

Gesellschaft für metaphysische Forschung e. V.



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# GONE WEST

THREE NARRATIVES OF  
AFTER-DEATH EXPERIENCES



COMMUNICATED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

J. S. M. WARD, B.A.

LATE SCHOLAR AND PRIZEMAN  
OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE

VOLUME ONE

SIXTH THOUSAND



PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB LTD.

144, High Holborn, London, W.C.1



265

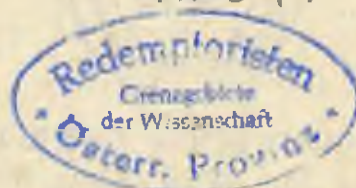
*First Published Autumn 1917*  
*Second Impression Autumn 1918*  
*Third Impression Summer 1944*  
*Fourth Impression Summer 1944*  
*Fifth Impression Summer 1944*

### DEDICATION

THIS WORK BY ME IS INSCRIBED TO REGINALD  
LUCIEN WARD,  
WHO FELL IN THE TIDE OF BATTLE WHERE  
FLANDERS MERGES IN FRANCE;  
AND PASSED FROM UNDER TIME'S FINGER WITH  
NEVER A BACKWARD GLANCE,  
FOR LOVE OF HIS NATIVE LAND IN BATTLE AGAINST  
A HORDE.

AND UNTO HIS COMRADES IN ARMS OF EVERY RANK  
AND CREED,  
WHO GAVE THEIR ALL IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE,  
HONOUR, AND TRUTH,  
AGAINST THE POWERS OF EVIL THAT KNOW NOR  
PITY NOR RUTH.  
TO THE MEN WHO HELD THE BREACH IN THE HOUR  
OF BRITAIN'S NEED.

PNFL 74



1988. 1737  
(b 2024)

### INTRODUCTION

*THE manner in which these communications came to be received is plainly set forth in the book itself. They were due to the desire of H. J. L. to convey to me an account of life beyond the grave. He discovered that I was mediumistic—a fact of which I was unaware, although I have for many years been keenly interested in the occult.*

*The methods employed in conveying the information contained in this book were twofold:—*

1. *Visions. The first of these was prophetic, and foretold H. J. L.'s death. The first one after his death was very vivid, though at first I thought it was a dream, but nevertheless wrote it down. As the visions continued regularly once a week on the day of the week on which H. J. L. died (Monday), I was compelled to alter my views. In particular I noticed four chief differences:—*

(a) *They were coherent throughout. One of the most unsatisfactory features of dreams is the incoherency. Scenes shift from place to place without any regular sequence. People do things they would never do on earth and the characters change before our eyes.*

*These visions were real through and through, coherent and logical in their development, and, moreover, took up the narrative where it left off the week before.*

(b) *A normal dream fades almost at once, and it is rarely the case that it can be remembered in its entirety a few hours later.*

*The visions remained firmly impressed upon my mind until they were written down, which sometimes took a couple of days. Once they were written down they would tend to merge into the general body of remembrances which every mortal carries in his brain.*

(c) *The information was not due to the conscious or subconscious mind, for much of it was in violent opposition to my preconceived ideas on the subject, and it was some time before I would accept them, though I do so now completely.*

(d) *These visions contained veridicable facts entirely unknown to me, which nevertheless proved to be true on investigation. Some of these facts were of a personal and private character, known only to the dead man and one living person, and the latter admitted their truth. Further, there were certain references which, to the writer, were unintelligible, but were recognised by the living person to whom they were related (as requested).*

2. *The other communications were obtained by automatic writing. With the exception of the first two or three, I was in complete trance, and was quite ignorant of what was written until I became normal again. The possibility of their being the product of my conscious mind is thus eliminated.*

With regard to the subconscious self, I would like to take this opportunity of protesting that while I am prepared to admit that such a thing does exist, I nevertheless hold that in most cases the word is a bogey set up by scientists to explain phenomena which they are unable to explain by the ordinary material laws, and which they are willing to ascribe to spirit influences. Yet accepting the subconscious self at its highest valuation, it will not explain the presence of information which was quite unknown to me, and which, on its being investigated by others, proved to be correct. As an example of this, but not the only example, the following may be noted as given by J. B. P. :—

"I am only going to give you the name of a friend I met in this city. He is a Baptist, not a Congregationalist. His name is Richard Gresham Barker, born Oct. 20, 1807, was Sheriff of Nottingham and a colliery manager at Babbington, near Notts. He died June 21, 1892. His brother John was twice Mayor of Nottingham."

It was only after considerable search that Mr. K— was able to prove these facts to be correct, even to the minutest detail.

But without devoting more space to these problems, for those who desire veridical evidence may obtain it from any ordinary spiritualist society, let us turn to consider the matter given in these pages.

The original plan of the work as arranged by H. J. L. was as follows:—

The Astral plane—

- (a) As seen by a bad man, viz. The Officer.
- (b) As seen by an average man of the world, viz. W. A.

The Spirit plane, divided into—

- (1) Hell, or the Realm of Unbelief, related by The Officer.
- (2) The realm of Half-Belief, related by H. J. L.
- (3) The Realm of Belief lacking in Works, related by J. B. P.
- (4) The Realm of Belief shown forth in Works related by the Monk.

Owing to the enhanced cost of production due to the war, it was found necessary to reduce the book to a manageable size. To do this we were reluctantly compelled to publish only *The Astral Plane*, *Hell*, and *the Realm of Half-Belief*.

As these are set forth in full, it will not be necessary to deal with them here, but a few words may be devoted to the two higher realms.

The Realm of Belief lacking in Works, as depicted by J. B. P., is much brighter than the Realm of Half-Belief, the light being as the light in England at about 8 a.m. on a summer's day.

To this realm go all those whose faith was strong, but narrow and rather bigoted, and who failed, as many do, to act up fully to their beliefs. In the lowest divisions of this realm the spirits are still strong believers in their own particular sect, and there is a marked tendency for them to remain there segregated into narrow communities. Their principal failings are self-complacency and an unwillingness to make

any effort to progress higher, being often well satisfied with their surroundings.

In the next division the smaller differences between the sects tend to disappear, and a few broad communities take the place of the numerous narrow religions from which the individual spirits have risen.

Those who have come up from the Realm of Half-Belief, like J. B. P., do not drift into the narrow sects of the lowest divisions. They arrive freed of preconceived prejudices, and devote considerable attention to the study of the various faiths they find there, and endeavour to draw from each the vital truths which are enshrined in them.

Some of the most interesting revelations J. B. P. made were that the Gods exist, or, at any rate, the forms of the Gods, and condescend to answer the prayers of their worshippers. In particular, he describes a service in a great Egyptian temple at which Osiris appeared. Similarly, he visited a Hindoo temple, where Kartikeya, the God of War, presided.

He also gave a most striking account of a library in the Realm of Belief. "These libraries are on so vast a scale that they look almost like cities; there are many of them, of course, but each is divided into three sections. The first contains the forms of books which have ceased to exist. I mean by this, the actual volumes themselves. Of course all books do not come to us, many go to Hell . . ."

"The second section is very different, for in it the books are not the forms of books made on earth but those created here. The best way in which I can describe them is to compare them with picture books. In short, they contain ideas in picture form, and can be read by us . . . as the thought-pictures of our friends can be understood by us. . . . Few books are written for the first time over here in script. . . ."

"The third type are difficult to describe as books at all, for the picture idea has been carried out to its logical conclusion. The nearest thing to it on earth is the modern picture-palace. Imagine a large room; at one end is a kind of stage, on which perform what at first sight appear to be real men and women. These are thought-forms, strongly visualised by the committee of scholars in charge of the room. . . . Thus an episode in History will be enacted in all its detail before our eyes."

His description should be compared with the account by "The Officer" of a library in Hell.

The Realm of Belief shown forth in Works is seldom attained immediately after death. Thus to reach it a man must have been not only endowed with a strong faith but must have risen above any narrowness of spirit, and, moreover, have lived a life full of love of his fellow-men. His faith must have been shown forth in good works. Indeed, those who so attain it may well be considered to have been saints on earth.

To this realm the spirits after death rise, but often by slow degrees, and once there, must remain a very considerable period. The light there is as the tropical sun at midday, and less advanced spirits would be unable to bear it.

The development of the various religious beliefs towards unity is



set forth plainly in the plan contained in this work, but it should be borne in mind that this unity is attained not by watering down all faiths to one nebulous creed, but by the absorption into one community of all the facets of truth which each faith held, while what is false is shed.

The spirits in this plane devote themselves very largely to helping their fellow-men, especially in Hell, and continuously journey down to that place to save those who are in bondage.

The monk Ambrose, who died in the fourteenth century, devoted most of his life to this work, and at length obtained his desire, and passed through the "Wall of Fire" and was lost to us. Animal lovers will be glad to know that his faithful dog followed him through the "Wall of Fire." With him passed also the spirit of a woman whom he had always loved, but being a monk could never marry on earth.

They passed through the "Wall of Fire," or light, as it was described, to the mystic union of soul with soul, which it is understood takes place in the regions which lie beyond the "Wall of Fire."

What is this great "Wall of Fire" which cuts off the Sixth or Spirit Plane from that which lies beyond?

I am unable to answer this question. By some of the spirits it is called "The Second Death," although this phase is also employed to describe the transference from the Astral to the Spirit Plane.

We are told that some of the spirits fear it as men fear mortal death, but whereas death comes whether we wish it or not in its due course, this Second Death takes place only when the spirit is ready and anxious to pass on.

It appears to affect the form, which seems to pass more completely under the control of the entity, but the entity itself is not destroyed. This was made clear by an angelic form who guarded the entrance leading from the Realm of Belief lacking in Works to the Highest Realm. For when J. B. P. questioned him on this point he informed him that he had passed through the "Wall of Fire" long before, and had now returned to labour on the Sixth Plane, adding, "... but on this plane forms are needed, and therefore we assume one. This is not my original form—it is not the form of an earthly man, but that of an angel. I create it by willing so to do. As I think myself, so I assume a form. If I desired I could assume the form of an animal or of a flame. Behold."

J. B. P. "Before my eyes he took the form of a great flame.

"The pillar of fire," I cried. As I spoke he seemed to change at once, and became like a cloud. Then the cloud became all light, and once more I saw him in his angel shape.

"Cannot the evil spirits also do this?" I enquired."

"The Officer has described something similar. Those spirits whom you call devils can, but I may allow you to probe no deeper into these mysteries as yet," he replied.

This Angelic Being, while refusing to give any details of what lay beyond the wall, yet stated emphatically that the personal entity was not destroyed, though the form was affected.

Beyond this I have been unable to obtain any information. The spirits on the Sixth Plane do not know, and the guardian spirits who come thither from the higher planes refuse to speak.

Some people believe that on passing the "Wall of Fire" the spirit returns to earth in a fresh incarnation, but while this is probably the case with some, I am doubtful whether it covers all. We are informed that there are seven planes in all. This work deals with the two lowest only, and since these Higher Planes must be peopled, it appears more likely that the most exalted spirits rise higher and higher without the need of reincarnation, whereas more lowly spirits need to return to earth to develop certain characteristics.

As to the difficulty of obtaining information from these higher planes, it seems probable that if received it would be so far above the heads of us mortals that we should be unable to comprehend it.

Even the highest of the Spirit Plane is so exalted that the monk declared that much of the information he could give would be beyond us on earth, and therefore devoted most of his narrative to accounts of his missionary work in Hell.

I am still continuing my investigations into life beyond the grave, and if this book should prove acceptable, hope at no distant date to publish a second volume containing an account of the two remaining realms, and a more detailed description of life on the Astral Plane.

Since the death of my brother in the trenches of Flanders, I have devoted most of my attention to conditions on that plane, and especially to the spirits of those who have died in battle. Their state is somewhat abnormal, and indeed the whole Astral Plane is greatly disturbed. My brother is now engaged in making a survey, as it were, of that plane, and is being assisted in his task by H. J. L.

If any reader has a question on life beyond the grave to which he desires an answer, I would endeavour to obtain it, but wish it to be plainly understood that I do not mean thereby that I will endeavour to trace any particular persons, nor to obtain messages from them. To do so is not my object.

As an example of what is required, I was asked to make inquiries as to the fate of animals after death—and the result is seen in this book.

As to what opinion the reader will form of the present work I know not, but, for myself, I have been profoundly impressed with the reality and the reasonableness of what I have seen and what the spirits have related of Life beyond the Grave.

J. S. M. WARD.

P.S.—Exception may be taken to the publication of the Officer's narrative, on the grounds that it is so gruesome that its appearance will serve no useful purpose; but my justification is (a) that the communicating entities desired its inclusion; (b) that on the astral plane there are grave dangers of which it is important that newcomers should be warned; and (c), that the Officer is now helping those who are passing on to the astral plane from the Great War.

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## PART I

## COMMUNICATIONS FROM H. J. L.

*Who died on 5th January 1914, at 9 a.m. on his  
80th Birthday*

THE LOWEST DIVISION OF THE  
SPIRIT PLANE

## CHAPTER I

## THE DOORWAY OPENS

I, J. S. M. WARD, had a vision early in December, 1913, in which I learnt of the death of H. J. L., my uncle and father-in-law. The vision began with a message that he had died suddenly, and went on with the funeral, at which I was present. The sensations of grief, and the remarks and actions of the other mourners, were vividly impressed on my mind. When I awoke and later informed Carrie, my wife, we decided to go down and see him when up in town, but unfortunately Carrie was not well enough to go on the day we had selected. On Jan. 5th, H. J. L.'s birthday, we received about 10.15 a telegram to say H. J. L. had suddenly died. All the sensations of grief that I had felt in my dream were repeated exactly, as were the incidents of the funeral. Even his face in his coffin looked like the one I had seen in my dream; it differed considerably from his face when alive. He was buried on Jan. 8th, 1914.

## FIRST TRANCE VISION

*During the night of Monday, Jan 12th, i.e. one week  
after his death on Jan. 5th, at 9 a.m.*

I dreamt I saw Uncle like, and yet unlike, he was before he died; something between what I remember him as before, and what he looked like after death.

He said: "I have been trying to speak to Carrie, but can't, so I have come to you. Tell her I am alive, more alive than before I died; that I am mentally clearer than I was for some time before I died. But here I have had to set to work to learn, as if I were a child again, much of what I should have learnt on earth. I am with those who did just believe, but had not much real belief. Tell Carrie this.

"It was lucky for me that I did believe to a certain extent, as otherwise I should have been with the 'set' who are below us, i.e. those who did not believe. I used to say it did not matter much what a man believed, but I am learning I was wrong. It makes a big difference, at any rate at starting. The set above us are those who believed but did not fully act up to their beliefs."

J. W. "What do you mean by these sets?"

H. J. L. "After I died I found we join that set of people to which we naturally belong—that is, those who hold the same sort of belief or unbelief. We have a teacher, somewhat like the angels of the parsons, but they [the teachers.—Ed.] don't look a bit like the silly pictures you usually see. This teacher instructs us in what we are lacking, and when that lack has been made good, we move on to the next set, which includes many more different people than our own. We get very bored with meeting only those who think exactly like we did. There is much more variety in the next set."

J. W. "What is that set?"

H. J. L. "Those who believed, but did not fully act up to their beliefs."

J. W. "Is there Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory?"

H. J. L. "I don't know whether there is a Hell. You see, I know nothing at all save about my own set, and the ones above and below. There are plenty of old friends I expected to see and have not; but, of course, they may be and probably are only in another set. Those who did not believe are in the set below: after a time they come to us.

"As to purgatory, that corresponds roughly to where we all are. Only it's more a place of learning than of punishment. Still, we are punished, because I can't help regretting the time I wasted on earth which would have got me into a more congenial set. We all, strange to say, are rather lonely here. We are too much alike to be companions, and want to get on, so as to meet our old friends, who, we believe, are in other sets.

"I am learning, but it's slow work. I feel like a schoolboy again. It's funny—I died on my birthday, and was really born here on it."

J. W. "Did you know anything of your funeral?"

H. J. L. "Yes, I saw myself lying dead, and saw you come and look at me.

"Be sure and tell Carrie what I said; that it saves a lot of time if you do believe, and that we do live after death. I am very glad I believed as much as I did, and wish I had I believed more."

J. W. "Would you go back if you could?"

H. J. L. "No, certainly not. I am much happier here. I am making progress.

"However, I must be off now. It seems a funny thing to say to a schoolmaster, but I have to begin my schooling all over again."

(End of Vision.—J. W.)



## SECOND VISION

Jan. 20th, 1914.

During the night of Jan. 19th, 1914, I again dreamt in a trance that I saw H. J. L.

J. W. "How are things going on with you?"

H. J. L. "Well, but slowly."

J. W. "I—we wanted to ask you some questions."

H. J. L. "Fire away. I don't know that I shall be able to answer them."

J. W. "Where are you? Do you come to me from somewhere else?"

H. J. L. "Not exactly. I am here all the time. Our world impinges on yours. I hate similes, but I can best explain it by one. You know those 'Pepper's Ghosts'? Well, it is as if we were thrown on to your stage, our scenery—and our characters walking about you, but unseen by you, just as a real man on such a stage would not see the phantoms which surrounded him, but the audience sees both him and them. Or like a bank of clouds which blends into a range of hills, so that it is hard to say which are hills and which clouds.

"We are in the same world as you, but not subject to the same laws. For example, time and space don't exist. This sounds trite, and so it is, for the truth usually is trite, because it's true, and therefore always has existed."

J. W. "But you are here now. How, then, can there be no space?"

H. J. L. "Compare us to a thought. We are more than a thought, for we continue to think; but compare us to a thought; you may then get some idea of what I mean. When on earth you think Ravenscroft; your mind calls up a picture of Ravenscroft and the people there. You see them as they were. To that extent we and you are alike; but your finer senses are controlled by your body and you are unaware of what changes may be taking place. Now, you know something of telepathy. Do you remember my telling the story of the only true ghost-story which the Psychical Society got, the one sent by the doctor?"

J. W. "Yes, I do."

H. J. L. "Well, after that I said, 'I think most of that stuff's rubbish, but there may be something in telepathy.'"

J. W. "I remember perfectly."

H. J. L. "Well, Jack, there's not only something but almost everything in telepathy. It's the outer edge of those faculties which we have to develop here. It's the main link between our world and yours. You know that some people have learnt of things which are happening to their friends at a distance. We all can do so here, and that is the way we communicate with each other; speech does not exist with us. This explains those sayings in the Bible about nothing shall be hid. You cannot tell lies here or be deceived. But that is not all, for every separate *thought* exists of itself and we can see them all.

"This explains the doctrine of the Catholics (at which I used to

laugh) that a really evil thought, such as murder, is worse than a venial sin.

"My punishment consists largely of this, that all my evil deeds and thoughts rise up before me in as real a shape as I myself possess. They are there with all the surrounding impedimenta."

J. W. "What do you mean by that?"

H. J. L. "Well, Jack, I don't want you to think worse of me, so instead of quoting a real offence, I'll show you what I mean by a fictitious one.

"Suppose a man committed a murder, or even meditated one—not merely the actual murder, but all the surrounding details, such as the furniture and room in which it was, or was intended to be committed are here."

J. W. "Then do you mean to say that there is no difference between the fault thought of and one committed?"

H. J. L. "It all depends on the reason why it was not. Supposing your better nature gains the upper hand and you refuse to act as your lower nature prompts you; then, after seeing the evil thought, you will be refreshed by seeing the good one—for all your good deeds and thoughts come here also.

"If the sin had not been committed solely because you were prevented by something else, then there would be no good thought to refresh your weary spirit. Of course a man may be temporarily prevented from giving way to an evil passion, and afterwards rejoice that it should have been so. All that he will see here. Thus each one lives in a world of his own creating, and the more nearly his world approximates to that of others around him, the more company, the less solitude will he have.

"Solitude is one of the worst punishments here, and so those who, though having many faults, yet loved much and had many friends, get their reward."

J. W. "Does this state remain constant, or do you get to know more people and your former thoughts haunt you less?"

H. J. L. "Now I told you we did progress only last time. You should not ask unnecessary questions, nor try to catch me tripping. I repeat, we do progress as we learn, and particularly as we learn to believe. As to the second part of your question, I don't really know exactly what happens, but as we go on thinking here we create fresh thoughts and as these are of a nobler nature than those we thought on earth, they refresh us and enable us to bear more easily the grief we feel for our former faults.

"We realise as faults here things that on earth we deceived ourselves into thinking were not faults.

"I should add that at first it's rather like a hideous nightmare: all one's dead thoughts come crowding round; but after a time they seem to fall into a distinct order, but I can't explain how. At any rate, things become easier. A lot of what I have been telling you I

have recently learnt from my teacher. I have also learnt a lot from some of the others.

"To return to how I 'come' to you. I just think of you, or, rather, concentrate my thoughts on you to the exclusion of other things. That is getting quite easy, though at first it was very difficult. But it's not so easy to get your spirit in 'tune' with mine, so that I can communicate with you.

"I tried several others first. I tried Carrie and I tried H. Then I had a shot at F. At last I thought I might be able to get into touch with you."

J. W. "Then I gather that you are in this world and see it as we do."

H. J. L. "We are in this world, but not restricted to it. Moreover, it does not look the same to us as to you. We see much more. We see the past, and some, I believe, can see the future, though I cannot. You will understand that, as you dreamt of my death a month before it happened. But I have taxed you long enough. Is there any point you would like to ask about?"

J. W. "Yes. You said something about our lower nature. Do you know whether there are any devils who inspire men with evil thoughts?"

H. J. L. "I do not know. When I was alive I did not believe in them, but since I died I have learnt to believe many things I laughed at then. There may be, for there are good spirits who were never men, but I cannot say I know."

J. W. "Why don't you ask your teacher?"

H. J. L. "If you were teaching a boy Euclid, and he suddenly asked you a question about some event in history, would you not tell him to wait till the history lesson came? Well, it's the same here. There is so much to learn that I must wait till I come to each thing in its proper place."

J. W. "I am glad you have come to me like this; but why do you?"

H. J. L. "Partly because I like you, but mainly because I think in this way I can do a little good, and it is not easy to do good here. I wish I had done more good when I was on earth. I particularly want you to tell Carrie. She understood me more than most of them did. We were always good friends. I wish I could speak to her, but I can't. You are getting tired (pause). Your mind fails to keep touch (pause)."

J. W. "Yes, I am tired, but I want to ask you—something—I can't quite remember what—"

H. J. L. "I will come again (pause). I will come again."

Note by J. W.—I seemed to fall asleep after this and can remember no more till I awoke next morning.

### THIRD VISION

Jan. 21st, 1914.

On the night of Jan. 20th, H. J. L. again appeared to me (in a vision).

H. J. L. "I have come to you again, but only for a short time. I want you to try automatic writing. A man I came across here, called

P., suggested it to me; he says he used to live at Sheffield, that he'll show me how to do it, and that it would be a much better method of getting into touch with the 'Still-living.' He's a decent sort of chap, and I rather like him."

J. W. "I have tried once or twice, but without any real results."

H. J. L. "Since I died?"

J. W. "No, some time before."

H. J. L. "Well, try again. I've much on hand just now, but I will not forget you. Remember me to Carrie."

### AUTOMATIC WRITING (1). ALONE

Jan. 21st, 1914.

"I have come to you as I promised. Mr P. is helping me. He says he is interested, as he used to live at Sheffield. It's not easy to write this. I hope it is readable. I shan't write any more now.—H. J. L."

### CHAPTER II

### INTRODUCTION OF "THE OFFICER"

#### AUTOMATIC LETTER (2)

Jan. 22nd.

In preparation for this these questions were written down by me on a piece of paper. I was in semi-trance during this and last letters.

#### Questions

- (1) Do you not miss your chess and other recreations?
- (2) Any class distinctions?
- (3) Do you recognise ancestors or relations or well-known historical personages?

#### LETTER

"I don't miss my chess because I can still play it. Games entailing bodily skill we cannot enjoy, since we have no bodies, but those entailing mental skill are not in the same position. Chess is entirely a mental amusement, so we do play it with our minds or thoughts.

"I have just been playing with Lasker<sup>1</sup>. He beat me, but it was a good game. He just managed to get (the) 'opposition.'"

"We do not, most of us, want bodily pleasures here, but those who do cannot have them. It's for the most part the younger men; we older ones, of the genus 'Sapiens homo,' have got tired of most of that sort of thing long before we died. Those who do crave for it are being punished for liking that sort of thing too much. Luckily for me I was an old man, and I never cared much for most of that kind of amusement.

<sup>1</sup>Later I discovered Lasker was still alive, and taxed him with incongruity. He said he knew that, but, nevertheless, just as I was able to enter the sixth plane and return, so was Lasker. Quite a number did this, but few were able to retain a clear recollection of what had passed. If they remembered anything at all, they called it a dream.



"As to question 2, of course there are no class distinctions as such. There are no Tories here, perhaps because there's no plunder,<sup>1</sup> but at the same time lack of education in the widest sense results in something which at first sight rather looks like classes—that is, men who think and believe alike each fall into sets. The richer classes, who are more cultured, shall we say, are generally in different groups from the poor.

"Will answer No. 3 at another time. Good-bye.—H. J. L."

Jan. 24th, 1914.

The following was written automatically in the presence of Mr and Mrs K., at their house. I was in complete trance in this and all future letters.—J. W.

### Questions

- (1) What part of the world was Mr P. in when he passed over?
- (2) What do you mean by "believe"? Believe what?
- (3) Can you recognise ancestors, relations, historical characters?

### LETTER I

"I am here. As to question No. 1, I will find out and answer in a minute. About No. 3: I have not met any historical characters here, but we can, and as we get on into the higher group or set we shall do so. Mr P. says he died in the Far East—Japan.<sup>2</sup> I am getting on quite well now and will come to you on Monday next. I have met a man who has just come up to us from the set below. He is a most interesting chap. He was a thorough scoundrel before he died, and has been telling me some of his experiences since then. He says he has been through an awful time, and so I'll ask him more about it. I gather he has committed about all the offences there are. About question 2: I mean *belief* generally, belief in a future life and God, and in fact 'belief.' The first thing to do is to believe something. It does not so much matter what, so long as you believe. A nigger believing in a fetish is better than a man who believes nothing at all. Believe! I will write again presently. The conditions are better than any before. You need a rest. Try again in half an hour.—H. J. L."

(Witnessed, in autograph, K.)

Jan. 24th, 1914. 6.30.

We waited half an hour. This time no questions were asked.

### LETTER 2

"I have come. Learn as much as you can on earth and so save delay afterwards. Now about myself. That man I spoke of is near me. He was a man of good position. Had been an army officer and

<sup>1</sup>Note by J. W.—H. J. L., knowing I was a Tory, often used (when alive) to say the Tories were out for Plunder and Blunder.

<sup>2</sup>Correct. This fact was unknown to me.—J. W.

was turned out for disgraceful conduct. He married a girl and robbed her of her money. Left her behind when he went to India. Seduced a girl there and got her money: murdered a native. They found out about the girl but not about the native. Kicked out of the army. Returned to England. There he went in for bogus company promoting. Robbed dozens of poor people of their money. Finally came under the law. Got five years. While in prison his wife brought an action for divorce and won it.

"When he came out, set up as a card-sharper. Was discovered and turned out of the various clubs to which he belonged. Then he got in with a young fellow who had a new invention. Ran him for a time, finally murdered him and stole the invention. Got it accepted, and as he was going to sign the agreement was knocked down by a motor 'bus in the Strand and killed. It was one of the first motor 'buses invented. He wants to take control. Shall let him for a minute."

(Note by Ed.—Here the style of writing quite changed and the writing itself was done at a great pace. Mr and Mrs K. declared that the medium's whole demeanour changed and became excited.)

*Stranger*... "I am taking control, but can't manage it properly. I am not doing this for fun. I've been a beast all my life, and if I can do anything to make amends I want to. Shall sometimes. I cannot do this properly yet. I have been a miserable failure all my life, but if Mr L. will help, as he has promised, shall doubtless make progress. He wants to take control now."

*H. J. L. again.* "I am afraid he rather exhausted you. I am rather a tyro, but of course he is worse, as he has not had the calming influence of our teacher. He has only just got out of the worst torments, so is disturbed in spirit. Our calmer atmosphere will doubtless make his stuff much more readable. But he was so anxious to do some good at last that I had to let him try. He shall give you his experiences another time. They will be quite different from mine. He has been much longer here. He died in 1905." (So written in text as if he had paused to enquire—Ed.) "Says it was one of the first motor omnibuses that ever plied. Just his luck. I have taken up almost all the time about him, so will now close.—H. J. L."

(Ended about 7.30.)

The following question had been written down by Mr K.:—  
Will the officer give his name?

### LETTER 3

"As you have probably gathered, several friends are now helping us, but I have now sent away the officer. He exhausts you too much; besides, a man helping me here has told me we must be careful, as

he has only just got into our set and so might 'break loose' if he comes in touch with earth too often. He means well, but the spirit is weak. However, we will see no harm comes of it.

"I have not met any old friends here, and so am a bit lonely, but am making friends with several men. One went up to the next set. He has promised to come and visit us sometimes, and so I hope to be able to report to you something of the set above us. As to question *re* officer's name. I do not know it, but can ask him. Shan't do so now, though, or he'd want to take control. I am not sure that he'll give it; rather think at first he won't, but daresay he will in time. He's a wild sort of person. I can see you all quite well. There are others with you—lots of them. Of course I do not know who they are, as they do not come from my set. But power is waning. Thank Mr and Mrs K. Good-bye.—H. J. L."

### CHAPTER III

#### H. J. L. OUTLINES HIS PLAN FOR THIS BOOK

VISION IN A TRANCE ON THE NIGHT OF  
JAN. 26TH, 1914

H. J. L. "I am glad we started that automatic writing, as it has proved so successful. I propose to give you a series of such letters, in which I shall endeavour to give a connected account of our life over here. Now I gather that most of the spirit messages which have been received ignore almost everything which does not come under the writer's immediate knowledge. I propose to go further and to give in addition to my own personal experiences those of members of the sets above and below us. By this means I hope to cover at least those three; and as my friend who has passed on to the set above has promised to try and get in touch with a spirit who is passing on to the one above, I may be able to tell you something of the fourth set. I shall endeavour to give you a description of the 'geography' of this region, if so it may be called. Further, I shall give you my own experiences, beginning with my death and entrance to this new life. Further, I have been back to earth since last I saw you, and have seen a man pass over to us from our side. My teacher took me. I am therefore able to comprehend several incidents in my own death which at first appeared vague and uncertain.

"Now it is difficult for you to understand our arrangements here; it is very different from what you are usually taught. It is not, however, so much that the original teaching of the Church was wrong, but that it has been misinterpreted by its teachers. At the best, however, they only show a part of the truth. Not even here do we know all the truth. Truth is like a diamond with many facets. Each facet contains part, but only part, of the truth. Some facets are larger than others; so all creeds exist because of the 'facet' of truth, however small, which they possess. No faith which had no element of truth

could exist at all for any space of time on earth. Often, however, the 'facet' is very small. The larger the amount of truth, the stronger that faith will, as a rule, grow. Thus the Roman Catholics are a numerous body, but neither they nor any sect possess all the truth. They simply form one of the communities which exist in the sets where men believed. There are also Buddhists and 'heathen' there, and, indeed, all religions. From this stage we advance until we have gathered in all truth, and then we shall really know what is meant by God. But that is far hence.

"Since, however, it is easier for you to comprehend the new facts with which I am about to deal if you can attach them to some theory with which you are acquainted, I shall adopt the general plan of Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell. Be under no misunderstanding, as depicted by many persons these names are wholly misleading. But if accepted as a convenient and rough classification, they will be helpful. One fact, however, you must clearly grasp. So far as I can discover there is no evidence of the *eternity* of Hell. Drop that idea and the rest will be easy to understand. At the same time spirits may be in what I will call Hell for countless ages. For example, Nero is there still, and likely to remain for many an earthly age.

"The officer has just come up from Hell, and so that proves it is not a place of perpetual torment. But as most spirits who communicate with the living are fairly spiritual ones, they have never been in Hell, and so can tell you nothing of it. Many do not know of its existence. For we do not know everything, only what is necessary for our own progress. They need no pains of Hell, and so know not of its existence. Herein lies the interest of what the officer will relate. I myself could not tell you what he can from his own experience. Under Hell therefore I group all those who did not believe. Purgatory begins with our set. Until you have received the first glimmerings of faith you can make but little progress. When this has once been received the spirit enters our realms. Hence Christ went down into Hell to teach the spirits 'belief.' So to-day exalted spirits sometimes go down thither to teach them to believe.

"Of Heaven we know little here; it is to be with God, and that is enough for us. We are on the lowest edge of Purgatory, and have far to travel before we reach there.

"Don't misunderstand me when I speak of Hell; I mean simply the 'Realm of Unbelief,' the hardest hill the spirit has to climb. When that is surmounted the slope is easier. When speaking of Purgatory you must not think we are unhappy. True, we suffer, but so long as we are progressing we are happy. Our sufferings merely purge away the earthly dross which would drag us down.

"Another fact that may come as a surprise to you is that we can still fall into sin, or at any rate slip back instead of making steady progress. It is no case of rest and fall asleep. We are very busy striving to mount higher. But for us there is little temptation to carnal sin; of that we are free.



"But the unfortunate beings in Hell are still subject to their temptations, and to their own harm can sometimes gratify them. Of that more anon.

"Now a word to yourself. If at times you weary of this and think it fails in interest, I ask you not to give it up. It is entailing much labour on me, but I do it gladly, for thereby I am making amends for my own slackness on earth. Believe me, you too will benefit; but, above all, I hope the world may deign to learn something from what I am trying to communicate.

"I think I have made plain to you the general plan of what I propose. In reading the 'news' I send, don't jump to any hasty conclusions, but wait and compare the various items. Above all, remember that because I fail to state that a thing or person is there, it does *not* follow that they do not exist. These realms are so vast that no spirit knows more than a part of them.

"Before we part, are there any questions you wish to ask me?"

*J. W.* "Do you have light and darkness here?"

*H. J. L.* "Not as you understand the words, for this is not a material world, therefore material light has no place here. But there is a kind of spiritual darkness. In Hell it is utter darkness, for there is no belief. As to what is here, look, open your eyes—see."

(Suddenly I perceived we were in a kind of twilight or soft evening light.)

"Here we do not perceive so clearly as those who do believe, therefore we are in this twilight. But as we progress the light becomes stronger. The light, if so you can call it, is within ourselves. We must part now." (He began to fade and grow indistinct, then I was alone.)

#### CHAPTER IV

#### TWO STRANGE INCIDENTS

I WAS not sure whether the following "dream" really formed a continuation of my trance vision of Uncle, or whether it was just an ordinary dream. It was, however, so vivid and peculiar that I entered it.

#### THE DUEL

I dreamt I was clad in a light blue costume of the time of Charles I., and was standing in the hall of a large Jacobean house. The furniture was of that period.

Suddenly there was a fierce hammering at the hall door. A manservant opened it, and I saw a man on horseback. He was clad in black, and his beard was black and cut rather short and square round his face in a peculiar manner. His face was very white, and on his head was a tall fur cap.

He rushed into the hall and challenged me to a duel. I drew my

rapier, which had a jewelled handle, as he drew his. He then snatched up a short sword or long dagger, broad towards the hilt, but with a fine point, and with this parried the thrust from my rapier.

My servant cried, "The Italian method," and slipped into my left hand a similar dagger. I can distinctly remember the jar each time our swords were caught on the broad part of the daggers.<sup>1</sup>

At length my blade slipped over his and ran him through the shoulder. He then declared that he would go, but suddenly slipped into the house again and snatched up some papers which were on an oak chest near by. With these he turned and ran into the garden.

Furious at this treachery, I sprang after him and ran him through the body. My blade entered his back between the shoulder-blades and came out a little lower down in his chest. He fell and gasped out his life in a few minutes among the flower-beds.

I fell on the path sobbing and lamenting. As I lay there, I saw the villagers looking through the gates and the servants picking up the body of the dead man. I have a very clear recollection of the intense grief I felt.

Then I dreamt that I awoke from this dream and saw a picture of a sword, the very one I had used in the fight. I thereupon sprang from bed (the one in our room), and going to the chest of drawers found there a piece of paper. I thereon jotted down in pencil the chief points in my dream lest I should forget it.

As a matter of fact I had not really awakened, and in due course awoke in bed. There was no pencil or paper on the chest of drawers.

I did not see how this dream could have any connection with Uncle, but determined to ask him.—*J. W.*

On Jan. 30th, at 2.50 p.m., Blanche sees *H. J. L.*

Blanche was leaning out of the dining-room window and looking into the garden, when she got very excited and declared that she saw the "Big Granddad." He was wearing his (black skull) cap on his head, and said "Hello, Chickabiddy." He came floating down from a blue patch in the sky and took hold of her right wrist and tried to pull her up to Heaven. She pulled, and he let go and went to various parts of the garden, and looked over the whole place by going up to a big rock on the hill behind the house.

She described all this, as it happened, to her mother, who was in the room, pointing in the various directions as the figure changed its position. Mrs Ward says she seemed perfectly genuine at the time. She repeated it very accurately to me the same evening. She said, "Hello, Granddad," in answer to his greeting. He looked at her "with a smiling laugh," and he appeared to be moving round the house and garden.—*J. W.*

<sup>1</sup>Nov. 7th, 1916.—Have just seen, in the Tower of London, the exact counterpart of the dagger with which I parried his rapier. They are quite different from any dagger I had ever seen before, and were doubtless intended so to be used.

This is an accurate summary of what took place at about 2.50 p.m.—C. W.

Blanche is four years three months old.

## CHAPTER V

### THE OFFICER

Jan. 31st. At Sheffield.

LETTER 6, AT 7.0 P.M., BY H. J. L.

*Questions written down*

- (1) Officer's name ?
- (2) Had duel dream anything to do with you ?
- (3) Did you come to Blanche on Friday ?

"I am here, and will begin by answering the questions first. No. 3: I did see Blanche. I thought I should like to see where you lived, never having been there.

"It was my natural attraction, not any deliberate intention of mine, that caused the 'pull.' I am trying to write more closely, as Mr. K. asks, but it is not easy yet. No. 2: The dream is curious, as it has nothing to do with me, but is the theme which haunts a friend of mine here. He killed a Pole who had saved his life during the Thirty Years War on the Continent. Afterwards the man entered the secret service of the Parliamentarians. His grief was because he killed his benefactor; but he had to, as the man was stealing papers which would have implicated many in a plot to place Charles II. on the throne. Why *you* saw it I can't say, but you evidently did, and since it was his mind picture, identified yourself with him.

"As to question 1: the officer absolutely refuses to give you his name, and I think his reasons are good. He shall give you them in his own words. I am standing by, so there is no danger."

(At this point, Mr K. informs me, my whole manner changed; I became excited; also the way in which I held the pencil changed.)

*The Officer.* (The writing is quite different here.) "Give my name ? No ! no ! I will give you the reason, though. I have a daughter: isn't it bad enough that she should have my blood in her veins, poor devil ? But that she should become known as the daughter of a murderer ! No one knows that I murdered those men. If it was once known, what chance would she have in life ? Who would marry her ? And what of my poor wife ? No, if what I write isn't worth your while, do without it; but you'll be unwise. I want to do some good—not harm—to my wife and child. They say I must stop. Mr L. is going to take control now."

(Mr. K saw the change take place in my manner, etc.—Ed.)

H. J. L. "I am sorry he would not give his name, but I think he was right. But as I knew he would not, I have persuaded the spirit

who has gone to the set above to give his *as evidence*. He has no reason to fear that it will do harm. He shall introduce himself."

(Here my manner and way of holding the pencil changed so markedly that Mr K. placed a cross against the line, thus x.)

"This is the first time I have taken control, and so will introduce myself and will give you details so that you can *prove me*. Mr L. has asked me to help in this important plan of his, and I am to describe, so far as I can, what this set is like, *i.e.* the one above that in which they who only half believed are. I was Dr. J. B. P., Principal Emeritus, ——— Congregationalist Coll. I founded the B— L— B—, was joint editor of the ———, and wrote the ———. I was born Dec. 17th, 1830, and died Jan. 26th, 1911<sup>1</sup> Is this *enough evidence* ? My friends would probably never believe that I only half believed, and I hardly realised that this was the case myself. But it was due to over-much study of theology. I lost, or nearly lost, the substance for the shadow. Now good-bye. Mr L. is in charge of us, and I shall write as he instructs, giving you, I hope, much useful information which I pray may guide your steps to the realms of light. God bless you all four."

(Mr K. marked the following with x to show the change of control.)

"I take control again to close this letter (H. J. L.) In the next I shall start giving you the detailed account of my death and first experiences here. The officer and Mr P. will not appear in the next. Rest half an hour.—H. J. L."

## CHAPTER VI

### H. J. L. DESCRIBES HIS DEATH

LETTER 7. SAME NIGHT, 8 P.M.

"I BECAME UNCONSCIOUS and after a time recovered, or so it seemed. Indeed, my mind suddenly became clear, but I began to feel a heavy weight. Gradually I realised that this weight was slipping away from me, or rather, I was sliding out from it, as if someone were drawing his hand out from a wet glove. Then I began to feel free at one end, so to speak, and then I began to see again.

"I saw once more the room and the people in it. Then I was free ! free ! I saw myself lying stretched out on the bed, and from my mouth came, as it were, a cord of light. It vibrated for a moment, then snapped, and from my mouth came away. At that moment someone said, 'I think he has gone.' Or if they did not say it, they thought it.

Mr K. investigated these facts and found every statement made was correct.

We none of us knew what Emeritus meant, but looked it up, and found it meant "retired" or "pensioned."

As the relations of this man are still alive, and would resent the use of his name, I have been reluctantly compelled to suppress these details, which were absolutely convincing to us.



Then I realised what I looked like for the first time. How different from what I had always seen in my looking glass! But was it I? It looked so strange.

"But even as I looked I was aware of an awful feeling of cold."

(Mr K. and the others say that while the next few lines were being written, I exhibited all the signs of suffering intense cold. I shivered and moaned, "Cold, cold," most piteously.)

"Cold! cold! Piercing feeling of cold. It pierced me through and through. Nothing I can write can give you any idea of that cold. The icy blast pierced me as no earthly wind ever did or can. I was a naked soul, no body, nothing to give me warmth. I shuddered and shivered like this for many a seeming age.

"Suddenly it seemed to grow a little less. I was aware of a presence. How can I describe him, this glorious being? Then I could hardly grasp any clear idea, but having since been in his company constantly, I can describe him a little better. Even now he seems to change every moment. At one instant I seem to know him well, at another he changes and I can get no clear idea of his face or form. He shimmers and shines and flashes, and seems as if he were made of fire. His robes, his face, his whole form is as it were fire. Yet that word gives but, a faint idea, nor would the word light be any nearer. All colour, too, is there. This glorious one is my teacher.

"Hardly had I perceived him, when the whole room in which I stood and the people who were there seemed to dissolve and fade away. Lo! I was in the most exquisite scenery imaginable. Every lovely spot I had ever visited was there, and countless others which I had never seen—beautiful rolling hills clothed with grass and trees; real trees, yes, and animals and even butterflies; flowers, too, of every description, not only English wild and garden flowers, but all manner of foreign plants, orchids and so forth, the like of which I never saw on earth. Nor did they seem strange or out of place, nor yet the sight of tropical palms and English oaks growing side by side. On earth it would certainly have seemed so, but here it appeared quite natural.

"Where am I?" I thought, and no sooner had the idea entered my mind, if indeed one can use the word, than the 'Shining One' seemed to answer.

"You are in the land of Afterdeath. Are you surprised that there are trees and animals here, and even grass? Know that here comes every thought which you have ever thought; soon also you shall know that is so, to your sorrow; and, further, here come also the spiritual forms of all that ever lived. Thus is our Spirit World built up and thus it constantly increases. All that lives, no matter how humble it be, comes here of itself. All thoughts come here. Hence you recognise many beauty spots you knew on earth. Hence also the palm and the oak, and the orchid which you never saw. You have much to learn."

"Do all thoughts live?" I cried (or thought). Even as the idea formed, the whole scene was blotted out from my perception.

"A horror seemed to grip me."

(Mr K., etc., declare that here I again began to exhibit signs of acute anguish.—ED.)

"Like a hideous nightmare, on every side visions seemed to press me round. They weighed me down. I, who but a moment before had seemed so light, now seemed to be crushed under an intolerable weight. I saw them not with mortal eyes, I perceived them with my whole being.

"I call them visions, but they were in real bodily form, like tableaux, moving and acting again before me all my past.

"My past deeds crowded before me, not in any order, but like a dream, all at once. Oh! the anguish as once more rose up deeds long since forgotten. Little or great, nothing was now forgotten. At last, after what seemed countless ages, an inspiration seemed to seize me, and I prayed. I had not done so for years and years, but now I prayed, 'O God, help me,' and as I prayed, really prayed, slowly the wild chaos began, as it were, to sort itself out. It, as it were, took a kind of chronological order, and the scenes took the form, as it were, of a street which stretched far away, far beyond my ken; and they will go on increasing as I progress till they reach to the judgment seat of God. And among them I saw many visions which came as a relief to my tired soul—little acts of kindness which I had long forgotten, times when I had resisted temptation. So I found, as it were, my location.—H. J. L."

Witness, K.

## CHAPTER VII

### HOW THE LIVING APPEAR TO THE DEPARTED

VISION IN TRANCE ON THE NIGHT OF FEB. 2ND, 1914

H. J. L. "Ask your friends to keep a watchful eye on you from the time that the officer takes control till the time when I resume it, particularly during the periods of rest.

"Pay careful heed to these points, as there are certain risks which must be faced in this kind of work. You are quite safe so long as you obey my instructions to the letter.

"You will receive a letter from Mr K. to-morrow (Tuesday) confirming the details *re* Dr R., so I trust you are now quite satisfied.

"With regard to what the officer writes, I can promise you every word is true; but he, too, only speaks of what he knows. There may be depths below that to which he sank, and doubtless other spirits have not all had the same experience, though in Hell.

"What he will tell you explains much of the common forms of

'This I did receive.

occult phenomena, *e.g.* death portents, haunted houses, 'plaguing,' and so forth.

"Don't be afraid, we will stand by you, and so long as you obey my instructions you will be all right. Have you any questions?"

J. W. "When you are doing the automatic writing, can you see those who are present?"

H. J. L. "Yes, but they look rather different to what they do to you. We see them as they are, not as they seem to be. Thus it often happens to us that those whom earth folk consider beautiful seem ugly, while those who look homely to you, to us seem beautiful.

"As a rule, we see the souls rather than the bodies. The bodies are there like a grey mass, as in the Röntgen ray photos the bones show through the flesh. If we greatly wish we can sometimes see the bodies, but even still the people cannot deceive us into thinking them beautiful when they are not. Their spiritual ugliness shows through their physical beauty.

"We see, too, all the spirits who have been attracted round, whether they are good spirits or evil, for some people and places have the power of attracting spirits sometimes good and sometimes evil. Now I must return to my task here.—H. J. L."

#### CHAPTER VIII

#### A PLAN OF THE SPIRIT PLANE

SIXTH TRANCE VISION OF H. J. L., BY J. W.,  
ON MONDAY, FEB. 9TH, 1914

H. J. L. "For your general convenience let me tell you that this realm is divided as follows:—

- "1. Belief with works.
- "2. Belief without works.
- "3. Half belief.
- "4. Unbelief.—Hell.

"When the soul has reached the highest plane of the first division, it goes through something that is akin to a second death, for there it leaves behind its spiritual body. But the soul who attains to that state rejoices in its coming relief—it does not fear it as the mortals do death, for those souls who are not yet ready do not cross the barrier.

"Once they have passed into the next realm, they cannot return. There are, including earth, seven such realms, of which the highest is to be with God.

"We who are here know only of the realm we are in, which we will call the sixth, the seventh being earth, which includes the astral plane.

"We cannot go to the fifth until our time has come, and then we cannot return.

"Still, to this rule are certain exceptions. Very rarely messengers are sent down to us from the realms above, but this only happens

for some good reason, and is comparable to the visible and audible return of one who is dead to earth.

"The other and more usual method is through a medium. Just as we communicate through you, so those in the fifth realm use a spirit in the higher planes of the sixth through whom to communicate.

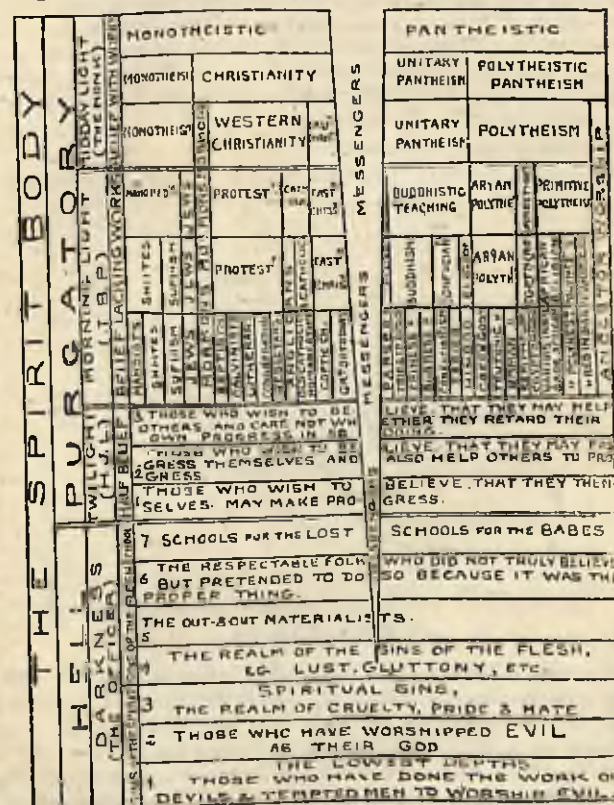


Diagram of Spirit Plane.

Any message from the fifth realm would thus have to pass through two mediums to reach earth.

"Each plane in the sixth realm is divided into various divisions, and sometimes these divisions are divided into spheres, I will show you a kind of diagram, so that you can grasp it better."

Then a huge sheet seemed to appear before me, with the preceding diagram written in lines of fire.

The sheet appeared grey.



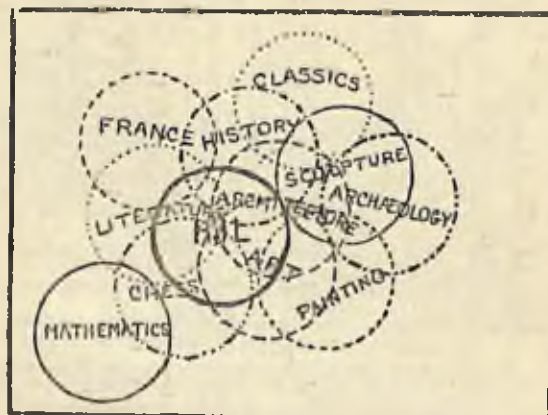
H. J. L. continued: "Of course this is only a diagram, and, further, I have made it as simple as I can. Thus I have, of course, not attempted to show every small sect, but only the chief ones; yet you must remember that every religion is here.

"The diagram refers to our state or condition, not to place, which does not exist with us. Further, there are many fluctuations and cross-currents which I cannot show easily. Thus, Sufism has obvious similarities to Pantheism, and Mormonism to Mahomedanism.

"So, too, souls fluctuate within their plane. Thus the officer sometimes reaches division 2, but he is usually very decidedly in division No. 1.

"I am in division 2. As you reckon time, I was but a few days in division 1, but to me it seemed many years.

"Here what I call soul-study is the chief business; our relaxation



Spheres of interest.

is what was our work on earth. This brings us into touch with men of similar occupations and tastes, though differing in religious matters.

"Thus we may compare this side to a series of circles."

Again on the screen of grey I saw this diagram of fire.

"Thus I got to know a man who is keen on archæology, because we are both interested in architecture, though from somewhat different points of view.

"I need not labour the point, as I see you grasp it. Here, you will see, the man who is interested in absolutely only one thing here, as on earth, will get to know far fewer people. These circles keep men in touch who otherwise would be quite separated owing to different religious outlook. Thus the modern Roman Catholic and the ancient Greek philosopher may meet in the Greek spheres, as these circles are often called, both being interested in Greek culture from a different standpoint.

"While we are in the region of half belief, the religious divisions

are only faintly visible, but when one gets into the set above one finds them very clear. You must first grasp a few truths firmly before you are ready to absorb others.

"Each sect grows towards the others as men progress, because while they retain the vital truth which has called them into existence, all religions lose their errors as the believer mounts higher towards God, who is Himself truth.

"A point that may not be quite clear is that in division 3 of our set the first messengers start. These go down for the most part as far as 'the schools.' They are not the glorious ones of fire who go down into Hell itself. They come from far above. The risk for our people would be too great. Even in the schools the earth pull is so strong that the messengers cast back their own progress for many earthly years.

"The Babes' Schools are for those who died too young to learn anything. They learn to believe, and as recreations they learn what you call work, only it is, of course, on a higher plane. No need to learn to read or write, for example."

J. W. "Who teaches them?"

H. J. L. "From divisions 3 go down many women who for some reason were never mothers on earth. Thus they satisfy the primal instinct of women. Also schoolmasters and parsons go there. Often they go down for what you would call a space of time, and then return to their work in division 3; for teaching is not work here but recreation.

"Now do not turn my diagrams into a cast-iron system. Remember there is far more flux here than on earth.

"Now I have told you enough for the time being. Is there anything you wished to say?"

J. W. "What is the purpose of the 'school for those who have progressed,' and why is it that this school is separate from that for the babes?"

H. J. L. "They must get some vague ideas before they can even half believe. As yet they simply have a vague longing to believe. They must also learn to realise the evilness of the scenes which rise up before them from their former life.

"They are like babes in knowledge, and must learn; but you would not have them mixed with the innocent babes, would you? Now good-bye."

#### CHAPTER IX

#### THE PASSING OF A SAINT

LETTER FROM H. J. L.

Feb. 14th.

"I HAVE taken control. I have been to see a death from this side. My guide took me. We entered a room, I cannot explain exactly how, but we simply found ourselves there. It was a large, airy room, nicely but not expensively furnished. Outside there was a garden, but, being winter, of course there was not much life in it.

"On the bed was an old man about seventy years, a parson. My guide spoke:

"This was a faithful minister of the truth as far as he knew it, one of those souls who come straight to the realm of belief, in the land where men believed and acted up to their beliefs. He is the Roman Catholic priest of this parish."

"Over his bed hung a Sister of Mercy, and beside him knelt a priest, who was giving him extreme unction.

"Suddenly the room became full of beautiful spirits. They filled the room and stretched far out into space.

"Who are these?" I asked.

"All the fair souls he has helped to save. See this woman, she was a poor fallen sister whose feet he turned to the paths of truth. That was a foolish boy who, but for him, would be in the set below yours. That father would have driven that girl, his daughter, on to the streets, but he [the priest.—ED.] took her to a nunnery, and by degrees softened the father's heart. Now both of them are in the realm of belief, of those who acted up to those beliefs. All these have come to welcome their pastor and friend."

"Then I was aware of a still more glorious being.

"Kneel," whispered my guide.

"All that glorious company sank on their knees, I humbly with them.

"Who is he?" I whispered.

"He is the teacher and ruler of that realm. He comes to take him home. Look!"

"Slowly from the body a light seemed to rise, strongest at the head. It was almost golden, but had a touch of blue in it. Gradually it seemed to take the form of a head and shoulders, and slowly I saw this figure of light draw out of its fleshy covering. Soon it was clear, and at once a glad cry broke from the lips of the hundreds who were present.

"Father, your children greet you with joy and gladness," they seemed to say.

"And the good priest smiled on them, and, as he did, I noticed the body too seemed to smile. The spirit turned and blessed those earthly ones who were watching by the bed.

"Then the cord of flame, which had been growing longer and longer, snapped, and I heard a wild cry of sorrow from the mourners below; but it was quite drowned in the song of rejoicing which burst from the lips of the spirit throng. The Great Spirit took him by the hand and seemed to say: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a little, now thou shalt rule over many. I make thee the pastor of all these whom on earth thou didst save,' and the wild song of joy which burst from the assembled crowd still rings in my ears.

"Then we were alone, I and my guide, and the humble mourners, but I knew it was well, and I too went away rejoicing.

"I shall write no more. Thank all five who have helped to-night. I hope the two newcomers are now satisfied as to the necessity for the officer's work, and also realise the full aim of this book. Again thanking you.—Yours, H. J. L."

(Those present were Mr and Mrs K., Mrs S., Mr and Mrs J.—Feb. 10th, 1914.)

## CHAPTER X

### DESCRIBES THE SCHOOL TO WHICH HE WENT AND WHAT HE LEARNT THERE

#### SEVENTH TRANCE DREAM

Feb. 16th.

H. J. L. "Well, Jack, do you wish to ask me any questions?"

J. W. "What has happened to that beautiful tract of country you spoke of when you had just died?"

H. J. L. "Open your eyes."

Then it seemed as if my eyes were opened and behold I was in the most lovely country. The light was of the kind one sees on a summer evening. Over the distant horizon the red glow of sunset was just visible, tingeing the hill-tops and reflected in the water of many streams and lakelets.

We were standing side by side in an avenue of trees, tall and splendid.

I saw H. J. L. quite plainly. He was not dressed in the clothes I had seen him in when he had appeared clairvoyantly, *i.e.* earthly, but in long flowing robes of white which seemed as if they were really part of the body in some mysterious way. A soft faint light seemed to come out from his body, impossible to describe.

Looking again at the landscape, it seemed to me to contain everything beautiful of natural scenery. The views grow wider; I perceive lakes and snow-capped mountains, rushing rivers, and lo! beyond all, the sea.

But over all was a soft evening light.

"Do you have day and night here?" I asked him.

"No. The light comes from ourselves, though indeed, there is that mysterious red glow. It is the light of God, of Faith, of Truth, which reaches us but goes no further. The higher we go the brighter it becomes, till at length it is all in all. In Hell there is no light either from Faith or the individuals there.

"The real light by which we perceive things is within ourselves. The light you see I hardly realise; it is more comparable to the other effects of the landscape than light by which we can perceive."

We seated ourselves on the soft grass under an oak tree, and below us I could see palms and tropical birds mingling with the ordinary English scenery.



"He. Does this not answer your question?"

"H. J. L. You mean I should see the spirit form shining through the material form as a candle does through smoke or fog?"

"He. Yes."

"H. J. L. Having left matter behind, shall I ultimately also leave behind form?"

"As I spoke these words, a terrible stillness seemed to fill the room. All the other boys leant forward expectantly."

"He. You have asked a question which I at any rate cannot fully answer. But this I can tell you—that we do leave behind the present form on rising to the next realm. What happens none of us here knows. We cannot see beyond the wall of fire any more than mortal eyes can penetrate the veil of death. The Great Messengers may know, but we who do but come from the highest divisions of this realm know not. You still wish to ask a question?"

"H. J. L. We who are created by God look to Him for help and consider Him responsible for our well-being. Are we also responsible for the forms we create?"

"Again the silence that could be felt brooded over the room."

"He. You ask wise questions, though so young. What happened to you after you had spoken awhile with your guide?"

"H. J. L. I told him of the hideous nightmare which had seized me, and how it sorted itself into order when I prayed."

"He. Does this not answer your question in part? Did not your thoughts claim you?"

"H. J. L. I bowed my head in shame and sat silent."

"He. But your question means more than that. Speak on."

"H. J. L. But my thoughts cannot create fresh thoughts, as I can."

"He. Directly no, but what of indirectly?"

"H. J. L. How can they even indirectly?"

"He. In the material world an evil act is done. Are there none who copy that evil act?"

"H. J. L. That is so, of course. But surely things are different here?"

"He. Tell him the answer to that."

"One of the boys then spoke as follows:—"

"Nothing exists on earth which has not its counterpart here. We see this in the trees and birds and buildings, as also in many other things. But all things here lack crude matter."

"H. J. L. But do their evil thoughts here influence others to evil?"

"He. When on earth did you never notice that two men, or even more, each working independently, even separated from each other by thousands of miles, at the same moment make the same discovery?"

"H. J. L. Yes, often, but put it down to coincidence."

"He. There is *no such thing* as coincidence. That word is merely a cloak employed by men to disguise the fact that they are ignorant of some of the fundamental laws of God."

"Again, have you never seen how an idea will continue for ages

to influence mankind, though all who knew its origin have passed away?"

"Have you never seen how such an idea, though forgotten in its original home, will yet reappear somewhere else without any known connection having taken place?"

"H. J. L. Then, once created, a thought may go on creating fresh thoughts?"

"He. Yes; but only such as relate to it. It could not create a fresh thought on an entirely different subject."

"H. J. L. But a man can. Why, then, is it different? He may at one time create a cruel thought which will go on influencing others to do cruel deeds, yet at the next moment he may create a thought of kindness which others will develop into much that is good. Why this difference?"

"He. Of what does a man consist?"

"H. J. L. Matter, form, force."

"He. Of what does a thought, once created, consist?"

"H. J. L. I suppose form only."

"He. You are answered."

"H. J. L. Ah, then it is the presence of what you call force. What is force?"

"He. Some say force is God, and some that force and matter are God, and some that force and matter are the same, and it is this that is God. Can man create either?"

"H. J. L. I suppose he creates only forms."

"He. Are you not, then, answered?"

"H. J. L. I don't see quite how it answers my original question, namely, why we can create variant thoughts when our own thoughts cannot."

"He. God creates you; you create your thought; your thought influences others."

"Your thought's action is bounded by the thought that created it; your actions are bounded by the force which actuates you. God is bounded by nothing."

"H. J. L. I see it all. I cannot think about that of which I have no knowledge. But God is knowledge."

"He. God is all in all. You have learnt your first lessons. Now go for recreation, all of you."

"Next moment we were outside like boys running out from school, and we amused ourselves in many various ways. But our pleasures here are mental. What was our work on earth is our amusement here."

"I very naturally drifted into the set who were interested in architecture. They varied in size, or really, in spiritual development. Many were in the upper forms of the school, and one of these suggested we should go off to see some of the famous buildings which had at one time existed."

"I don't want to see any of the hideous villas which disfigure most of our suburbs," I remarked.

"Such as one of those you built, eh?" remarked a boy whom I recognised as a man I knew slightly on earth.

"I should have felt annoyed on earth, but here I only chuckled.

"The big boy who had suggested the expedition answered, 'Oh, you need not fear that. All that is hideous goes to Hell. We don't get the finest work here, of course—that goes to the people in the sets above us. Still, all our stuff is good. There are some very fine Assyrian buildings we might go and see.'

"Do all the buildings come here, or only those which have perished?" I asked.

"If a building is practically untouched it does not come here, but if it is partly destroyed and rebuilt, the whole of the original form comes here. You see, the alterations have given it a new form which may in due course also come here. That's part of the interest of it. You can see how the Tower of London has changed from century to century. Of course we don't have its exact present form.'

"So we went off to see the Assyrian buildings, and I enjoyed it immensely."

J. W. "As you are in with architects, do you ever come across a man called A.?"

H. J. L. "It's funny you should inquire about him, for he was the man who made that remark about the houses."

J. W. "About those you built?"

H. J. L. "Yes."

J. W. "How is he getting on?"

H. J. L. "He's in our set. He told me he was fearfully annoyed when he found he was with those who only half believed. He said to his teacher, 'But I did believe.'

"His guide replied, 'Had you really believed, you would not be here. Like many others, you thought you believed, but belief does not consist of merely saying "I believe." You must truly grasp it. Had you really believed, you could not have lived the life you did. Plenty of people who thought they believed find themselves in Hell. A man's belief must be shown forth in his life, or it is not real. This does not mean that a man who believes may not commit many grievous sins. He may. Nor yet does it mean that he will not suffer for them. We are responsible for every thought and act; but still, belief must be real before it counts. There is no deceiving anyone, not even one's own self, here. You half believed, and are, therefore in this part. Had you not believed at all, you would be in Hell. Now go and make progress.'"

J. W. "Is he?"

H. J. L. "Not very fast. You see, he was younger and almost all his interests were physical—sports, good wine, women, and business. He died in the midst of them, and the earth pull is very strong. He is not earth-bound—no one here is—but still he does hanker after the earth. Why, he often plays truant and goes back to his old haunts and friends on earth. It's not with the same desires as the earth-bound

go, hoping to be able to enjoy their old lusts, but with a kind of affection for old friends and places. I am really very sorry, for it throws him back terribly, and he's a very nice fellow. However, as he himself says, he died thirty years at least before his time, and I suppose he's got to spend that time before he'll be in the same position as those who died after their seventieth birthday.

"He told that to the master one day when he reprimanded him for playing truant.

"He's fearfully slow in class, can't grasp quite simple things; although he died so much earlier than I did, I've passed him already. But he's a jolly fellow, very popular out of school. He misses his games, though, terribly. He's got a vein of humour. He explained the other day that he prayed fervently that his wife might not die for many years, as he was afraid she would rout him out here.

"Now you have heard quite enough, or you'll want to stick here altogether."

We then began to walk back towards the avenue. Reaching there, we sat down, and I seemed to fall asleep.—J. W.

## CHAPTER XI

### HE ATTENDS HIS OWN FUNERAL

#### NINTH LETTER OF H. J. L.

At home (Glen House),  
Feb. 21st, 7 p.m.

"AFTER I had apparently been attending the school for a long time, my guide came to me one day and said, 'It is time for you to go to your funeral!'

"My funeral!' I cried; 'I thought that had taken place ages ago.'

"Oh no,' he replied; 'you have, according to our reckoning, been here quite a long time, but, according to earth time, you have only been here three days.'

"This was the first time I realised the huge difference between our method of reckoning time, or, rather, our escape from time, and your subservience to it. In those three earthly days I had made apparently many months' progress, had learnt much about spiritual things, and had seen numerous fine buildings of ancient days. At this point I should add that here there is nothing comparable to night and day, nor is there any sleep. This is, of course, evident if you think for a moment, for the spirit never sleeps even upon earth; it, unlike the body, needs no rest.

"Well, my guide told my master where I was going, and I was excused lessons. We were just going to begin work. I expect this sounds rather funny to you.

"Next moment we were at L.D. There was no long journey through the ether, as I imagined would be the case. Simply I found myself in my old bedroom. Of course it is now plainer to me. Our world and



yours are not separated by anything akin to space. One might almost say they are both in the same space. But there, it is impossible to make this point quite plain to you, I fear.

"I, of course, noticed that the room was changed and the furniture out of its proper place, and then I noticed the coffin. It was covered by a large white sheet, but I could see through this, and perceived my body lying there.

"Strangely enough, it did not seem to have the attraction for me which I expected it would. I looked at it more as one might look at a marble sculpture than as at an old friend.

"You have finished your work and your day is done, old friend," I murmured. Even as I thought this, another thought welled up. 'Were you really a friend or only a taskmaster?' Now at any rate I was free, and I rejoiced.

"After a while I felt I should like to see what the others were doing.

"Next moment I was in the dining-room. It was so full that, to avoid touching the others, I stood in, or rather, through the middle of the table. Of course it did not interfere with me in any way, nor, indeed, would their bodies, but yet some instinct, probably inherited from my earthly state, compelled me to avoid running into them. I saw them all—you, G., D., M., and Miss P.

"There did not seem to be much to learn there, so I drifted into the drawing-room, where my wife was, but soon drifted out.

"To tell the truth, I rather felt as if I was in the way, and wondered vaguely why I had been taken from school, where I was every day learning something new and interesting, to see these vacuities.

"My guide answered, 'At the moment of burial the spirit always feels an inarticulate yearning to see its earthly shell and bid it farewell. There is a good reason for this, indeed, several. Besides the mere earthly attachment which all men feel for their bodies, akin to that usually felt by a dog for its master, even when that master was often cruel to it, there are the following:—At burials there are usually certain evil beings who hang round the corpse, hoping against hope, they know not always how, to draw some carnal satisfaction from the corpse, some touch of earthly lusts which still haunt it.

"Occasionally, under exceptional circumstances, they may try, and even succeed, in drawing a kind of material body from the dead corpse by means of which to clothe their naked souls. This can only happen in the case of men who have lived evil lives. From this shame you are free; nevertheless, you and I go to see that nothing of evil shall approach what once held you.

"Further, it is right that you should follow to its last resting place a friend with whom you have been associated for so long.

"Finally, by showing you the pettiness of the life you have left, to make you the more rejoice in that in which you now are."

"After this I again returned and sat by my corpse; and presently you entered. I saw you remove the napkin and look at my face, but but all the time I was standing opposite to you. I saw, rather to my

surprise, how distressed you were, and tried to attract your attention, saying, 'I am all right. Don't you see me?'

"Once I thought you heard me, for you looked straight in my face for a moment; but you did not. Then, replacing the napkin and sheet, you turned and left the room.

"Soon after, the undertaker's men entered, and having screwed down the lid, took the coffin downstairs. I went with the procession to the church.

"After the coffin had been lowered into the grave and you had all gone, I did not follow you, but waited by the grave till it was filled in. This completed, I looked at the marble statue which had once held me—I could, of course, see through the earth perfectly well—and then, turning to my guide, said, 'Shall we now be going?'

"The thought had hardly been formed when, lo! I was back in the school again, and oh! with what a sigh of relief! I looked round for my guide, but he had gone; but by now I had become accustomed to his strange comings and goings.

"Take your place," said my master kindly. 'We have only had one round of questions.'

"Only one round," I thought, 'yet I was on earth for hours. Indeed, there is no relation between time there and here.'

"My master seemed to divine my thoughts, for he answered at once, 'You ought to know by now that here there is no such thing as time.'

"I suppose it was having been back to earth that now made me feel just the least surprised at his answering a *thought* of mine.

"I again looked at the boys, and now realised for the first time how small and immature were the mortals whom I had just seen. These, at any rate, were boys, but they, for the most part, were the merest babes, some hardly born. I realised, in particular, with mild surprise how infantile was the spirit in — and in —. Yet though both were babies, there was some indescribable difference between them. When I saw you all, I saw your spiritual bodies—and often the largest and finest shadow bodies had the smallest and most misshapen and infantile spirit bodies.

"How glad I was to be back at school, back in the realities of life, away from all pettiness and futilities of what you *call* life on earth; but at the same time a new desire had come upon me, and that was to let you and others know this fact.

"Rest half an hour.—H. J. L."

## CHAPTER XII

### HE GOES TO COLLEGE

#### H. J. L.'s TENTH LETTER

GLEN HOUSE

8.50 p.m., Feb. 21st, 1914.

"To resume my narrative.

"After returning to school I felt strongly that I wanted to tell

those I had seen what the real conditions over here were like, partly because I saw one or two were grieving rather, but more because they all either did not believe in a future life at all, or else had evidently wrong ideas as to what it was like over here. I have already told you of my fruitless endeavours to reach other members of the family, and how at length I got in touch with you. Now I will explain how I learnt that one could tell those still living. No sooner had the idea come to me, than my guide entered the class-room.

"Your pupil has learnt his lesson so well," he said to our master, "that he can now leave school. He will go to a university instead."

"He has made splendid progress," said my master. "Good; go forward, my lad."

"Class was then dismissed, and all the other boys crowded round me.

"You have shot up," they said. "Why, you are nearly a man."

"Several others, I noticed, were also speaking to their guides, and it was quite a batch of us who said farewell to the building which had now become so familiar to us all.

"My guide then began to speak. 'You wish to communicate with those still living? Why?'

"I said, 'To tell them of this life, so that they may try and prepare themselves for it, so that they need not go through the elementary lessons which I had to learn. Many, too, who believe in a future life have no real idea as to what it is like.'

"But why should you wish to speak to them? They will all come to us some day, and then they will *have* to learn.'

"Yes, but on earth I neglected these things, and now would make some little amends."

"This is a good reason, and truly they do need much light, and by helping them you will help yourself. Lo! you are now in the second instead of the first stage of this realm or set."

"How can I do it?" I said.

"That you must find out for yourself. We tell nothing here. Each soul must strive to answer his own questions, and if he really strives he will succeed."

"Soon I found myself without my guide among a crowd of young men. We seemed to be in some university town. Several of the men drifted towards me, and, without the usual hesitation which I should have felt on earth, I asked what I could do to tell those on earth of this life.

"One of them replied, 'We, too, are trying to find out how to do that very thing. Come with us.'

"We now searched throughout that large town, and at last found what we sought. Let me say here that the dominant note of the place was the desire to help others who were already dead. At length we found a lecturer, as he would have been called on earth. But he did not lecture, but ask questions, as the master had done.

"When we said, 'How can we tell those still living?'

"He replied, 'How do you do anything here?'

"By thinking about it."

"You are answered."

"We think then," I said, "that we wish to communicate with the living."

"Naturally, how otherwise?"

"And do we think of one person or many?"

"Which you please, but which is easier—to think of one person or many persons?"

"One!" we all cried together.

"Are there any other questions?" he asked.

"We had none then, so we went together to a sort of private study and there all concentrated our thoughts on this great matter. It sounds very simple to say 'Think of something,' but in practice we found it terribly hard to concentrate on one sole thought. Other ideas would come floating in. We seemed to try this for weeks and weeks, but at length one man did get through.

"This encouraged us. Another who had been trying for some time said, 'I wonder if the man I am thinking about is not receptive?'

"This started a long discussion, and we all agreed that probably it would be easier to get in touch with those who were not too materialistic. So, as we could not always tell who *were* the most materialistic, we decided to make such a list, and work through them by degrees. You know the rest. At length I got you. That night I seemed specially drawn towards earth, I think now because it was just a week since I had died.

"I gradually became aware of the fact that I was drawing closer to you than I had yet done to the others, but it was not till you went to bed that I really got in touch with you. This taught me how to work, and once started, things went easier. Finally, I met P., who told me how to try automatic writing,—Yours,  
"H. J. L."

## CHAPTER XIII

### ANIMALS ON THE SPIRIT PLANE

#### TRANCE VISION OR CONVERSATION DURING NIGHT OF FEB. 23RD

I (J. W.) found myself seated by the edge of a beautiful lake. It reminded me at one time of Coniston, but next moment it seemed more like Lake Lucerne.

H. J. L. was by me.

"Do you," I said, "have houses to live in?"

"Yes," he replied. "I at present am living in college."

"Is it like any College which still exists?"

"I think," he replied, "that it is old Queen's College, Oxford, which was pulled down to make way for the present classical building."

J. W. "Did you know of the Requiem Mass which my father held for you on the day of the funeral?"



H. J. L. "Yes, but I did not know that it was on the same day. I knew of it what appeared to be some time before. That service was of far more use to me than the funeral service. It is strange that so many Christians devote all their attention to the body, which knows and cares nothing about what is going on, and entirely neglect the spirit, which is often in great need of help.

"I was going through one of those terrible days (of course they are not days, but I know no other name to give them for you) when my former deeds crowded upon me on every side. These 'days' come on me even still; they are part of my punishment, and are sent to enable me to repent. I, of course, could not go to school, and was there overwhelmed with misery, when, lo! a bright flame seemed to force its way through my nightmare visions and dissolve them. Slowly in their place there came a vision of a church with an altar on which were candles and a cross, and before it was a priest. I recognised him as your father and, further, saw you kneeling there. But though you two were the only mortals, you were not alone. Who they were who knelt beside you I cannot say, but certainly the whole church, not merely the side chapel, was full of worshippers who had come from our side.

"No words of mine can express the joy that this sight filled me with. Firstly, I rejoiced that there were at least some on earth who really cared and believed enough to pray for me, and the thought and the words of the service filled me with a wonderful peace.

"But even beyond this came the inspiring thought that hundreds of others who had come here before, had possibly trodden the same hard road as I was treading, were interested in my progress and prayed for me. O, Jack, I never knew how much good might be hidden in that wonderful contradictory old national church of ours! Tennyson must have received some inspiration from this side when he retained in his *Morte d'Arthur* those closing lines of Malory, clean contradictory as they must have been to the ideas of the Mid-Victorians. 'Pray for my soul.' You know the rest, don't you?"

J. W. "Yes, well. By-the-bye, as animals come here, have you seen anything of old Molly?" (Carrie's dog.)

H. J. L. "Oh yes. She often comes to me, as there is no one else here she knows, I think. There she is."

J. W. Where? I can't see her."

H. J. L. "Here she comes."

As he spoke, Molly came rushing out of a small wood close by. She looked somewhat younger than when she died and had quite lost her hump, but otherwise there seemed no change. She jumped and capered about, first round H. J. L. and then round me, wagging her tail and barking with excitement. I made her walk on her hind legs as she used to do. Presently she curled up beside H. J. L.

"If animals survive in this state," I asked, "what becomes of them when the frontier of this plane is reached? Do they, too, go on to the fifth plane?"

H. J. L. "That is one of the points we are investigating. I have particularly asked P. to inquire in his division.

"This leads me to try and fix the terms I use for our divisions here. I am afraid they have been a little incoherent. I will therefore use henceforth:—

"*Plane*—the whole of this realm of the spiritual body.

"*Realm*—the divisions of this plane, e.g. the realm of half-belief.

"*Division*—the divisions of each realm, e.g. the schools or the divisions of Hell.

"*Subdivisions*—the splitting up of the divisions as among the sects in the realm of belief without acts, e.g. the Roman Catholics or Baptists.

"*Spheres*—the groups into which we drift during the times we are having recreation. They bring together men in different divisions of the same realm, but not those who are in different realms. Moreover, a man will sometimes be in one sphere and sometimes in another, e.g. the sphere of architecture or music.

"Now as to next Saturday's work, P. is very anxious to start writing, so I shall let him. He will give an account of his passing on to the realm above. Strictly, I ought to write first an account of the entrance of the officer into our realm as seen by me—it occurred first—and also what I know of P.'s passing, but I will do so after he has written. I will, however, tell you how I met P.

"I had been inquiring about the realm below and that above, and suddenly a man came to me and said:

"I have been down to Hell on a little missionary work, so perhaps I can give you some information."

"I was delighted.

"He told me about the divisions of Hell, and that he had been sent to teach the souls in the schools. He was not allowed to go any lower, but even that had retarded his progress. He hoped, however, soon to be allowed to pass on to the realm above us. He said, further, that the souls in Hell were terribly hard to teach, far harder than the worst types of people on earth, and this in spite of the fact that none had reached the seventh division unless they desired to progress.

"If you really wish to know about the depths of Hell, I know the man who can tell you," P. added. "He was an army officer, and I have been teaching him for some time. He will soon be admitted into this realm, and I will introduce him to you and ask him to help you. I was privileged to help him and feel sure he will do what I wish in the matter. He is a man with a tremendous personality, and made good progress. You may still think him a fairly unregenerate black-guard, but I assure you he is enormously improved. When he first came to me, he was by far the worst in the whole school, and I often wondered why he had been admitted, but he rapidly passed all the others."

"Are there schools like ours in Hell?" I said (H. J. L.).

"They are almost impossible to compare," P. replied. "The nearest simile which occurs to me is, as a school for mentally afflicted

children is to a first-class secondary school on earth. Even that does not show the full difference.

"The schools for the babies, which I never entered, correspond fairly closely to the kindergartens on earth, though of course different subjects are taught."

"Many other things P. described to me, and I have given you them from time to time. But I was not long to have the advantage of his company, for soon after passing up to us of the officer, P.'s guide took him away for his final preparations for his own passing on."

"Before going, he obtained from his guide a promise that he might on occasion return to us, as he had gone down into Hell, to bring us the news we desired."

"Now I have given you enough. Consider me at the university with other students working at this subject which I have chosen, the subject being to discover all I can about the conditions of life here in all the realms, and to transmit this knowledge to you. Consider me surrounded by many fellow-students all working at the same problem, further, as having recreations and amusements approximating to those which are the highest on earth. All these mental amusements are carried on on a far higher plane. There are also recreations of which you know nothing on earth."

"Now good-bye for the time being, Jack. Think of me and pray for help for me."

"See, I can fly now."

He rose in the air and floated away across the lake, and I stood watching the rosy light of the ever-setting sun tingling the water of the lake. Then I knew no more.—J. W.

#### CHAPTER XIV

#### LITTLE BLANCHE SEES H. J. L.

BLANCHE SEES H. J. L.

*Feb. 26th.*

C. W. and Blanche were in the drawing-room at 7 p.m., and B. wandered up to the window and looked out at the sky from the darkened room. The sky was covered with stars.

She exclaimed, "I see the big granddad crossing the sky! He's got a candle or torch in his hand with a star for the light. He keeps moving backwards and forwards. Now he has gone into a room and is learning something. He has a book."

Immediately after she said, "I can see him coming along again. A little girl is following him—like Betty (a six-year-old cousin), only she has reddish hair. She has a doll in her hand. Now he's talking to her and holding her hand."

Earlier she said, "He pulled me; I felt him."

Some time later, about 7.45, C. W. and she went out in the garden to see the stars.

She then said, "There is the big granddad; he has picked a bunch of stars. They are flowers to him; he's putting them in a vase."

(A correct summary.—C. W.)

#### CHAPTER XV

#### HOW H. J. L. MET "THE OFFICER"

#### TRANCE VISION AND CONVERSATION

*March 2nd, 1914.*

During these I seemed to be transferred to another country or plane of existence.

I FOUND myself seated by the side of a river, and beside me was H. J. L.

"Carrie wants to know," I began, "whether you can take off the clothes and, laying them aside, get into others? Do you understand my meaning?"

"Of course I perceive the idea in your mind. The clothes are made into their present form by my will. When I wish them to assume another shape, e.g. when I am on the earth plane and wish them to resemble my former earth clothes, they do so. I don't take them off and change them as you do on earth. Our clothes do not wear out, of course. They remain as we *think* them, and if we want to change them we think the change—and there are the new clothes."

J. W. "Blanche said she saw you picking stars, which were flowers to you. Was this so?"

H. J. L. "I often pick flowers, and I suppose they looked as bright as stars to her, and she mixed them up with the stars, which she saw with her mortal sight, as distinct from her spiritual sight, with which she sees me."

J. W. "Do you know who the little red-headed girl is?"

H. J. L. "She has just come here, and I happened to see her looking rather lonely, and so began to interest myself in her. She's gone up to the girls' schools here."

J. W. "Oh, then they don't have co-education?"

H. J. L. "Not exclusively, though they have it for some children. You see, here like attracts like."

J. W. "Have you seen many women?"

H. J. L. "Not many as yet. Later we see more of them. Now I'll go on with my narrative."

J. W. "Before you do so, tell me, don't the flowers die when you pick them?"

H. J. L. "Oh no. Why should they? They are forms, and still retain those forms even if picked. They are simply transferred from the plant to my vase. But they do not die in the vase any more than when they are on the plant."

J. W. "If you pulled them to pieces, would they perish?"



H. J. L. "We should never do such a thing; we realise that even the flowers have their rights. Nevertheless, the separate pieces would still exist, and would reunite.

"Now for my narrative. A few days after I had met P., my guide took me to see the passing up to us of a soul from Hell, and his guide went with me, and we found it was the officer.

"I find it hard to make you understand how we got there, but suddenly we were at the edge of Hell. We seemed to be on a dry, barren, rocky edge. Behind us were black rocks and hard, stony ground. The ground, which sloped up towards us from behind, in front of us broke off abruptly.

"Now this terrible precipice was made far more awful by the fact that at its edge all light ceased. The light seemed to become tiny particles of mist, and at the very edge these seemed to pile themselves up into a great wall against the darkness. There was no intermingling of light and dark, as on earth, simply this awful darkness, which seemed as if it were a solid curtain, or even a wall against which the light piled itself up but could not penetrate.

"My guide spoke, 'Go to the uttermost edge of that rocky cliff and stretch out your hand into the darkness.'

"I went to the edge, and as I did so I felt the hand of my guide resting on my shoulder from behind to steady me.

"My hand went into the darkness and was immediately lost to sight. I could see my arm as far as the part where it entered the darkness, but beyond I could see nothing. Nor could I feel any sensation in the hand, save only at the place where it entered the darkness. It was more than the darkness which can be felt; it was the darkness which destroys feeling.

"At the part where my arm entered the darkness I felt a narrow band of intense cold, numbing and yet burning.

"May I withdraw my arm? I asked my guide.

"Yes."

"I promptly withdrew it, and was really thankful to find it was undamaged.

"Why this darkness and cold? I inquired.

"My guide replied, 'The light of faith does not exist here, and there is also no love of God.'

"As you are now a spirit, you need the spiritual light and warmth, just as on earth you needed physical warmth and light."

"Slowly the wall of darkness began to sway to and fro. As it advanced towards the light in one place it receded in another, and the light pressed in and out. There was no interpenetration, simply an undulating line instead of a straight one. As this movement grew more and more violent I sprang back from the cliff, fearing that a fold of darkness might engulf me.

"But my guide said, 'Stand firm. That darkness cannot reach us; there is too much faith here.' And so it was, for though the folds of darkness several times swept up on to the land on either side of the

spot where we were standing, it never engulfed us, and we were able to realise the awful depth of the precipice, which seemed almost unscaleable. But the light gave comparatively little illumination.

"Suddenly out of the darkness beneath us a ball of light began to emerge, and, rapidly mounting, we saw it was a glorious spirit of light. As he rose from the depths the darkness seemed to fall from off him, to use a homely simile, like water from a duck's back.

"Having climbed over the edge of the cliff on to its top, he lay down and stretched his arm down into the darkness. It vanished up to the shoulder; but gradually he withdrew it, and soon we saw his hand grasped that of another. The newcomer's hand was not bright and shining like his, but dark and dirty, with a pallid, unhealthy tinge.

"Soon there struggled up beside him, slowly and painfully, a most miserable object. His eyes were covered with a kind of bandage. He fell to the ground beside his guide, who rose to his feet and gently helped him to rise.

"The newcomer wore a dark grey ragged garment, which was covered with stains, and seemed to have, as it were, patches of darkness still clinging to it. His hands and face were also stained and dirty.

"Oh, this terrible light,' he moaned. 'I can see it even through this bandage.'

"(To us it was a very mirky light, most like that seen in a London fog.)

"How foul his clothes are! I said to P.

"To us, yes; but if he could see them they would to him appear unwontedly clean," said P. 'I expect to you your clothes appear quite clean?'

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, I can see many stains on them, and I have no doubt to my guide mine also appear foul."

"I felt very humbled by this remark and remained silent.

"P. stepped forward, and, taking the newcomer by the hand, said, 'Welcome —. I am happy indeed in being allowed to greet you on your entrance into this new realm.'

"Is that you, my master?" said the other. 'It is indeed good of you to come and welcome me. But this light is terrible. I long for the darkness again.'

"Oh, that will soon affect you less. This is a friend of mine who has come to welcome and help you,' and he signed to me.

"I took the other hand of the man, whom henceforth I shall call by the name of 'The Officer,' by which you already know him.

"We led him slowly down the slope and then seated ourselves on the ground. Here he told me who he was on earth (which I have repeated to you briefly) and something of his life in Hell. The latter I shall not give you now, as he will give it himself in due course. We stayed like this for a long time; it seemed equal to several days, but at length, when he had told us much about himself, his guide spoke.

"By telling your evil life and something of what you have suffered,

you have made it possible for your eyes to bear the light without the bandage."

"He then removed it, and the officer sank to the ground and covered his eyes with his hand.

"My guide then spoke: 'We must now return.'

"What of the officer?" I inquired.

"He will follow us, but more slowly. *He* cannot fly yet, but will have to climb painfully up to us."

"We then rose in the air. P. and I, in what seemed no time, were back in these now familiar surroundings. I gather from the officer, who arrived a short time later (it seemed like a few days), that he had had to cross a kind of stony desert which mounted up to a range of hills. When he had climbed to the crest of these, he found they sloped down but slightly towards a plain, and that plain was where we dwell.

"While crossing this plain, he was haunted by the most awful visions of his former evil life, similar to, but far more intense and terrible than, those I saw and suffered from. His guide came to him but rarely, and though to us we seemed to have parted from him but a few days, as it were, to him it seemed years. The visions haunt him even as they do me, but far more fiercely, and as yet they are still in the nightmare state which I described as assailing me at first. They have not yet sorted themselves out, as they did for me. He has, therefore, of course, not yet started going to school. In short, he is only just in our realm.

"This now enables you to understand the spiritual condition of the three persons who are trying to communicate with you from here. I feel that you cannot realise how intense all these experiences are. For example, the awful horror of that darkness I cannot convey to you, and even if I did, you could not convey it to others on earth. It was a horror which seemed to choke and freeze me. It was awful beyond measure."

#### CHAPTER XVI

#### GUARDIAN ANGELS

*H. J. L.* (continued). "Now, is there any point you wish to raise?"

*J. W.* "This is the third time I have seen this landscape, but I have never seen your guide. Is he never with you when I am here?"

*H. J. L.* "Not always, but he is here at times. He is now.—Oh, my guide and friend, open his eyes still wider."

Then something was placed over my eyes for a moment, and I could see nothing. The "something" was removed, and, behold, I could see more clearly.

Behind *H. J. L.* stood a great spirit form made of light. His robes kept changing colour and seemed to run through all the colours of the rainbow.

He was far taller than *H. J. L.* and large in proportion, being

perfectly made. He was at least three times as large as *H. J. L.*, and his face was more beautiful than any Greek sculpture—strong, noble, well-cut features—there was nothing feminine about it. Yet it was a kind as well as a strong face. It was a face that was neither old nor young. Nor did it seem to have colour (*e.g.* brown hair) as we understand it, but rather to be a figure of golden light. Yet there was both hair on the head and beard, majestic and flowing.

No words can describe the majesty and beauty of this being.

I can quite understand whence the ancients drew their inspirations for their gods.

Then I thought, "This is doubtless an angel," and I looked instinctively for his wings, but he had none.

"Have I not a guide?" I inquired.

Like the tones of a great bell rang out the word "Behold!"

Then I saw that behind me was another great spirit of light.

Now, though in general aspect he resembled the guardian angel of *H. J. L.*, I perceived that I knew this spirit. His face seemed hauntingly familiar. Yet it was an extraordinarily mobile face, the same, yet ever-changing, never for an instant exactly the same, and yet always retaining certain characteristics. It was different too, markedly, from the guide of *H. J. L.* I knew this being of light. I felt almost as if I had seen him in my dreams, but that the dreams had been forgotten. He, too, had a beard, but not so long as that of *H. J. L.*'s guide, and, like him, was of far more than human size. Light seemed to emanate from his whole body.

He raised his hand, and that same glorious bell-like voice spoke.

"Enough! It is not well that you should see more!"

Again the hand (for so I now perceived it to be) was placed over my eyes, and when it was removed I could see only *H. J. L.* and the landscape.

"We must part now," he said, and, rising, floated away from me.

I stood looking at the beautiful landscape, lost in contemplation. Gradually I became aware of a sensation of something pulling me. In spite of strong resistance on my part, I felt myself drawn backwards as if by an invisible cord. Step by step I seemed to move uphill and away from the stream, then there was darkness. When I next became conscious, I was back in my house.

#### CHAPTER XVII

#### BLANCHE SEES *H. J. L.* AND MOLLY

CLAIRVOYANT APPEARANCE OF *H. J. L.* TO BLANCHE  
AND *J. W.* AT 6 P.M., MARCH 3RD

WHILE at tea Blanche suddenly said, "Why, there's Granddad!"

"Show him to me," I said, "I can't see him."

She went to the dining-room window, the one looking east, and said, "I shan't show him to you, or he'll go away."



While we were talking I began to perceive something some distance away, and soon saw H. J. L.

I asked Blanche what she saw, as I saw him. She said he was in a room typing, that Rosy Dawn (the little girl) was playing on the floor. "Now she's going out at the door carrying her doll. Why, there's a brown poodle with her!"

"Yes," I said, "It's Molly. Don't you recognise her?"

"Yes, it's Molly, mother," she cried.

The vision grew faint and faded away.

I saw exactly the same as she did, but H. J. L. had his back towards me, and was certainly doing something with his hands, but I don't think it was typewriting. The child had seen her other grandfather typing, and not knowing what H. J. L. was doing, interpreted his action by that of my father's.

This vision was different from other appearances to me of H. J. L. It was at a distance, and appeared, as she said, to be in the sky. All others have been near to me.

Only on Monday I had said to C. W., "I wish I could be present next time B. says she sees anything," I think this was the answer.

#### CHAPTER XVIII

#### MEN ARE SELF-JUDGED

#### TRANCE CONVERSATION WITH H. J. L. DURING NIGHT OF MARCH 9TH

I FOUND myself in a forest glade, and seated beside me was H. J. L. He said:

"I think it would be as well at this point to clear up once and for all the exact relationship of Faith and works.

"Faith must be shown forth in works. If a man really believes the teaching of Christ, for example, he will strive to follow it out in his life.

"A man who says with his lips that he believes that teaching and then goes on day by day breaking all the moral laws that Christianity teaches is simply a humbug.

"I do not mean by this the man who, though he strives, often gives way to temptation. For that man there is the realm which I call the realm of belief without acts; but I do mean the hundreds of professing Christians who make no attempt to carry out Christ's teaching, the men who go to church regularly on Sunday and spend the week in cheating and lying and so forth.

"These go to Hell. They have not believed, and their evil life proves it."

J. W. "Wherein, then, does this differ from being judged solely by our acts?"

H. J. L. "Firstly, the word judged is misused. It implies that someone outside ourselves judges us. This is not so; we stand self-

condemned. Our spirit cannot rise to higher realms than those for which it has fitted itself. There is no necessity to enforce any law, for the law is self-acting. I shall make this point plain if I answer your question. The difference lies in this. Suppose a complete materialist, one who neither believes in God nor in a future life, and one who does his best to dissuade others from believing in these essentials. This man may be a real philanthropist, actuated by a noble desire to promote the material well-being of his fellow-men. This man dies. How can he come even to the realm of half-belief? His spiritual body has never been developed. He could not bear the light. He must develop this spiritual body and lose the materialistic ideas before he can possibly come to us. No hard judge dooms him to Hell. He goes here naturally of his own accord. Like attracts like. His lack of faith bars him out from all realms in which faith is an essential element of existence.

"He goes therefore to division five of Hell; but, though there was no love of God, there was of his fellow-men, and this will save him from sinking lower and help him to desire to rise.

"Once the desire to progress in spiritual matters does appear, that progress will probably be sure and continuous; but unfortunately the materialistic mind remains materialistic after death. Often it denies that it is dead, and considers its psychic or its spiritual body to be a physical body, so that it is still alive on earth. Even when it realises it has passed through death, it may still deny there is a God and refuse to listen to any who could teach it. Thus it will remain in Hell.

"Nevertheless, the number of good materialists is far smaller than most people would suppose. Even on earth many a man who outwardly poses as a materialist, in his heart of hearts really believes and comes to our realm.

"Further, after death such a man usually remains for a considerable time in his psychic body, and the conditions of life on that plane (i.e. the astral) soon convinces most men of some at least of the most elementary spiritual truths.

"While on the subject of the psychic body, let me draw your attention to the fact that you have misunderstood the seventh plane in my chart. You have understood it as the earth on which you are now living.

"It is really the *earth plane*, and can be separated broadly into the division of the incarnate and of the discarnate spirits.

"The former are of course yourselves, the latter the earth-bound, and also a crowd of other organisms, such as elementals, empty psychic bodies, and so forth. The dead man first passes through this stage, and only when he has dropped his psychic body can his spiritual body enter the sixth plane, even Hell.

"I was but a brief space in it, and must have dropped my psychic body almost before I realised I had one. I believe it took place as soon as the bedroom gave way to this beautiful scenery.

"The officer, however, spent a long time in the psychic body, and has a very clear recollection of dropping it.

"I hope I have now made plain the relation between faith and conduct.

"Now go to sleep," and, standing in front of me (J. W.), he made a number of passes, and I sank into oblivion.

#### CHAPTER XIX

### THE SCHOOL FOR THE REGENERATE IN HELL

#### TRANCE VISION

*Monday, March 16th, 1914.*

I SEEMED to be rushing through space at a tremendous speed, and then I found myself standing beside H. J. L. We were standing on hillside, and below me, among the trees, I saw the towers and roof of a large building. It had quads and open grounds round it like a college.

"What is that building?" I asked.

"That is the college in which I at present live. It is the form of the building which was Queen's, Oxford, before the present classical building was put up."

J. W. "Can I go and look over it?"

H. J. L. "Perhaps at another time, but not now. I wish to tell you about my experiences in the schools of Hell.

"I was first taken to the schools of those who have progressed from the lower depths of Hell. You remember my chart?"

J. W. "Yes, I remember there were two divisions of the topmost division, the one you mention and the babes' school. I have seen a vision of the latter."

H. J. L. "Well, I went first to the other schools, but have since been to the babes' school.

"My guide said, 'It is well that you should go to see the work in the schools.'

"Next moment we were standing on the bare rocky ground, as real to us as the earth-world is to you. Again before us rose that terrible wall of darkness; but there was this difference—that at one place a rough track seemed to be worn away which led into the darkness.

"How was it," I inquired, "that the officer did not come out by this route? It is far easier than the way by which he emerged."

"The road into Hell is always easy," my guide replied. "The road out of Hell is always hard. This you should surely know."

"Shall we have to climb up that awful precipice?"

"No, we go down into Hell, but do not become part of Hell. Hell is a state, not a place, and thus, though we perceive others in that state, and perceive also the evil atmosphere they draw around

them, we do not ourselves partake of that state. In this world, where thoughts and forms are as real as the physical is on the earth, we can only feel the evil effects of Hell by becoming part of it. That, unfortunately, is possible. Many a soul who has come here with the desire to do good has fallen and become a part of Hell, just as on earth men who go to work among the fallen, alas! may be led astray by those whom they come to save. If that should happen to you, then you would be unable to return by this road, and would have to climb up the precipice."

"I became afraid and cried, 'Don't go. Let me not risk it. I am safe where I am.'

"But he answered, 'Here there is no standing still. You must progress either upwards or downwards, and this journey must be taken. But fear not, am I not with you? Moreover, spirits do not fall in this division of Hell. Here the worst is past. It is when they go down to the lower divisions of Hell that the danger arises.'

"Thus encouraged, we began to descend the path, and the dread darkness closed over us,

"For a moment I felt appalled, but the firm grip of my guide's hand gave me strength and encouragement. Then I began to perceive that from him, and to a lesser extent from me, there flowed out a kind of light which enabled us to proceed along the path, though we were unable to see much on either side at any distance.

"Suddenly we were aware of a great building set right across our path, and we found that the road we were walking upon ran under a doorway into it. There was no way round it, for on either side I found the walls of rock towered up and were absolutely unscaleable.

"What is this place?" I inquired.

"Enter and see," replied my guide.

"We entered the archway, and it seemed as if our presence was already known, for at once a door opened and we passed into a covered courtyard.

"What a dazzling light! After the awful darkness through which we had passed, I felt dazed for a moment, but soon I was able to realise everything.

"Around me were tall buildings on four sides, rather like a great college quad, except that it was much higher and there was a roof instead of open sky.

"There appeared to be several stories, for there were several rows of windows, and from every one of these a soft light shone. Some light, too, seemed to come from the building itself: I mean from its very walls.

"Then I noticed a spirit standing by the door. I knew at once that he was of the same nature as I myself, though more advanced: I mean he was not like my guide who is far above me.

"I therefore inquired of him, 'What is this building?'

"He replied, 'It is a house of refuge, a school and a guard-house combined. One might call it "a missionary clearing house." To us come



down from the realms above spirits who desire to help the unfortunate beings in Hell. Back to us come those messengers of Hope who have been down to Hell. To us come all those who, having begun to progress, need helping upwards; and, finally, hither come those who need only to be taught, that they may leave Hell altogether for the realm above.

"Besides these duties, we also bar the way, so that none of the inhabitants of Hell may attempt to reach the realm above save by the hard path which is ordained for them. The road you have trod is for those beings in that realm who desire to do good in Hell, or such as you who are brought here by their guides to enable them to learn about Hell. There are other rest-houses scattered along the paths which lead out of Hell, to which those who desire to progress may go, but this is the great clearing house, or perhaps I might call it the base of supplies for a large number of these houses of refuge. Have I made myself clear?"

"Perfectly," I (H. J. L.) replied. "This house sends out men to relieve those in charge of these 'houses of rest,' and also those missionaries who try to persuade men to come to these houses. You further act as the final 'house of rest' for those who are about to attempt the climb up the precipice. But where do the schools come in?"

"He. 'Your first remarks are quite correct, but the latter are not so plain.

"All in this part have to pass through the school before they can climb the precipice, as otherwise they would be hopelessly lost on reaching the top. But before they can attend the school, they have to be received into the part of the building which is the 'house of rest.' Here they gain spiritual strength as distinct from spiritual knowledge.

"Just as on earth you often have to nourish the children's bodies before you can teach them, so here we have to build up their spiritual strength—one might almost say their spiritual bodies—before attempting to instruct them.

"Compare our work with that of some of the societies on earth who rescue waifs and educate them. If you add to that the fact that the children are mostly crippled, and also mentally afflicted, you will get a very fair parallel.

"At times it is almost heart-breaking, far worse than slumming on earth. Oh, how bitterly we blame those who should have done this kind of work on earth! A man is so much harder to convert here.

"Often after a man's spiritual strength has been developed, we find he is not yet ready to acquire spiritual knowledge in the school. He sometimes runs away, and is only brought back after much search and labour. Often, alas! he sinks back for a time into his old ways, and returns to one of the lower divisions of Hell. Others we have to send out on journeys, and employ them in various ways till they are ready to learn."

"H. J. L. 'May I go into the House of Rest and see what it is like for myself?' I inquired.

"My guide replied, instead of the man at the door, 'Not yet, but you shall at another time. We will now enter the school. You will find it more in consonance with your previous knowledge, as you went to the secondary school in the realm above. The House of Rest would be so unlike anything of which you are as yet aware that you would miss many things which would be of value.

"After seeing these schools, and also those for the babes, you will be able to appreciate things more when you come to visit the House of Rest."

"We passed through a Late Perpendicular archway, and, as we did so, I realised that the place was a castle as much as a college. Indeed, I found that there were no external windows at all, for these would have admitted only darkness, which is here more than the absence of light, being in itself a tangible thing.

"The only window was one which served as a light to guide the wanderers outside to this harbour of refuge. The way this 'light' was 'trimmed' will astonish you. The room into which it opened was the private chapel of the men and women (for there were women here) who ministered in this place. It was distinct from the chapel for the school or the one for the House of Rest.

"This window was behind the altar, and on earth would have been called the east window. It had, however, no stained, but merely white transparent glass.

"Before this altar the service of the Holy Communion was always being offered up. No sooner was one service ended than a new priest began a new service, and a fresh body of worshippers took up the responses. Thus ever there goes up prayer for the salvation of those in Hell. Out of the east window, no big one, streams out the light of faith generated by this ceaseless service of prayer and intercession.

"How it is in the other frontier houses, I cannot say for certain, but I gather that some are in the hands of men who on earth held other religious views, and in these service of intercession takes other forms than that I witnessed. Like attracts like, you see, and my guide naturally took me to the house in which I should find the system most in consonance with that to which I more or less belonged on earth.

"Similarly, some souls in Hell are drawn towards salvation by the men who belong to this house, while others go to those in which Mahomedanism or Nonconformity is dominant.

"But there is no bitterness here. Each house does its work, and helps other houses when it can. Thus, if a Mahomedan or Nonconformist missionary were to find a man and help him, if he saw that that man's spiritual development would be quicker if he went to the house belonging to the church people, he would take him there. So, too, with the church missionaries. Moreover, this transference of rescued is constantly taking place.

"We do not worry about our religious—save the word—differences here. They still exist to a limited degree, but we know that as we mount



higher all that is false will fade, while only the truth will remain. So we go quietly on our way.

"This light shining from this solitary window at the top of the building is a beacon of hope far down into Hell. All the Houses of Rest, even the little ones scattered lower down in Hell, each has its beacon thus kept ever burning.

"Having entered the building, we passed down a passage and through a door into a class-room. This was filled with light from the teacher; but what shall I say of the pupils? Picture the lowest and most degraded men reduced to the size of tiny children. Imagine them misshapen and idiots for the most part, with a low, cunning expression on their wizened faces. This will give you but a faint idea of what I saw. They were ever trying to play some stupid trick or other either on their neighbours or on the master. In addition to him, there were two other spirits who stood behind the form while he taught from the front.

"These three were needed, firstly, to keep the room sufficiently light, for from each of the 'children' there seemed to exude a kind of darkness which appeared to be burnt up by the light. Further, they were needed to keep the pupils under control. They did this solely by a kind of hypnotic power, by the exercise of their will and of their mentality. If for a moment they relaxed their concentration, at once several of the boys broke out into disorder.

"This work must be very wearying,' I said to my guide.

"It is," he replied. "The teachers have to be relieved after a very short spell. That is why so large a number of spirits are needed even in this single institution."

"Are the girls taught separately?" I inquired.

"Yes, nearly always. They need women, and these need men. Further, we do not find it wise to let the sexes mix much here. These are not innocent babes, you must remember. Though they have the spiritual development of children, they have the memories of vicious men and women. In the school for the real babes, women almost always teach and tend them, and we make practically no distinction between the two sexes."

"Just then three fresh teachers came in and took the place of those who were in the room when we entered.

"We waited for the new lesson to begin. At once a perfect pandemonium broke out, due to the withdrawal of one group of mental influences, but almost at once the newcomers by the simple power of their will had reduced the rebels to submission.

"There is no room for weak disciplinarians here,' I remarked.

"You mean for men of weak will. No, and there is very little room for them anywhere over here. If a soul is weak-willed when it comes, it has to develop its will power at once; it will make no real progress till it does. That is one of our most difficult problems in these schools. Most of the fallen ones are pitifully weak-willed, though passionate enough."

"Then the lesson began. It was similar in its methods to that under which I learnt at my school, but what a difference in the subject matter! The truths their instructor tried to teach them were the simple, elementary, and obvious truths which we learn when we are children on earth. To these unfortunate creatures, however, they seemed terribly hard. Patiently he went over the same things again and again, but many seemed quite unable to grasp any ideas at all.

"It must take an endless age to teach some of these,' I said to my guide.

"Almost endless,' he replied. 'There are some who have been here for thousands of years as you reckon time. They have even lost their memories.'

"But what good does it do if they are so hopeless as that?"

"All the time,' he replied, 'they are learning discipline, and that is much. Sooner or later they will learn other things. There is always hope; and time—what is it? It is an invention of men on earth which, fortunately, has never reached here. This is some of the finest work done in this "Land of the Undying," but it is very exacting work.

"We will now visit the girls' class: really, of course, they are degraded women who are striving to make progress, but they are harder to control than the boys."

"As he spoke we left the room, and, passing along several long passages, came to another class-room.

"On entering this, I found it was a class of girls, with three women teachers; but I had hardly time to take it all in before a tremendous uproar broke out and several little girls rushed up to me. Now, although I usually like children, I felt an instinctive shrinking from these vicious women in their immature bodies. I felt there was nothing really childlike in them.

"I tried to shake them off, but they clung so close that I thought I should never be able to get away from them. But the school-mistresses, having by now reduced the others to order, at length fetched away those who were clinging to me.

"You see how strong still their old vicious habits are, and how weak their wills. Your entrance has completely upset them merely because you are a man."

"It is terrible,' I replied. 'But how do you manage to keep them here at all? Do you do it by force? For their wills are so weak that they cannot possibly keep even to the idea of progressing for long.'

"He replied, 'No force, as you understand the word, is employed, but, at the same time, we exert all our influence to keep them on the right path. Their very weakness helps us once we have got them here. They find it very difficult to make up their minds to go away, and so remain and learn. Still, of course, some do go back to wallow in the mire.'

"I noticed that the mistress was unable to make much progress owing to our presence, which distracted the little girls' attention. I was therefore not surprised when my guide said:



"We will be going. You have seen enough now."

"After leaving this class-room, we went up many flights of stairs till we at length reached the top story. Here we entered the chapel, and the light of faith was so intense that I could only bear it for a very short time. As I have already described to you what happens there, I shall not do so again."

"Soon after, we left the House of Rest and toiled slowly up the road by which we entered Hell."

"Once back on the ground above and out of that horrible darkness, we rested for but a short time, and then seemed to be wafted through the air in an instant back to this part of our realm."

"Now," said H. J. L., "I must be leaving you."

He rose and floated away, and gradually the landscape became dark and indistinct. Then I sank into oblivion.

## CHAPTER XX

### HE VISITS THE SCHOOL FOR THE BABES WHO KNEW NOT FAITH

LETTER FROM H. J. L.

March 21st, 1914.

"A SHORT time after the visit to the school of those who are progressing, I was taken to the school of the babes."

"Again I went down a kind of road with my guide into the darkness, and as before found a building right across it. On entering this I found a courtyard, not so high as the other one but much larger. In it were all manner of trees and flowers, and a pretty sparkling fountain. Here numbers of children were playing about."

"These were far different from those I had seen before. Their young baby faces corresponded to their immature bodies. They were like earth children for the most part, and not like those men in the form of children whom I had seen on my last visit to Hell. These were they who had never sinned, but not having any knowledge of God or Faith, have to learn of these, and as they learn their little spiritual bodies develop until it is time for them to pass on to the realm of half belief, when they go to the secondary schools. Rosy Dawn is an example, and well known to you."

"Now this school was under the control of Sister Maria, who has often spoken through you, and as she has given you many details, I shall not repeat them, only adding what I consider necessary to complete the picture."

"I should add that I had particularly asked to be taken to this school rather than any other, as Rosy Dawn had come from it, and also Sister Maria."

"On entering one of several doors which opened into the quad, I found we were in a kind of *crèche*, where all the immature and premature children went."

"How soon may it be said that a soul comes into existence when a child is conceived?" I inquired. "It is evidently not at birth."

"My guide replied, 'Even I cannot tell you the precise moment when the soul enters the fleshly home which clothes it, but it is extraordinarily early. As soon as the germ has definitely ceased to be a germ and has begun to grow into a human body, a soul enters it. But we do not know how God performs this wonder. That is hid, even from us to whom much is plain. Of this at least you can be sure—that long before the child "quickens" a soul has become enshrined within it.'

"I now directed my attention to the scene around me, and saw that the *crèche* was full of gentle, sweet-faced women who watched over the little immature atoms. We passed to other rooms, and found that in each new one the babes were more advanced than in the last. At length we reached a long room with a table down the middle. This was the one you saw in the mirror, and I gathered it was the 'top form' of the school."

"Here I met Sister Maria, whom I greatly liked, but found she was so much more spiritual than I that it was difficult to keep in touch with her. 'Do you have a chapel with continuous service?' I asked."

"Oh yes," she replied, "Work and pray." You know the old monastic proverb."

"My guide spoke: 'There is no arrangement here for the light from the chapel being sent out like a beacon, as in the other house. This is not a House of Refuge, and no lost souls from Hell come here to pollute this happy spot. The children are borne here by their guides or guardian angels, who, though they have no work to do on earth, yet have the same sort of work as any of us here. Generally, if possible, a relative of the "dead" child is brought, if suitable, to mother it; but, alas, many have no such relatives here. They (the relatives) are often too evil to be permitted to help. No evil thing is admitted within these walls, although it stands in Hell.'

"Here, you see, there is no need to have separate religious houses. These children carry no preconceived ideas of religion with them, and have nothing to unlearn. This is but one of the many points in which they differ from the others. Hence here we find Roman Catholics, Churchmen, and Nonconformists all joining in the good work."

"I. 'And who are the women who do this work?'"

"He. 'Except those who are related to the children, they are those who, loving children much, yet for some reason had none, or lost them in early childhood.'

"I perceived that even these children had their little naughty ways as on earth, though to a less degree."

"My guide said: 'This must be so. If they were incapable of evil, where would free will be? But it will never develop to any considerable extent here, and soon will vanish as they progress. You, too, can sin after death, but whereas theirs is the seed of evil, yours is the fruit, and now difficult to destroy. Now let us away.'

"So again I scaled the path which leads out of Hell.  
 "Good-bye !—H. J. L."

## CHAPTER XXI

HE VISITS THE GREAT HOUSE OF REFUGE  
IN HELL

TRANCE VISION AND CONVERSATION DURING NIGHT  
 OF 23RD MARCH, 1914

I FOUND myself standing beside H. J. L. on an expanse of open down. He said:

"I have recently been to see the House of Refuge. You will remember that I was not allowed to see over that at first?"

J. W. "Yes, I remember perfectly."

H. J. L. "Well, having come down through the darkness by a road such as those I have previously described, but not the same as either, I entered the roofed-in courtyard as before. There was a school here also, but this time I crossed the quad at an angle, and passing under a Classical or Renaissance doorway, entered a passage. I should say that this building was in the Renaissance, not the Perpendicular style.

"From the passage we passed through a door into a large room which was empty save for a few couches and a table in the centre.

"My guide spoke:

"This room forms the ante-room for the school. Those spirits who are ready to be taken in are admitted here. They are often very weak, and at first are placed under the guidance and control of a special teacher. He or she watches over them for the whole time, and only after awhile are they deemed sufficiently strong to attend the proper classes. They need individual attention at first."

"Are they kept here for the whole time?"

"No. This is the room which connects up school and refuge home. It's a sort of isolation ward. After a time, as soon as they are strong enough to get about properly, they are taken to a sort of study, one for each pupil and his teacher. See!"

"He led me out of the room into the corridor and through a doorway opposite. Here I found a much smaller room, and in it was a bright male spirit and on a couch a small misshapen child. The bright spirit was playing on a harp a beautiful soothing hymn.

"Music soothes pain, and that unfortunate one is suffering terrible mental pain," said my guide.

"We entered another 'study,' and here another exhausted spirit was being treated.

"What is he doing?" I asked, indicating the bright spirit who was making signs over the body of the patient.

"My guide replied, 'He is lending him some of his magnetic fluid. The patient is weak in will-power, and this spirit is treating him. The method is analogous to that of the magnetic healer on earth.'

"We then returned to the 'ante-room' and passed through a door at the opposite end. This led into the House of Refuge proper.

"We found ourselves in a kind of hospital ward. There were no bedclothes on the beds, if so I can call them, and on these lay tiny children. Now the most extraordinary thing about it was that the children who were nearest the door through which we had entered were by far the most active and strong, yet they were the smallest. As we moved towards the opposite end of the dormitory, where there was another door, I noticed that the children grew larger and larger, but at the same time they seemed more flabby, dark and indistinct.

"My guide said, 'I will explain this difficulty to you. These spirits when in Hell appeared full-sized and strong. The more evil they were the stronger they were. Their spiritual bodies were made of evil and darkness, just as ours are of goodness and light. When, however, they begin to repent and come here, the evil principle within them grows weaker and weaker and as it does so the real spiritual body develops slowly.

"Thus at first these rescued spirits grow weaker and weaker, and then they become 'as little children' in very truth. Once this has happened, they are able to go on to the school where they begin to grow again, though often very slowly."

"I asked, 'But where do they get this element of light from which the spiritual body develops?'

"He replied, 'Even in Hell men retain some little spark of spiritual truth. They cannot help it, for it is implanted by God. It is the Divine element in all, which, however much it may be submerged, can never be quite extinguished. Even in Hell men learn in spite of their evil will. Thus they learn that death does not end life; often they wish it did.

"Once they begin to grow better, they grow weaker, and so Hell becomes more and more hateful to them. For in Hell the strongest is he who is most wicked: and the strongest oppresses and cruelly ill-treats those who are weaker than he, and there is no death to intervene."

"Is there pain, then, in Hell?" I inquired.

"Yes; only it is mental and spiritual suffering, but to the souls there it is as real as physical suffering is on earth, just as here the earth on which we stand, though immaterial to the physical world, seems real and material to us. Yes, they suffer, but no friendly death comes to end the anguish of the wretched victims.

"The old descriptions of Hell, though to the modern world they seem gross and materialistic, in reality were not so very inaccurate. They were rough-hewn and couched in materialistic language, but much of the apparent materialistic detail is due to two facts: firstly, that to the spirit these experiences seem as materialistic as men's do to them; secondly, many of the finer distinctions made by the spirits have failed to penetrate the medium's brain, whereas the more materialistic obtained a ready reception."



"I. 'Then there were mediums long ago through whom spirits in Hell could send messages?'

"'Certainly. And, further, at times men who were still alive have been able to visit these realms when their bodies were in a trance and carry back some recollection of what goes on here. Dante is perhaps the finest exponent of this kind of revelation.'

"'Then Dante's great work is not the mere figment of his poetic brain based on his own religious views?'

"'No, it is a real revelation seen in the trance state, but moulded into its present shape by the poetic imagination and slightly coloured by the preconceived religious views of the medium. These changes took place when he set to work to put it into literary form. He had no misunderstanding of the facts immediately after he returned to the normal state.'

"He ceased, and we passed out of the room into another

"Here we found the spirits just as they came in from Hell. Rescuers were constantly arriving, bringing some poor unfortunate being with them. These they handed over to others, who received them kindly, reasoned with them, and urged them to undergo 'medical treatment.'

"It was not always easy to persuade them to do this, and even while I was there, several went out of the House of Refuge back to Hell. Perfect freedom is the law here, and if a man wishes to be foul, foul he will be.

"I noticed that the magnetic healing seemed to be very largely employed in this stage, and the whole air seemed filled with particles of darkness given off by the lost spirits undergoing treatment. We passed through another door into a comparatively small anteroom in which various newcomers were waiting, attended by their rescuers and at the further end was a great door.

"As I approached it I was aware of a living terror, awful, intangible, but real, and knew that it lay beyond that door. As we drew nearer and nearer to it the nameless terror seemed to grip my soul and numb it. I would have turned and fled, but my guide urged me to go forward.

"Now we stood in front of it, and suddenly it was flung open and a rescuer and his charge sprang in.

"The terror seemed to flow in with the darkness, and I cowered back against my guide. Quickly the door closed to; yet in that instant I saw quite plainly that the fugitives had been pursued up to the very door itself, and I heard the wild yell of baffled fury and hate as the pursuers found themselves kept back by the wall of Good Thoughts, which they could not penetrate.

"How was it, I asked my guide, 'that the pursuers were not able to prevent this man reaching safety?'

"Each rescuer carries around him a wall of faith and good thoughts, which these evil spirits cannot penetrate unless he himself makes a breach in it by giving way to any of the temptations with

which they will attempt to lure him back. The poor lost soul, if he really desires to progress, can, with the permission of the rescuer, pass within this wall and so be safe. But if the rescuer refuses, he cannot, and if while protected with it he ceases to desire to progress, he will be at once driven out and so fall a victim to his pursuers.

"Often and often this does happen, and that is why those who take up this work must be gifted with the greatest patience. After one has striven so hard and risked so much, it is indeed hard to see the fruits of victory torn from our very grasp.'

"We turned, and very thankful was I to escape from the proximity of that nameless terror.

"Are there any hospitals similar to this in the realm of half-belief? I inquired.

"Yes,' my guide answered, 'but for a different kind of case. Many people who suffered from mind troubles on earth come to that realm. They fall into two divisions: those whose minds were unable to work, owing to some physical defect, and those whose minds themselves were affected.

"The first group also may be subdivided into those whose physical defects, being present from birth, prevented all development, and those whose minds, having developed, were suddenly unhinged by some physical accident. These latter need but little treatment; but the other groups need treatment which, in some cases, measured by earth time, seems very long.

"You shall see these hospitals at another time.'

"We then quickly passed out of the House of Refuge into the school and on into the courtyard, thence out of the gateway, and through the darkness out of Hell. Thus ended this strange lesson."

I (J. W.). "It was a very extraordinary experience. Do you think that the smaller Houses of Refuge scattered through Hell have such elaborate arrangements?"

H. J. L. "No; they are just temporary receiving rooms where the rescued are 'patched up' till they can get to one of these great institutions.

"Now we must part."

He rose and made a sign over me, and I seemed to fall asleep.—J. W.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE AUTHOR VISITS H. J. L. AT COLLEGE

#### TRANCE CONVERSATION, ETC.

March 30th, 1914.

I FOUND myself standing on an eminence, and beneath me I could see the towers and roofs of the college where I knew H. J. L. dwelt. H. J. L. was standing beside me, and began:

"Well, Jack, would you like to see over that college?"

"Yes," I replied.

He began to descend the slope, and as we went I said: "Carrie asked me to ask you whether you could not give her any information concerning the 'lighter side of life' on this plane—your recreations and so forth—for I presume you are not always learning lessons."

H. J. L. "Well, this meeting shall be devoted to that subject. I will show you something, though, of course, only a glimpse of that side of life here."

We had now reached the college, and paused in front of the gate. This gate was not in the centre, as I expected, but towards the south-east corner. I call it by this name, for I saw the east window of the chapel in the Decorated style over and behind the roof of the first line of buildings. This great gate, instead of a tower, had a gable roof with the end of the gable towards the quad and the side where we entered. The roof of the chapel was similarly high-pitched. The east window of the chapel was apparently in the Decorated style, and over the great gateway were three long windows, the centre one having a little tracery and one mullion. The entrance to the hall, instead of being in the middle of the line of buildings, was at the north-west corner.

For the rest, I need not go into much detail, as in the main it followed the lines of the usual college building.

Having passed through the gate, we crossed the quad at an angle and entered the hall.

#### CHAPTER XXIII

#### OF THEIR AMUSEMENTS AND HOW THE SPIRITS INSPIRE MEN ON EARTH

"This is a sort of club to which I belong," H. J. L. explained.

Here I found a large number of men congregated; some were playing chess, and I sat and watched several most brilliant games played by a man whom H. J. L. stated was Lasker.

"I doubt if I shall remember these games," I said; "they are extraordinarily brilliant, but almost beyond me—even here—and I am sure they would be quite beyond my comprehension on earth."

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "You are not intended to remember the actual games, but only the fact that we do play."

After a time we went out and passed through the great gate.

"I am going to show you another amusement I enjoy," H. J. L. said.

He took me along a regular street into a square which was built in the style of the early Renaissance. Passing through a door, I found we were in—what I can only designate by the name of—an architect's office. It, however, lacked the general air of untidiness usually prevalent in such places, and I noticed that models seemed to play a more important part in the production of designs here than they do on earth. There were, however, a certain number of drawings to be seen.

"My partner is away learning a new spiritual truth, so I can't introduce him to you; but he was a Frenchman who lived during the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. He studied, too, in Italy, so you see he knows a fair amount about Renaissance architecture. Still, he's not quite up to date as to modern requirements, such as drainage arrangements, and that is where I come in. Of course he knows all about design and ornament, but I help him with the more practical work.

"Here all the arts have reached a far higher stage of excellence than anything of which you are aware on earth."

J. W. "But what good are these designs? Do you build houses here?"

H. J. L. "We can and sometimes do, but most often we endeavour to impress our ideas upon living men and get them to build them on the material plane. Let me tell you that all inspiration comes from this side. The works of genius are really the inspirations of the spirits acting through that man who is really mediumistic. This partly explains why so many men of genius are of an erratic temperament, and often of an unsatisfactory moral attitude. Being mediumistic they are liable to fall a victim to undesirable influences—evil spirits, in fact."

J. W. "Do you mean, then, that no great inventions originate on the earth, or does this statement refer only to artistic inspiration?"

H. J. L. "Art, literature, music, even mechanical inventions, are almost always inspired from this side. Slight improvements and adjustment to enable the great idea to fit the conditions of earth life are the kind of advances which men make on earth. I hesitate to say that no great idea was ever invented on the earth, but I know of none, and am sure that they are very few and far between.

"This explains in part why it is that progress is so slow in the early centuries of life on this planet and of late has proceeded at such a rate.

"Men come over to us with some knowledge and a keen interest in various subjects, and in these more advanced surroundings they discover new laws, and in the light of this knowledge inspire those who are following in their footsteps.

"All the same, men are often very stupid. We send out a brilliant idea, and the best parts are often misunderstood by, or fail to penetrate, the denser minds of those still on earth. Again and again we see our finest ideas reduced to a miserable travesty of their real selves. As a man gets older, too, he often seems to grow more material, especially if he has become prosperous. This leads to poorer, or at any rate, more commonplace work, for the finer ideas are no longer able to penetrate.

"Look at this idea for a church—splendid, isn't it? Renaissance style, but far finer than anything they've got on earth. But my partner had not realised how important heating and lighting are—I'm correcting that. Still, I don't suppose even a feeble imitation of it will ever be built on earth. It's such a materialistic age that we simply cannot



get our ideas through, and even when we do get a man to produce a colourable imitation of some really fine inspiration, that man seldom gets the opportunity of carrying it out, the people who pay being of course far more materialistic—in art matters—than the artists. That is why the earlier periods, for example, the Middle ages, were so much finer—they were less materialistic, and so responded more to our inspirations."

*J. W.* "Then no man on earth deserves the credit of any great idea? The credit is due to the 'mighty dead.'"

*H. J. L.* "On the contrary, they deserve all the credit they can get for it means that they have preserved and developed their higher and spiritual faculties, at any rate on the artistic or engineering side. This at any rate is something. Even a blackguardly, immoral man, who seems materialistic on most matters, must have developed his spiritual faculties to some extent if he is able to receive and carry out fine inspirations sent from this side."

*J. W.* "But you spirits deserve the credit for the ideas themselves. Don't you feel it a little unjust that you should get no credit for them?"

*H. J. L.* "Not the slightest. Jealousy, like other mortal sins, is left on the threshold of Hell. We work as an amusement simply for the love of our work. We seek neither fortune nor fame; the joy of producing good work is the only aim—that and the desire to help those still on earth."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### ART AND ARCHITECTURE ON THE SPIRIT PLANE

"I WILL now show you some further interests we have here. All the arts flourish here, and most of the sciences, but, of course, on a far more exalted plane. Let us take painting first."

We stopped in front of a truly splendid building in the Renaissance style; but it would be impossible for me to describe it, it was so different from anything I have ever seen on earth.

*H. J. L.* "This was designed by my partner. He knew that it would be impossible to get such a brilliant idea carried out on earth, and so raised it here. It is 'built without hands.' It is an 'idea,' and constructed out of his own 'mind stuff.' I'll explain that a little more fully later."

We entered, and I found that it corresponded to a picture gallery, only much better arranged than anything we have on earth.

*J. W.* "If you have picture galleries, I presume you have museums?"

*H. J. L.* "We have them, but not so many as you would expect. You see, so far as is possible, we put ancient art objects to their original use in their original homes—Egyptian chairs in an Egyptian palace, and Egyptian jewels on their original owners or makers, for example."

"New objects of art, created over here, usually remain attached to their creator. But some spirits invent them for the purpose of being put on exhibition to delight others. For these there are museums. Similarly, ancient art objects are put in a few museums when on

earth they have been destroyed, while the buildings to which they belonged still remains. This only affects objects entirely separate from the building itself: for example, if a fireplace and panelling were removed from their original building, even though the structure of the building and the panelling each continued to survive apart, the original form of the building would have been destroyed on earth and would come here.

"Now look at the pictures. These are ideas which were too exalted to be impressed upon any artist upon earth and are therefore here. The majority of the artists here, however, try to get their ideas impressed on earthly artists."

I then began to look at the pictures. I perceived that not only were they far more beautiful than anything I had ever seen on earth, but they differed in many ways difficult to describe. The colours were both more brilliant and yet more harmonious—further, from them issued a kind of light. Then the pictures seemed to be more in the round, figures and features seemed to stand out, distance appeared to be really there, and atmospheric conditions were more truly rendered. There were all kinds of subjects—landscapes, portraits, dramatic pieces, etc.—but the most interesting and best works were those dealing with what for the lack of a better word, I will call the highest emotions.

Thus there was one entitled "The Divine Love."

It depicted a marvellous spirit form, strong, yet gentle, just, yet merciful. It seemed to be watching over a multitude of human beings. Now these human beings were divisible into two main divisions—those still in the flesh, and those who had left their bodies. The difference was clear and unmistakable. Further, every single figure differed in looks. No two were alike, just as no two persons on earth are just alike.

But though these things were beautiful, the truly marvellous thing about the whole picture was the expression on the face of the great spirit, and an atmosphere of "Divine love" which it is impossible to describe.

After spending some time looking at these marvellous productions we left the gallery, and, passing through a kind of park, entered another gallery.

*H. J. L.* "This is a sculpture gallery. Just as in architecture and painting, most artists try to get their ideas carried out on earth, but some prefer to produce them here."

*J. W.* "Are those figures made of real marble, or whence do you obtain the stone?"

*H. J. L.* "We mould and make them out of our own 'mind stuff,' which takes the form of marble or bronze, according as we conceive it. We may be said to build them up like a man does a clay model, but the clay is our own 'mind stuff.' I can give you no better word."

"Look at this group. The artist thought it would look best in silver, and so you see it is in that metal."



We wandered through these galleries filled with the most sublime conceptions, and which, like the pictures, defy description, and ultimately passed into a park which was likewise devoted to the display of sculpture.

Here were placed monumental works into which architecture often entered. Fountains and sculptured arches, besides groups of every description, were placed among the most ideal surroundings of trees, lawns, and scenery. Water, I particularly noticed, played a large part in producing most beautiful effects.

## CHAPTER XXV

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

"Now I will take you to the schools of music," said H. J. L.

In these I saw men composing and playing magnificent symphonies, and one room I entered resembled a concert-hall, on the stage of which a man was singing.

"If you have concert-halls, I suppose you have other places of entertainment?" I inquired.

H. J. L. "Certainly. We have theatres and so forth, only nothing pertaining to evil is acted here—that type of play goes to Hell. Our plays here include all that was best and noblest on earth, together with the production of works composed here. Only good work comes here; the feeble stuff, even when not actively evil, sinks down to the upper divisions of Hell.

"Of course we do not get the most superb spirit productions; these, being too advanced for us, are restricted to the divisions above us, in which, for the most part, they are produced."

J. W. "But what of works like the plays of Shakespeare? These are fine and exalted in many ways, but there are parts which are distinctly coarse and even immoral."

H. J. L. "That difficulty is met by recasting the offending parts. The author himself, in this case Shakespeare, has recast these parts. In place of the evil parts, passages of far finer poetry and sentiment have been substituted. Indeed, most are agreed that the new parts not only fit into the old most perfectly, but often give a meaning to parts that before were crude or hard to understand."

J. W. "Then Shakespeare did write the plays? It was not Bacon."

H. J. L. "Of course not; but Shakespeare wrote them under inspiration from a band of spirits, who have since passed on still higher. The very passages of an undesirable nature were those which Shakespeare himself put in to fill blanks where he had failed to grasp the higher inspirations sent him.

"You must understand, however, that it is the portrayal of evil in an attractive light which is impossible here, but when enacted to show its terrible consequences it becomes right, proper, and beneficial. Thus we constantly act *Othello*, and it is only a few coarse phrases

which have been deleted. The plot, terrible as it is, yet is a good one, for it teaches a valuable lesson. We do not, however, go to the theatre to learn such simple spiritual lessons as that (we have learnt these before we reach this realm), but to see one of the finest plays ever given to the world enacted before our eyes. It also does good in that it reminds us of the temptations which beset our fellow-men on earth, and the terrors of Hell for those who fall. This latter prepares us for a sense of pity for those unfortunates who languish in Hell. These latter considerations, however, are subsidiary. They are, first and foremost, recreations."

J. W. "How do you act the women's parts, for I have seen none here?"

H. J. L. "Oh, there are plenty of women here. Look!"

He led me into a room in which several women were practising singing in chorus. Very beautifully they sang, but he hurried me away quickly, and we were soon in a kind of park, walking beside a river.

He resumed the conversation.

"Yes, there are plenty of women here, but the sexes do not mix much in these realms. At first they are separated almost completely. It is desirable, as far as possible, to eliminate the old ideas of sex, ideas right and necessary on earth, but no longer needed here, otherwise spiritual progress would be rendered almost impossible by the old carnal feelings. Thus it is, of course, true that here there is 'no marrying and giving in marriage'; but, on the other hand, as the last grains of earthly passion are eliminated, the male and female spirits begin to draw together again, for each is the complement of the other spiritually, just as they are on earth physically. The further we progress, the nearer together the two sexes draw, so that we understand ultimately there comes about a mystic union in spirit between one man and woman. This is the real spiritual union of which marriage on earth is a true symbol or sacrament. This consummation, this blending of two spirit entities, so that each becomes part of the other and yet retains its own individuality, cannot be fully understood even by us, much less by you. The earth marriage at its highest and best does give you some faint idea of what we really mean.

"This spiritual marriage, if so I can call it, takes place at a stage far above us—it may be in the fifth plane, or even higher. At least this is certain—it does not take place on our plane. Nevertheless, as we progress, we mingle more and more, first, with members of our own sex, and then with members of the other sex. It does not necessarily follow that we always marry spiritually the same woman as we did on earth, but we do marry someone who is our complement."

J. W. "Life here seems to be very much like life on earth."

H. J. L. "Like, yet different; very like earth life at its noblest and best. But here there is no sickness or sin; neither evil nor pain enter here. These are left behind on the threshold of Hell. There is still some sorrow and repentance for sins now past, but sin, as on earth you understand the word, can come to us no more.

"Lack of knowledge there is, and therefore complete satisfaction



and rest are not to be found here, for one must progress. But deliberate opposition to the will of God is a thing of the past.

"Nothing that is ugly or evil, low or false, can survive here. Therefore, if any amusement is founded on evil, be it ever so intellectual, it is not found here. So, too, purely physical amusements cannot be indulged in, since we no longer have physical bodies."

## CHAPTER XXVI

## INTRODUCTION TO W. A.

"WHERE are you taking me now?" I inquired.

H. J. L. "To see my private study and to introduce you to A., who wishes to send a message by you to M., and, after that, to the officer who wishes to go on with his description of what he went through in Hell."

J. W. "But I have already been here a great while. Surely I ought to be getting back to my body, otherwise Carrie may wake up and find me unable to move."

H. J. L. "It is perfectly all right. Though you appear to have been here a long time, you must realise that there is no real connection between time on earth and here. I don't suppose you have been absent from your body for half an hour as you reckon time on earth. I will see that you are sent back in plenty of time."

We passed beneath the great gate of the college, and, turning to the right, passed through an arch and up a flight of stairs. We entered a room, which I at once recognised as the one in which I had seen H. J. L. when Blanche also saw him. It was very similar to a room in a college. There was no fire, and a strange thought occurred to me. "Do you have to clean out rooms and dust them here, and, if so, do you have servants to do that sort of work?"

H. J. L. "There is no dirt here, nor do we have any means of producing artificial warmth. The latter would be impossible to produce if we needed it, for heat and cold are of course spiritual, not physical, things here. It follows that there is no need for servants, since there is neither dirt to clear away nor food to prepare, neither do we sleep. All the drudgery of work has vanished with our physical bodies."

"Now let me introduce you to Mr A."

I saw what appeared to be a very small boy, but on his shoulders was the head of a grown-up man. It was not that it was large, as on the cartoons one sees, but that it had a moustache and the expression of a man. His face was ruddy, nose rather fleshy at the end, hair ordinary brown. The face was inclined to be broad, and the body was distinctly stout, though not to an inordinate extent.

I had never met A., but we greeted each other with much cordiality, and he said:

"I asked Mr L. to let me see you next time you came to visit us, as I wished to send a message to M."

I replied, "I shall be delighted to do my best to give her any message you choose to send. But first tell me how you are getting on here."

He answered, "Well, I'm making progress, but it's very slow work. You see, I never developed my spiritual side. I devoted all my attention to my physical and material well-being. Then, too, my friendships with women did not do me any real good, as you can guess."

He then proceeded to give me certain private messages. (These I have not published.) After giving them, he left us.

When he had gone, I said to H. J. L.:

"He looks just like a child, except for his face. I suppose that is because he did so little to develop his spiritual side."

H. J. L. "Yes, as I have already explained to you, our spirit bodies grow like our earth bodies, and if we have not developed our spirit bodies on earth we have to do so after we arrive here."

With some hesitation I inquired, "Is it in my spirit body that I come here?"

"Yes."

I continued, "Of what size is my body? Is it very small?"

H. J. L. "No, it is very fairly developed. In fact, it appears full grown, about the size of a man of twenty-one, but not matured beyond that age. That is what you ought to be, for the spirit body usually develops more slowly than the physical, and of course often it simply does not develop at all."

"Ah, here comes the officer."

## CHAPTER XXVII

## HOW THE COLLEGE IS ORGANISED, AND OF OTHER LIKE INSTITUTIONS

TRANCE VISION ON NIGHT OF APRIL 27TH, 1914

I FOUND myself in H. J. L.'s study.

He began, "I think I'll tell you a little more about myself."

"Yes, I hope you will; it's quite a long time since you did," I replied.

"Well, it was necessary to get on with the narratives of the others, and, further, I wanted to collect and sift further experiences. It would be no use giving you almost the same experiences over and over again."

"I propose now to tell you something about this college."

"There are all manner of institutions here, and societies of almost every description. Some are devoted to develop one's spiritual nature, others to helping those less fortunate than ourselves. Some again, are composed of kindred spirits bent on making new discoveries in the same subjects as interested them when on earth, while a fourth group devote their attention to inspiring men with new facts they have discovered redeveloped here."

"Indeed, I could devote the whole of this meeting to merely mentioning the various types of societies that exist here, but instead

I will give you a few details of the four types just mentioned and a fuller description of an actual society, this college, which belongs to one of these types.

"Omitting No. 1 for the moment, as the college and the secondary schools belong to it, I will take Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

"No. 2 includes various societies devoted to rescuing souls in Hell, and also others which endeavour to help men still on earth to keep on the right path.

"The bands of spirits who organise the Houses of Refuge in Hell are a good example of this type.

"No. 3 includes many societies bent on working out scientific laws and principles of art, architecture, medicine, music, and so forth.

"I belong to a society of Renaissance architects who are bent on evolving new ideas without departing too far from the underlying principles of the Renaissance architecture.

"No. 4 is the corollary of No. 3, as No. 2 is of No. 1; but many of the spirits who are in No. 3 do not care about inspiring mortals with their discoveries. Sometimes this is because they are simply no longer interested in the earth, but often it is because they have discovered by painful experience that either their ideas become but the merest travesty of the original when impressed upon the minds of men, or, far worse, they are taken and devoted to evil instead of to useful purposes. Thus good ideas of Art are extremely liable to suffer the former fate, while scientific or engineering ideas, being in some measure more mundane, are often properly grasped, but at the same time turned to evil uses by the perverse nature of men.

"Thus it is that a large body of spirits refuse absolutely to pass on their discoveries to men. The result is that many societies belonging to group three impose the rule that no discovery made by any member of the Society while a member may be communicated either to a mortal or to any spirit who is a member of any society in group four.

"Not all societies, however, impose this rule, but leave it to the choice of the member whether or not he shall belong to a society in group four. All, however, abstain, as societies, from inspiring men. This work is left in the hands of group four.

"I may as well add that medical societies are particularly numerous in group four."

J. W. "Do you always belong to a society if you wish to inspire? Can't individuals do this work quite as well by themselves?"

H. J. L. "It could be done, but not as well. In practice we find that it is better to have a society, though often quite a small one.

"Now about this college. It is under the control of a 'Master,' who has a second in command. Then to assist them, there is a committee with a chairman."

J. W. "Like a Freemason's lodge—a master, senior and junior warden."

H. J. L. "I don't know much about Freemasons, but that's rather the idea. The members of this college consist of three divisions, and

we are promoted from the first to the second, and from the second to the third, according as we learn the great spiritual truths.

"From the third or highest division the committee are elected. The various officers are chosen by the head of the college from this committee."

J. W. "It's really rather like a Freemasons' lodge with its three degrees, and so on."

H. J. L. "Very likely. Probably the idea was inspired from this side. Still, it's a very natural arrangement, and somewhat similar to college on earth with its first-, second-, and third-year men and its fellows."

J. W. "Have you anything corresponding to an examination?"

H. J. L. "Not really. What happens is that our teachers, when they consider we have learnt all that is to be learnt in that degree, if so you like to call it, send us to the next set of teachers.

"On entering this new 'degree' we are received with a certain amount of ceremony. These divisions, you quite understand, have nothing to do with the divisions of this plane. We are still in the division of half-belief even when in the third degree in our college. That's why I rather jumped at the word 'degree' to avoid confusion."

J. W. "Which degree are you in?"

H. J. L. "Still in the lowest, but I hope soon to be promoted to the next. Now it is time you returned."

J. W. "Why, I have only been here quite a short time."

H. J. L. "Nevertheless, you've been here long enough."

I seemed to be caught up by a whirlwind and to be swept out into space. Everything became black. I appeared to be whirling round in great circles which steadily grew less and less. Then I lost consciousness.—J. W.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### A HOSPITAL ON THE SPIRIT PLANE

TRANCE VISION, ETC., MAY 4TH, 1914

I FOUND myself in H. J. L.'s room.

He began, "I went to see one of our mental hospitals recently."

J. W. "Hospitals! I thought you said there was no pain here."

You said it was left on the threshold of Hell."

H. J. L. "Nor is there any pain. Still, some spirits come here whose minds have for long been clouded, and these need treatment.

"Mental cases may be roughly divided on earth as follows:—

"I. Idiots.

"II. Lunatics.

The latter fall into at least three divisions:—

"1. Lunacy caused by physical defects,

(a) early,

(b) late in life.

"2. Lunacy caused by evil life, or at least evil passions.

"3. Lunacy caused by religious mania and such kindred mental disturbances and lack of balance, e.g. excessive sorrow.



"With regard to idiots (No. I). The cause is some kind of physical defect, and its result is that the individual to a greater or less extent comes here ignorant and in need of teaching. The less knowledge they possess, the lower they will start. If they have no knowledge even of God and a future life, they will go to the topmost division of Hell. You remember, however, there is no real suffering there. There they will be taught in special schools, not with either the babes or the evil souls who are progressing.

"Some idiots, however, have been able to acquire some knowledge of God and a future life, and may come to us. Contrariwise, they may have sufficient intelligence to be responsible for turning their back on faith, but these are rare.

"The whole of this group, however, owe their mental difficulty to some physical, not spiritual defect, and therefore, once clear of the physical, need teaching, but not medical treatment in any form.

"Group II. the lunatic, includes (a) and (b). In the case of the former, it all depends what stage of spiritual development they had attained before the physical defect occurred which rendered them insane. In the case of those thus afflicted in early life, it is probable that they will have to go to the 'elementary' schools in the seventh division of Hell, though, of course, they may know enough to enter our realm and go to the secondary schools. In all probability, however, they will not have had time to commit many sins for which they will have to undergo penance.

"Those afflicted later will have had time alike to acquire knowledge and therefore faith, and also time to do evil for which they will have to suffer. Their spiritual development, in short, will be that which they had reached when the insanity came upon them.

"Of course many so-called lunatics, even when lunacy is due solely to a physical defect or injuries, are not completely lacking in responsibility for their deeds. Often only part of the brain is affected, and in that case they may appear normal except on one or two points. These shades of insanity are settled automatically. The spirit feels no need of remorse for offences it had no intention of committing, and for which it cannot be responsible. It, of course, regrets any evil that may have been caused by its being unable to control its body, just as a motorist would grieve if his motor ran away and hurt someone, but there would not be the sense of moral guilt which would attach to him if the accident was due to his racing.

"Of course there is no possibility of pretence here. "This type of lunatic takes up his education at the point at which the accident occurred which deprived him of his reason. He will suffer for his misdeeds also up to that point, and after, so far as he was responsible.

"Mental treatment will not be necessary generally in these cases, merely education.

"Before passing to the next group, let me remind you that many so-called maniacs are really unfortunate beings who are obsessed by

other spirits. For the crimes committed by these through the maniac's physical organism the unfortunate man is, of course, not responsible directly. He may, however, have to suffer here for them indirectly, in so far as it was his evil life that allowed an evil spirit to take control.

"When the responsibility goes so far as invoking evil spirits to aid him in his nefarious purposes, as did the ancient wizards, the moral guilt is tremendous. This is indeed one of the worst crimes possible, for which mental derangement is but the commencement of retribution. This type of obsession naturally leads us to consider the cases 2 and 3.

"2. Lunacy caused by evil life or at least passion. This group very largely goes to Hell, but of course not all. It is these latter who chiefly need treatment in our hospitals as well as ordinary education. Spiritual pride and even commonplace conceit are potent factors for rendering people insane as well as the more obvious vices, such as drink and lust.

"These sufferers must not be confused with the cases of obsession just mentioned.

"No. 3 are often very difficult cases with which to deal. Of course the simpler forms soon right themselves. Thus sorrow soon loses its sting here, and any physical defects caused by it are left behind with the body. Very little treatment would be necessary in such a case. On the other hand, religious mania is often very difficult to eliminate. It is none the easier because such persons are often strong believers, and would ordinarily go to that realm. They have, however, to come to the hospital in our realm and there remain till cured. It would be useless for them to go to the realm of belief without acts, for they would be utterly incapable of seeing any good in any other religion until the religious mania and its attendant evils have been eradicated. Then, of course, they go to their natural realm of existence.

"Without spending any more of your time discussing these matters, I will now proceed to describe one of these hospitals.

"I was taken thither by a man who, during life had been a great mental specialist.

"The building was placed amid the most beautiful surroundings, which seemed to breathe an atmosphere of peace and rest.

"I mentioned this impression to my friend the doctor, who replied:

"Quite so; quiet, soothing surroundings are the first essentials for dealing with any kind of mental disorder."

"The gardens surrounding the hospital contained broad stretches of lawn interspersed with beautiful woods, and everywhere the soft notes of rippling or falling water were faintly audible. Ever and anon through the trees I caught the glint of water tinged with the evening glow which is ever present here. Amid these woods, walking about the lawns and boating on the lakes, I saw many of the patients.

"Passing along a handsome avenue, we at length came in sight of the hospital. It was a splendid building in the Renaissance style, with verandahs along the front, and was surrounded upon all sides



by velvety lawns and flower-beds. Numerous basins with fountains playing and statues of various kinds decorated the lawns.

"A woman, seated on a low stool, was playing a harp, while reclining on couches round her were many patients of both sexes.

"We passed into the building itself, and I found that in some ways the institution was arranged on similar lines to those of the Houses of Refuge in Hell. Thus there was a secondary school attached, and most of the patients attended the school as part of their course of treatment. Further, there were concert-halls and a theatre, chapels for several different religious bodies, an art gallery, and so forth.

"My medical friend explained. 'One of our chief objects is to divert the mind of the patient from too much concentration upon themselves. Many were very selfish or at any rate self-centred folk. Religious mania or excessive grief is likewise the cause of many of these cases being here. Wholesome soothing amusements, which will dispel the morbid trait in their characters, are therefore of the greatest value.

"As to direct treatment, we very largely employ suggestion, hypnotism, and magnetism. See!'

"We entered what on earth would have been called an operating theatre. Here, two doctors were busy magnetising a woman patient. She was stretched on a bed, clad in a plain greyish-white robe drawn in at the waist by a girdle, and similar to the costume they all wear here. One doctor was standing behind her with his hand gently resting on her forehead, while the other stood at her feet, but without touching her. Both men seemed to be concentrating their wills on her and gazing into her face. They made no movement or any sign that they were aware of our presence.

"I was able to perceive that from each there appeared to flow out a kind of faint light, and that this light was being focused, as it were, on her head.

"We passed into another room where a violin was being played to soothe the man who was tossing in mental distress upon the bed.

"I said to the doctor, 'I notice that here the sexes mix much more than they do round where I dwell.'

"Not really so. There is very little companionship here between the men and the women. Both, however, are necessary to aid in the work; especially is it found that better results from magnetism are obtained when the operator is of the opposite sex to the patient.'

"We entered a third room and found a hypnotist at work. He was making passes over someone.

"As soon as he saw us he bowed and explained that this patient could not eliminate from his mind the remembrances of a terrible accident for which he was to a certain extent responsible. The remembrance of this had turned his brain on earth, and the ill effects were not yet entirely removed from his mind.

"I am hypnotising him for a time, so as to compel him to forget this terrible experience, and so by degrees we shall restore peace to his troubled mind.'

"Leaving him, we passed into a comparatively small room in which was a patient lying on a couch. My medical friend said: 'This is a strange case, and shows how strong is the power of the mind and even the remembrance of the body after death.'

"This woman's mental affliction in life took the form of a belief that she was a cripple unable to walk. There was nothing organically wrong, yet by degrees, as this hallucination grew upon her, she became crippled and misshapen even as she is now. Had the disease been a physical one she would have left it behind her at death, but it is purely a mental one, due to a morbid nature which in life seemed to take a perverted joy in gazing at the misshapen and crippled. This she did not from any motive of sorrow or wish to help the sufferers, but out of a morbid curiosity. For the rest, however, she was neither a total unbeliever nor yet evil by nature. Few cases such as this come to us here: they are, I understand, more common in Hell.'

"I (H. J. L.) inquired, 'How do you treat her?'

"He. 'Mainly by magnetism and mental suggestion. We are striving to prove to her that her spiritual body need not reproduce the defects of the physical one. Most spirits readily grasp that fact, but her mind has become so overclouded that she cannot as yet grasp it. However, even the most obstinate cases soon yield to treatment here. What does seem to take a long time is the education which is afterwards necessary.'

"We passed through other rooms, through long wards and into lecture-rooms where doctors were giving lectures on medical subjects.

"I (H. J. L.) inquired of my friend whether there was not an operating theatre as in an earthly hospital.

"Oh dear, no,' he replied. 'We have got long past those clumsy methods here. Of course, some operations are required on earth owing to the material nature of a physical body, although there are far more operations than are really necessary. Here, however, the spirit body yields to and needs much subtler methods. The only place you find anything approaching an operating theatre is in Hell.'

"I shuddered at the horror of the idea underlying those simple words.

"It would take me too long to give you any further details of this wonderful hospital, but perhaps I should say that I was surprised to find how large a part religious services played in the treatment.

"We don't attend religious services to any large extent in this realm—that is our principal duty in the next realm—but services formed quite a marked feature of the treatment, I perceived, and in this it approximated to the House of Refuge in Hell and to the ordinary course of life in the realm of belief without acts.

"Many of the services, I noticed, had quite an elaborate ritual, and evidently were designed expressly with the object of helping forward the mental healing of the patients who attended. A shadowy prototype on earth was that funny old service of touching and healing in the Prayer Book in the days of Queen Anne.



"Outside in the grounds we separated, and after thanking my medical friend, I returned here."

## CHAPTER XXIX

"NEITHER WILL THEY BE PERSUADED  
THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM THE DEAD"

J. W. "May we publish the names and details for identification given by P. *re* himself and Barber."

H. J. L. "With regard to P. and Barber, I think there is no harm in giving the details about the latter; it was meant as a piece of conclusive evidence, and I think most would agree it is. With regard to P., matters are a little different. He feels it rather a hindrance already to keep sufficiently in touch with earth matters to send you his experiences, and does not want to do anything which might draw him back still further into earth conditions."

"If the details he has given were published, being a well-known man, you would have a number of carping, or at any rate inquisitive, persons constantly sending tests and expecting them to be answered. If P. agreed to answer these tests, he would at once be assailed by further ones. He would be constantly worried by them, and, therefore, dragged back into earth conditions. He wishes to be rid of earth trammels, and instead, would find he had re-bound himself with them. If he refuses to answer further tests, people would at once say it was fraud. They would say, 'Here are communications coming through which purport to be from Mr P., and yet the entity either will not or cannot answer these simple questions as to his earth life.'"

"They would refuse to see that it is quite one thing to send a message through dealing with life here and another to put ourselves again in touch with our former earth life."

"You yourself believe us and do not bother us with unnecessary questions. You have not only had dates and other details of the lives of men quite unknown to you, but have also from W. A. received details of his private life not merely unknown to you, but in a large measure unintelligible even when given. These details have, however, been perfectly plain to M., and have convinced her of his identity, as she herself told you. It is, therefore, not with any wish to avoid giving evidence when the demand is reasonable that I hesitate to request P. to allow the details about him to be published. Talk the matter over with Mr K. and then consult me again. With regard to Barber, the same objections do not arise. He is not communicating through you, nor do we propose to let him. Neither is he interested in doing so, being otherwise engaged."

"If, therefore, anyone wanted to cross-question them, he would fail to get any reply; but this could hardly be taken as disproving the reality of our group of spirits."

"Is the matter now quite plain?"

J. W. "Yes. Still, I am sorry. If P. would agree it would once and for all decide the question which still vexes people—whether the identity does survive after death or not. I mean agree to be thoroughly 'cross-questioned,' as you call it."

H. J. L. "Not a bit of it. Plenty of evidence has been sent through to prove that to any reasonable man. Even what we have given should be sufficient, and there have been still more striking examples where spirits have deliberately thrown back their own progress so as to prove even to the most obstinate unbeliever that there is a personal survival after death."

"But it is selfish and unreasonable to expect us continually to be doing that sort of thing, I mean delaying our own progress."

"No, Jack, many people do believe, but it is still true of many men, 'Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'"

"Now it's time you were off."

Next instant I sank into oblivion.—J. W.

## CHAPTER XXX

THE AUTHOR'S ADVENTURE IN THE PARK  
ON THE SPIRIT PLANE

TRANCE VISION, ETC.

May 18th, 1914

I AGAIN saw myself lying asleep on the bed, but this time did not feel nervous. The room seemed to get more and more distant, and then grew nebulous. I seemed to be enveloped in a mist, and gradually this mist took shape and form, became solid, and lo! the landscape with which I was now familiar.

Before me was stretched a beautiful tract of country bathed in a soft evening light. I floated down on to a grassy hill and saw below me in the valley the town in which H. J. L. now lived. Soon I was able to pick out the roofs of the college and turned my steps in that direction.

The route I took led me through a beautiful wood, amid the branches of whose trees birds were singing merrily. As I drew nearer the town I saw the park with statuary and the sculpture gallery which I had seen before. I began to walk through the park, and I noticed how sweetly the flowers smelt.

Large numbers of spirits were constantly passing me, and several gazed at me intently, as if they felt I was in some way different.

At length two young men stopped and said, "Who are you, and are you dead? You do not look quite like one of us, and yet if you are not dead how come you here?"

I replied, "No, I'm not dead, but somehow I have developed in such a way recently since my father-in-law died that I am able to come and visit him here and even carry away a remembrance of what I see."



"Well, that's very funny. I wish I'd been able to do that," said one of them, "when I was alive."

"Can you visit any other planes of existence besides these?" the other inquired.

"No," I replied, "but I meet others who have been selected by my father-in-law, and these give me accounts of their experiences in Hell and in the plane above this, and also in the astral plane."

"You're jolly lucky," the taller of the two (who had spoken first) cried. "We know practically nothing of either Hell or the plane above, though, of course, we do know something of the astral plane. You might tell us something about them. Come, let us sit down by this fountain."

I sat down with them and had just begun to relate some of the officer's adventures, when I saw H. J. L. hurrying towards me. He was evidently annoyed and said, "Really, Jack, you ought to have known better than to sit down here chattering when the officer and I are waiting to get to business."

The two strangers at once apologised and explained that it was their fault.

H. J. L. answered, "That's all very well, and I know you meant no harm, but if you want that sort of information, come to me for it and you shall have it. My nephew's work is to give it to those who are alive on the earth, not to preach to those who, having died, have come here."

We then parted, and I went with H. J. L. through the streets, which seemed fairly full of people, into the college.

In his room I found the officer waiting, who having shaken hands, remarked, "If you're not careful, you'll get so fond of this country that you'll not wish to return to your own." He then took up the story of his life on this side of the grave.

#### CHAPTER XXXI

### THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN

#### TRANCE VISION AND CONVERSATION

*May 25th, 1914.*

As in my last vision, I saw the whole landscape on my way to H. J. L., but this time spoke to no one till I was in H. J. L.'s room.

As soon as I saw him, I asked, "What is the age limit at which children can enter Hell? I notice that from the account of the officer there are no children in Hell proper, and yet they are to be found in the seventh division of Hell."

H. J. L. answered, "You cannot, of course, fix any exact age limit. Things work much more reasonably than that. Thus if an infant dies who as yet knows nothing of God, it goes to the infant schools in Hell, as you know. If it has acquired a vague idea of God and a

future life, it will come to our secondary schools in the realm of half-belief.

"If it has acquired sufficient knowledge it may go to the college, and finally, boys and girls who have a real living belief may go direct to the realm above this, or occasionally to the highest plane of all. In these cases they will have to complete their education on the intellectual side, although their spiritual side may be well developed. This is, of course, a reversal of what generally happens here. Usually our intellects have been developed largely at the expense of our spiritual functions.

"Now let us consider the other side.

"When a child reaches a certain stage in its development, roughly from five to seven, it would ordinarily begin to have some general idea as to right and wrong. Now if a child has been badly brought up, or if it inherits a perverse and evil nature from its ancestors, or if obsessed, it may develop very unpleasant characteristics. It may commit serious offences, and in general may begin to develop badly.

"Under these circumstances it is cut off very often at the wish of its guide and transferred to the astral plane. There, clear of many of the surroundings which might have dragged it down, it will have an opportunity of developing and of learning sufficient to enable it on leaving the astral plane to come at least to the realm of half-belief.

"This period of child life stretches roughly from five to twelve, but, of course, may vary at either end.

"The third stage is when they are ceasing to be children and becoming adults, especially in the matter of sex. This is a very critical age, and many children unfortunately choose the downward instead of the upward path.

"The tendency is still, however, for the final decision to be left for the astral plane; and I must remind you that to a certain extent this is always the case. In the case, however, of an adult hardened in sin, the astral simply continues in its new life, repeating the sins of the former; but a youth who has started on the downward path, being less hardened, is more likely to be checked by the shock of death. Further, he is hardly likely to have had time to drive away his guardian angel in the way that a hardened sinner has. Thus even a thoroughly vicious youth will probably see the folly of his ways as soon as he reaches the astral plane, and the vicious habits, not yet being firmly rooted, will be easier to eradicate.

"On the other hand, if he rejects this second chance and falls into the type of sins represented by 'obsessing,' he will sooner or later be hurled out of his astral body into Hell. But when that day comes he or she will no longer be a child, probably not in years, certainly not in spiritual development.

"Thus you see how it comes about that there are no children in Hell."

J. W. "But there are vicious children of five or six."

H. J. L. "Not many. They may be spoilt, thoughtless, and selfish,



but there are few who are really vicious. Further, they too will realise the wickedness of their faults on coming over and seeing them visualise, as we all do.

"If not sufficiently spiritual to pass straight on to us, they will remain on the astral plane and there learn wisdom. If, however, they do not learn wisdom, they will learn folly, but even that will take time to work out its full course, and only when they have become too gross and wicked for the astral plane will they drop to Hell. They will have ceased to be children when that happens.

"But it is seldom that a young child does grow worse on the astral plane. They nearly all improve, and, moreover, the bulk of young children are too spiritual to remain even there, but come almost at once either to the elementary schools in the top division of Hell or else to us.

"But here's the officer."

#### CHAPTER XXXII

### OF ANIMALS, AND HOW THEY CONVERSE WITH MEN

#### TRANCE VISION AND CONVERSATION

June 1st, 1914.

I FOUND myself floating over my body, and then began to whirl away into space. I seemed to pass through the ceiling into the open air, but yet was able to look right into my bedroom.

Then the room became misty and vanished. I seemed to be whirling on and on amid clouds and mists, and it seemed a long journey, but at length the mists began to take form. At first these were fantastic in shape, some like castles and cliffs, others like dragons and monsters, then fairy cities, minarets, and cupolas. At length these vanished, and, as the mists rolled away, I saw a vast landscape stretching away beneath me. First I saw high mountains and arid deserts, and, beyond these, a great wall of darkness. I appeared to be travelling away from this wall of darkness, and gradually the landscape became less forbidding. The rocky mountains became clothed with forests, the deserts covered with grass. By degrees it developed into the beautiful country I now knew so well, bathed in that curious evening glow.

Concentrating my mind on Old Queen's College, I seemed to increase the speed of my flight. Almost in a moment I found myself actually in H. J. L.'s room.

"Oh, Boss," I said, "what do animals, such as fowls (which spend their whole life on earth hunting for food), do on this plane? They can have no occupation."

He replied, "While they are on the astral plane most animals still endeavour to get food. They go on grubbing about for it, and it is only by degrees that they learn that any food they appear to find is but a delusion, and that, in fact, they do not need it. Once that

stage is reached, the animal generally passes on to this plane. Many animals, such as most of the carnivora, seem quite unable to learn this lesson, and remain on the astral plane still hunting astral deer, which they never catch."

J. W. "Are there men who go on hunting animals which they never catch?"

H. J. L. "Yes; there are even fox-hunters, horses and all, but sooner or later they weary of the empty sham, for they never catch anything. Usually, however, the tables are reversed, and the hunter upon earth becomes the hunted there.

"Man is back in the primitive world without the aid of weapons, and again is liable to the life of fear which our early ancestors suffered. Not till he has learnt the great secret, the power of the human will, is he again free from that fear. But you must remember that the type of man who runs foul of the astral animals is the man who has hunted them on earth. All men don't have exactly the same experiences on the astral plane, any more than they do on this plane.

"When the animals reach this plane, they have done so because they have other interests besides eating. At times they still cast back and feebly hunt round. I know occasionally Molly misses a bone, just as I do my pipe."

J. W. "Why, there is Molly," and as I spoke Molly emerged from under a sofa and came up to me wagging her tail in quite a friendly way.

H. J. L. continued. "Animals here become far more closely attached to us than they ever do on earth. They certainly understand us better, and this compensates for the loss of more material amusements.

"You see, as we can perceive each other's thoughts, so we can, though to a lesser extent, perceive the animals' thoughts. They, too, visualise, but the difference lies in this: the average animal not having learnt to think clearly, as we have, can only visualise a muddled sort of idea. But they tend to improve.

"Of course their ideas, at the best, are very simple. Still, it creates a bond of sympathy which is largely absent on earth. Now just look at Molly's thought."

I (J. W.) looked intently, but could perceive nothing at first.

"I can't see anything; perhaps she is not thinking of anything in particular."

H. J. L. "On the contrary, she is thinking very deeply for a dog. That's why I thought you'd be able to see it, though of course, you have not had any practice in developing that faculty. However, try again. Empty your mind of all personal thoughts and concentrate it on Molly. Fix your eyes on the tip of her nose."

I laughed at the last sentence, but followed all his instructions. After a moment the whole room seemed to fade away, including even the dog herself, and in its place was a kind of light which grew into a picture similar to the clairvoyant pictures one sees in the crystal.

And then I saw Carrie sitting in the boat at Weybridge, and Molly



herself seated in the prow. The boat moved out of the boathouse into the river, and Carrie, who was wearing a white jersey, was rowing. There was no one else in the boat.

Then the vision changed, and I saw Molly and Carrie seated in the garden at Weybridge. Tea was brought out, and Molly proceeded to lie down for a piece of cake.

Then H. J. L.'s voice broke in: "Well, Jack, you could see her thoughts that time?"

J. W. "Yes; but how did you know I could?"

H. J. L. "Because I could see both your thoughts and hers, and they corresponded. We get fairly expert in reading people's thoughts here, but of course you are new to it.

"Well, I think that answers your question fairly well. You can easily understand that the more closely associated with a man an animal is, the more it will develop. The more it develops the more complicated will be the ideas which it will be able to remember or understand, and so communication between men and animals will become easier. For example, that thought of Molly's was fairly complicated. Many animals would have managed nothing more than a face of their mistress.

"If we wish to communicate an idea to an animal, we have to think of some very simple idea.

"Now watch. I'm going to think of Blanche."

At once Molly jumped up and wagged her tail, and I perceived she was looking at the Boss. Between both of them appeared a vision of Blanche about two years old, but whereas H. J. L. saw her in the garden at L—, Molly only saw B. with no particular background. I knew this because Blanche stood out very clearly, while the garden at L— was much fainter, and I knew, by instinct, that this was because Molly had grasped the idea of Blanche, but not the more complicated idea of "at L—."

Then it vanished, and H. J. L. said, "Yes, she got the first idea all right, but did not grasp that I meant at L—. I daresay if you were to think of her at G— she'd grasp that all right. The remembrance of G— in connection with Blanche would be so much clearer to her."

I tried, and at once Molly got very excited, jumped up on her hind legs, and began to walk towards me. At the same time I saw the vision of Blanche on the tennis-lawn at G—, and the background was nearly, though not quite, as clear as Blanche.

In short, Molly had perceived practically the whole idea I had desired to convey. Then it faded again, and Molly retired once more under the sofa.

H. J. L. "How high the most intelligent animals can travel with us I can't say, but you will see that there are possibilities of development for them here lacking on earth.

"Of course by telepathy even on earth, animals are often able to read our thoughts to a limited extent, but it is generally in the matter of the cruder passions, such as fear of them or dislike. Further, they

are often helped even in these cases by involuntary movements of our own.

"I think, however, that we've said enough on this subject for to-night. If you think over carefully what I have just told you, you will realise its importance more fully. If then, any point requires further elucidation—why, ask me again."

J. W. "Thanks. By-the-bye, how are we communicating now? We appear to be talking."

H. J. L. "By telepathy. Our minds, used to the idea of talking, translate it into words, but of course we do not actually use words here. You would perceive the force of this at once if you were communicating with a Frenchman. To him you would appear to be talking in French; to you he would seem to be speaking in English.

"It is only when we get on to the earth plane and try to communicate through a medium that we have to employ actual language. Then, if we wished to speak to foreigners and did not know the language, we should have to learn it. This can be done, but I do not propose to go into exactly how just at the present moment.

"When we perceive each other's thoughts, our minds turn this perception into sight. Both are related to telepathy, but, for the sake of distinction, we can correlate perception of visions with clairvoyance. We can employ either method for communicating. With men, telepathy is slightly the easier; it seems to require less will exertion.

"With animals, however, I find the vision is the best method, probably because they have never spoken on earth. But of course both methods merge. Even in your own case, when the officer had been telling you his adventures, you have at times not merely heard, but seen what he went through."

J. W. "Yes, that is so, though, when writing these 'visits' down I had not realised it."

"Well, you will realise it now. Here comes the officer."

The officer, having finished his narrative, went out.

H. J. L. then spoke: "Well, good-bye, Jack, for the time being."

I then willed that I should return, and as I did so I seemed to rise in the air and pass out through the window.

Again I saw beneath me the spirit landscape, with its beautiful meadows and wooded hills and dales. Clouds came drifting by and gradually covered it as by a mist. I could still perceive it for a time through the mist, which, however, grew thicker and thicker, till it appeared almost like layers of cotton wool.

This more solid mist gradually became even more solid and began to assume shapes. At first these were vague, indistinct, and colourless, but before long they took the form of moorlands broken into hills and valley. This landscape was far more barren than that which I had seen on the spirit plane, still, it was not without a certain grandeur and beauty. Then by degrees colour came into the landscape, though slowly.

I seemed to be rushing above this country at a great pace, while at the same time drawing nearer to the earth. Speed! Speed!



I noticed that the light was becoming stronger, and gradually I realised I was passing down the Rivelin valley from the direction of the moors.

Faster and faster I whirled, and Glen House appeared to spring up and rush to meet me. I seemed to pass clean through the walls of the room and pirouetted round the bed.

Then I seemed to strike something with great force and lost consciousness.—J. W.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## THE ASTRAL AND SPIRIT PLANES COMPARED

## TRANCE VISIT

*Monday night, June 15th*

As before, I felt myself travelling through space and saw the earth landscape change for that of the spirit realms.

On entering H. J. L.'s room I asked him, "What do you consider is the exact difference between a man on the astral plane and one on the spiritual?"

H. J. L. "I understand what you mean. On the astral plane we are still to a certain extent material. We have, as it were, an etheralised material body. The astral plane consists of particles of very fine matter, much more etheralised, of course, than the gross atoms of the earth, but still matter. They stand somewhat in the same relations to the ordinary physical world that gases do to solids on earth.

"This material body, being so ethereal, is of course much more completely dominated by the spirit for good or evil.

"It is the same thing with the astral landscape. In the spirit plane, however, matter has, for all intents and purposes, been left behind. It is with our 'forms' that we clothe our souls, and the landscape and the buildings which you see now before you are the 'forms' of those things when on earth.

"Thus it is when we wish to become visible even to the clairvoyant upon earth we usually have to clothe ourselves with a temporary astral form, just as, to make ourselves visible to ordinary folk, we have to materialise a temporary physical body. Mind you, there are clairvoyants who can see into the sixth plane—you are one—but most clairvoyants cannot. Even when a clairvoyant can, better results are often obtained by our clothing ourselves with an astral form."

J. W. "In dreams do we come to the astral or to the spiritual plane, or sometimes to one and sometimes to the other?"

H. J. L. "Dreams are of many orders. Some are purely the invention of the human brain. They may be little more than the thoughts of the day worked over and redigested by the brain at night, or they may be pure fiction, similar to the stories children tell themselves for amusement.

"The very materialistic have dreams of these two orders, and most people at times have some of these, but many persons enter the astral

plane in what they think are dreams, but a few, but very few, enter the spirit plane.

"You do so, but the reason is that you are mediumistic, and, still more important, because I call you. Very few have such a privilege, and even those who do seldom bring away so clear a recollection. We help you to remember, but it is true that experiences on the spirit plane appertaining to the spirit as they do, seem to remain attached to the spirit and are more vivid than those of the astral plane, which being more akin to earth life, become distorted as the astral reunites with the physical. It is as if the physical brain attempted to explain astral phenomena by physical laws and largely failed, but recognised the hopelessness of trying to do so with the spiritual.

"Far more people get on to the astral plane in their sleep. They come wandering along the fringe of it, as it were, often apparently half dazed, as if their connection with their bodies rendered them only partly conscious of the astral world in which they moved.

"The astral body, of course, is often unable to leave the physical body owing to the gross and material life such people live, and even when it can get out of the physical it cannot or dare not go any distance from it.

"But perhaps you would like to see some of these visitors to the edge of the astral plane?"

J. W. "I should; but what of the officer?"

H. J. L. "Oh, I'll tell him not to come."

He appeared to concentrate his thoughts for a moment, and as I watched him I saw the face of the officer visualise before him and then fade away again.

H. J. L. "Now we will go to the plane where the worlds meet. First I shall have to clothe myself with an astral body, however."

J. W. "And what of me? Shall I not need an astral body too?"

H. J. L. "Yes. Where did you leave yours?"

J. W. "I don't know. Do you think it will be with my physical?"

H. J. L. "We had better ask our guardian spirits."

As he spoke, a light appeared behind him growing stronger and stronger, till I could hardly bear to look at it. As it grew stronger, it took the form of the glorious spirit I had seen before overshadowing H. J. L. Like a silver trumpet he spoke:

"Return and fetch from your bed your astral body."

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## A VISIT WITH H. J. L. TO THE ASTRAL PLANE. THE DREAMERS

At once I seemed to be caught up in strong hands and whirled away into space. Once more I stood within my bedroom, but instead of sinking into unconsciousness, I suddenly appeared clothed with a



more substantial body than that which a moment before I had possessed. Yet my physical body still lay asleep in bed.

I turned at the sound of H. J. L.'s voice, and saw that he too looked different. For one thing, he looked older. In the spirit world he appeared a good deal younger than when on earth; here he looked stronger, but not so very much younger. There was also a more subtle difference, but I do not know how to describe it.

"This is not my own astral body," explained H. J. L.; "that disintegrated almost as soon as I died, as I told you. This is only a temporary body made out of the astral elements which are floating about. I have done my best to impress my form upon it as I remember it upon earth. Now come with me."

I noticed that the room seemed shadowy and semi-transparent; so did my body, which lay on the bed, and so indeed, did all the earth phenomena.

The body I now wore seemed, however, solid and real, and we passed through the shadowy walls without the slightest difficulty.

I said to H. J. L., "Earth things and people now look to me as you do when I see you at Mr K's clairvoyantly."

H. J. L. "Yes, I can quite believe that. There are many astral beings who cannot see the physical world for a long time after they have passed over, just as ordinary earth-dwellers cannot see them."

"All the same, this double vision is a bit of a nuisance, so will that you shall see only the astral plane."

I did so, and at once the shadowy house and landscape faded quietly away.

H. J. L. took my hands and said, "Quick!" and we seemed to be rushing through space. It seemed neither dark nor light, but betwixt and between, and then we stopped.

"Here come some of the dreamers," said H. J. L., and we waited.

Now I could not see the landscape very clearly, for it seemed all grey and shrouded in mist, but I could perceive there were hills and dales and castles and woods, trees and wide expanses of water, but all was indistinct and grey.

"Is it always like this—grey and shadowy?" I inquired.

H. J. L. replied, "Oh dear, no. But you are more used to the spirit realms and so not attuned to these. But to many spirits who know no brighter place, this seems full of colours, but not even to all of them. This is the land of change, a half-way house, as it were, between the physical and the spiritual plane, therefore it seems some elements which form it are ever changing, and, being very malleable, often assume forms in consonance with the wills of those who pass through them, even when they are sleepers dreaming. You understand, form which is eternal goes to the spirit plane, hence form here is not stable except where it is the living astral form. I mean the elemental forms have no stable form of their own."

"But see, here come a few of the visitors from earth to us."

As he spoke, I noticed that large bands of spirits were floating towards us. Soon more and more passed swiftly by. Then it grew into a continuous stream. Sometimes there would come a crowd together, but at other times they would be spread out into ones and twos.

Ever and anon across this stream of dreamers would float a real denizen of the astral plane. It was easy to see the difference, but almost impossible to describe it in detail. However, one noticeable difference was that those still living on earth had trailing away behind them a thread of light. These threads, unlike material threads, never became entangled as the astral beings moved about. It seemed as if each cord was able to pass through any other cord without severing it.

There were many other differences more difficult to describe. When I turned to comparing these with myself, I perceived that many of them had their eyes shut, and with their arms stretched out in front of them they looked like people walking in their sleep. But not all were like this. Some had their eyes wide open, and seemed to be hunting for someone, and a few seemed to be idly wandering through a strange landscape, stopping every now and then to gaze at it.

Such a motley crowd of all ages and conditions, not only men, women, and children, but even animals! I saw a dog among the visitors, who caught sight of a rabbit, and at once gave chase.

"Now look at the dreams these people are dreaming and the friends they are seeking," said H. J. L.

I noticed a woman; in front of her floated a thought visualisation of a little child. The thought seemed to float away from her, and she kept following, crying bitterly. Then suddenly the real astral form of the child came running up, and in a moment the thought child was shattered, but the mother gave a glad cry and flung out her arms towards the astral and took it in her arms. She sat down there and then and hugged the child and talked to it just as she would have done on earth. The child, a boy, appeared to be about six years old.

Then I saw a man about thirty, who came with eyes wide open and evidently expecting to find someone. In a few moments he was met by a young woman.

"Who are these?" I said, "for I can see that they are both alive upon earth."

H. J. L. replied, "I cannot say who they are, but I can tell you this about them: that man is twin soul to that girl. He has not met her yet on earth, but he has on the astral plane. Whether they will ever meet on earth I do not know, but I hope so. But look at that pair."

I saw a man and woman approach each other with delight, but floating near the woman was a thought form of an elderly man. By his face I should say he was a Jew, and I knew, as by instinct, that this was the woman's husband, whom she had married for money, while the younger man, with whom she was now speaking, was the



man she really loved, whom she had refused in order to marry the Jew.

"Now look at these," said H. J. L.

I heard an agonised shriek, and saw one man pursued by another who had a knife in his hand. The hunted man kept looking over his shoulder, and every now and then he gave a piercing shriek. His face was livid, and his whole attitude betokened abject fear.

"What does this mean?" I began.

H. J. L. "It's fairly obvious that for some reason the dark man considers he has been done a great wrong by the fair man, and when they meet on the astral plane he acts as he would like to act on earth."

J. W. "Will they remember this experience when they awake on earth?"

H. J. L. "I can't say for certain, but I think they will each retain some remembrance, although it will very likely be a distorted one. But look, who is that?"

J. W. "Why, it's the pater! What on earth is he doing here?"

H. J. L. "Hardly an appropriate exclamation, eh? But why shouldn't your father come here; he's just dreaming like everyone else. Perhaps he'll recognise you."

But he went past, busily engaged in seeking for someone, and never seemed to see me, and as he passed I saw the thought form of his father floating before him.

"Will he meet his father here?" I inquired.

H. J. L. "Not very likely. Old Horatio is very comfortable in the division of faith without acts and not likely to come out here often."

My father disappeared among the crowd, and as for a moment there was a lull in the throng that were continually sweeping by us, I turned again to H. J. L. and said:

"Does 'place' exist on the astral plane in the same way as it does on earth?"

H. J. L. "To a certain extent, for not only have we, as you see, an astral landscape, but that landscape tends to correlate with the surface of the physical world. Thus, at the present minute we are near London; that is why there is such a crowd of spirits. But though the landscape tends to correlate, our astral bodies are not bounded by time and space in the same way as they are on earth. We can rush from one part of the earth to another in next to no time. Nor do the astral landscapes exactly correspond to landscapes on earth, for there are, as it were, many layers of astral landscape; because the same district at various periods of the earth's history will present very different aspects, as, for example, the site of London has not only held prehistoric forest, but at times it has been covered by the ocean itself."

J. W. "This landscape, so far as I can see it, is not the same as the one in which London now stands."

H. J. L. "Of course, but it is some not very ancient past landscape. But see who comes here."

J. W. "Why, it's Carrie. The whole family seems to be here."

H. J. L. "Oh no, they are not, but all the same a very large number of people do come night after night on to the astral plane. There are some people who have a regular and continuous life here, just as they have on earth, only when they awake, as a rule, they remember nothing of it. The 'astral day' ends for them with falling asleep, just as the physical day does, and it is seldom that a very clear recollection of either state is carried into the other. More, however, is remembered by the astral memory than by the physical. Still, there are people who are alive on earth, yet when they are here they have no recollection of it and imagine they live here only. Such people often don't even know when they die, but are surprised when they don't fall asleep. Most astrals, however, do keep some remembrance of their earth life, and may come here with fixed recollections of some earth friend whom they desire to find. Many people also occasionally remember in a distorted manner fragments of their experiences here. There are also some who seldom, if ever, come here till death. They are so materialistic that the astral cannot escape from the physical. Gross feeders and heavy drinkers in particular chain their astral bodies to their physical; but I am going to speak to Carrie. See, she is seeking me."

He made his way through the passing dreamers to where Carrie was standing, looking round as if seeking someone. I could see her thought visualisation, and it was of her father as she remembered him sitting in his armchair in the dining-room at L. She herself was clad in a long white dress of simple cut, but not precisely like anything I have ever seen her wear on earth.

As soon as she saw him, she hastened towards him with delight.

"How are you getting on, Boss? It's such an age since I saw you."

H. J. L. "Yes, it is. I'm glad you came here to-night. I'm right enough, but what do you think of the revelations we are sending through?"

She looked puzzled and said, "What revelations? I don't remember any."

H. J. L. "Oh, nonsense; yes, you do, only you are still half asleep. Wake up! The ones we are sending through by Jack. By-the-bye, here is Jack."

Carrie then noticed me for the first time. I, though I had seen her from the first, had not obtruded my presence, wishing her to devote her time to H. J. L.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she began.

"Come to that," I replied, "what are you? But, indeed, in my case it's my usual Monday night's excursion, and this time Boss has brought me to see you folk who enter the astral plane. I wonder whether you'll remember having met me when you awake?"

H. J. L. "It's not very likely. If she remembers anything at all it will probably be me, as that was the thought visualisation which came here with her. Well, Carrie, do you recollect now?"

C. "Yes, I do remember vaguely, but like in a dream. But how are you yourself? I have not seen you for a long time."

H. J. L. "Well, very well, nothing at all wrong. Never better in all my life. I wouldn't be back on your poky, silly, shadowy earth for anything you could give. I'm hoping, though, that a few old friends will join me soon from your side."

C. W. "Whose house is that?"

As she spoke I noticed rather a nice house in the late Georgian style. It had a small garden in front, and we found it had a much larger one behind.

H. J. L. "Oh, that's the astral form of some house which has just been pulled down. It won't remain long; the astrals of inanimate objects don't last long unless someone takes possession of them and so links them with his personality. Let us go inside."

C. W. "Why, it's completely furnished!" said Carrie as we entered.

H. J. L. "So it is. That's rather peculiar here, though on the spiritual plane where the forms come it's the rule rather than the exception. I think it must have been burnt down and everything destroyed. Yes, I'm sure it was, for see, some of the pictures are missing. Look at the blanks on the wall. Why, there is even the cord, too, hanging to the nails from which they hung. Someone evidently slashed through the cords with a knife and carried out a few of the best pictures. They didn't save much, though." As he spoke, the Boss sat down in an easy-chair by the fireplace in a room which had evidently been the dining-room.

"A very comfortable house," he commented; "plain, perhaps, but substantial. If I were still in the astral body I'd take possession of it."

Carrie. "Let's go into the garden." So she and I passed out through a door in the dining-room down a short flight of steps into the garden.

A few moments after the Boss appeared in the doorway, carrying on his shoulder a small leather-covered trunk. On reaching us, he placed it on the ground, raised the lid, and drew out a book.

"There, Carrie, fancy finding that here."

C. W. "Why, it's your old book, 'How to Make a House Healthy and Comfortable.'"

H. J. L. "Yes. I thought the house seemed very well brought up to date. Its owner was evidently a sensible man."

I (J. W.) was mildly amused at the obvious pleasure H. J. L. felt on discovering that the owner of the house had appreciated his book, but at that moment Carrie broke in, as we re-entered the room, "I'm feeling rather tired, so I will be off to bed."

I looked in surprise at H. J. L., who, however, appeared to take no notice of my inquiring look, but said, "Well, good-bye, then, for the present. Come again soon. I am always glad to see you, you know, and will take care to be here when you do come."

Carrie then went out of the room, and as soon as she was out of sight (I noticed that the astral wall completely shut out astral figures) he said, "You were surprised that she said she was tired. What she

really felt was the call of her physical to her astral body, but that was the easiest way for her to explain it. To most astrals still living on earth the change back from the astral to physical conditions seems like falling asleep.

"Now it is time you too were returning. See how the crowds who were hurrying outwards are now going back."

We looked out of the front door, and, sure enough, the dreamers seemed all to be moving back towards the direction from which they had come. Faster and faster they hurried by, and among them my father again repassed me with a disappointed look upon his face. He had not found the one he was seeking. Fewer and fewer they grew, and I noticed the so-called "dead" bidding farewells, often with bitter tears, to those they loved and who were returning to the waking world. Still fewer and fewer grew the "dreamers," and in proportion as they grew fewer, the number of real denizens of the astral plane increased.

Not all were pleasant to look at, and H. J. L. again spoke, "It is time for you to return"; and I seemed to fall asleep.—J. W.

*Note.*—C. W. remembered a considerable part of this meeting, but not all, and thought it was a dream.

#### CHAPTER XXXV

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR CLOUD

#### TRANCE VISION

July 27th, 1914.

ON reaching the college in which H. J. L. lived, I asked him, "Boss, do you think this storm cloud which has arisen in Europe will lead to war? Things begin to look rather black."

H. J. L. "I am afraid it will. Of course I am not closely in touch with the earth plane, but here men are saying that the astral plane is in a state of absolute chaos. All the evil spirits are crowding up there and are doing their best to precipitate war."

"Here we are beyond all that turmoil, but we are filled with strange forebodings. The next few days will, I think, decide it, but I have never made any pretensions to prophetic powers."

"Our work is drawing rapidly to its close, and it is well, for if there is war our little band of workers will certainly be dispersed. They will have different work to do."

"You are not well yourself. I can see, unless you are better by next week, it would be as well for you not to make any attempt to come here till you are all right again. When in sound health these excursions into the unknown can do you no harm, but when ill you need all your vitality to fight the disease. In any case, you will not be able to do any automatic writing during the month you are lecturing at Cambridge."



"I do not propose that you should have an interview with the officer to-night.

"In the first place, you are not well enough to stand a lengthy stay here, and, secondly, the officer is in a very excited condition owing to the war cloud. He longs to be able to rejoin his old regiment, but several spirits have taken him in hand and are trying to calm him. We don't want all our good work flung away, and in that way he can do no good. There is a field of activity open to him, which we shall point out in due course. Just now, however, he's like a tiger that has scented blood, and it is largely his extraordinary behaviour, coupled with what appears to be happening on the astral plane, that makes me fear for the worst.

"Now, goodbye. Take care of yourself and get well as soon as you can. The book must be finished off before you leave for Burma."

So I returned to the earth plane, and noticed how tired I was as I re-entered my body.—J. W.

*Note.*—I went up to Cambridge on the 3rd, and all through August suffered from a sharp attack of pleurisy. During the whole of that time I had no visions, nor did I attempt automatic writing. It was not until the 5th of September that I was able to resume automatic writing at Mr K.'s house.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

#### THE WAR

#### LETTER FROM H. J. L.

*Sept. 5th, 1914.*

"We must get on with the work as quickly as we can. The time lost owing to your illness is to be regretted, but it has at any rate enabled some little order to be restored in the astral plane. But the latter is still in a most chaotic state, and its reaction is beginning to be felt even on our plane.

"Of course, the majority of the men who are passing over are young men, and go first to the astral plane. Huge crowds of spirits are pouring over, most of them still convulsed with hate, nearly all having died a violent death, and you can easily imagine the condition there. Many indeed do not even realise that they are dead, but ascribe their changed condition to some wound which has temporarily clouded their brain.

"The chief way, however, in which it affects the spirit plane is that a great call has gone forth for more enlightened spirits to come to the aid of the newcomers, and already countless hosts are pouring down to help. At present most of the helpers come from the two higher divisions of the spirit plane, but it is certain that some will go from our division also.

"As yet I am hardly fitted for such work, but when the call comes

for me I shall answer it,<sup>1</sup> though I cannot pretend that I am looking forward to the turmoil of the astral plane after the peace and quiet I have enjoyed here.

"But enough of this subject; we must push on with the book, which I trust you will make every effort to get published, not immediately—of course, that is impossible—but presently, as the opportunity occurs; and we look to you, Mr K., to write a preface<sup>2</sup>, explaining the circumstances under which these revelations were made.

"The officer will now take control.—H. J. L."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII

#### THE BAND OF SPIRIT FRIENDS IS DISPERSED. CONCLUSION

#### VISION OF H. J. L.

*Sept. 14th, 1914.*

ON arriving at the college in which H. J. L. lived, I found him seated there alone, save for the dog, Molly, who scrambled out from under the sofa to greet me.

H. J. L. then began to speak: "The work is now completed for the time being. Our little band of workers is scattered, and I alone remain amid the old surroundings. Soon you, too, will be undergoing new experiences in the East, which will tend to widen your outlook. You need have no anxiety as to the journey. You will arrive in Burma safely.

"Though for some time I shall not give you any communications of real interest, yet I shall expect you each Monday as usual. The door to this world having once been opened, we must take care that it does not close again, for after awhile I shall hope to start a new series of revelations, though their exact nature is yet unknown to me.

"Go carefully through what you have. You will have time to arrange the various contributions each under their proper headings, and thus you will have a fairly complete and continuous account of life over here.

"Hell, the astral plane, the realms of half belief, of real but narrow belief, and of belief shown forth in a life of good deeds, have all been revealed. Beyond these planes I as yet know nothing, but I do not despair of gaining some knowledge of life in the fifth plane.

"So henceforth consider me, as I know you will, not as sleeping an age-long sleep to be broken ultimately by the trumpets of judgment day, but as a man still much like yourself, but freed at last of the trammels of a body; no longer subject to pain, no longer needing material food or sleep, and therefore as one freed from the drudgery

<sup>1</sup>The call came early in May, 1916, when I went to him in the spirit plane and told him my brother, R. L. Ward, had been killed in action. At once he went down to help him, and has been with him off and on ever since.

<sup>2</sup>Mr K. agreed to do this.

of life, dwelling among pleasant surroundings, with boundless opportunities, not for idle sloth and endless psalm-singing, but to study all subjects in which I am interested and the means to pursue those studies far further than any man can do on earth. Consider me able and anxious to help others, and by so doing preparing myself to climb higher and higher from division to division, making new friends and learning new truths day by day as time seems to you.

"Consider me happy and contented in a measure, glad to have escaped from the material world, but do not think of me as absolutely happy yet.

"Perfect happiness is a long way off still, and can only be attained by steady effort concentrated by a set and determined will after many ages, during all of which the spirit is undergoing fresh experiences, and learning new truths.

"Think of me thus, at all times, busy alike with work and recreation. The work is that which will help me to climb upward step by step, the recreation that which on earth I considered as work.

"So bear my greetings to all who will receive them, and come to me regularly week by week; and now goodbye for the present, thanking Mr K., Mrs K., and all who have assisted me in this work."

*J. W.* "Before I go, tell me what J. B. P. and the officer and A. are doing."

*H. J. L.* "The officer is shortly, after a little more training, to go down to the astral plane to help the thousands who are being hurled into the new life they will find there; and badly they will need all the help they can get, cut off thus in the prime of life. But help they will receive.

"J. B. P. has already gone down again into Hell. A. is still struggling to learn the simple lessons of the school where I was so long ago."

*J. W.* "Yes, to you it must seem long; and yet as earth reckons time it is only nine months since you passed over."

*H. J. L.* "Yes; but time here counts by experience and not by hours, if indeed one can call it time, and even on earth I think by the time Dec. 31st has arrived not only you, but the whole world, will say, 'This is the longest year we have ever known'; but now goodbye once again."

And so we parted.

And to and fro since then I have journeyed, and always had a ready welcome, but little of special interest—merely family news and such small-talk—though all the time I know H. J. L. was working at various profound subjects.

But at length the fatal day came when I sought his aid on behalf of my brother, and that aid was given ungrudgingly. And now my weekly visits are devoted in the main to the astral plane, of which before long I hope to write a fuller account.