They are as *active force* on the side of *good*. It is a mistake to avoid prayer. A *will* prayer is the greatest arm a soul can forge. Will developed after many incarnations is a most precious and extraordinary power and acts as an awakening directing force on less active minds.

It is quite a privilege to be in our present condition of communication, and few are allowed it. Only as a brother-porter or guest-receiver, it is permitted to me as a "Trappist" to use my tongue, and I shall make the best use of my power. I have to be near the earth just now because of the new attempt we must make against the terrible scourge of Vivisection.

The truth is that lack of sincerity foredooms most efforts to failure. Not until we have perfected our natures, love perfectly, and are indeed Selfless, then alone, can truth reign supreme in all our organs, and

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all our words and thoughts. When we are the *spotless ones*, our truth will be the light to lighten the earth's darkness. Then shall you shine, and I too, when we have once eliminated all wrongdoing, all wrong speaking, and all wrong thinking from our hearts, and are indeed fit Temples to enshrine the Divine perfection. Till then you and I must struggle, fight, fall sometimes, and conquer *always in the end* that greatest of our enemies—our lowest and imperfect self.

You will not have much rest when you die. What would be your rest with all the suffering creatures calling for help? That would tire you. You yourself would pray for work to be given to you. It is a crown of thorns, but one day the thorns will flower. You will always suffer when you love.

The Vivisectors now are the souls of the Inquisitors and torturers of the past. They will become like others, Saints, or disappear. (This means that the true souls among them will repent and rise to perfection, whilst the really evil souls will be broken up and disappear as entities.) We must not hope for any suffering to the Vivisectors—it only gives the power to afflict and be afflicted. We can always work, and one of the great improvements will be the advance of the so-called brute creation to manhood. There will be no more animals one future day, and then life will be a mine of joy and pleasure. The souls of the present animals will manifest in manhood, and by their terrible

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sufferings they will become haters of pain and factors of love, and the ball once started, it revolves more and more quickly. But it will take many ages before this era of peace and golden age returns. It is foreshadowed by the story of the Lion and Lamb lying down together, and a little child shall unite the true nature of courage and gay-heartedness.

Never believe that the world is ignorant about occult things. It is blind, and without a surgical operation which you call death men who are blind to the spiritual side of life, will not recover their sight. I speak of the undeveloped who must develop: it is no use to give good things to children.

Understand we are not automatic—we are as actors who speak their own words in a part that has been given them. Freewill is supreme and over-rules all human life. Heaven is unable, like hell, to retain one soul who would not be there. This is part of a great mystery that I find difficult to frame in words. Man is the direct image of his Creator, and so is absolutely Omnipotent so far as his desire goes,—that is to say, with the Divine Will Absolute Evil cannot exist, and Divine Will cannot tolerate absolute Evil, but the desire that is imperfect will always attain its end if there is one grain of truth in this desire. I fear I do not speak clearly, but I am trying to answer some thoughts you have had lately.

You see, E..., that even the abominable cruelty of

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war and revolution has a distinct aim, and is tolerated because the aim is altruistic and good. But private murder is absolutely evil and is never tolerated. Yet the act is the same, but the one is an instrument of progress and the other a degradation of humanity. The successful soldier is a hero, the successful murderer is a criminal, and this is quite right and true spiritually, for the one is on the road to self-improvement and the other on the return to the beast. Have I made myself plain? That is why I said get the students barred from any experiments even if you give free hand to the scientist. The one will work his horrors for an ideal, although a mistaken one, but the student will only work for the gratification of his lust of cruelty and to satisfy evil curiosity. We must save the youth from himself. His sin falls on the Race and increases the Karmic responsibility of Humanity as a whole, but the man answers for himself. Am I clear?

You *must* do something this summer. It may only be a little thing—quite a small stone, but it must be laid. The thing is that they do sometimes find out things by Vivisection, not much, and not in the right way, but still enough to blind the public. They might find it out in another way too, but they like this better. Now in a thousand doctors there is perhaps only one who practises it for the love of cruelty, whilst in twenty-five students there are twenty who love it for the cruelty it entails. You must be very large in one

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way and very narrow in another. Do not do anything against the doctors at all, but get the students excluded most vigorously. You see there is a law, but there are so many loopholes, and virtually they can do what they like. The most important thing would be to get a trustworthy person at the head of it all to control it severely. Remember that you must do something positive, however small it may be.

[Though F...’s words are addressed to E..., they apply to all who take an interest in Humanity, for Humanity is *one*.

It may be noted with astonishment by some, what different moods the disembodied appear to be subject to, but after reading F...’s writings I have come to the conclusion that our disincarnated life will be quite as full of hopes, wishes, interests, disappointments, fears, and affections as this life is, with the only immense difference that remembering every single link of our existences, and profiting by the compound experience of all of them, and also the walls of obscuring flesh not hemming in our souls, we shall see further into the future, somewhat as a man does standing on a high mountain.

F... can at times be very witty and exceedingly interesting, but his crowning virtue, in my estimation, is his truthfulness, as he will never speak of things or people he has not known himself. E... said to me one day :—“ It may perhaps appear extraordinary to those

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who have not given much thought to the subject of intercourse with souls on the other shore that I should speak of F... as of a living friend, but I am sure that it would be impossible for anybody to have had for a year an interchange of thought such as has been mine with F... (through T...) without feeling that, though unseen, a true, faithful and sympathising friend is always by my side."]

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

[I LEAVE this chapter as it is. It was some time ago prepared by E... as an article for some review, and thinking she might have some difficulty in publishing it as automatic writing she decided to present it to the public in its present form. It was, however, never published.]

The following strange revelations about the French Revolution have by chance come into my hands and they are so curious that I feel the student of history will be grateful for them. They were evidently notes made for the information or in answer to the questions of a friend, and it would appear that they were made at different times, as if they were the answers to letters. They are signed F...

I believe that the Martinists and the Illuminati are the two secret societies which would most nearly respond to the description of the organisation given in these papers, and I may add that having submitted the

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latter to some learned authorities they have declared them to be full of new and suggestive matter.

That the writer was something of a Theosophist cannot be doubted, but I would go further and say that like St. Germain he bore a charmed life, for it is clear from these writings that he must have outlived almost all his contemporaries, even assuming that at the time of the Revolution he was a very young man.

There were in my own remembrance several of those mysterious beings still alive, to whom the name of Count St. Germain or Cagliostro was given, and one of them was known to members of my family. He lived alone in apparent affluence in an ancient German town. He had no relatives and none knew whence he came, but he was in the habit of alluding to the French Revolution and events which had taken place long before as if he had been an eye-witness. His age was an enigma which was never solved, nor have I ever heard of his death.

It is impossible to read these notes without being struck by the lurid light they throw upon the present state of Russia and the occult forces which may be at work there, but at the same time they suggest the remedy and point with warning finger to the abyss which must swallow up all those who do not devote their efforts to the good of Humanity.

This is the paper almost as I found it. I have only left out a few repetitions. E...

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F... The Revolution was an occult work begun in the Reformation era and ending in the fatal Napoleonic period. That destroyed everything. France has never recovered. I am thoroughly against all renewal of the Bourbon power, for this was the scourge of true liberty.

Mirabeau was too flowery, Marat was an utterly depraved creature, the Girondins were very theatrical, and I loathe people who pose. I did not like Madame Roland at all. She spoilt a lot of very excellent patriots.

I was one of the inner *set* of thinkers and workers whose names have not come forward, we were none of us guillotined. The real leaders of the French Revolution were a number of men who were engaged in the quiet and needful propaganda of liberal ideas. We were of many kinds of minds and of all classes. The *aim of our work* was, as it is now, *Regeneration of humanity*. If revolution turned into anarchy it was none of our doing.

Did you never wonder at the fact that none of the ordinary laws of life were broken for ordinary folk during the period of Revolution; that apart from the terrible historical scenes of massacre men went about and lived as usual; that women went about their daily task, even as did *we*—the leaders, not the *figure-heads*?

Robespierre and all his crew were our *tools*. Bad they were, and we had to let them work their will in a manner; but does it never strike your intelligent mind

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why they ruled, until in some mysterious way their rule ended as it began, without apparent reason for their fall or their rise? One day they were guillotined—not their victims—that was all the difference. The truth is, they were part of a great scheme that ruled the country of France and held *all*, even the so-called chiefs of the commune, in a grasp of iron. Fouché could have told a wonderful tale, but it was not to his advantage, so he was silent!

Why did Napoleon enter into power? Because *we* chose him and prepared all his rise. We, the real leaders, were absolutely without ambition and could afford to let others prance about the pages of history so long as they did *our* bidding. When they rebelled *they fell*. Napoleon was also fooled by us, but he had ruined our scheme first by destroying the great net of communication we had arranged and maintained between our different departments. It was family ambition that made him play us false, and we were obliged to bring on France the coalition of nations and so bring back the Bourbons once more. . . .

I will tell you some of the inner workings. It is needful for us both. You must know that *we*, the *thinkers*, had decided that the hereditary principle had had its day. It went well in feudal times and before, but now in this new century it is useless, for circumstances are changed. The Bourbons proclaim the fact that a man may be of Royal race and yet be a huckster.

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We said to each of our figure heads: "You are ambitious—well, serve us, and we guarantee all you desire for yourself, but nothing to your *children*. Do you accept?" They did, and then afterwards tried to evade the condition by which they had been raised to fortune.

Here is the story of Napoleon in a nutshell, and remember he could not be allowed to evade our revenge, and so we punished him and took from his child everything, *even life*. *We*, not the Austrians, are those who destroyed the eaglet. The young man *had to die*. He should never have been born, and Napoleon knew it, for he had promised us that no *heir* should come to enjoy his Empire, and it was *the* defiance of Napoleon when he rejected Josephine and sought the daughter of the Hapsburgs.

Our theory was to avoid transmission of right from parent to child. Now this law, so absolutely necessary in the early days of Christianity, is not needed now, when men should be able to win their own real place in the social scheme, and the man of intellect is quite the equal of the man with muscle, not as it was in the early state of half barbarism, during 1200 and 1400, when it *was necessary* for a high spirit to be placed in high grades or else he could never take his share in ruling. (A governing spirit must come from a high race.) As a governing power I consider that, if a man is intended to rule, *rule he shall*, though born a cobbler.

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The first thing was to clear off all the old *régime*. If they had been simple imbeciles they would have escaped, but there were so many thousands with fearful sins to expiate, and we placed them all together. Remember that we were in close communication with the Leaders of Humanity. They gave the order. We found the means and used them. I was one of the inner council of a society that is working at present. They are the means but not the Leaders, and we use them as we used the Girondins, whom they resemble in their lack of common sense.

I may not tell you of the present condition of our work here. We are very busy, but this is not 1790, and to that I return. The passions of man must be reformed, purified and utilised, but all force that exists uncontrolled is evil. You will no doubt have seen how the Revolution began in a generous motion of the peers to give up their rights, to unite in council with the commons. From this came the first general assembly, and if the movement of patriotism had continued the world would have been no worse from anarchy and commune. But no one was really convinced of the necessity of giving up his own power and his own rights. All gave up their neighbours'. The King gave up the rights of the nobles; the nobles the King's prerogatives; both plundered the Church, thinking to share the proceeds of *that* wealth. None *meant* to be poorer for the Revolution, and the fable of

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Ananias and his fate met them. They lied to the holy spirit of progress and died for it.

If they had been sincere nothing would have harmed them. The King fled to Varennes. The nobles emigrated, but many vainly sought to avoid their fate. They were doomed and returned unconscious victims. The young Dauphin never died in the Temple. He became a quite respectable member of society, and disappeared—a harmless creature. He was not one of the pretenders. *All knew*, for I said none suffered but the *doomed*. The order was given and I knew the man who took him out. The child who died came from the hospital. He would have died anyway. The Dauphin *disappeared quite happily*, and one of our theories triumphed.

The Princess [Madame Rayale] was a girl, and Salic law stopped her reigning, so we left her alone.

Look through all this and you will see that only when people placed themselves in our path were they troubled. Otherwise we did no harm. Of course, Revolution is a *work* and not play, and we had bad tools. You will see that we brought back Louis the fat [Louis XVIII.] because he had no children, and also because he promised to do well and not interfere with our plans. He did not love his brother Charles X., and cared for himself only, but the last King of the Bourbon race was devoted to his children and cared nothing for France, so *out he went* [Louis Philippe].

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Napoleon, too, was a father, so he had to go, for we are determined that no dynasty shall rule in France again. It shall have a ruler, but not a family.

And now to return, the orders came from various centres and were sent by a kind of wireless telegraphy we had learnt in the East. Inspectors went round and marked our man before we approached him with offers. We chose the young, poor and ambitious. *Only one refused*, Napoleon's brother [Louis, King of Holland]. He did not like the affair, and seeing that trouble would come he went away, helped by us. That is how Napoleon never got him to obey orders. He was a *good man* and we *respected* him and chose his branch to succeed the next dynastic fall.

If Napoleon III. had never married or had had no son all would have been well. As for the poor boy, it was hard upon him. He was not fit to rule, and pity is a crime in those who work for Humanity if they let the fate of an individual check progress, and the Prince had only to keep at home and he would have lived, but the *name* of his father attracted ambition and he died. He need not have gone to the Zulus. Napoleon knew he was not to be succeeded by his son, and did not care, but his wife cared immensely and she clung to the Church, hoping the priests would protect her from us.

She wished to be the mother as well as the wife of an Emperor, and cared for *rule*, and was absolutely

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unfitted for any responsibility. In order to stop this Napoleon obeyed our orders and gave a constitution, but it was no use and he had to go.

In the French Revolution (of 1789) I was one of the secret Brotherhood who prepared it. I knew St. Germain and Cagliostro. They were very interesting. St. Germain was a man; Cagliostro an advertiser, as it were—the man who did the dangerous and dirty work. St. Germain was a miracle, Cagliostro a hypnotist—that is where his pretended marvels came from. St. Germain had no country because St. Germain was a name, and the persons who masqueraded under this name were two—a clever man of the highest birth initiated into the brotherhood of occultism, and a man who was more than man—a *Mahâtma* very possibly. The one I knew was the half Prince, who was a most interesting and cheerful person. I only saw the other once. The second is still living, in a way that one cannot understand. (That I cannot make you understand.) He only appears when he is needed in the body of some faithful brother who lends it for this use as St. Germain did. This I cannot explain because I may not tell the things which are in use now.

I am anxious that you should understand the *cause* of the French Revolution and I will go on with my narration. I told you that the *inner* committee of revolutionary leaders were quite apart from the figure-heads before the public. It was just because we

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wished to avoid publicity that we held the reins of progress so secretly. Life was very precious and the world needed our wisdom and intelligence. We saw how absolutely wrongly the movement commenced and we determined to *withdraw ourselves* from all imprudent enquiries. It was easy—there were many who longed for the outer show of power. Our tools were well chosen and served us well until the time came for their withdrawal, and then they generally refused to fulfil their promise. It was an easy matter to overthrow our puppets.

Do not think that though I was high in office I was really the chief, for, on the contrary, I was and am a very humble worker—quite a tool in the hands of my superior.

It is perfectly true that the Rosicrucian password had a revolutionary meaning. The *crucible* was *France*, the Alchemy was Human Liberty, and the result was the gold of free manhood. We did not all agree by any means. In my circle there were many who thought that no Freedom was worth a man's life. The philosophers were too optimistic and thought that life was given to enjoy, not to struggle with. If at the first the nobles had learnt their impotence they might have been saved, but the leaven of selfishness was too strong.

The massacre of the prisoners took place in order to commit the Republic to her task. It was not ordered and indeed the heads were most annoyed.

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I wish I could explain things more clearly. We were a small council that met twice a month and were in communication with the true heads of our order. Then afterwards we were frequently called together and had to decide things for ourselves, sometimes without reference to our superiors. Sometimes we did right, sometimes wrong. It was very difficult—so many passions were contending and so many new instincts. We were always uncertain about Napoleon, but the law was made that he should be the ruler of Europe.

England was in our way most of the time. It was a pity, but there were no good leaders for the people, and we had enough to do with France. Twice a month we met to read the reports and settle any fresh developments. It was necessary to destroy so many ambitious souls.

The Queen Marie Antoinette was a woman of spirit and might have been a most virtuous Princess if she had not married her husband. She could not be spared, but we all suffered for her and with her. You see we could not *trust* the King or the Queen because they were so full of their own importance. If they had been allowed to live, the Republic would have been destroyed. I am not an anarchist or revolutionist, but the state of France was terrible, and no *man* or *woman* did their *duty*.

France was chosen because it was ripe for the

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moment and our leaders could not have found such tools elsewhere. We are always guided by the *human* aspect of the country, and that often predisposes a change in the world's leadership. France was then in a state of inarticulate revolt and ready for a new influx of spiritual force. The King and Queen were well-meaning nonentities. If Marie Antoinette had not had her fearful trial she would never have achieved immortality. None of Maria Teresa's (Empress of Austria) daughters were worthy of the mother—only the son (the Emperor Joseph) was a *true* child of her strenuous nature.

We were first advised of the great change during a special convention of the secret Brotherhood of Europe. It was partly a spiritual and partly a worldly communication. Facts were stated, a list of people drawn up, and then the *great voice* spoke to us. I cannot explain this more. We had our parts, our duties, and we went about our commissions.

Slowly the leaven of disaffection spread. Each province joined our ranks and we felt ourselves masters of France. Then came the stealthy daily work, and members joined us in ever-increasing numbers. The fact was that we as leaders required no outside homage, but *gave* instead of receiving tribute. On the other hand, our tools were terrible, and our masters often hesitated before accepting so terrible an alternative as the Terror. It was only the utmost necessity that forced us to accept it.

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If Marie Antoinette had given *one* promise to retire from the field of politics, she would have been saved, but she would not give it, and her martyrdom was the cruel necessity that faced us. Twice I, who now speak, was despatched by the Supreme Council with full power to spare the Queen's life.

The last was *before* the removal to the Conciergerie. I shall not forget it. My interview took place at night. Dressed as a Municipal, and bearing on my person the signs of my leadership, I passed into the gloomy halls of the Temple. As I went through the little court the stars shone in a *thick black* sky, and I remember halting for one moment to watch the menacing heaven. We entered the tower and climbed the stiff dark staircase. Then in the upper floor I stood for one moment whilst they apprised the Queen of my arrival.

She was already warned. The door opened; I entered and stood in the presence of that unhappy and most misguided lady. She was still beautiful and very stately. Her eyes were not very clear—poor lady, she had cried all the soul out of them. I knelt to crowned misfortune and presented my credentials. She told me to rise, with as much authority as if we were in the audience chamber at Versailles. We stood face to face and neither of us had the courage to speak, I think, at first. Then Marie Antoinette, taking the paper from my hand, read it to herself, whispering at intervals, but not intelligibly. I believe it was a

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common trick with her. I did not speak, and then she gave me the paper back again with a gesture of refusal. I at first refused to take it.

"Think of it well, Madame," said my companion. "It is the *last hope*."

"My raft must sink then," said the Queen. "I cannot accept peace at such terms." (It was the *promise to resign her son* and not to *seek for him* that we asked in exchange for her liberty.)

"I fear we can make no compromise," I said, trying to make the poor creature understand her true position. But it was all useless.

"I am a mother," she kept on repeating, "and a Queen. I cannot deny my son or his rights. Surely you and your employers must understand this."

It was such a striking contrast—her air of quiet authority and the miserable place where we stood. My conductor began to supplicate, to threaten, but the Queen said nothing beyond: "It is quite impossible, *c'est fini, je ne veux rien promettre à ces Messieurs*."

I cannot tell you the accent of scorn with which she said this. It was admirable, but not wise, and I realised the folly which had wrecked an Empire in order to carry out a few cherished fancies. Again and again my companion reasoned with her, argued, but to no account. Without giving us time to stop her, the obstinate lady said in a voice almost as proud as if she

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were in her palace: "I must ask the gentlemen to excuse me, it is very late."

She bowed slightly and retired before we could check her. The paper of safety lay on the ground between us and the retreating figure. I picked it up and looked at my friend.

"*Il n'y a rien à faire avec ce monde là,*" he said, and we went away as silently as we came.

The next day she was taken to the Conciergerie. I can never forget the episode. No more attempt was made to save her after the last offer. The inner Council were inclined to forbid her life being taken, but orders came to allow the French brutes to destroy their prey, and we abstained from action. I was present at the trial and thrilled with disgust that a nation could sink so low as to accuse a mother of such crimes. The guillotine was merciful after Fouquier, and the knife fell. I was there and saw it, and returned to my own country as soon as possible, sick at heart after such a terrible spectacle.

We were forbidden to interfere because it was sure to be useless and any attempt to save the Queen would only have resulted in the loss of precious and irreplaceable lives. The real doom of Marie Antoinette was signed by herself in the Temple when she sent me away empty handed. I had offered liberty and a safe conduct to the Austrian frontier, if she would forego any research after the fate of her son. His life was

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guaranteed and his safety and freedom, but the Council had determined that no Bourbon dynasty should rule France. It was a great pity, and the Queen's eyes haunt me still. They seemed like seas of sorrow—at least that is the nearest description I can offer. Her glances *cut* into me. She never realised the state of her family till it was too late to save her and them. Poor thing, poor thing.

The society I spoke of is very active now, but unfortunately it is very shy and retiring, and it is almost impossible to get the heads of this parent organisation to interest themselves in anything but the ordinary work of the society. They are very powerful but very backward in all social questions. It all depends on the manner in which one is educated and how one has developed the power to *think* and *act* for himself.

It is true that France has not become better through the Revolution, yet I must hold to all I said, and there were grave reasons why it had to take place. It is impossible to explain completely why such things had to take place, but the Vials of God's wrath were poured out and there was a time when it was useless to direct the rushing torrent. Yet if it had been turned the whole land would have suffered. The Revolution was a bad thing, but the *results were good*.

England did not need the new spiritual force, it had already borne the sacred germ of liberty. France is doomed, as I told you, and England will again flourish.

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The Dauphin was rescued from the Temple by the proper authorities. He was given into the hands of a good-looking sailor, who wore a red handkerchief knotted in a peculiar way. From Paris to the sea and from the sea to an unknown bright picturesque village in America. . . . This is his history:—the boy forgot his past and became a healthy, good-natured American citizen.

When we found that the terrible necessity of the Terror was inevitable the Leaders made out a plan of campaign that we were told to follow minutely. Some did and some did not, and a great deal of trouble was caused by their disobedience. There were two parties among us, and one was too much inclined to philosophise while the others neglected the ideal for a present that had no real stability. Hence the folly of the last days of the Terror with its sickening cruelty and its want of sense.

The "Heads" were given contradictory orders and then the "figure heads" were enabled to play their own game with impunity. Under false instructions the scum of humanity were allowed to usurp authority and to plunder France to their heart's content, slaying and pillaging without hindrance. The more intelligent among our brothers were aghast, and would have interfered, but could not without the positive declaration of their superiors.

In the meantime discipline was in abeyance and it

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was a most happy moment when at last we received distinct instructions and Robespierre fell. It was a *mot d'ordre*, and the man knew it only when his fate came. I watched the last of these so-called tribunes disappear on the scaffold. I had been despatched again to Paris from my peaceful home, where I had fled after the disgusting scenes of Marie Antoinette's trial and death.

By that time we knew that Buonaparte was the chosen hero of this wonderful cycle, and orders were given to facilitate his rise. *This* promise of our protection was the real reason of the General's return to France and from this moment his career to power became a certain path to the Imperial laurels.

The Eagle was *our badge*, and we made him promise this was to be the new sign of France—*that* bird who alone can brook the sun's rays *without* being blinded by the light. I could show you many other insignificant touches which corroborate my story, but time is short and we are not together. The Eagle was the sign of *Rome* and *Rome* stood for *justice*, and the code of Napoleon at one touch dispelled a million horrors of medieval survivals.

Feudalism was dead and the Bourbon race was not to continue its inglorious career. Do you not realise now why the threatened invasion of England *never* took place? *We forbade it*, and Napoleon had not yet grown to defy our power, so he recalled his men and threw himself on another nation.

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I was one of the three who brought the modern Cæsar this decision, and I cannot tell you how stormy the interview became before Napoleon gave up his will. It was a most amusing conversation, now that I look back on the whole matter with the equanimity of my present condition. Then I own to having been somewhat uncomfortable. Napoleon was not a man to play with. The head of our Embassy was a very tall man with long cadaverous cheeks, and when he spoke, he was quite alarming in a *ghostly* kind of way. Napoleon was short and fat, and blustered like a miniature whirlwind, but my Leader was quite unconcerned and looked as if the matter were indifferent to him. Again and again Napoleon tried to *force* his reasoning on my chief and never got a single answer until the end:—"Either you recall the army *or* you disappear from France."

It was quite refreshing to hear the little man's language after this, and then there was a burst of eloquence to no purpose and then Cæsar gave in. I never spoke, and perhaps Napoleon never saw me—he was so very angry at it all; but it was quite interesting enough to have been there and I was grateful to have been chosen as one of the escort. We drew lots and I came out second, so was chosen. It is so long ago now and all has been so changed. I cannot bear to think of all our visions and the hopes we had, and now it is all over and the lost Paradise is not yet found.

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I had nothing to do with the Emperor Alexander (Alexander I. of Russia), though of course I knew of him very well. He was not quite mad but rather queer. Madame de Krudener (the mystic and friend of Alexander) was one of our people. She was excellent at first, but afterwards grew too proud and had to be suppressed. She was a good medium and had trances, during which she spoke intuitively. Her affections grew too vivid for Alexander's taste. He was a very handsome man and from being ideally her disciple she grew to see his beauty as a possible admirer. She was quite good and quite moral but grew to think herself infallible. That is a mistake, I know. I am perfectly fallible, only I do my best to tell the exact truth. If I ever mistake, it must be put down to my fallible memory and my imperfect power of controlling it.

I adored Queen Louisa of Prussia. She was the most delightful and glorious creature possible. She was so very fascinating that she dispelled a great part of my republican opinions with one smile. I met her at that town, I forget the name, where the congress took place and Napoleon had a parterre of Kings (Erfurt), when she came to Napoleon. I don't remember when it was, but I saw her get into her coach, led by Napoleon, and she bowed and smiled at him, and I was quite near her and picked up a flower she dropped. I had the honour of making my bow to her and she spoke to me most charmingly—a pretty creature with

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such grace and queenliness. She was the only real Sovereign present, and her husband looked heavy and clumsy beside her.

I cannot describe her. No man who loves a woman, however ideally, can catalogue her charms. It is the impression that she makes that is like a flash of lightning. Even now I can only think of her with a *serrement de cœur*. If she had been in Marie Antoinette's place there would have been no Revolution. I think that a good woman works miracles, even in a corrupt society.

Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier I did not know. Heaven save us from such chatterboxes. I heard of them—that was more than enough.

But I knew Josephine a little. She was quite a picture—an untidy one, but perfectly fascinating in manner—a little vulgar at times; but Napoleon was also underbred. They were absolutely *bourgeois* in many ways. Very few of the old regime came to that court. They were more the descendants of the second rank of nobles.

My name never appeared amongst the actors in this drama. I was far too discreet and hid my identity most carefully. I was a worker and pulled the ropes to which most of the figure heads were fastened, acting by order of the secret committee. I avoided all battles. I was not a soldier. All these great names were borne by vulgar and most impossible people.

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Napoleon's court was a select barrack-room company, with a little more refinement in the wives. It was too funny. Napoleon was in reality, however, a great man. The pity was, that his education had been so much neglected, and the school of the Republican army was not one to teach refined behaviour.

About the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. You don't know how much Napoleon had to do with it—hardly anything. It was done in his name, but without his sanction. Of course he could not let the world know that such a crime had been committed and he not know of it. Fouché, the Police Minister, did it, and I must say that the orders came from our headquarters to place an impossible barrier between France and the Bourbons. It was a state crime, and no single man can take the blame. Also Enghien was warned. We knew a great movement was preparing. Josephine had promised to give her support and to win over her husband. A plan was arranged and very nearly everything settled.

The reason Enghien lived so near the frontier was to be handy when the conspiracy was successful. The papers were found in his baggage but were at once destroyed as so many people were compromised. You remember that Enghien never protested until he was taken into the fortress of Vincennes. It was because he was uncertain whether they were friends in the guise of foes, who were carrying him into France. It

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was an absolute necessity to end the plots, and when they saw that not even his royal blood saved Enghien, all the actual attempts to replace the Bourbons died away.

I assure you Napoleon knew absolutely nothing of it all until they came and told him what had happened. He would never have signed the death-warrant, for he respected Royalty far too sincerely. You see that though the master of Europe he never tried to destroy the other Bourbons, which would have been quite easy, to kill them, I mean. The Spanish Bourbons were in his power and he never raised a hand against them.

When I first saw Napoleon it was just after he had returned from the East. He did not at all resemble any of the portraits which were afterwards made of him. His hair was quite lank and his face very pale, and he spoke always as if he was in a hurry.

I then saw Josephine, but only once. She was very fascinating, a real woman. I had very little to do with any of them, but on several occasions I was sent with orders from the inner or central Committee.

Fouché was my friend, a horror, but a most useful individual to know. He was then Duc d'Otrante, but when I knew him first he was plain "*citoyen*."

Talleyrand was a *poseur* and not half as clever as Fouché, but he was a figure-head. Half the world of politicians I knew, but none really well except Fouché. I was more of a philosopher, and philosophers at that time were at a discount.

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Mme. de Stael I saw once at Geneva. I am not fond of too learned ladies. . . . I was in Germany, and once in Russia—that is why I feel German still and cannot altogether phrase my English correctly.

As long as Napoleon kept to his most frivolous but warm-hearted wife, he was backed by the entire force of our society, but once he abandoned his faithful companion and announced his intention of founding a dynasty the word was given to destroy the puppet our hidden forces had created. I will give the man the credit that he had no idea of saving himself by deserting his second wife and child, neither did he attempt to attack our organisation by brute force.

He had a wonderful power of resistance and generally miscalculated the strength and intelligence of his enemies. When he gave his son the name of King of Rome it was a direct defiance of our order, a King over Justice, and we accepted the battle.

It did not last long. His Generals and Marshals made terms for themselves by basely betraying their master and our organisation was so perfect that victory after victory succeeded over those troops that a few years before had held the whole of Europe in fear.

The victorious allies were obliged to hold their hand and allow Napoleon to retire to the honourable exile of Elba but *deprived of his wife and child*. That was the condition of his safety and comparative good treatment. Need I say that the famous lady who

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counselled the Emperor Alexander was a very able agent of our society until she also lost her head and had to be discarded. (Mme. de Krudener.)

The return from Elba took place by a misunderstanding. There was a certain portion of the confraternity who had sworn that they would never allow the Bourbons to return to France. Overruled in the council because Louis XVIII. had been accepted as the least offensive alternative, these men determined to upset the great decision and replace Napoleon.

The Emperor, who was duped into believing that the society could be as easily placated as an injured woman, was impelled by certain unforeseen necessities to accept their proposals and hence the *cents jours*. The troops rallied to Napoleon as soon as the false orders were promulgated and the replacement of Napoleon on the throne of France became ludicrously easy.

This miserable farce lasted long enough to bring fresh troubles on the unhappy nation, and the last fall of Napoleon took place as soon as the real orders of our Chiefs were made known.

Napoleon's flight was partly arranged by the Council and partly due to the treachery of his cowardly followers, and by order of the Council the care of the conquered Emperor was consigned to England, who did not do herself justice in this affair.

I did not see the end of this extraordinary man, for

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I was ill in bed all those most important months, and it was all over when I was well again. I have heard many interesting first-hand accounts of Napoleon's last months as Emperor, both before and after his last return to France, but I will not report what I did not personally witness.

I am afraid you will find this uninteresting but I will try to recall something more amusing.

[End of the notes. There is no indication of the name or rank of the writer. We only gather incidentally that he is not French. I leave it to more ingenious minds than mine to unravel his mysterious personality.]

[I add a phrase which would have had to be cut out had the paper been published as a *bona fide* experience, but which in itself is interesting.—ED.]

F... After another 100 years he (Napoleon) may come forward. Napoleon is a great genius and will be master wherever he is, but he will be improved now. War there must be until men have learnt that force is useless against spirit.

[At this juncture a friend was present.] I will tell you more if it pleases you, but I can't speak freely about our past lives in company.

CHAPTER VII.

WAR AND POLITICS.

[E... AND T... particularly wish to remind the reader that they are in no way answerable for the opinions and predictions expressed in these papers, for nothing was further from their minds than some of the things set down in this chapter—indeed it is easy to discern that T..., who is the recipient and writer, is often a most unwilling instrument.]

[*March 13th, 1904.*] F... The rulers must be careful. It is not the big, but the little that counts, and the real danger is lest the heedless should come to be master. People are never likely to fight if the leaders are careful. The War Party in Russia are too strong, and worse in Germany, for both Russia and Germany are bound together by secret treaties of which the world knows nothing. Of these things few can tell the end when once a spirit of criminal desire of domination is encouraged.

Are you tired of shams? I am perfectly aghast

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(your own expression) at the modern life—idle, useless, foolish. From savages we have evolved into apes, and cruel ones.

It is the untruthful atmosphere in which you live that wears you out. That is why you need rest and shall have it for a little, away in the fresh Northern country, away from Southern duplicity and foolish blind conceit. The southern vanity is so *excessive*—partly from vanity and partly from prejudices and instinct, but mainly from the desire to *cheat* and seem other than they are. *Work* and *hard trials* and a series of revolutions may at last scare the rest of those nations into a decent mind, but you will find that when corruption is rampant then Revolution rears its head.

Russia and Italy are good specimens, and produce Anarchists and Nihilists. I don't tell stories. It is all most uncertain. The latter have no leaders, but they all are a nation of caretakers, who keep the beauties and treasures of past civilisation. They will probably become a kind of Egypt as in the old days. Unfit to govern themselves, they will submit to the hidden rule of an overlord of a Latin Republic. That is what is best for them. When it will happen I cannot say. You see a trace of the future in certain latter-day events, but years will elapse before this.

The Italian race needs Teuton blood, and the Teuton requires lightening by the Italian fire. This union will produce wonderful results in art and literature.

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You see it is the Teuton poet who sings ever of the land of Italy; it is the Teuton archæologist who directs the ancient remains to be uncovered, and it is the Teuton blood in the present sovereign that prevents him from becoming a *Roi fainéant*. French and Italian would mean ruin. England has not the stolidness required to counterbalance the Italian laziness and bloodthirstiness. Remember, the Teuton rule was always popular, not the *Austrian*. From the Sicillian Vespers and Charles V. the Italian fought for a Teuton, not a native sovereign, *against* the French.

The Austrian is too much akin to the Slav, and the Slav and the Latin are enemies. The Slav is not sincere, he is false to all, except to his own people. Do not trust anyone of that race. The Slav is a lower race—it is not yet formed even outwardly, like the Negro. The Slav is governed also by the German, and it is the German element that served to enlighten this huge mass of Humanity.

England and Germany will not be friends, but they will be rivals in well-doing and will give the *tone*, so much wanted in the Committee of Powers. America is going to be the producer of goods and food, etc. England the *mother* and Germany the *father* will take care of the children, but England will first have to reform her household and keep down her expenses of living. Germany will have to learn to respect *woman's* talents. The German woman is mistaken as a rule,

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She likes her dinner too much. You must teach women that *dress* doesn't make women clever. A woman's hat *hides* or rather *publishes* her want of brains. (Allusion to the dress of the German "women's rights" ladies.)

I like pretty, nice, quiet women, who have humour and are earnest, without running things too hard—enthusiastic sometimes, but always reasonable. That is my ideal.

The fall of Italy into the House of Savoy was entirely our doing, and really a marvellous piece of statesmanship, and we got a rarely unselfish race of statesmen to organise it. There was no need for bloodshed, no revolution. Now Italy perplexes us extremely, for it is quite unlike its old self and the people are unworthy of freedom, so we are looking out for an I..., and to Germany. (For a close alliance and identical interests.) The steady German nature is what is needed here, even in its defects. It will be a good thing, and for the Germans it will be salvation. They require a little lightening. The first thing is to wait till a Federation is installed in Italy and an overlord as figure head.

Wait till they are in trouble, and from all signs I do not think the present *régime* is a healthy one. The Franco-Italian alliance is as idiotic as the Franco-Russian ditto. While the Triple Alliance endured it was a guarantee for peace and liberty. Now we are subject to the first demagogue who can spout to an

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excitable crowd. But rest assured, *we* shall choose that man and if the I... is ready he will almost restore the Empire of Charlemagne.

I did not like him at first but he improves—he has heart. Wait till the Republic looms on the horizon, and then the fireworks and festas will be glorious. Let the Southern states enter the great Imperial Teuton confederation as equals, and then the harness would seem a very system of honours and decorations. Powder the Ministers with medals, and fill their pockets discreetly and all will be well. The German provinces of Austria will join Germany, and Italy under this condition could with them form another state and enter the bond. Italia Irredenta would form part of it. The Italian people would be united in bonds of harmony with the German people, and this would make for peace. Austria and the Slavs would join in another bond, and the confederation of European nations would rule the world. That is my dream. May it become reality.

England rules herself and the Anglo-Saxon union of hearts and souls—*three great principles*. The German spirit would at once make practical the Latin Ideals, and the *fornstieri* would pour gold into the pockets of the patriots who look after the Museum [Italy]. A small extra poll-tax on the Hotels would make a great difference in the budget, with honest men to administer it—those born from German Mothers,

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like those in North Italy who are more than half German.

In another hundred years there will be the Commission of Powers to keep peace which I spoke of. Before that there will be another great war—when I know not, but I see the storm-clouds closing round in Eastern Europe. But if it were not for the far Eastern war which will teach Russia prudence, it would be far worse. Russia is becoming more alive to her defects. We are trying to localise the mischief, but there are other matters pending.

England may possibly keep out of the new trouble as she is so overrun with questions to solve regarding her own dominions. The danger is in a little complication. Big wars always come from tiny insignificant incidents, like the end of a match, that set fire to European politics. The real danger is in the desire for peace. The wars are caused principally by a temptation to see if the question can be pushed to the furthest point and then it generally breaks down, and the cannon speak.

Very soon in England the first elements for better things will be laid, and there a new set of souls are being grafted in. Those who died as soldiers in the Transvaal will return and will become a leaven of thoroughness which will send away many shams. If you die for a principle you have a right to choose.

E..., don't become a martyr. [This was in response

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to a thought that shot through E...’s mind of dying for a principle.] That is why the fruit of martyrdom is the triumph of a creed.

The German soldiers that died in the Franco-German war are now on their way. They have not yet been all born, but in a few years we shall see the difference. So many men have been born women during the last decade and women born men that we want a few *real* men to make matters come right. That is one of the good results of war, that it strengthens the future nation and men keep men.

This does not, it is true, tally with what happened in France after Napoleon’s war, but France is not to be reckoned as an ordinary nation, and her armies were composed of many nations who afterwards conquered her.

There is a great deal of underwork about politics that I may not speak about, and a new complication is impending, and I am not myself certain if we can avoid it or must stem the current, as in our last effort. There is a black cloud near at hand for England, and it is threatening, and I am very anxious and can give no good hopes. E... understands more than I do how near we are to trouble. The mere approach to a Japanese repulse will mean war to England. So much I can say, but *will* they be overthrown? That is why all our forces are on their side and the arms and aid of a thousand million spirits are

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fighting for Japan. The hope is that a Revolution in Russia itself will begin before the new recruits have turned the tide in favour of Russia. We are doing our best to set them to work. They *are slow*, but if they get to work it *will* be far worse than the Terror, and again some of us hesitate.

I can be of no more use to you or your friends. I will say good-night, for I have heaps to do. We are trying all we can to avoid a new Terror in Russia, and it is hard work when one has selfish fools to work with and for. [This was written in the first week of January, 1905, just before the massacre in St. Petersburg.] God bless you, and I am ever, F...

E... Will you give us some of your long-promised and so interesting past?

F... T... is again too tired for me to write much, and I am also very anxious about some new and unexpected developments that threaten European peace. We are working with all our forces, and the Divine blessing is with us, but there is so much sin and sorrow to control that we stagger under our burthen. Oh, the horrors, the iniquities of the past days [the St. Petersburg massacres]. So uncalled for, so unworthy in men who claim the Lordship of the Earth. I speak not of the unfortunate Tsar, but of a far wider danger that is perilously near and that we

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struggle to avoid. Pray for us, pray hard. I must work, for work is prayer for us. God help us all.

They unchained the human beast when they let the dogs of war loose, and now it seems impossible to get a full command of these wild animals, but it is better now, if it lasts. It is like a cauldron stewing, but I thought there was no humanity left and am pleased to hear of a *good sign* being given from an unexpected quarter.

The Tsar is good and obstinate, without quite knowing what he wishes. He is a theorist, and that is the worst kind of meddler. He is as well-meaning as the most genuine philanthropist, but without any knowledge and cheated by all about him. Poor man, he pays for his forefathers' sins, but he himself has earned this Karma—hence his great anxiety to avoid it by promoting the peace congress, etc., etc.

It will not be made public just yet, but there is a distinct current of common sense coming in through *good* honest statesmanship that has been put on one side. [Prince Mirsky became Minister a month later.] There will be trouble, but the Japanese have too great a piece of work to do by themselves. They can't finish it, I fear. *That* is the danger, and nothing but Revolution may have to complete the act of Russian enfranchisement and that would be a very horror. The Russian drunk is a wild beast.

The Japanese are extraordinary but they are too few

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and too brave. They should be prudent as well as courageous. They were more so, but it all depends on the next encounter. Watch the news carefully for the next three weeks. Your friends are all gentlemen and not fighters. They are not among the classes who would gain by a revolution *but would lose by it*. That is why they tell you a Revolution in Russia is impossible.

But there is another thing not yet spoken of which you wanted to know. The external affairs of England are not well managed just now.

Russia will become really civilised by her defeat. Japan will also be of great use to European civilisation by instilling much-needed qualities into European ideas—simplicity, courage, patriotism and realisation that more is asked from the higher classes than the power to enjoy themselves. Women will learn that they are not to be domineering and foolish men imitators. The power to efface ourselves is sadly wanting in modern European society. America has set the keynote and all the world answers with one voice: "I." "We must learn that the individual is little, but that the race is much."

I am overwhelmed with disgust and tired of horrors. We are very busy now, my work is amongst the *politicians*, and the last Far East developments are important. We are most anxious, as it is getting a little beyond our intentions. Free Will again. But

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what does it matter, before the dispersal of the fearful ignorance and cruelty of so great a portion of the human race as is the Russian Empire? But it is far too horrible, and we are trying to work on the Japanese, who are very susceptible to our influence, being vegetarians and believing in *Reincarnation*. We are trying to *frighten* them, and came there to stop it, but as yet we must let the ball fall on its own balance in Russia.

Do you not think that I, too, may be unhappy and worried sometimes? I am very anxious and I want a helping kind word, as you do sometimes too. You can help by *willing* that all good forces may triumph. If men knew what horrors are lurking behind the veil mercifully drawn, they would not sit and laugh whilst millions of living creatures are dying. *Humanity is one*, and if many suffer it means that the whole body is weakened and the riches of reason of the human race are being dissipated. Think of what it means—here are creatures who have evolved by centuries of struggle from uncouth beginnings and are beginning to learn the need of sacrifice for others. [This was written in the autumn of 1904, when some of the worst fighting was going on in the Far East.]

They are all young souls. Older souls would not accept this burden so willingly, and they are thrust out of earthlife, ignorant, suffering, full of hatred and full of anger and rage, and thus enter a state of being

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when their thoughts take *form* and become manifested horrors. Think of what that means, and then ask what we, who call ourselves helpers of Humanity and other fine names, can do to stop this, for which *we are responsible*, because each of us helped to produce the condition of life in which such horrors are permitted. I am sick of it. Horror-struck I have just come from the last battlefield and it is too ghastly.

We are followers of St. Francis and are responsible for our weaker brethren. *You must pray hard* and pray together. You must realise *your position*. *You can work by soul work*. Pray for peace. *Your will* is good and strong, use it. I am very anxious and shall remain so.

Oh the heaps of *suffering* dead. I don't mind death, but to hear the groans and cries of men dying in torture, and without help from spirit or from body! They are decomposing alive, and lie two or three days, even longer, in misery, and die in hate of all creation. I came back this moment from the field. They are all our brothers—both sides. They *can't* help each other. The dead and the wounded are too great a number. I have my soul full of horror at the sight. There was one soldier, a young good-looking boy of nineteen—so pretty, with curls, and his face untouched, but his thigh was carried away by a cannon-ball, and he lies there, and *can't* die. It will take another twenty-four hours to get him to the dream state, and all this time

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he calls for his mother and his sister, and we can't get into contact with him, and it is so sad, and he is quite conscious, and no one can help or will help. The spectacle is past all words.

All that period of space which your earth calls night was passed in incessant terrible struggle between us, who seek light, and the dark forces of ignorance, cruelty, tyranny and hate. The brute in Humanity is roused. How can we lay it low, weakened and defeated? God is everywhere, even in sorrow, but not even *He* can lay it low, on account of Free Will. Free Will always is man's prerogative. It is the note of Divine power within him, the promise of eternity of perfection.

E... Goodbye, dear F... If it suits T... we might meet every Friday.

F... Of course it suits T... She is a good girl and won't disappoint *me*, and I am most anxious now, for, as I said, fresh complications are coming near and the dark powers are striving all they can to prolong the horrible fight. The poor boy I told you of died after his third day of torture, living among the *dead*. He got quite calm and collected before he died, and at the last *he felt help near*. He thought it was some living man near him, but it was one of us, and we became quite visible as he *passed over*. Death can be very terrible and difficult to a soul. The poor boy suffered much. He was quite a child soul, and pleaded with

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us to let him return to the earth life. Now he is quite happy but rather stupefied.

This war was all foreseen and provided for, and any conflagration that dispels the miasmas of corruption and cruelty will be a boon to Humanity. I look at results, and the war is a good thing for both nations.

* * * *

Good evening at last, E... My very dream again come true. . . . Never forget that these are dear moments and never defraud me of one of them. E..., never forget how many times this communication will be wished for when another period of silence reigns between us. I mean that each hour of our being together is precious to me.

E... Tell me about the future.

F... Of course I only say what I know must happen. The cloud must not break or there will be war in Europe. It is coming more to the front, but I must not tell you more just now because the mischief makers would hinder us in our projects. [They can tap the wire.] Put your hand on T... 's shoulder. I want to feel you near me. Am I not foolish for a spirit? But it is so nice to be with you.

The Emperor Francis Joseph's life is threatened about this time next year I fear, but I cannot read the future exactly. Italian Anarchists are on the warpath. The collapse of this strike will lead to several new

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attempts on Royalty, in order to keep up the prestige of the International.

I will tell you a great deal of the new complications if you will promise not to speak of them. I have now got the entire management of the European complications. It is hard work to keep up the threads of this new development. I want to tell my E... a lot but am of course not infallible in anything, even in Herodotus.

[*May, 1905.*] Well, matters at present are briefly this. Russia is a sedative in her present conditions, because she is unable to make mischief in the Balkans as long as we can keep her occupied with the Japanese. So the war will go on if Russia can only be held to it. In the meantime the succession of Revolutions will continue to shape the Autocracy without destroying it. Little by little the subject nations, Lithuanians, Finns, Tartars and Poles, will obtain small but invaluable concessions.

Little by little Japanese troops will bring forward Chinese civilisation. When the time comes for the Tzar to become an Autocratic Sovereign on the model of a Japanese Mikado, there will be quite a current of new life in all three nations, who while killing each other are in truth moulding the national character into shape.

Chinese, Japanese, Russians—these are the three nations that will rule Asia and divide its riches. The

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Chinese are the future world-servants. They will become excellent workers and props of European households—that is their business.

Americans are not to be dreaded. They are the bees who collect, and they come to Europe to spend their money. Besides they have no children or very few, and we use them to destroy all the effete races. Look at Lord —, if he had married an Englishwoman and become a happy father, what good would have come from him? Is it not better that he married an American and had none? Do you want more of that type? This is a work in which I don't meddle but approve of very highly. Long live the American heiress who brings her money into distant hands and dies herself childless. Is it not right? For the great honour of mankind is to be father and mother to fit and healthy offspring.

In future times the Government will take care that the race is kept pure and fit, and woe to those who bring forth unhealthy progeny. It will be held a crime against the State and severely punished. Until this is done we of the other side must do our work and we intend to do it well. So the American heiress is a necessary *objet de luxe*.

To-morrow, if you will, I will tell you many new and interesting things. I was only just put at the head of affairs and am highly delighted with my promotion. It is a great responsibility, but God helping me I hope

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to do what is required and I am not going to be slack or indulgent.

I can do nothing for personal friends. I want to make things clear. Your friend is too self-reliant. He won't be influenced by this or the other side, and we need intuitive people at the head of affairs just now. However, I have not yet made up my list, and if I can see anything that will do for him I will use him yet.

You are a real beggar, E... Of course we all like to have those we love ask us things, which we are too glad to do for them. But not now—I am looking out for *genius*. But where can I find it? When the character is lacking genius is needed. Genius is the development of intuition.

E... Now about politics?

F... My dearest E..., you now see how the things I told you of are slowly beginning to show themselves. The I... is taking hold of the imagination of the nation, and when once they begin to realise he is a Sovereign, they would appreciate for themselves an economical substitute for their present ruler, seeing that by this means they could dispense with part of their war expenses and be as well, if not better governed. You see where we are drifting—the return of the Holy Roman Empire (the nation's vanity is far more asserted with this title than anything else). We are Romans.

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Dante also saw what might happen if a little common sense were to rule. Dante is not here with us, or on earth. He has risen beyond our sphere. St. Paul is still with us. He has to look after his Northern followers. Christianity is more Pauline than Christian in the North. St. Paul is, like me, helping to purify the earth, with more power, but less material contact. Dante was a poet, and in that way drawn to a mystic's life. He fulfilled his idea and when one has done that, there is no attraction left in the manifested universe. Do you understand me? St. Paul has not yet found his ideal Church, and will, I fear, wait a long time before he does. There are two categories of men—one the actor, the other the thinker. Dante was a thinker. He could never succeed as an actor.

You and I and T... are actors. We are no good as thought conceivers. We are thought-bearers—not from ourselves, but the thoughts are thrown in. You and I and T... reflect what is originated on the highest planes and so transfer them to the manifested universe. Acting thus we are mediums by which the spirit of God becomes manifested in human action—a high office—let us pray to be worthy of it. We are not the Christ, but we can be His followers. . . . You see we could never be content to remain like a Queen Bee projecting thoughts and seeing other people spoil them. We must be acting ourselves and helping others. The

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true ray of Divine Love is exposed in our cases. The poetic temperament is of no use in practical work—it originates, but it can't reflect. Both sides are needed in a perfect world. Mary and Martha are the two aspects of the soul and the prevailing colour will show to which sex the soul belongs.

[*Winter, 1905.*] The first thing that is to happen is to change all ideas from shams into realities. Even the break up of state Churches, such as we have in France, is the change from a sham to a reality. Are you able to understand what I mean? If a thing is good it must stand on its goodness and not be forced on to the ignorance of the multitude. If the Government is bad it must be altered, and Anarchy is the weapon to test the purity of each precious metal. There will be bad Government until the governed are not contented and demand good rulers.

Wars and revolutions are a means to an end—political surgery I call it, but we interfere and measure the application of the knife so that the patient is not unduly weakened. There are hard times coming for all nations, and much strife, I foresee, cannot be avoided in spite of every effort, and yet Europe has been spared war, but we have soon to put a choice before the souls of humanity—"War or pestilence"; and as the word is given one or the other will appear.

Do not think that the Asiatic complication can be settled without Europe suffering, but for my part I

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prefer the Plague to a general conflagration. The warning was given some months ago, but no one listened. We are better able to defend our brothers in Plague than in war, for Freewill often interferes with our plans, but the brother who is worth preserving always listens to our warnings and keeps safe and well.

One thing is certain—man cannot continue in the present fevered state of selfish enjoyment while more than two-thirds of the human race suffer. Now that I am more able to judge the iniquities of humanity I feel overcome at the great debt about to be claimed from the rich in this world's goods who neglect their high duties.

My dearest E..., I am not counting you amongst the Cains who slay their weaker and younger brethren, nor even T...'s folly, for she works, too, in her way. So I do not mind if she is wobbly at intervals. All who know the right and do the wrong are my enemies until they see their mistake and then they are my friends and fellow workers.

After the destruction of the Church, and state alliance, will come a series of little attempts to set the classes against the masses. I know there will be great struggles in most capitals, and much rioting and bloody repression. The first is done to set the masses against the classes, but the classes have still to wake to their danger and become aggressive in their turn.

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When men feel that they are fighting for what they hold dearer than life itself—their riches, they will fight like wild beasts and there will be no quarter in this war. Capital will enslave labour and labour will destroy capital. I do not know if I have made myself clear. The classes are about to realise their danger and a league of the possessors will be opposed to the labour union. These are briefly the three characteristics of the near future. My duty is to soften and to regulate all contesting forces. You will see a good deal of this first period, which will end in a general truce.

The Millennium will never come, for as one set of spirits become perfect, a fresh series of unevolved souls takes its place at the lowest rung of the ladder. The perfect go away, as I wish to do when we both are at a certain evolution, but I won't take my diploma until E... has got hers. If my plans go well I hope we may all three incarnate in fitting positions about 2000 A.D., which will give us some fifty years, as you count time, to evolve our psyche. There will remain some forty years of rest for the dear kind soul I love to amuse herself in, but I know her too well to think she will take it. When the stress of the body has passed away, E... will clamour for work and power to stop the evildoing on our unlucky planet, and she will come and worry me until I find her something to do and then we shall work together and that will be quite a

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delightful pleasure for poor F... who has now to work alone.

There is a new development coming that has to do with Austria and I do not think is very pleasant for the other nations. When the harvest is gathered in, fresh movements will take place in the Balkans, and once the fire is lighted, who knows where it will stop? There is to be a great revival of Islam in Asia and Africa. The defeat of the Russians will dispel European prestige, and before long the great movement will begin. France is in a bad condition with her Indo-China; and England will also be troubled, for the moral prestige of the West is shaken. The Mohammedan Revival is the worst foe to civilisation, but the over-weening influence of women in civilised countries must automatically be counter-balanced. It is not the good women I am speaking of, but the authors of all luxury and extravagance, like the American woman—like U..., who is the quintessence of vulgarity, and you cannot get a penny from her (for good works), however hard you may work. She and others like her are part of the reason that works all this destruction. U... at tea is the complement of the Russian officer gambling with his soldier's rations.

T... I don't think you show brotherly affection in your remarks.

F... Nonsense, you are a little idiot, T... U... must be smashed by E... I give her up to you entirely.

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No one can tell the harm these brainless creatures work in the world, for the trouble is, they are quite irresponsible, and are as useless as a bad smell. Their husbands are set on by their folly to create foci of hatred and to destroy all ideas in the working man. What is the good of a pretty woman who can absolutely do nothing but please herself and spend money ?

E... U... is not pretty.

F... I am not talking of U..., but of her kind, so don't interrupt me. Please do not think I mean anyone particular, but only express my utter contempt for that sort of creature—a parasite of society. In the Revolution we destroyed them by hundreds, and each head of their type that fell gave some relief to humanity. They had better manners then, now they have not even got that charm in mitigation. But why talk of these idiotic parasitical natures ?

I must tell you all I can about my new employment. More work seems pressing ever on me and I hardly know where to turn for the stress of business. I have many under-helpers, but they are more often than not stupid, and not very manageable when the critical moment comes. That is the worst with men who will not give up their free will, and most of all, deny any communication with the unseen. Sometimes it is more easy to direct the elements than the will of an infant.

E... Have you strikes ?

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F... You must realise that everything you see in the world has been originated in the spirit world. Strikes, for instance, come down and rise up again. A great instance was the first rebellion against the angelic powers, when Lucifer refused to acknowledge the divinity of man, manifested in Christ. More of this I cannot tell you, but there are many strong elements of rebellion among the spirits. The story of Lucifer is an allegory. Even as Christ is living in the hearts of man, so Lucifer also finds refuge in our wilful disobedience. The spirit, however, of rebellion exists, and I have seen him as well as our Divine Saviour. They neither have human form in the spirit world.

The enclosing arms of love and protection sweep round the troubled soul and assure it of safety, but the spirit of Anarchy is a jagged flame of unknown earth hue, and where it passes a red mist seems to point the moral that evil is destruction. Where the one passes flowers rise and music sounds, when the other advances storm-clouds lower and fierce lightning marks its road of devastation. Seldom is this terrible figure seen. It is the culminating point of a period of horror. God in His mercy shrouds the face of Lucifer with a double veil so that the destructive light cannot consume the sons of earth.

* * * *

Faithless creature, where were you last night ?

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Why did you go to Lady A...? F... is never thought of. Why talk with others when I am ready?

E... I thought you were very busy.

F... We are very busy indeed. I got through an immense amount of work, nothing E... can understand, for it is on the other side that I speak of, not this side. E... could easily understand the *result* of my work, but not the *way* we do it. We have to work with such invisible currents and turn them on to nervous centres, and these in their turn may be insensitive and need very strong suggestion before we can venture to make any alteration in their natural developments. It is like reorganising a living magnet and making it point South or West, instead of North; when that is done we have a new work on hand, to make the minds harmonise so that our precious thoughts should not be lost, but should float into all the minds in the right condition and at the right moment. And first of all we have to consider if our decision is the right one, or if there are Karmic impediments in the man charged to realise that idea. And by this time I think I have told E... all I can about the chief characteristics of our work.

I am busied in the planning, ordering schemes, and others are my hands and do the actual work under my guidance. On me is the chief responsibility, and therefore I myself think out and organise the movement most thoroughly, and everything is planned well

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in advance, so that no hitch can take place, nor I get angry. We have living members on your earth-plane, but they are not very much advanced just now. So many of our great leaders have passed over, being ready for the rest they well have earned in their labours for humanity's welfare.

E... Were they such as "Dizzy," Lord Salisbury and Bismarck?

F... Yes, but mainly unknown ones suggested by us. The public men are not our workers that live on both planes. The actual worker, I told you before, is always in the background. The figure-heads are as good as we can get, but the real focus lies in the one who suggests the new idea they work out. Disraeli could never have told who first impressed upon his mind the necessity for his Queen to become Empress of India, yet what a stride was taken when that letter "I" was added to the English Sovereign's titles.

There is the starting-point, the end is yet to tell. Behold the origin of Imperialism as opposed to the idea of the little Englander, and again see the fact that subject races are children to be cared for, not foes to be plundered. This idea is already touching other nations.

The German Imperial idea was another great reality thrown in by an unknown factor. When the war first began nothing was further from the Sovereign states of Germany than the revival of the Kaiser. Our fact has

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ended in realising itself in the present Kaiser. The Kaiser is the realisation of our will.

E... Tell me about the French neutrality question.

F... When the time comes I can tell you more, but just now there are great difficulties in the distance. Russia is far gone in evolution, while France is uncertain whether it is better to be an open ally or a concealed one. The thing France will not do will be to leave Russia alone, for the fact of Russia's defeat and surrender would be the downfall of France and the Republic.

If Russia fell and her debt dividend were not paid, there would be a crisis in France, and they fear war less than this. France will fight if necessary—that is certain, and Russia wishes to draw the French fleet into action on her account. The best friends of Japan are the Socialists and advanced thinkers in France, who do not care for the small Rentiers' feelings. So the outlook is stormy and we are all anxious to fight off the clouds if possible. The result of course will be very bad for England if she lets her word be broken by her false advisers, but then again it is very sad to have such an alternative as to keep your word with a European war following or to sit still while your friend is murdered.

Always go straight to the point—that is my advice. The war is going on quite nicely, thank you. We have had quite a large addition to our band from the Japanese

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who came over lately, and they are hard at work for the country and we are both pleased and happy to see things going well. Good-bye, dearest E..., don't call me, if you can help it, by daylight. I am very busy remember.

E... Tell us something about the general trend of the world.

F... Oh insatiable E..., what a large order! The world is very unstable just now, and we who work on the side of Right are most anxious and unhappy on many subjects. You mortals are so full of your own point of view, and never seem to realise that a great deal of what you fight and quarrel over is a "mirage" — a *shadow*, not the *bone*. For instance, did I not tell you the great thing is not whether Japan gains, but whether Russia's corruption is overthrown and a pacific revolution free these millions of souls?

E..., a great deal has been done and more will follow, and we have as yet avoided a great general Terror, but things are by no means certain yet, and perhaps it will be better that the war continue a little longer, for it is a good safety valve and occupies innocently a lot of *over-active* human explosive substance. If we had a man to deal with the whole thing would have been over much sooner, but no one either in the revolutionary camp or in the Government knows his own mind, and one *cannot influence a mindless creature*. That is why I scold T... so much, for it is a different

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thing to talk to a *thinking* being and to teach a *baby* to *write his name*. Some of our tasks are like *that*—we must vitalise a wooden doll.

There are two parties, however, with us. Some say that Russia must be freed at once like France, and others wish to progress slowly like myself. E..., I fear, would be against me in this, but all human conditions just now are nothing but compromises. That is why I preach Patience and Forbearance even with fools!

Next Friday, this day fortnight, I will answer all your questions and tell you more. This hour suits me admirably, as I am very busy by day now. You *see* I work now in Europe and so our hours are the same as yours. I don't know if I can tell you quite what I mean, but there is no *time* with us. Still, when we deal with human souls incarnate on the Earth we become once more *subject to time*. Space and Time do not exist in higher planes, because we are part of pure existence and stand at the centre of the circle, but when we come to the outer planes we endue ourselves with the qualities of these planes, not quite as fully as if we were incarnate, but much as a foreigner living in another country becomes subject to some, but not to all, the laws of the country he lives in. So when we descend for the exigencies of our work into the plane of material existence, we have to submit to certain rules, and are bound by certain laws. Do you understand this?

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Now good-night, E..., God be with us both.

Remember what I told you from the first, E..., the war was to bring forth the freedom of Russia, and if we had not fools to deal with, but men of sense, it would do a great deal more.

CHAPTER VIII.

SCRAPS.

[IN this chapter I have put together scraps of conversations which have no connection with one another, but touch on many interesting and curious points. For instance, the first had been provoked by a friend of E..., who had in vain been trying to recover a lost invention, and begged her to ask F... if he could give any help.]

E... May I ask you a worldly question?

F... If you like, I won't promise to answer.

E... Can you tell me what the real invention was which Tafi made?

F... Tafi of turning Tower? Quite right; but I cannot help you, not being a chemist. It is a very amusing thing to try, but how am I to help you? A medium is wanted for physical phenomena, and a man whose Karma will permit him to re-discover the secret. You, my dears, have quite impossible Karmas for this. I told you before that we have no power to disclose

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secrets. You have also neither of you power to receive the knowledge. A medium for physical results could produce the Tafi materialised, and then if Tafi *wished*, he could tell the secret to the seeker, but unless the seeker were able by his Karma to hold the secret, like Tafi's friend, he would be unable to work the *miracle*.

E... My belief is that Tafi meant to carry the secret with him to the grave.

F... If you were not E... I should say Bravo. That is just it. How would Tafi behave in the spirit world? Just the same, I fear, and that is why I said, "if Tafi *wills* to reveal it."

E... What of Paracelsus? He would have been the man to find out.

F... I heard of him, but never have seen him, and besides that he has reincarnated. He is in America, and is working miracles of science. Can you guess?

E... Edison!

F... Yes.

E... Why such a spiritual descent?

F... Because his Karma had to be expiated.

E... It makes me rather unhappy, your generally acquiescing in the names I guess.

F... Because I want to see your aura, and from it I see if what I heard is true. I telephone spiritually and then watch if you reflect the right word. Remember, names do not exist here, and I have much to hunt up to verify every statement, and so I must be careful.

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But you are a good reflector of my thought. Facts are useful, but you see that we cannot, if we would, tell you things with which your spirit has no answering chord, and if I tried, it would simply come out nonsense. That is why I try sometimes to tell you things and T... cannot write them down.

My thoughts are untranslatable into words on your plane. That is why I said in reply to the Theosophist that this is a most uncertain way of communication. But unless you know the astral language, how can I tell you directly what I mean? It is not a language. Like music, it is a series of accords of different harmonies harmonising. Can you understand? it is also touch and feeling—waves of desire, of hope, of symbolic sign of numbers equally poised in perfect balance.

Pythagoras knew it and tried to teach it to his pupils. St. Francis also taught a similar force, but his was the mystical union of the soul with God as the Son—not, as Pythagoras taught, through union with mankind in chaste and loving Brotherhood. The famous saying about Beans had a meaning. He told his followers not to eat Beans, but he meant the *things* that a Bean represents in the Astral language. It is simply the note of a Bean, the touch, the feeling, the peculiar quality of the Bean, that represents these things in this plane, for qualities are facts in the Astral. That is the fourth dimension—to know the qualities of

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the thing—not the thing as you feel, or touch, or hear it, but the thing itself, apart from this and the qualities that represent it to you. For you must get through small facts into the universal substance.

I can write well in this place [a ruined castle on a hill] which is free from the strife of warring souls that confuse my message thrown out on T..., and she is the better for her country life, and clearer in mind and body.

E... What do you advise about Tafi ?

F... I want E... to believe that even if I could call up Tafi, there would be no practical result, as we could not understand each other. You are on different notes and T... would not be a good connecting link. — might try with a good medium. Write to him—his Karma is favourable, and he is clever in many things. *Au revoir*, E...

* * * *

F... There never was a King Arthur of the kind you speak of. There was a British chieftain, or rather a Celtic ruler who lived a long time ago when the continent of England existed, but the table he sat at was very different from your ideal Prince's. The story of Arthur is part of an ancient fable and contains a kind of religious teaching, part of which belongs to the confraternity of Druids, and this was used as a kind of catechism. There is a great deal hidden in the story

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which was repeated in songs and spoilt by the popular ballad composers.

King Arthur is the higher soul ; the table is the sign of the company of the initiated. Guinevere is the Human soul who sins against her Lord, the higher Ideal, with Lancelot. I cannot find the exact word. It is the search for Earth ambitions instead of Arthur, the Heaven-born Ideal, the God-man, or man-God, the Christ. The story, if told rightly, would explain many mysteries on this plane and the next. It is a kind of *Gospel*. Arthur is Christ. Lancelot is the man who seeks to achieve Christhood and fails because he loved the earth-born desire. It is all an allegory. The real Arthur was a savage Prince, but there is a *truth hidden*.

* * * *

[This was a sitting arranged for a very clever and intellectual lady who is deeply interested in all transcendental thought.]

E... Dear F..., I know you do not like coming when there is somebody, but this lady is deeply interested in spiritualism and has been told that she was to spread the doctrine as much as possible.

F... Why talk ? You know I always do what you wish.

[Miss W... asked some questions as to the part spiritualism was going to take in the world.]

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F... The best course is to let people know you feel it to be the first and most essential thing to study—that there is nothing so necessary to man's well-being as a clear comprehension that life does not end with the destruction of the soul vehicle which we call the body.

E... May I read some of your writings to Miss W... ?

F... Not what I told you to keep hidden. But doesn't the lady wish to talk a little ?

Miss W... Will a time come when it will be as natural to communicate with spirits as it is with living people ?

F... A telephone between living and dead ? But we are not yet civilised enough to understand that death does not change the soul in the least. It remains the same as it was in life, and if this is not realised there will be many shocks.

Miss W... Can every spirit communicate with us ?

F... Not unless they are intuitive, as you are intuitive on your side. The barrier is exactly the same for you and us. It is exactly as we are now speaking by power of contact with finer elements that serve to convey the thought currents.

Miss W... Can you tell me of some particular thing in my life, as you allow me to ask any questions ?

F... You may ask, and I answer as I please. In this case I have not been directed to utilise your soul force and so am ignorant of your special note working.

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Miss W... What is your place ?

F... Working on the plane of life energies. [Aside.]
I am very busy, dear E... Must I be interviewed
much longer ? But don't read this to Miss W...

* * * *

[*Evening.*] F... At last I hope you have been
enough with the dogs.

[E... had been petting her dogs.]

E... May I not play sometimes with the dogs ?

F... Of course, but why then ever be serious ?

E... People like me because I am merry. The
dogs make me merry.

Oh E..., E..., you are a tormentor. Remember to-
morrow with U... [E... was going to tea with this
lady and had remarked that she was going to put on
her best dress and squash her.]

F... Inimitable friend ! Moral strength and a new
dress are inseparable with ladies.

E... Men care just as much for their clothes.

F... Not for new clothes. But do you think men
vain too ? And is F... vain ?

E... You must know that best yourself.

F... No one is forced to incriminate himself, so I
won't answer. I am perhaps a little vain. I like to
see nice people, especially E... No more Americans,
please. Lord Z... was bad enough, but Americans are
too terrible. They would call me "a perfectly lovely
man."

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[E... and T... wish to explain that they have American friends they honour, love, and admire, and that these remarks of F..., who has not been incarnated since the middle of the nineteenth century are directed against a certain set of very showy and noisy Americans who deny their own country and wish to be thought quite English.]

Ugh! I would rather be buried and hidden for ever with the daisies and field flowers in a quiet country churchyard than live and consort with vulgar folk. It is a prejudice and not my fault entirely. They destroy all my good resolutions after the first ten minutes. They are vulgar here, too, but I avoid them. It is the quality of the soul stuff that matters here, and a vulgar man is not changed by having no body. He is rather made worse, as it is more difficult to avoid him than in life.

E... Did you hear what I said to S... ?

F... Yes and no. I knew you were there, but I did not listen. That would be bad manners in our rank of life. Would you eavesdrop? I fear me a little, if it were someone you loved very much and wanted to know what they thought on a certain subject.

E... No, I don't think I should listen to things I was not meant to hear.

F... No, but you would go to the window, and look out, if it did not seem too near.

E... What too near ?

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F... I mean the conversation. E... must enjoy a joke and let F... too laugh a little. I am very glad, for there is a good piece of work ready and will soon be put in hand.

E... What is it ?

F... You will soon see what I mean from the papers.

[E... fished for an answer.]

F... E... is quite herself, but F... knows when to be silent.

E... I don't believe you are certain of it.

F... Yes, I am sure of it. Try another way.

E... Won't you tell me ?

F... No, dear, because I love to tease you. O eager mind, I am always sensible of your presence.

I have no more need to develop—only to correct my faults, which are many. I have several interesting facts to tell you, and E... wants to hear the new arrangements the Government has made. When you concentrate I can speak more easily, not more freely. My news is interesting for English people, because it means a new development of the Hinterland. The current is not acting well. When we write with other people it disturbs the current and that is why I object. Wait. I can't answer directly, for I am putting things in order. There is a new development and one that will awake much interest.

Now good night and let us begin earlier to-

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morrow and don't let me be interviewed, it is most annoying. Oh E..., I never liked tea parties in my incarnation and the sight of your dear friends reminded me of a bridal meeting. [One of the ladies had appeared in bridal white, with snowy roses on her hat and a long white veil.] She gave me painful thoughts. I began to fear a proposal would follow, and I don't remember if this is leap year. Cruel E..., to put my devotion to such tests. Now farewell and think of me when you see U... [a most pushing person]. I am glad that you cannot ask me to make a third besides yourselves. Now E..., mind you are patient and see T... is tidy. With a slap for both I retire.



THE LOSS OF A DOG.

E... I want to ask you about my little Pete. You remember what a terrible grief it was to me when he disappeared.

F... I know it well. He has evolved higher, but you would not think so if you saw it, for a human just evolved into humanity is not pretty to look at.

E... He loved me so much.

F... Not a strange peculiarity. Others also love you a little. It was a mission you had undertaken, to suffer then ; and it fulfilled my wish and gave you the

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crowning part of love—self-sacrifice accepted. I longed for you to have it, as I knew it was needed, and yet I feared the trial might prove too hard as you had to disguise your sorrow and become so unselfish altogether, and you were to bear it alone, but it spared you a worse trial that was over your life and might have been still more terrible.

The Y...s terrible Karma [a most unfortunate incarnation of E... 's] was still to expiate. In spite of the sufferings and labours of the missionary something remained and you took the cross of your own free will, and it ended well. [This was true. E... used at that time to pray that she should have some great grief which would not touch any of her loved ones. She felt she wanted to expiate.]

I prayed that you might have this sorrow and none else, for it was one that if well met would fully purify you, was first absolutely selfless, and none other than yourself suffered. For death is the lot of all. It is the uncertainty that was killing.

Oh, the sadness of impotent sorrow. If one can do something and help, but the time of ignorance is hard to bear. Now, my dearest friend, do not think more of this dreadful time, but realise that you gained what you sought—power to help, power to think, power to suffer for other's fate. How I wish I could take away your memory of that grief. He is a big savage chief in the Congo now.

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E... How can that be as I only lost him seventeen years ago?

F... My dear, men are men at 15 there, and before 30 he will be dead.

E... How do you know that?

F... We know that by Karmic law. There is, of course, a possibility of mistake, but in the main we are right, when we learn the system by which that soul is governed.

* * * *

F... E... must not overtire herself, for my very dear friend is not so strong as she was. Her nature is too self-sacrificing to think of taking care of herself beyond a certain fixed rule of life. T... must try and help her next week when the work will be heavy. E... is dead tired and exhausted by being eaten up by her friends.

E... What tires me is not having any time to rest before dinner.

F... Why not put dinner off and have a kind of supper on these occasions at nine? It won't hurt M... to cook it a little later. People exhaust you and you get lower in spirits. Why mind T... She is quite innocuous.

You must not trouble, for it is more imagination than reality. [E... had made some remark on money matters.] But you have the fear for others, not for yourself.

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E... I want to know how O... is. [A friend who had died.]

F... I can tell you a little, but not much. He is not yet allowed to work, for he is yet in a state of half repose and can only realise that he is alive. It is useless to worry him with messages. It is the active soul which is overworked and must refresh itself in the Father's peace. You are of a different nature, E..., you cannot bear to rest if you hear a cry of pain—you must go and help the sufferer, however tired. E... is now like an empty cup and there are a thousand little follies that run through her head, and she must rest well, and get over too much friendship.

E... I think I must shut myself up.

F... Nonsense, you will never do it, for one will have a doubt, and another a trouble, and only you can set them right, and the door is at once opened. But understand that you are loved and are helped, and that no one will let you suffer, and that your friends' prayers are like a mantle of glory around your soul, and it is wrong to think of such things even if the weather is despiriting. [It had been pouring.]

People talk rubbish till you do not know what is the matter—only feel dead tired and want to be alone. Go to bed and know you have no truer and more loving follower, guardian and friend than F...

T..., I want to speak to you. Be full of love and more self-sacrificing to others. The time is passed for

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living for yourself alone, and now you must give up still more your will to the Almighty desire that will help you. *Au revoir.*

* * * *

F... E..., are you very tired? Yes, you are tired in soul. You want one of your family near you to be within touch and sight [E... had been longing for this]. I read your soul desire—not to be so far and alone when you want to be with those you love and have them nearer you. Why do you doubt me? For I really feel your heart pulse and understand what you think.

E..., this is a penance, so bear it bravely. Not of my choosing is this fate: I tried to help you. Did I not promise it? I had good hopes of releasing you from this uncongenial struggle, but the law was against me, and I have had not to slacken my efforts, but to pause in my plans a little. But don't you know that out here there is no one to speak who knows your heart, and is not that a very little humble caress of the soul that I want to give you? For I know all that is written in your mind just now and the feeling of despondency—shall I say dullness of effort—that eats up your energy and makes you long still more to be away from I..., with its false beauty that turns to ashes, and all the wearisome people, and be back again amongst your loved ones. Is it not so, and does not F... sympathise with all his heart?

VARIA

To run a weary road of useless effort; to work amongst people who do not even realise the truth of your labour and the real sympathy to the distressed that spurs you; to be misconstrued; to be deserted; to feel that it is all words, words, and that far away you have the precious love you so hunger for and yet are unable to bring nearer—is this not your soul cry when the clouds thicken and the grey mist rises? Never mind, for I know it all, and now T... will forget all I wish her to.

[F... often orders T... to forget things he has said through her to E...]

* * * *

F... I know something about Mr. Myers, but did not know him. He does not interest me, but ask your question.

E... How was it that the test came wrong?

F... His test, like other things, was incomplete. Why bring foolish women into it? The great fault was the inane stupidity of his colleagues. Mrs. Piper was far more practical when he lived, but when Myers died he was not one bit more intuitive than before, and he had no Mrs. Piper, so how could he communicate? It takes two to do that. Have you understood?

It is not only on your side that fools abide. Myers gave a good time [T... means that Mr. Myers gave a long time, ten years before the test paper was to be opened], because being a scientific man he surmised

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that it might be necessary to learn a little of the law of your new conditions. Within ten years he might have found a medium, but he did not calculate on the folly of his colleagues—that they would take the word of this excitable and imaginative female. [The test paper was opened two years after his death.]

* * * *

I *miss* you. It is hard we are separated and if T... were less wobbly we might do more together. She does nothing but worry. You are a little fool, T..., you are really not grown up.

E... Shall we marry her?

F... No, I think not, for where should I come in? Let out on the ten years' system, with a ground rent of writing when required?

T... You are too ridiculous!

F... Why not be more witty and contented? You will only spoil your sight if you cry, and then where should I be? You, T..., are an amiable good woman, but have so little backbone that it makes me very exasperated at times, because you are very weak and need so much nursing to produce anything useful.

E... has nothing to do with this fight. It is because I think there may be some chance for you if I tease long enough, but I go on bullying and I want you to become more equal and then you will be an excellent vehicle for our thoughts to unite in. Yes, I do think of you, because I know you must join us later on, and

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that makes my trouble. What shall we do, E..., with an astral T... as untidy and incoherent as on the earth-plane? Terror! As we are to meet later on I prefer to educate her now. Later on I cannot tell how far her habits may have degenerated.

T... Why take all this trouble?

F... Because I do not want you to sit down and expire and leave us stranded.

Think of E... and put the job off. Oh T...! T...! do get a little more head on you. Marriage, my dearest E..., would complete her, and put a wretched creature into misery his Karma would hardly condemn him to. You cannot consider this seriously, but if you do, be careful not to take an artist, because the earth could not continue with two such untidy people.

E... A sailor? They are so tidy.

F... He would be so far away. I prefer her as she is. Her friends are on the look out (her guardians, the wise men of the Kabbala). I will not hinder but I am neutral. Her friends are nice people. They want her to marry. She is not to be consulted. If it is right she shall have it. It shall not be N... The only reason that T... should marry, is, if she can remain useful to our work. If so, it will be arranged for her. The only thing that is certain is, that she will easily be bent to our ideas, having so few of her own.

[T... protests.]

F... You are quite wrong. I am most interested

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in your welfare, if only for E... 's sake and my writing. You have many defects and try to change them, but when you go away you run down, and I don't like some of your earth friends. Be effective and don't do anything more foolish, and believe me that I thank you from my heart and am your sincere if always truthful friend.

[T..., with her usual good nature, consented to allow this passage of arms to remain, as it is so very amusing and interesting to hear F... talk exactly as a man would do on the earth-plane and taking pleasure in teasing a friend whom he really likes.]

* * * *

F... Again I come to you. [They had not written for some days.] The silence that might be speech is too hard to bear, I long to talk with you. What can I say? Nothing makes me so happy as to answer your questions. Ask if you have anything.

E... What about T... ?

F... I have my plans—not N...—someone more possible for our business. Of course it is the only real interest I take in T... ; and E... knows her utility. I know she has several serviceable qualities, but to me they are quite indifferent. I only know that she was most useful to the Kabbalists and is now the medium for our conversation, and what is worst of all she must belong to us in future as she did in the past. The tie gets closer now with each incarnation. That is why I

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want her to be a reasonable being and not half cooked. She would drive me wild if I were in the flesh. If she would only get a little more exact and punctual and tidy and not be so foolish.

But after all there is my work waiting, so I must use her now if possible. But N... would be waste. There would be a happy home for the spirits that are feeble-minded, as like attracts like, and her household is unimaginable. No, if I think fit for T... to marry I must find her a husband who will make her more or less possible—not a fool. I have one or two on hand who need trials for their own good and they will learn patience by T... if they are able to learn it at all.

[T... protests.]

F... I don't mind, my dear T..., what you say, as long as the end is what I want. And please take heed that it is all for your own good. Now put up your naughty temper and don't be foolish. It's no use.

E... I think T... bears the scoldings very well.

F... She has not the nerve to be cross. I am trying, but can't succeed. But to do well one must have backbone and that is why I want to drill T... She won't do evil, but she won't interfere with mistakes. [F... constantly alludes to wrongdoing as mistakes.] She has no initiative and will never speak out what she wants till it gets too boring for words. E... must agree with me in this. That makes me angry. Never does she ask me anything sensible, but

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always milk with much water and quite useless as health food. That is her conversation.

[T... said something gently remonstrative.]

F... My T..., do let me alone. It is for your good.

E... Now you have scolded enough.

F... E...’s friend is always at her feet.

* * * *

F... Leave me a little hope to speak with you again.

E... What would happen if I went into a trance?

F... Very little would happen if you went into a trance. It would make no difference, and even now I could make you feel me, dearest friend, for your soul is very near me at present.

E... What is the difference between trance and sleep?

F... Trance is an almost complete release of the soul; sleep is a partial freedom; and in trance it is not the body that is tired, but the soul that is free. If you sleep in this state, T... could ask your soul questions and probably you would answer her, for your auras intermingle—I mean now, in this communion of souls that we are enjoying.

This is our diagram as we stand. [Here was a drawing.]

* * * *

[*July 2nd.*] An Oriental woman can always catch a man if she is once his mistress. There are many

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secrets that as yet stay in the East, and the European who is connected in a doubtful way, will, if the woman realises the needs of marriage, be as wax in her hand. Let her once be his, and he is her thing—the contrary to the North, where possession often means satiety. This is the undeniable prerogative of Eastern women. I know it—they are like a sweet heady wine, and there is no throwing off the drug. To be the lover of a real Slav or Oriental is to be the slave of woman.

* * * *

E... You think that sometimes I laugh too much at people's absurdities.

F... Your remarks sometimes make me laugh—they are so natural, and only the expression of your soul when you are greatly bored by tiring people.

E... It is not wrong?

F... No, it is too amusing. I can hear you very well here [a small house in the hills]. It is rather amusing to see T... on her very best behaviour. I am quite astonished. Wait for my candidate [F... means suitor], T..., if really you develop a mind after all and a backbone too.

E... Now we must go to luncheon.

F... Good appetite! E... is quite too practical. It is one of her good points that she never lets herself wander too far from the ordinary run of life. It is so foolish to despise that without which we could not exist in a material plane of being.

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[They began to write again towards evening.]

E... It is getting too dark to see.

F... Yes, one's eyes are most precious. A little forethought makes them last longer.

E... You who are a disciple of St. Francis ought to love dogs. [F... had repeatedly turned the dogs out of the room.]

F... I do like dogs, but not on your or T... 's knee when a friend is talking to you.

* * * *

E... I want to speak to you about Marie. I believe she is possessed.

F... Yes, it is very unpleasant for you, for you think of it so much and it tires you and you feel it. T... must write to H... and see if he can do good. Also if you could make her say one prayer, the Lord's prayer, once a month on a certain day.

E... Would it be any good my making the sign of the cross over her?

F... No, not before the amulet has taken effect. [T... had said she would ask for an amulet against possession.] She is possessed by an old lover and she is bewitched and has not been able to throw off the evil influence. It is an old story. Doctors would call it hysteria, but it is not. It is a case of half possession and I do not advise E... to do much until a strong masculine fluid has prepared the way.

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E... I must wait then ?

F... Yes, after two months you will see the difference.

E... How can I persuade her to wear the amulet, for she has not any religion ?

F... Ask her to take it as a remedy against witchcraft, the first day she speaks to you of any foolish theories, and put it in a little bag on a little steel or silver chain. [She often complained that the other servants bewitched her.] It will also be good if you wear it for a few days and lay it before the altar of your chapel when you pray. Also pray over it night and morning, asking for Divine guidance and help—say for five or seven or nine days—better seven, I think, as that is a good number and means victory over evil. But you must pray hard with great faith and love, even to the evil one who torments her, for evil is only conquered by love. After you have done this, place it yourself round her neck and tell her not to take it off for seven days more. I think that will have most effect, but it needs a good man to make the required exorcism. Woman's fluid is too weak and would attract, not expel.

You could ask M.... He would also be quite able to exorcise the fiend, but he would perhaps want to experiment. Either of the two can do it quite easily, for it is an old affair and so is nearing the end of its force of adhesion. It is a soul malady like neuralgia.

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She was an ordinary woman, neither good nor bad. She was brought to you in order to be cured.

You know she is under possession, and this kind goeth not forth save by prayer and fasting, but when you are at La Verna, have a Mass said at her intention. Perhaps that will help. It is always good, and will act upon her even if there is no personal contact, but we want a Saint to exorcise her spirit and I don't see him. E... is not strong enough. She has too much earth in her still and needs purifying. In one point E... fails—in patience. I try to impress it on your mind.

* * * *

There are worlds and worlds, but far happier than we are, for they have not fallen yet.

E... Is it necessary to fall ?

F... All ascent means a descent first.

E... Are there any lower than we ?

F... Only one lower than we. Not a man's world—an invisible one to us.

E... Are all the worlds inhabited ?

F... Yes, every one. There is no sorrow on some of them, nor sin or death. They have passed the trial and conquered. We leave off being incarnated when the attraction ceases and we are free, but until then we cannot rise. Even for E... there is a long period of waiting here. You are only two-thirds baked now.

The other worlds are beauty, perfect in love; ours is

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beauty imperfect through sorrow. Oh E..., if you could see the distorted medium we all live in—nothing complete, all marred by misery, everything against him who would rise. Oh E..., sound your royal note of love and sympathy, and I will answer with the chord of duty, and T... will cry for the power to love. If it be sorrow or death, still Love will be the Lord of all and the reigning sovereign of our earth. If you could know for one minute what the divine love really means, if you could measure the pulsations of the divine heart, how you would tremble for the responsibility now granted you. Oh E... to be a flame of love without the restraint of body, nothing but a soul, and that glorified because it loves.

Now Good-night, for I am growing sentimental. May God bless and keep E... from all harm, spiritual and temporal.

* * * *

[Lady S... had taken up E...’s first morning, which she had promised to devote to F...]

F... Very sorry to miss my morning’s chat. You might have arranged another hour for her visit. Lady S... could have seen you to-morrow; I could not. I have not deserved this. Very much hurt. Why did you not remember yesterday was mine, and what good did your talk do practically? There is no need for me to forgive, for I feel no anger, but I am bitterly hurt. I told you between us there is no forgiveness but the

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hours *are lost*. I cannot but feel how *little* you understand what this means to both of us, for it is not for myself I speak. I am glad you are sorry. You will not be able to do it again just yet. E..., let us forget it all, except our mutual affection. What is it you wish to know?

[E... asks a complicated question.]

F... Great beauty or great health is a reward for past sufferings chosen by the soul, but can't be asked for, unless choice is offered. Madame de Castiglione was so beautiful, for she had a claim on Karma or fate, because she had been fearfully treated and therefore had her reward. But to ill-treat a soul is not to make it better, and like *Guise*, who died in anger, the revengeful feelings last through other incarnations, which explains Mme. de Castiglione's heartless nature.

Don't fear—we have all sinned and all repent in time. If you do not ill-treat soul or body of any living creature, you will not be punished by suffering in your next incarnation. Such people are good because they are changed. They accept the suffering as a punishment and you rarely hear people complain of what in their soul they know they deserve and *chose* as their expiation. It is better to become a Saint in a weak body than to atone in a weak mind or other congenital defect.

None as yet are perfect, but many are near perfection not yet attained. Christ said it *Himself* "Call no

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man good, but only God." He was the *Son of Man*, and that is a phrase which relates to a certain level of soul. Then he became the *Son of God* and appeared as St. Francis, *Lover of*, and *Brother of* all creation. But He has yet to come as the *ruler* and wise leader of men, for which *He* is now preparing. Then will come *peace*.

* * * *

E... Was the Archduke Rudolph's death not suicide?

F... I may not tell. There is another legend, You may enquire but I do not answer. It is because these are living people [which are concerned] and you must not ask me these things to hurt them. It is a mistake altogether to ask of events that are so near to us, and it is not right to betray secrets. It would compromise living people. That is why I am silent. As for Johann Orth—he is alive, that is no secret and hurts no one to tell yes or no. But where he lives is another matter. He is very much alive, but is slightly mad—not more than eccentric, but enough to put him out of the ordinary class of men.

* * * *

F... I hold with many that the Jews are a nuisance. They are so vulgar. After all my struggle I cannot love vulgarity like a brother. I prefer men of honour. Jews are so slippery. They are as unpleasant to deal with here as they are with you. They have great

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virtues, for which one must respect them, but cannot love them.

E... Why did God choose them ?

F... Because they are a sacred race. The Jew has one great virtue—his obstinacy. I mean that he has kept his religion in spite of all persecution, and he has several other great qualities, but we are free to avoid them. The Jew is so hard, and he belongs to a race that has suffered much, and he is a sad reproof to us all. See men doubt now the truth of the Invisible. The Jew stands a silent witness and yet he is most unsympathetic and cannot be converted into a good citizen of any other land except Judæa. Most Jews are always Jews in every age. That is why we cannot break the line of consecrated priests and witnesses however we may wish it, and it would be difficult to put the Gentile souls into wealthy bodies if there is no Jew blood in them. You will find some Jewish descent in most millionaires. Seek it out.

* * * *

Remember the true reason of civilisation is not to multiply factories till the skies are as grey as the hearts of those who live beneath them, but to render life more noble, more extended, broader, more unselfish. Civilisation means consideration, peace, love and charity, unselfishness, not the mere heaping up of wealth and of the means of expending it. Is not that your ideal ?

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Railways, motors, physical luxury, are all doomed to destruction, because they pertain to the body and the body is not yet freed from the laws of generation. A time will come when we all shall be incapable of selfishness, and *with no effort*, only because it is our nature to be good. Do not hold me to be infallible. Only, as I told you before, I can see a very little further, because I am a trifle advanced, because I am not swayed by the passions and desires of the flesh. I have begun to collect my harvest and bring the sheaves of golden corn into the King's treasure-house. Again I am transcendental—please forgive me.

I think you will understand clearly what I mean. T... is trying hard to catch my thought, but she is as usual *sleepy*. Sleep is the indrawing of the soul into itself. Now goodnight E...—in spite of other claims that I acknowledge, mine by right of similarity in thought and action—and the closer one's thoughts adapt to each other, the closer sounds the chord of unity. Don't be frightened at the spite of your enemies. *They really can't hurt* you in spite of their best endeavours. But I understand your *fear*—ill-founded as it may be—for those you love. [This was written after a bad carriage accident E... had had with two persons very dear to her.]

Only *faith* is a power, and when danger comes don't sink like Peter. Rather rise like the Christ upborn from the tomb by His *own inborn* power of love. Great

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love putteth away all hate. As I said before, I am getting quite sentimental.

* * * *

E... Will you tell me what the wonderful lights are which are seen in the sky in Wales and other places where the Revivals are at their height? We are deeply interested in these Revivals, hoping they may do a great deal for England.

F... How can I explain Psychic phenomena on your side of the veil? Lights with us are Beings, reasoning and illuminating and illuminated Entities—such as Humanity is, only more so. The Lights are tokens of great spiritual forces at work in these Revivals, and the rush of men's souls to seize the safety cord of recovered hope against materialistic annihilistic theories is, as we expected, very great.

Revivals are of a mixed kind. They are a counter blow to materialism, for they rest on two foundations. First they are connected, as the physiologists and doctors say truly, with that series of symptoms characterised by the term hysteria. Secondly, they are the manifestation of the power of the *soul* as opposed to reason, intellect and common sense. It is the declaration of the *soul* that *it* exists and that *it* suffers from its terrible position. Imagine that the *soul* in most "*animal men*" realises the terrible state of a man joined by natural bonds to another man—one body, a dead loathsome creature; the other body, a living

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suffering man—and both united by a slender link of flesh. Fancy the horror of the *soul* when it awakes to realise the terror of this living death. The Revival acts like the surgeon's knife and severs the horrible link between the living and the dead. The surgeon's tool is here the Revival. Therefore we prize it and consider it a strong weapon in the regeneration of Humanity.

* * * *

[E... asked about a dear lost relative.]

F... Much is hidden, but I know that he is well. He must rest. He is not quite happy, for he has something on his mind, but the shadow will pass and then great will be his joy. When you join us your first thought will be for him.

E... Is the thing that worries him what was in the papers that were lost after his death in the war ?

F... Yes. He needs you. Pray for him as you always do. He wants your sympathy in this matter. I cannot explain more. Do not ask me. Perhaps some day you may understand here—if not, in the next world the veil will be lifted. Then all will be joy and peace. I have seen him often but he cannot communicate with you—even by my help. He must rest. It is like a dreamer who moans in his sleep. You would like to quiet his fear, but you may not disturb his sleep. It is too deep a rest.

No souls could exist without rest. They often rest,

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for nobody can live without sleep until divinity is reached, when there is no further progress needed. Souls only rest when tired and sometimes the excitement of a soul will not admit of peace, and a new incarnation is sought.

E... I have often wondered how Kings and Queens, accustomed to so much deference, felt when they arrived in a place where there were no differences in rank.

F... Nothing is here with us which is unfit. True Royalty is of the spirit and receives true homage. If it is not so, there is a lesson of humility to learn, which is perhaps the harder for being put off so long.

Never fear about the state here. Your world is ours reversed and consequently your world is ours in disorder. Ours is far more strict in hierarchy and respectful treatment. We do not dare to interpose between the higher spirits, and there are no American marriages to confound ranks. Everything is exactly as in your world, only as there are no outside shams, a man counts and not his dress.

You don't understand me. I will try and teach you a little elementary knowledge. I said before that there are grades and different ranks and this is how they are defined, as well as I can explain matters for which you have no words to explain.

The seven different categories of castes are connected with the seven primary colours, the seven notes, the seven planets. There are really ten, but these other

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three are the overmen of Nietzsche and do not interest us. The second St. Germain was on this 8-9 category. The tenth is the *Divine Man*. The eighth and ninth are two grades—Master and Teacher, the one who has received, the one that can impart. The different categories are graded each into ten or seven divisions, but the eighth, ninth and tenth of the first are the resolving notes of the first, second and third of the second, and so up to the seventh. Do you understand me? That is why you are a child of the sun.

Do you see how impossible it is for any spirit to pretend to a false position here? The sign he shows is his rank, badge, and his power of reception.

* * * *

E... What is the real nature of genius?

F... Genius is a very strong thing. It is the sound of the highest note possible in a man, and that cannot last for long, because the other and lower notes drown it. Genius is the tearing asunder of the veils that cloud one, or the unveiling of a man's true personality. If it lasted the overman of Nietzsche would be a fact. You cannot case genius in a human body—it will cloud over at once, when the force that held it exposed is expended. This force is the human will of a past incarnation. Like a great sword or sphere it uplifts the material veil and shows the divinity within—an imperfect divinity because as yet incomplete; and when the act is over the curtain falls.

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E... Had Bismarck genius?

F... Will he had, but I am not sure genius, for the ideas he had were too earthdrawn, they were not inspired. Cæsar had genius, and also Frederic the Great, and Guise. Guise was full of genius. It will come back again when needed. Now it would not be of service to him.

Put your hand on T... Don't leave me. Oh E..., both the dogs! [E... got up to put the dogs out of the room.]

One word more of genius. For instance, Napoleon—so long as he obeyed orders and held to one fixed point his genius lasted, but the moment he fell back into the ordinary class of self-seekers he became an ordinary man and his genius was veiled. It is the same with many other people. Remember it is not moral character that has to do with genius. It is if the owner of the genius remains true to his fundamental law of action, *e.g.*, a painter if he paints to please himself and not to sell pot-boilers. A man of genius is in fact a man who has grasped the garment of his soul's idea and makes her stay with him a little. If he opens his hand, the idea flies away and never more is he permitted to set eyes upon her in this incarnation.

* * * *

[E... in idle curiosity asked a question about a mystery attached to a house in Transylvania.]

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F... You are allowed a little latitude and I would do anything possible to please you. I cannot help your asking questions, but I may warn you that if you try to force me to answer, it will be like tampering with the machinery of a clock, and once hurt it will be difficult to readjust it again.

I cannot tell you exactly what it is but the mystery is connected with a wonderful psychic force ill regulated. *The letters* are the *key*. It has not gone on for many centuries. It is a *force* which is destructive, a kind of moral vortex. The force would be useful if they knew how to enclose it. It is a *power* obtained and not released. It was created by the Wizard's will. The force has gained life from the family, who feed it unconsciously by their very fear of it. They keep it alive and it exists, and it is a horrid thing. It exists and manifests itself.

[E... said that she felt rather ashamed at having asked.

F... Yes, it is rather bad form.

E... I won't do it again.

F... It was a dishonourable way of finding out what the family wished concealed. You see it is not right to read other people's letters or other people's minds or other people's business matters, unless they ask you or give permission. Now would — give me permission to explain his family secret to you? To be a child of the sun is not to think if one has the power, but to think if it is right to use it.

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E... Might one not help them by telling them how to enclose the force? One might send them a letter without their knowing from whom it came.

F... No, don't send the letter to tell the man how to act. Men, I am sorry to say, have more *defined* ideas of honour than women.

E... I always thought that I was pretty correct on that point.

F... Yes, but a little sifting will not harm you.

* * * *

F... For all that is sacred do not attempt *black magic* of the worst kind.

[This was in response to a question whether a person who causes great suffering to many might be done to death by thought, as Anna Kingsford destroyed a vivisector.]

Work by spreading good ideas and trying to get him where he can do less harm. *Will*—that is quite right; and will the people who are responsible and the man who is his superior. Get up a circle of wills on a certain evening or quiet hour when the man will be asleep or resting, and then *will* altogether *hard*.

Remember *we* must not do harm that good may come. Your Jesuit training has left its traces or you would never have *thought* of such a *deed*. It would be a crime, and the crime would be paid for, and those you want to save would suffer two or three lives ahead. You would be given the bill to settle in a terrible

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manner. You would have created an elemental, and he would have taken life and then he would come to you, his mother, and ask you to feed him with fresh lives, and if you did it (which you would not do), you would have more elementals and more evil spirits, and if you did not do it you would become mad and possessed by him, and have to remain so until you had re-absorbed him, and that would take time and you would be a homicidal maniac until he was re-absorbed. That is the reason of homicidal madness.

* * * *

[E... had lost something and asked whether St. Anthony could find it.

St. Anthony, in Roman Catholic countries, is the Saint always applied to when anything is lost. So many pounds of white bread are promised him for his poor, and, wonderful to relate, he almost always finds the lost object. To many, some of the things alluded to in these papers may appear purely superstitious, but in the light of the most modern semi-material science, in the metaphysics of science we can detect the roots of these beliefs based upon some hitherto unknown or rather forgotten law of Nature.]

F... St. Anthony is a force that you can bend to your will. It is not a person like myself. St. Anthony may find the poison for a murderer if lost. He is an irresponsible force, most useful if well directed. If one could only train St. Anthony it would be very easy

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to manage things here, but unfortunately we are forbidden to do this.

To recover what is lost with any degree of certainty it is necessary to enlist the services of a nature spirit. It is dangerous, but they are useful. If you have a master like H... you could easily discover where is the lost fragment.

The nature spirits are of four conditions—Water, Air, Fire, Earth. Your elemental is one of many who wishes to amuse himself.

Your pearl is not lost for ever, but I doubt your getting it without a second H... [This was a pearl given E... by C... B... shortly before her death, which she prized as a remembrance of her. It was large but of no great value.]

* * * *

[This was in answer to an unspoken question in E...’s mind.]

F... You are afraid of the corruption or want of right feeling in England, and feel that a catastrophe is needed to make people see where they are drifting. Something might be done, but I have work for you to do, though not in England. We need not discuss possibilities. Keep to the point, E... You were trying to find out if I think England has reached the apex, and must decline. No, but she will have to become a working nation once more, and not a spending frivolous one, and to do this the great thing is to introduce a *Simple*

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Life, with beauty and with fitness, but not with self-indulgence.

The real danger is this invasion of money in every rank of life. People are nice, but they follow the *Rush*.

There are great changes coming on, and better things will take the place of this frivolous society. No, it will not be a Republic, but a change which will astonish everyone in the way of living.

* * * *

[In the Roman Campagna.]

F... I am quite ready to write, but why do you sit in such impossible places?

[Near a paddock full of young brood mares.]

T... must not go near horses—they will always impede us, for there is too much mutual affection. If there had been more time, and T... not such a coward [because T... ran away from one of the mares that came too near] the mare would have been quite like a dog with her. But keep to business.

E... Tell me about Forsboom. [An old spiritualist friend.]

F... You think that he is here; but his life was too full of many interesting distractions to really progress.

The smell is terrible. [A dunghill.]

T... likes it, but you are not of a horsey nature. It is too bad to be so much interrupted.

There are so many things I wish to put before you.

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The friend you speak of is too volatile at best, to have a high place in the direction of affairs here. We are most careful to whom we intrust the management of our work. His nature was true, but very erratic. I am too practical perhaps to realise all his worth, because it was so chaotic, but I know all of him, and respect him much in his own line, which is not mine,

The smell is worse. You see—the smell with us is *visible* and a nasty *sight*; rottenness is not beautiful.

* * * *

F... The clouds are evaporating quite quietly, but Italy is far from secure, for there is a great novelty impending that will alter much, both in Italy and other places. I could tell you much but may not.

I am more concerned just now with your immediate future, E... It is not so clear as I could wish. Be very careful and prudent, and don't mix yourself up with doubtful cases and doubtful people. You are in a transition period, and all my love and care won't save you from a heap of trouble unless you are strictly guarded by the strongest rules of common sense. This is not the time for a Don Quixote. Too much real struggle and fighting is going on to suit the good Knight of the windmills. Let me advise you, and also T..., to keep very quiet and not to seek to put yourself forward in any way. There is a great storm brewing and it were best to get under cover and keep there. If you were younger, and T... less feeble minded, I

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would not advise this, but I am anxious for both your comforts, and therefore try to impress on you the necessity for the present of lying low.

I cannot tell you how terribly busy we all are and how hard it is to work up here, just now. I have much to say, and there is so little time to say it in. Life is very rapid just now, and we are overwhelmed with business. There is a great deal to do and more to think.

Be quite happy and comfortable. I seek to protect E... by all means in my power.

Can you sit on Friday next—for I want to speak to you and you need counsel?

* * * *

[E... took a dog on her knee.]

F... My dear E..., let the dog be. I want to talk sensibly.

E... What is the reason of the many cases of peritonitis now?

F... Because humanity must be thinned a little, and the adulteration in food is of use in this. Nearly all your food is unnatural. The vegetables are overmanured; the meat is over-doctored with preservatives; the fish, milk and butter are all adulterated; and flour is made white and unhealthy by many processes, all wrongly done for the sake of extra gain. The wonder is you are as well as you are. There is nothing really good left. The modern chemist,

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seeking to improve, has deteriorated all natural products. The simple table is now a most unnatural feast.

* * * *

E... I hope that when I die I shan't be long in a state of stupor,

F... I shall be there, so don't be afraid. My voice will be the first you shall hear, and my love the first to greet you. You will not be alone. You will have to rest about three days in a kind of stupor, for your soul is very tightly tied to your body, and the shock of separation will be considerable. It won't hurt—it will be like a faint.

E... How do you know my soul sits so tight?

F... My dear, how can I tell? I see it.

E... Is T...s soul tight in her body?

F... Very loose, and wobbly. That's why I want her to have more pluck. She could lie down and say "I will die," and her body would say, "Amen," and where should we be and my communications? Her soul does not love life—it is tired and wants to get away.

E... Don't let her go off.

F... No, if I can help it, for I am practical.

E... I suppose the reason why my soul sits so tight is because I am well equilibrated.

F... You are healthy, and useful, and just what I

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like my E... to be. It is not a good thing to dislike life. T..., take notice.

E... I did not like T... to go about with her witches.

F... T... is too soft to be corrupted by the charms of magic. Never fear for her. She has not got the desire to win against law. That is what makes magic so terrible. It is breaking the laws of nature to satisfy your own desire. All natural laws are right, but it is not right that one class of beings should accept the law of a lower grade of nature. [Elementals.] Atlantis fell from this sin. So I said before you should not let the dog come near us while we are exercising another law of *Spirit* communion.

There are several things that I would like to say, and if you could manage to keep to-morrow free for me I would tell you of them. Now go to bed. You are both tired and I have much to do before sunrise.

* * * *

[This seance was with V..., who wanted to ask some questions.]

F... Are the questions ready?

E... What is your opinion of C...?

F... He is a very strange compound of patriotism and opportunism, but he is not to be ignored in the future, and personally I like him. He is practical, and no romanticist. He is not likely to give away land England possesses, like Gladstone. There is a great

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chance coming for him, and if he could manage to quite lose his rather erratic way of acting, he would leave a great name behind. His weak point is his love of posing. All who know must agree with me.

Most of you will understand that I cannot tell the real reason of C... 's ways, which perhaps he himself hardly realises.

He is intensely ambitious, and wishes to leave behind him a great reputation like Pitt or other statesmen. C... considers it is the most wonderful thing in the world to be a ruler of England and to be an Englishman. He is filled with the sense of his own power, and is not satisfied with the world's reception of it yet. That is the end of my talk about C...

* * * *

I can quite understand that the horrors in the Italian papers disgust you. They are due to the return of illustrious criminals to repeat their crimes and get the opprobrium they merited, but did not receive, in their first lifetime, because they were too highly placed. Tullio Murri is a black, *foul soul* and will, I trust, not escape this time. When they say, "*Delinquente nato*" they are nearer the truth than they imagine.

We are cleaning up our chamber of criminals in the lower planes, and driving away the fiends who *foul our world*. They return to the place of which they were originally native—they go there of their own accord. It is a realisation of the fable of the evil spirits entering

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swine. I beg pardon for using such language, but I am rather overwhelmed with disgust—tired of horrors.

We are very busy now, so I must go for a little. My work is amongst the *politicians*, and the last Far East developments are important.

E... Why is there so much more crime in Italy now than there used to be?

F... Homicide is just where it was, but the ways of justice are more active. The police are more honest, and do not share with the thieves as in past years. So more burglars and robbers are caught. Here is the difference.

* * * *

In speaking to you I may not mention all names, for all cases are not alike. I may not tell the names of past incarnations of living men and women, unless they are *present and authorise me to do so*.

With reference to Tullio Murri, I can tell you that the attraction of the place where the crime was committed draws back the guilty soul, as is the case with the hound retracing the scent of his master. Even as the soul of him who gave his life for his country can return as a *man*, in the same nation, so the soul of the criminal is drawn back to the scene of his exploits, it is a *will* force or a perversion of *will* that makes the soul an inconvenient being for the time.

* * * *

Your Aunt C... was not a soul of *your family*. She

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was drawn into it by a series of coincidences. It is like two circles touching—they come in contact and the lines rebound from each other. X forms a kind of repulsive force. X is always a sign of repulsion.

It is difficult to say much now, for I am so careful of E... May all your days be a summer and the summer eternal.

I am anxious to tell you more of the most important of our incarnations.

* * * *

E... Is the novel *Nyria* really inspired, or rather dictated, by one who lived through those events?

F... *Nyria* is a true story, but very much edited. You are right, a novel is a quite unsafe form in which to write the memoirs of a soul beyond the veil. I have heard of this soul, which is very beautiful, but very unintellectual and untried in many ways. I will tell you more when I find out from my friend who knows her.

* * * *

E... What do you think of Mr. C...’s writings? [A medium T... had consulted.]

F... The usual set of moralisings. It is a school for beginners. I told you that I need Humility more even than E...

E... Was it chance, propinquity, or God’s decree, which always threw us together?

F... No, I told you we were the edge of two

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rays, and we touch in our first emanation, so shall we ever be together. Does the prospect seem very appalling to you?

E... Do you like it?

F... Of course I do, and T... is always, though troublesome, of use to us. I cannot bear softness, but you must harden her.

Answer me now, E..., a little question. Can you realise now from what I tell you something of the mystery of our being? Do you understand that we are units strung on a gold chain that I call God or Love—units, because we are projecting emanations of this chain—feelers, as it were, of the Divine Essence? If we were unstrung we should become lost. Am I too difficult?

* * * *

About the dog who died. He was a noble creature, but as yet there are many obstacles to a non-human spirit receiving the Divine Spark of unity. The change is so terrific—it is like the falling, the incarnation of a Star. It takes more than intelligence and affection to draw down the Divine touch of *creation*. I cannot quite explain it, but will try to do so.

Some time ago I told you that Pete [the little dog E... lost] was even now incarnating as a man. He had arrived at the exact point where two equal proportions require a Divine Third to harmonise them, and the

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soul becomes then a new potentiality. Unfortunately there are several factors in this, and it is seldom that it succeeds in the cycle to complete the non-human process sufficiently to be ready for higher things. It is not intelligence that calls forth the crown of Humanity—it is another thing altogether—*Sacrifice and Self-effacement*. I cannot exactly explain what I mean.

There are creatures who are human and yet are in animal bodies. There are men who are not yet human, but belong to a third category—that of the higher elementals, who have gained through some great act of self-effacement a *human soul* or rather *the quickened germ of a human soul*. It is so difficult to express myself in words—they are very clumsy. And when a dog has gained his exaltation and become man, he begins at the lowest depths of savagery.

T... Why?

F... Because his *duty* as a *man* is absolutely different from his *duty* as a *dog*. The man's duty is to *think* and the dog's to *obey*. And to do this the training is begun at the first step of the ladder, and a charming dog will make a most degraded savage, for the new soul is stripped *entirely* of its past. In its way it is a *new creation*. The Breath of Life has quickened it and *man* is made in *God's image*, not in the *image* of the *brute*. It is a question of degree of evolution, and above that is the blessing of the Divine Logos, which

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little by little descends into the *heart of man* and makes it the *heart of God*.

* * * *

T... is improved lately—she has been taking her discipline with more resignation, but she has much to learn yet. Patience and courage; and perhaps the backbone will become visible before very long.

Many thanks for your help.

* * * *

[When the appointed Friday fortnight approached, E... felt very tired and not well; so she wrote to T..., many thousand miles away, that she could not sit on the appointed day, but the letter was late, so T... sat all the same. E... had been anxious about a lovely little puppy she had given T..., and was afraid it would not be sufficiently taken care of.]

F... I began to think that you had forgotten me. Be more attentive, T..., for I have much to say. E... must take more care of her health, she must not tire herself uselessly. [E... had been working very hard and often felt much exhausted, but had never told T... so.] Tell her this from me.

T... Have you any other message for E... ?

F... Yes, the devotion of my whole existence apart from the work I am entrusted with. E... is so tired—more by soul tiredness than by other things, but the Government must be down very soon.

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[This refers to the inability of E...’s friends to get a measure passed in which she was interested.]

E... must be careful November. . . . Do not make much . . . letters. I . . . It is impossible to write without E... Make a . . . visit very soon. E... bids me tell you that the dog must be kept warm and that . . . he eats . . . the more he is . . . Very . . . impossible. E... becomes faithless the hour we make less . . . E..., be very prudent not to get tired. Many messages to her from her loving friend and future and past comrade. F...

Tell E... I quite understand the reason why [she could not attend to-day].

[This is given as a specimen of what happens when E... does not give her fluid also.]

* * * *

CHAPTER IX.

ST. FRANCIS.

[IN this chapter is embodied what F... told his friends about St. Francis of Assisi, for whom they both have a great devotion.

If his sayings on this subject are interspersed with other remarks, it is to be attributed to the fact that the friends wrote and conversed in many different places, in different circumstances, and with frequent disturbances. For though F... prefers to be alone, he is no ordinary spirit dependent on outward circumstances. He comes the moment his friends are ready for him and under every condition.

It is not for me, who have only been entrusted with these papers, to hazard any remarks about F... 's statement that Christ reappeared on earth in the semblance of the Assisi Saint. These are things so sacred that they must be left to individual intuition.]

F... Our most important incarnation was that with

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St. Francis of Assisi. There is but one real moment in a soul's life, that when the great renunciation is made and life accepted as a *trust* and not as a *pleasure*. In company with many humble ones, we, too, listened to the Divine teaching of our Master and realised the true lesson of existence.

I told you, T..., that you had a short incarnation with St. Francis, and that we were all three together. It was our reward. You had suffering, and it is by suffering that one is made perfect. We were not very great people, we loved the Master and worked under his law and had no story. It was that which gave our friend Guise the great chance; if then it had been possible to save France he would have done it. [F... has mentioned several times that Guise in a former incarnation had been a disciple of St. Francis.]

When we followed St. Francis we were all Italians like our master. What matters the casket where the treasure lies hid, if the jewels are safe? It is nonsense to say that the mother of St. Francis was a Vaudois woman, for it was not the son of the Assisi merchant, but a far higher spirit, that took the vehicle of the Assisian. I told you this before. You must not forget *this*, for it was the turning-point of our soul's future. The missionary was a minor detail. It is from his experience that you took your present knowledge of healing. You have healing power. Without power knowledge is useless and one must know how to use it.

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The power is latent in all, but can only manifest itself in some.

Life is very urgent with all of us just now, and the past and the future fade before present claims. This to let you know I am not selfishly silent. On all accounts I am glad T... will be with you. She needs it, and so do you; and I think you also feel the need of "fresh air." This is a phrase, but you will understand me. We all want "fresh air" on the earth. Humanity is getting too fixed and comatose in its ideas, and the new St. Francis is needed.

Yes, we used to follow together our gracious master's footsteps—you and I and T..., clad in the brown common robe of an indigent peasant. We followed over the dusty and stone-paved roads of Umbria and knew ourselves bound to paradise. Can you not remember the gracious smile of the Divine face; his tender eyes so full of human kindness; his gentle gestures and his loving care of the weak and afflicted amongst us? Do you remember the epileptic boy who fell down shrieking as the master came near him, and lay a crumpled heap of horror on a pile of stones by the wayside, while his careworn, ragged mother besought the Saint with excited gestures to work a miracle and cure him; how we stood curious, yet happy in our unbroken faith that he, our leader, could heal the lad; and the great Saint came forward and lifted the boy up and held him towards the blue sky,

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and called on the Father for help, and lo! the boy stood on his feet and was cured; and then how they brought figs and bread and we sat down and feasted, all of us, and the master spoke, oh so eloquently, and we all wept and swore faith to God and our Lady Poverty?

A very pretty picture of faith and joy, even now, to look back to. Oh, my dear E..., how far we have all wandered from this pristine purity of will and endeavour. God was very good to let us see His direct interference in human affairs, and lovely and sweet were the words of St. Francis, and all undying are the results of his teaching. O God, what a life and what a time! No wonder our souls were guided by the Divine within us, and greeted as brother by the Divine without us, that shines forth like the sun in the person of our Master, St. Francis. Indeed, if we would win our crown of glory we must still and always follow in St. Francis's footsteps.

T... is to be thanked for her help.

[The stylograph that T... was using refused to write.]

The pen is bent. That is why it won't work. Let it alone just now while I am waiting to speak.

I am weary of waiting. Good-bye is what I want to say, and this hurts in saying. Will you come and see me in the Casentino? I will try to get some of St. Francis's love and influence round you. If you would come among the mountains we trod with the Master,

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we should indeed write well. If it were not for T... our communion would be perfect. I want to speak to you without her listening.

E... You ask for the moon.

F... No, for the sun, sister sun.

E... What do you think about Father Stephano?
[The author of a little book of transcendental writings.]

F... He was the opposite to me. He sermonises and I act. But come to La Verna and we will talk at La Penna, and I will tell you wonderful things if only T... were not there.

[T... protests.]

F... Be more quiet, T..., and then I shall be able to speak plainer. You are so full of thoughts, and all sad ones.

The memory of your life, E..., with our dear Master is very vividly marked in your aura. It shines round you.

E... Will you tell T... with whom she may write when she goes away?

F... T... will now take back her promise, I see it in her brain, so will cancel it. [F... had several times remonstrated with T... for writing with others, and she had promised him not to do so.] If she tries to write too much, she will injure her health, but she is too lazy.

I want you to come to the Casentino. It is quite possible. Give me three days and not less—that will make no difference. I want E... to come, and to talk

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with her alone on the top of the Appenines near St. Francis's last resting place. If not his grave, it is where his soul entered the Divine Unity; for remember, with the sign of his passion Francis became Jesus once more, and Jesus became God manifest, the Logos in human image with the five wounds, a miniature likeness of the supreme word *love*. I can't tell you what I should like to here, but in the Casentino with a refined and less self-centred T..., more open to my influence, with her affection for you purified and drawn back to the source of all being, I could give you the most wonderful and marvellous revelation—not sermons.

I say that I want E... to come and sit with me for three days, if she can't spare longer, but I want her alone. I must tell you that my being is filled with most affectionate longing to see you happy, as you ought to be. I want to erase the black tracing on E... 's soul. I want her to be pure white, like the holy beings we call angels or God's messengers, the Holy Ones of love, who never cease their divine *service*, helping their brothers. That is what I want to tell you and T..., whom I tease so much with the best of motives.

T... He always gives a little kick.

F... Not a kick—but I shake you. I want you both to progress, and believe me—it is better to *do* it with all our heart than to be forced into purifying fires.

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E..., your bright spirit will understand what I mean, when I say that I do read all your thoughts, but my will is not to comprehend them. I wait till you tell me, but I see all before me like a map, and when the little brown or grey lines rise, I breathe love over them, to try and gain a flash of rose colour. A very little more, E..., and our hearts will meet in unity of divine perfection. Another pull and T... will stand on the rock by our side, but it all needs will and love to control. Now I will stop, because time presses on you and me, and E..., remember ever that in life and death you have a true and loving friend in F...

* * * *

[*Castle of Rumena in the Casentino, June 27th, 1905.*]

F... I am now with you, but look for other and more interesting places—*La Verna*, and on the Penna. But first visit all the Sanctuaries, and retrace in mind at least, that time when a forest crowned those heights, and we came with Holy Francis to protest against the luxury of the world. Now indeed not with him, but with his spirit, will we make a pilgrimage, just as after the holy death we came not with Francis but under his guidance.

E... T... as usual has left the writing pad behind.

F... Yes, but this time T... is blameless. She thought of one little brother and forgot the spirit of the big one. [T... had been fidgeting about the saddle of the pug puppy before coming out.]

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E... I think we had better send the dogs further off.

F... Never mind. Here there are no passions, and the animals were loved by our Master.

* * * *

[*Camaldoli, June 28th, 1905.*]

F... Here we are again together, E..., again in the mountain solitudes where many ages ago we wandered barefoot in our coarse brown peasant gowns—Franciscans, girding up our ropes, giving up our worldly life for the sake of our brothers, and being ever together in life and thoughts. When the Master spoke we listened, and made our simple vow and loved to leave the world for his sake.

E..., this calm eventide brings me back to the calm past. Not many souls can remember, for our first band was a small one, like the first of all in Judæa. Can I tell you *all* I wish to say? My words fail before the sacred memories, and if here I am so moved, what will it not be when we are again at our dear *Mecca*—our souls' home, *La Verna*? I am obliged to tell you, dear ones, many times, and to repeat this—that these hours are to me the holiest possible thoughts and sacred memories. I wonder at your want of recollection.

E... We are impeded by our bodies.

F... The very words of our dearest Master I still

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hear sounding through space when he stood there and surveyed the Casentino: "A lovely land, my dearest Brothers, but how more lovely the sight of these dear souls before our Father."

To be back here with you makes me enraptured. I pray and thank God for this mercy. E..., pray you, too, when you find yourself in the Convent of St. Francis. Pray there for us both, for the world, and for the brothers who are still suffering.

[As E... and T... were walking down the heights from the Romito to Camaldoli, E... took T...'s hand and began to ask F... questions.]

E... Will you tell me all about our life in the days of St. Francis—here in these woods, and whether we were here together?

F... [All this was spoken and not written.] This was all quite different. The woods were so large and wild. They were inhabited only by people who had fled, after doing some wrong, or those who hid from oppression. They lived only on the deer which they killed, and they slept in caves. Men were much smaller then and their physique was less good. They were badly fed; also they were much more frightened than people are now. We wandered in these woods with the Master. He was below the average height, rather broad shouldered, and he stooped and had a halt in his gait. His lips were bright red and his cheeks were flushed. He had brown eyes, but they

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flashed the most wonderful fire. His eyes had such a power that all who looked into them followed him.

[T... then said she remembered that she was always tired.]

F... T... was quite young, quite a boy, and her feet were sore from walking. St. Francis's forehead was very broad and his face very narrow below. The cheeks were much fallen in.

[Whilst T... was speaking, E... saw St. Francis quite plainly, and before F... had given all the particulars.

They were walking down the stony path amongst the tall trees and the shining rivulets trickled over the mossy, worn boulders.]

* * * *

[*La Verna, June 29th, 1905.* Written whilst sitting in a meadow near the women's Foresteria, below the convent.

F... E..., close by where you are now sitting, we little brothers of St. Francis knelt and offered up our humble prayer of praise and gratitude to God. It was a very different scene. No houses, no road, wild dark woodland on every side, and there we three knelt in ecstasy.

How different from to-day. Spiritually we were on a far higher plane of innocence; intellectually we were undeveloped children. To know the evil and to do the good, that is a divine quality; but then we only knew and sought the *good*. Our passions were ex-

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tinguished after so many years of struggling and suffering in former incarnations. We were almost as pure as when we stood just in the earliest stages of Atlantis, before the moral evil had sapped our life-spring. We had redeemed our past and were free to choose. The choice was made and we were *regenerate*. *God's mantle of Love* was round us and we were happy.

Narrow and foolish in many of our ideas, we were world-wide in the instinctive knowledge of what *really matters*. We had discovered ourselves in our brothers and owned our kindred with all creation. When we stood here the Saint was dead, and we were on a pilgrimage to our spiritual headquarters, to gather a little, if so vouchsafed, of the grace that he so abundantly possessed. We three were alone here. There were none of the other brothers with us. We had been granted permission to wander here, and we had joyfully come up the long ascent, chanting the psalms of praise. Our Master's hymn to the sun and moon and creation burst from our lips as we reached our holy goal.

This was the third turning-point in our lives. Three times had the call sounded and three times we listened. Now comes yet another. How shall we answer it?

E... How can we answer it otherwise than by trying to rise in every way and do all the good we can?

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F... Yes, this is a large matter and one not likely to be answered. I do not *hesitate*, I *wonder*. [F... means "I expect," a translation from the Italian, "*mi meraviglia*."] Let us pray to remember our experiences.

It is not experience but instinct, *innate* instinct that we must try and possess, that which prevents any animal from eating poison. Nothing will save us but a *true intuition*—a *sure decision* that *never* falters. Have you that yet? I fear I hesitate sometimes. The next time of incarnation will prove the result gained in these last two incarnations. It is a test case. There is always one in three. I wish to tell you *this here* to try and bring back the purpose and the enthusiasm of a lost past, both to you and to myself. We all three need it.

T... is not yet awake, but her next few years will be very proving. She has only once lived so long before. Even in Atlantis she was more a vehicle than a *perceptor* of evil. That is why she never understands that people are sometimes wilfully wrong. It will have to be taught her. Am I right?

E... Quite.

F... She cannot understand at all what I mean. Her imagination is so vivid that all she loves she believes, and besides she takes so much colour from her surroundings that she has not found herself.

She is a child in soul and has no sense of measurement. Her friends are perfect ideals. Her

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native obstinacy will never allow her to change this opinion, and this is her chief quality. We dare not tamper with it. She trusts.

E... But she is suspicious.

F... No, that is her present incarnation. It is not the soul that suspects but her Italian education, and the proof is that she is always afraid and betrayed into folly by her perfect simplicity where her love is placed. You see I do consider T..., but for the present she really is so undecided that I cannot grasp her.

E... She is a jelly-fish. She reflects every colour.

F... Exactly, a mass of nice wholesome strong jelly, but not quite shaped yet. There is very little more to tell. She is not yet quite able to enter into a material existence. *Time and space* do not exist for her, hence unpunctuality and untidiness. But she has never yet had a chance, for her lives have always been of sacrifice to her ideas—very good, but not calculated to promote backbone and practical utility.

E... She does not draw people back to the material plane as I do.

F... The fact is that the two of you possess my friendship, and you my devotion. Go to the Sanctuaries, listen to the inner voice of your souls, speaking sacred things to you two alone; and far wiser than my words will be the remembrance of the *Master* who still purifies the place. Go, and I will meet you on the Penna.

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[*La Penna, June 29th, 1905.*]

We have come here, all three once more together, where we first saw the Divine sacrifice in its true light, where first the divine Spirit illumined and taught that it was not to *live* but to *serve*, not to *die* but to *live*. We learnt that God was in the meanest of his creatures.

E... How could anybody believe that a spirit who talks thus could be evil?

F... No, I am only a soul that desires perfection like you. None are good on earth. When we are good we shall find a new earth and a new heaven.

E... We will only speak of St. Francis.

F... I must tell other things also, for here it is permitted to me to speak soul to soul, and heart to heart—here where no brutal word sounds, where no cruel whip is heard, where no words are spoken, save the birds' song of joyful praise. Here many restrictions that bind one in lower environments are freed, and here I may tell you more of the past. You, E..., are permitted partially to recall. [E... did have extraordinary flashes of recollection.]

E... I wonder why he so often calls me by my name.

F... You wonder why I use your name so frequently. Because it represents to me a value at which you have arrived, even as my name represents that so far I have been tried and have been faithful.

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Amor is T..., but it is read backwards. [T... is a fictitious initial, the name by which the lady is called begins with R.] Let her place the name in the right place—in her heart, and keep it there.

Your name represents to me, when I see it, many struggles, a high effort and a grievous fall, and then a painful ascent slowly undertaken—the same road spiritually as you found to-day at the Penna. May it be a good omen that this time you have succeeded and not retraced your fruitless steps like yesterday.

This is a little symbolic. Yesterday you may say was a Test, spiritually represented by your past as X.... This time you had gained the summit and looked down on the lowlands. Never more will you retrace the valley without the knowledge of what lies beyond. You have seen far over valley and mountain spiritually and now I feel my E... is safe if only she remembers F...’s warning. *Patience, love*, even to those who hinder, for all are our brothers. Even the viper and the noxious insect exist by God’s law, to curb the sloth of humanity. But once you can destroy the sloth, the evil insect and the poisonous reptile will disappear. Have you understood? *Patience* is your most needed quality. *Love* to direct duty. I am most anxious to impress upon you the necessity of the weapon.

When the time draws near for your disincarnation, believe me I will be near to help your soul to free itself from such few trammels of earth as you still possess.

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Do not fear, for the death of the just is a dreamless sleep, and so wakes in glory unspeakable, to tarry there till the burning flame of love draws you down to the world of men to work and suffer, more in soul than body, but to see a little of the harvest approaching from the seed you sowed in this lifetime. And ever as the years pass on and one life follows another, in the righteous decrees of God's Providence better and stronger grows our light, firm and steady our footsteps, till at last we reach in truth our spiritual Penna.

Having borne the wounds of Christ it is fair and seemly that we should also bear Him company in His glory. T..., hear the prayer of your onetime comrade and always friend. Think over the past but watch the present more closely still, guard each movement of your soul with jealous care lest evil should tarnish you and bring the appetite of past sins back to life. *Abstain from anger*, both of you—you, E..., because it is unworthy of you; T... because, having quenched the flame, it is best to tread the embers under foot. You will know what I mean later.

T... I don't think I ever was violent.

F... Yes, you broke it off, but it is not quite dead yet, and E..., I speak to you because your defects are underneath, T...'s above the surface. Yours are so slight that they may pass for virtues, but the origin is evil and will grow again if the root is not extirpated.

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Therefore I say *patience*. If Guise had been patient he would have succeeded in his task, for his death gave him the power to reincarnate a *Master*, once he had forgiven his enemies. Therefore take care that you look on all men with equal mind, thinking the wicked are the weak and therefore to be pitied.

I too have much to work off. Help me to do so by praying for me that I may learn to suffer wrongfully and yet not feel annoyed, that I may have patience given me, and humility taught me, however hard the lesson. It is just that.

E... I am quite humble in some ways, but in others I feel that I know so much better than many people.

F... It is just that which you and I must learn. We must learn to serve even the distasteful. The Child was to be our Lord. You are just as I am, and we must learn our lesson. If the teacher were always Divine, there would be little merit in the scholar listening. Some lessons must be taught us by our inferiors.

We do not kiss the lepers' sores [this was in answer to a thought of E... about St. Elisabeth] but we must drink tea. [F... means that E... ought to submit patiently to boring social functions.] Even vulgarity has its lesson to teach, and when we sometimes seem foolish we are only ignorant. Do you see that the fact that we are of different ages does not make us the less God's children? God says: "Let the elder serve the

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younger, so that neither lose the way, seeking for the other." That is why I brought you here to speak plainly to both of you, and to myself too, for I also need humility very badly. It is so troublesome to deal always with fools.

E... You say I am not vain, not ambitious, and not conceited, but certainly I have pride.

F... No more am I humble, but we must become so some time. I am ambitious for those I love, for the world's welfare. T... is just the other extreme. She is lazy in her imperfections, and has no force to complete herself without the help of her stronger brothers. She is absolutely humble about herself, and doesn't think it possible to improve. This is a kind of foolish pride, and more annoying to the world than ours.

E... The reason that I often fail in patience and humility is because I always wish to see everything complete and harmonious, and it annoys me if others do not see, nor wish for it too.

F... Why do you think of the past? Of course it is hard to say "yes" to rubbish, but don't say it. It is not that I mean you to alter. It is the little tiny voice within your soul that says after a day's dreary conversation with your inferiors in everything: "Why am I to put up with such depressing companionship, and never hear a word of sense?" That is why I want you not to look less critically at the evil, but to seek

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more zealously for the good in man. It is there, but you can't find it, and that search will teach you humility.

For instance, to-day do not think of what might have been done, but of what is done. In time the windows will be altered, but the *intarsio* is really good, and the man has put his soul service in it. So praise, that and be silent about the] windows, as it will hurt them and not do any good unless you are able to get someone to place new and good windows. Put your energy into that, and then you will have a right to criticise. But to criticise cruelly what has been done in ignorance, for the best they knew, is not humility, nor is it patience.

E... I did not say it unkindly.

F... You spoke and looked your mind, so remember, E..., patience even in destructive art. [When that morning they had been visiting the sanctuaries E... had been painfully impressed by the tasteless and cruel changes made in them, quite especially the horrible stained glass and the ugly shape of the windows. The young monk who conducted them quite agreed with her strictures, and she exclaimed with some warmth: "Oh, I wish I had the power and the means to put all this right again." She had no idea F... was listening.]

F... And Angels and Saints are hovering near this second birthplace of the risen Christ. The heavens

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open and I see rays of light, spiritual fountains of truth and grace, that shine over and illuminate all mankind. On this spot nearly 700 years ago did the great miracle take place, the quickening of dead flesh with divine spirit. Only two years were vouchsafed of this transcendent vision, and then came silence. [St. Francis received the stigmata at la Verna.]

Yet the Christ has never forgotten His children. Then he came to say "Flee from the world"; now to say "Go into the world," purify it with your love, set an example of humility, not by wearing the coarse brown robe of sackcloth but the soft mantle of compassion and kindness. Do not leave your palace, but invite the poor to see how their homes could be rendered wholesome for soul and body. Do not resign your rank as ruler, but serve even in your royalty, as first servants of the kingdom. Be brave, and noble, and courageous, because it is right not only that you should be so, but that all God's children should share not your riches but your goodness."

E..., long has been the silence between us brothers to St. Francis, and yet the words the Master spoke of us as we knelt before him in the wood have found an echo in our hearts. This is the meaning of the words that ever are traced in living flame over our Aura: "Be strong and of good faith, little brothers." Wear your robe of poverty as the king's mantle and

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your girdle as the knight's belt. If Christ lives in Heaven with Angels, He lived on earth with the children of poverty.

Take this spiritually now, my dear one, and you will find the Master's words as appropriate now as we did then, for it is the need of our soul that we seek health and it is our need that calls for divine health. How can I say more? I have told you all I could. I see again the dark pines; the eager sallow-faced Master with the fire of Heaven in his eyes, reddened a little from constant pain and vigil, the rather high-pitched voice, the rapt feeling of security that came over all of us when we were near our leader; all this and more too—the little nervous twitching hands, that clasped and unclasped themselves over the knotted cord girdle; the slightly bent frame with broad shoulders; thin hair, fine and brown coloured once, but now colourless from constant exposure; the refined lips, but too bright, hectic even, like the cheeks that were all strained over the prominent bones; the appearance of a soul breaking through the sheath of flesh.

And I can see you still, E..., rather coarsely made, heavy in your brown garment, with thick neck and heavy hair half covering your brow, and keen blue eyes and thick eyebrows, a strong-made man, useful in many matters to the community, and sent on missions with me, who was the student and the learned one of the party, but 'who could no more fell a

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tree than cut the grass for our donkey's supper—a townsman, the son of a small merchant in the Marches.

T... was quite young, no beard yet, very slim and tired looking. We had often to stop for him, but he could sing very sweetly, and used to call our peasant audience to the little mission. He died soon afterwards of fever in a miserable hut in Maremma. That is why I know less of him than of you, for we continued to work our mission for many years afterwards.

E..., farewell for ever on this rock. I cannot again hope to come with you two here. Even if you come again I shall not join you, as it does not do to revive the past too closely, especially a past that has yet to work itself out, for this was a noble failure. Turn over a new page then, and in B... I will bid you welcome to the new era of Light, Love and Learning.

[The following was spoken by T... whilst still lingering on the Penna, but she was too much dazed to write it down.]

E... Did you mean, when you told us that the spirit of Christ made use of the dead body of the son of the cloth merchant of Assisi, that He made use of this very same body?

F... No, for that body was entirely disintegrated, and the body which Christ used as St. Francis was

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built up out of His former body, the particles of which were spread about the world, in the semblance of the son of the cloth merchant. Thus it was that in a moment of divine ecstasy the old wounds again broke open.

E... Did his friends see any difference when he came out of the prison ?

F... Yes, they said he was mad, for his expression was quite changed.