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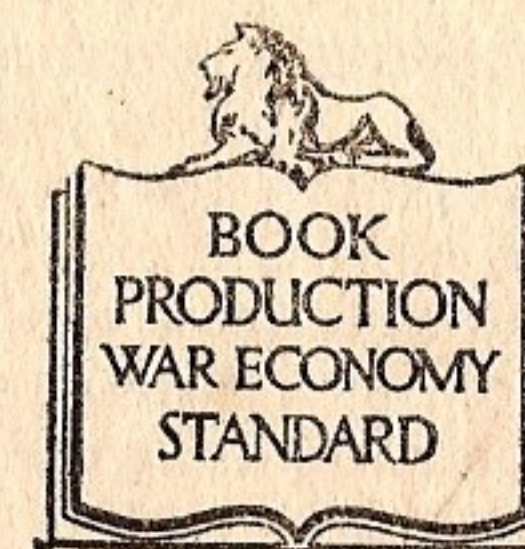
THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
ARNOLD CLARE

by
HARRY EDWARDS

*This book will be sent to members on or about
December 10.*

WHAT LIES BEYOND ?

By
A. M. KAULBACK



THE TYPOGRAPHY AND BINDING OF THIS BOOK
CONFORMS TO THE AUTHORISED ECONOMY STANDARD

THE PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB
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To
MY THREE

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INTRODUCTION

To begin with it might be as well to give a short description of the relation which appears to exist between the world we live in and the equally real worlds of those who have left this existence and are now living in higher spheres.

It seems that the Universe (the whole scheme of creation and being) consists of various spheres of life, differentiated one from another—if we disregard our present impermanent *bodies**—simply in the rates of spiritual vibration of those living on them.

It must therefore be clear that before an individual on a higher plane of consciousness can attempt to put himself into communication with somebody on a lower one he must first alter his vibrations to correspond with those of the person on the lower plane ; or, alternatively, communicate through someone on the lower plane whose vibrations have been raised to his.

In this book it will be seen that, through information from a world not far removed from ours, I have received many word pictures of the doings of my sons during their travels, when they have been out of touch with all normal means of communication, and often at great distances from me.

These pictures have frequently proved to be correct in all essential particulars except one—that of Time.

In this respect they have been as frequently behind time as they have been correct to time or in front of it ; and those who give me the information say themselves that it is impossible for them to tell whether or not the picture they are seeing coincides with the moment of the event—Time, as we know it, being a conception peculiar to our present physical state. There is no absolute link in time throughout the Universe in which both our and their worlds intermingle.

It would appear from what we know that only when the individual who sees the occurrence is very close to the 'wavelength' of this world can there be any certainty of Time being correct ; and this is understandable, because to some extent that individual then enters into our existence.

I cannot attempt myself to offer any further explanation about this question of Time, for I am not qualified to speak on so abstract a subject.

* From *The Edge of the Etheric*, by J. Arthur Findlay :

"The Universe is a gigantic scale of vibrations of which the physical is but a small range. As mind constitutes the highest range of vibrations so individual consciousness consists of the interaction of mind vibrations with physical vibrations. When we discard our physical body our mind interacts with etheric vibrations through the etheric body."

I merely give the results of my experiences which affect this matter so closely.

In conclusion, I would quote the words of one from that further world of which I have spoken. It is at Uvani's instigation that my book has been written, and, in summing up his wishes as to the form the book should take, he ended in the following way :

"We are stating no religious views. We are holding up no banner of what is termed spiritualism ; and there are no doctrines which have to be extolled. Purely a statement of fact is what will come from your pen, a search into what lies beyond the little span of man's existence here."

I

IN 1933 my son Ronald went for an expedition into Tibet, and on his return he wrote a book in which he mentioned that I have a faculty for knowing something of what is taking place in the lives of himself and my other son when they are away from me. I rather reluctantly promised that on Ronald's return home from his second journey into Tibet I would give the story of what happens, and when he came back after a long absence of nearly two years I started to fulfil that promise.

My sons had been away from me for the greater part of six years. In the autumn of 1932 Bill joined his regiment in India, and, while there, spent two months in Tibet, travelling with one native servant, and actually being there at the same time as Ronald, although they were hundreds of miles apart. Later on, when stationed in the Sudan, he obtained leave to go on a journey into the Libyan Desert, accompanied only by camel men and an occasional guide. Ronald remained at home for just over a year before returning to Tibet in 1935.

I had always been full of fear with regard to dangers and troubles coming to those I love, and I can truly say I should have been constantly agonized had I been in the dark about them, for I simply could not have borne the suspense in those long weeks and months of waiting when there was no news ; but I always did have knowledge of them, a knowledge so clear and so constantly proved to be correct that I was usually able to continue unafraid, and to feel as though they were near me. Since 1929 I have known in broad outline what will happen to them, and to myself ; and a couple of years later, through my own hand, I began to be given information which was, and is, seldom wrong.

It was, however, after Ronald and Bill went far away that the writing began to take the form of vivid descriptions, with so many details that we came to speak of these 'seeings' as 'pictures', for they are pictures in words portraying things that my sons are doing, people they are with, places they are in, and sometimes what they are saying or thinking. At first when these pictures came to me, I rather diffidently included them in my letters to my sons, wondering whether they would be in any way correct. To my relief they replied in the affirmative, and presently, as more and more detail was given, I sent them typed copies, retaining others for myself which I filed in separate books. Those sent to them they returned with their annotations, confirming what had been seen or pointing out discrepancies ; sometimes saying that a picture had been wrong so far as the actual event was concerned, but that the thought of doing this very thing had been in their minds ; and every now and then, letting me know that the picture was wholly wrong. The latter seldom happened, for almost always there were certain details which were right. That this

is not telepathy will, I think, be shown in this book ; but I shall have to go back twelve years to show the train of events which led up to all this.

My husband died very suddenly in November of 1929, his death coming altogether unexpectedly, for, although he had been very ill with a severe heart attack in the spring, we were confident that he was getting well. We were staying with a friend in Scotland when he died—one moment apparently all right, and talking to me ; the next lying dead—and as I sat beside him all through that night, feeling as though I had lived through countless years since it happened, I thought : “If it is possible for anyone to return, you will come back to me.” And so it came to pass.

During 1924 and 1925 I had had a little experience of psychic matters, and the results of three sittings, one with Mrs. Vicars, the next with Mrs. Barkel, and the third with Mrs. Garrett, were very outstanding in their results, sufficient to show my husband and myself that, even if what was given me had been taken from my mind, there was in all three mediums some remarkable supernormal faculty. In each case there was the clearest evidence of my brother Frank, who had died in the Great War early in 1915. I did not talk about these details and there were few people who knew what had occurred. From 1926 I was away from London, with little opportunity for practical experiments, but always I had a great longing to know more ; and two months before my husband died I had arranged with one of the societies at which Mrs. Garrett worked to have three sittings with her after our return from a round of visits which we were about to make. One day, when talking to my husband, I suddenly said : “I would give worlds to know if what I have heard is true. Do you think you could come with me to Mrs. Garrett ?” He answered : “Yes, I’ll go with you. I should like to see for myself what happens.” Three days later he was dead, and when I went I was alone.

It was on November 26th, twelve days after my husband’s death, when I had this first sitting ; and, on my arrival at the London Spiritualist Alliance, it was quite obvious that no one there had any knowledge of what had taken place. This applied to Mrs. Garrett also, for I realized she had no recollection of ever having seen me before, and I remembered that hundreds of people had been to her in the intervening years. She quickly went into trance, and I found her control, Uvani, was speaking. Quietly and unemotionally he traced the events of the past eight months, giving me for nearly two hours the most incontrovertible proofs from, and about, my husband, and I knew in very truth that he had kept his word and was there with me.

From that time onwards I made an intensive study of psychic matters, experimenting with the finest mediums ; but (and this is a very important point), keeping my investigations entirely secret. I told no one when I had an appointment ; I never spoke either to the mediums, or to anyone connected with them, about myself or my affairs ; and I very rarely gave the least information to anybody at all with regard to what was told me. I kept complete records of all that took place, the evidence which poured through to me from my husband being utterly amazing. There was little which had happened in our lives which was not mentioned, and in refutation of the old theory that all this was coming from my own subconscious mind, much was spoken of which had not yet happened.

To take one example only : years before Ronald knew that he would be an explorer I had heard he would be one, though I had kept all mention of this to myself.

There may be some people who will read this book with but the haziest idea as to what is meant by a ‘medium’, and of what happens at a ‘sitting’. When appointments are arranged with mediums through the various Psychic Societies, this is the general method of procedure. The mediums do not live on the premises but attend at their allotted times ; they go straight to the rooms which are used for their work, and do not know with whom their appointments will be. The visitor enters unannounced, and the name is not mentioned. Both visitor and medium sit quietly for a few minutes ; then the latter—if a trance medium—slips into unconsciousness. As a rule there is nothing strange or alarming in this trance. The mediums are almost invariably quite normal and natural, and to the onlooker it is merely as if they were going to sleep. Suddenly he or she rouses and begins to talk, but the voice and personality are different to those of the medium. The depth of the trance varies considerably, some going into a very deep sleep, from which it takes a long time to awaken when all is over, while others go off lightly and very rapidly, ‘coming to’ again with the same ease. My own experience has been almost entirely with trance mediums, and I have found, in the case of practically every one I have been to (and they have been many), that they have never asked any questions in their conscious state, nor sought out any information from me at any time.

I think the easiest way towards understanding communication between this world and the next is to try and forget any orthodox and fixed ideas that one may have concerning it. Think of yourself as having arrived in that other world to find it very much like the one you have left ; your feelings are the same, your memory intact, and you are yearning to return to someone whom you love. You suddenly find that it is possible to do this with the help of a human telephone called a medium, and that messages can be given by you to an operator (or control) and transmitted by him, or her, through this medium. In other words, it is very much as it would be on earth if someone who had never used a telephone asked you to ring up a friend for him, telling you what he would like said. You could not send his message without the proper apparatus, and this is just what a mental (as opposed to a physical) medium is—a very sensitive human telephone. Thus there should be no sinister meaning attached to the term ‘medium’, which only implies in this case someone who serves as a means of communication between one person who has passed through bodily death and another who is still on earth.

I am not going to speak in detail of the extraordinary results of my first two years’ work, but will quickly pass on to the time when I myself developed psychically and became my own intermediary. Mrs. Garrett is, frankly, quite devoid of interest in the people who go to her ; she knew nothing whatever about me during the first six months of my association with her—not even my name for a considerable time—and she has to this day no knowledge of anything concerning my past life, and very little of my present one. Whilst she was in deep trance, and totally unconscious of what was going on, her control, Uvani, continually

gave me facts about myself and those dear to me, together with a wealth of detailed evidence on matters of which I was until then unaware. I should like you to think of Uvani as a real person—an Arab, very aloof, proud and calm—doing all he could to help and make everything clear. In my case he went on steadily from one subject to another, sometimes asking a question (only to answer it immediately himself), sometimes using his own quaint words and phrases, and then suddenly speaking exactly as my husband would have done, and with the very words he would have used. I hardly spoke. I never at any time gave any information about ourselves; and, as Uvani was talking, I wrote down almost all he said. Throughout this series of communications the evidence is astounding, not only through Eileen Garrett but also through the other mediums to whom I went—Charles Glover Botham, Annie Brittain, Mrs. Clegg, Mrs. Mason, Estelle Roberts, Mrs. Dowden, the well-known medium for automatic writing, and Frances Campbell, who is not a trance medium but sees clairvoyantly. I am alluding now to the work of the first few months, for after that I went to other mediums, some of whom I shall speak of at length.

Uvani invariably spoke of my husband as 'your lord', and it was during my tenth visit to him that he quietly remarked: "Your lord says this: 'The next time I come I won't have an interpreter. I am coming to talk myself. I hate being explained away by a third person.' Uvani then said meditatively: "He has done many strange things in his life, but this will be one of the queerest. He never thought he would be pulling strings on the other side."

I asked: "Uvani, will he be able to talk to me himself?" and Uvani replied: "He says he will, Madame, and he is a man of great determination, great force of character. What he says he will do, he will do."

This was five months after my husband's death, and was the beginning of one of the most wonderful periods of my life. During the next eighteen months Uvani came three times only, on each occasion staying not more than a few minutes, and it was my husband alone who now spoke to me. That it was he in person I could not doubt.

The first series of communications given through Uvani had been outstanding, remarkable in their continuity, and very correct; but they were in a sense relayed, and now we could talk directly to one another. In Eileen Garrett we found we had a perfect instrument. Not only did my husband evince the clearest memory of all we had done together, but more and more was it evident that all manner of things that went on around myself and the boys (both of whom were at Cambridge) were known to him. His care of us was exactly as it had been, but his knowledge and understanding were infinitely greater. Things which would have bothered him once now seemed trivial; it was what lay beneath, and not what was on the surface, which signified. My great wish was to keep any worries away from him, but I found that if I was troubled about anything he always knew of it already. If there were any business matters to be undertaken he would speak of them without being asked; if there were an interview coming off, which might have been difficult for me to deal with, he would know; and, as the weeks and months went by, I realized ever more fully that now I always knew in myself, somehow,

what to do; that all fear was lifted away from me; and that I was no longer in any doubt as to how to manage, financially or otherwise.

Mrs. Garrett was, however, leaving for America in the autumn of 1931, and although there were many other fine mediums to work through there was none other whom we could utilize in precisely the same way. The day she left we had our last talk through her for a very long time, and while I was wondering how we should be able to talk again directly to one another, my husband said: "We'll have a try with the pencil."

Accordingly, after Mrs. Garrett left, I did try on many occasions during the next three weeks to see if involuntary writing would come, but it was not until November 12th that I had any success.

That afternoon I sat down by myself with pencil and paper. I waited for twenty minutes or so, while nothing happened, and then, slowly and feebly, my hand began to move. There was an attempt at a word, which I could not read; some small circles were made, the pencil going over and over the lines; then my name, written several times, quite legibly, and finally a short sentence from my husband.

At this first attempt, each letter was made with the utmost difficulty, so that altogether I must have sat for about two hours absorbed in what was happening. The following day there was an improvement, and this continued for the first week, sentences being formed quite distinctly, and with each word separate. On November 20th I paid a visit to Mrs. Dowden, feeling that perhaps her great power might, in some measure, communicate itself to me. I sat beside her and occasionally she placed her hand on mine; there was the same slow, careful forming of letters, and while I was with her there was not very much done by myself. Some force had undoubtedly come to me from her, however, for that same night at home there was a great improvement, almost a whole page of foolscap being filled with close writing.

After that I continued to work on my own, and a period of training began which lasted until December 2nd—that is for a fortnight. During this time, hours were spent in laboriously shaping letters, like a child learning to write. Pot-hooks and hangers, straight lines and curves, all were practised and perfected, until, little by little, they became easier to manage. Even after this training some days were completely blank, without the least movement of the pencil; and at no time were more than eight lines of foolscap filled until December 26th, when the writing became very tiny (as though to conserve energy), and considerably more was accomplished. On February 3rd, for instance, four hundred and sixty words were written in twenty-three and a half lines, which means an average of rather more than nineteen and a half words to the line; while, on February 14th, three months after I had started, a whole sheet of foolscap was written, and from that day on there was no further difficulty, for the writing invariably began at once, and continued with ease. I realized also that the effort needed was becoming less and less. The writing was still very small, but it gradually became bigger, until, by February 29th, it was normal in size, since when it has remained so.

In addition to my husband, I have three other constant communicators, and it is very rarely that anyone else writes through me. The first of these is my brother Frank. His coming dates back to December 30th,

1931, when, between them, he and my husband wrote thirteen lines in two and a quarter hours. Frank nearly always comes first (except when my husband is going to speak) to tell me who would like to talk to me. On June 17th, 1932, I wondered if Uvani could possibly come and explain something to me. He wrote almost immediately, and since then he has come every day for the last nine years. Lastly there is Abdul Latif, who controls both Mrs. Garrett and Miss Francis. He first came to me on December 18th, 1932.

My training had been good. Infinite pains had been taken over the formation of words, and no slipshod methods were ever allowed. It was all very typical of my husband's efficiency and thoroughness. With the coming of Uvani, however, it became even more methodical. At first it had been sufficient for me, when writing, merely to think of a question or comment in order to receive an answer ; but had I continued like this there would have been no record of the conversation which had led up to any particular subject. It therefore became necessary to institute some other system, so that what I had said myself could also be seen.

From this time, the power working my hand was always abruptly suspended for me to make my remarks, which I put down in red pencil to distinguish them from the involuntary writing. It soon became clear that it was Uvani who was the strictest control, for my husband, Frank, and Abdul Latif were more lenient, and would still answer if I only thought what I wanted to say, instead of writing it down as well. Uvani would never speak at all until I had first entered the hour, the day, the month and the year ; saying it was most important there should be no laxity in this, in order that complete records might be kept. Now and then I tried to see if I could persuade him to answer if I questioned him unnecessarily, or did not conform to his system, but I found that the pencil would remain motionless until I did as I knew he expected me to do. The only exceptions to this rule were (and still are) when I was very tired ; and then at times he would say : "I will not be obdurate. Do as you will" ; or words to that effect.

When this writing of mine started I took for granted that it was what is known as 'automatic', but I was wrong about this, for I gradually realized there was nothing purely automatic about it. It is indispensable to give my whole mind to what I am doing in just the same way that I would devote my entire attention to a person who was telling me something of compelling interest. As a matter of fact, this is an apt simile, because although the words are not audible, I seem to hear them with an inner consciousness, and thus this writing is controlled through the medium of my brain and not directly through my hand as in the case of most automatic writing.

It is true that from the time of my husband's death I have had unbounded proof of his continued existence. It is from him that the most perfect evidence and cross-tests have come, and it is he who keeps me most constantly supplied with news of our sons. I know that essentially we have never been separated, that our lives have gone on together ; but everything concerning him touches me so deeply that I felt I could not tell anything of our own story. Therefore, except for an occasional

reference to him, or an account of our boys' doings given by him—or by Frank—I wrote this book originally around the two people so well known to many, Abdul Latif and Uvani.

Since then, however, Eileen Garrett has published a very interesting book, *My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship*. She stresses her belief that these two beings, Abdul Latif and Uvani, are, in all probability, part of her own personality, and that it is in reality some faculty, deep seated in herself, which enables her to supply with information those who go to her. It is not surprising that Mrs. Garrett should have this idea about her controls. They come to her only when she is in trance (and therefore unconscious), leaving no after-impression ; but it may be sadly disconcerting to many people to read that what was to them convincing proof of the survival of their loved ones is, in Mrs. Garrett's opinion, her own gleaning from their subconscious minds.

It is for this reason that, in addition to recording some of the experiments by which Abdul Latif and Uvani gave me proof of their separate individualities, I am adding some of the evidence about my husband which Uvani gave me through Mrs. Garrett. I am therefore including the greater part of the first two sittings I had with her after his death.

II

MRS. GARRETT says in her book that by the summer of 1929 she realized she was very weary of giving sittings for evidence. She knew that many people derived great comfort from them ; but she now felt she wanted scientific investigation of her strange powers and to obtain, if possible, some satisfactory explanation of them. It was no wonder, therefore, that she seemed bored and uninterested when, on December 26th, I went into the little room where she was waiting for me ; and I mention this because the difference was marked when Uvani took control.

She barely said a word before going into trance, and then I heard the grave calm voice of Uvani :

"I give you greeting, friend. Peace be upon you, in your life, and in your work, and in your house.

"I am in a Scottish-Celtic atmosphere. There are two ladies and two gentlemen. One gentleman is youngish, so it seems—middle-aged. The other is somewhat older. A brother is also there."

From this I knew that Uvani was on the right track. From October 23rd we had been staying in Scotland with a friend and his daughter, and my husband's death took place on the night of November 14th, just twelve days before this sitting. The following day one of my brothers came to me there. Our host was several years older than my husband, who was fifty-one.

I sat absolutely silent while Uvani continued without a break. He told me he now saw two ladies, and the description he gave of the first was a very good one of my husband's mother. He gave details of the

illness from which she died, and he spoke of two names connected with her which conveyed nothing to me. I put them down, however, and years afterwards I found that these two names, Sarah and Elizabeth, were the names of her great-grandmother and grandmother.

The second description applied in some particulars to my own mother. Uvani said : "There are names, Isabella and Margaret. Belle or Bella is heard. Margaret is connected with your mother's side. There is a name Macdonald connected with her."

All these names struck a familiar note, for my mother's name was Margaret, and Isabella, known to me as Aunt Belle, was a sister-in-law of hers whom I learnt nine years afterwards had died in December, 1929. My mother's own sister, who had died before my birth, had married a man called Macdonald. He also had been dead for many years.

Uvani now continued to talk about Margaret, without saying anything about her being my mother :

"She says you have been having a change of residence. She is taking me back now to last spring. Since then you have been in trouble, very much up against difficulties—not financial—but with regard to health and shock and affairs to get in order. Probably changes are involved."

This was all true. My husband's illness had started with an attack of angina the previous spring. We had been very much troubled, and had been moving about since then. Changes were involved, for my husband had commanded the first battalion of his regiment and my sons and I were leaving the official house as soon as possible.

Uvani next spoke of Margaret, seeing the following incidents :

"You will be going abroad soon, very soon, for the festive season. It is possible it may be in the spring, but you are certainly going, and I am sure it will be very soon. She sees a house with a beautiful outlook in country. You are going to look over houses and beautiful gardens."

I had not the slightest intention of going abroad, so this idea seemed quite fantastic to me. It so happened that we did, however, for a week later we received an urgent invitation from some friends in Madeira who had just heard the news of my husband's sudden death. We had made no other plans and the boys were anxious to go, so, as I thought it would be less sad for them to get right away, Christmas found us in Madeira. What had been said above about houses and gardens was strangely right. Our friends had a town house with a lovely garden, and another house in the mountains, which was surrounded by the most beautiful grounds consisting of acres of flowers. In the grounds of this mountain home was the large house in which they lived during the summer months, but there was also another which at one time had been the family abode. I was taken to see these gardens and shown over the houses, and it was not until this happened that what I had been told came back to me.

"Now there is the feeling that you have to look for something or someone, and there are very sad thoughts, as if someone was going out of your life. Going away and yet not going away. She says : 'Who would have thought the end was so near?' . . . David. There is a name like that. She was very fond of him."

This name in itself meant nothing to me, but I called my husband 'Dady' when speaking to him, not about him.

Uvani then said : "I cannot get everything clear now. There is a confusion" ; but, having said this, things immediately became very clear indeed, for he went straight on, and the evidence which he now gave was the most amazingly accurate description of Harry—my husband.

"Now there is a gentleman trying to come through. He is standing behind the lady and he wants to laugh and be happy. He is very charming, with deep sympathies, but very reserved, and he could not always express himself. He felt things very intensely, and could not say all that he had in his heart. He was sometimes bluff and brusque, and always to the point. He seemed to be always doing something ; a very vital personality. He had not good health, but was not confined to a couch. He never spared himself and was very conscientious. He was not always easy to get on with, but had great charm, and when one knew him he was very attractive. He was diffident and would say odd and queer things in a manner that was entirely his own. He had very great depth of character and his vitality is very deeply marked.

"He had a collection of books, and a great liking for mechanical things. It seems to me—Uvani—that he had also a great liking for flying."

This was correct. I remembered that in Catterick, 1915, he had done some flying, and though he then had only one arm, having lost it in the Great War, he had taken charge of the machine himself. In the summer of 1928, when doing a military course at Netheravon, he had also done some flying.

"He held himself extremely well and had a very good carriage. Would you know him in uniform ? He did not pass out in uniform, but it seems as if he might have been abroad in it, and that uniform is connected with him as a younger man. He is showing something about his head. An odd kind of cap. It is called a forage cap, and this seems to have been used on special occasions."

This was all clearly evidential. Harry had a few months before his death reintroduced a forage cap for the officers to wear when going out in mess-dress. When the specimen cap arrived from the makers he took me immediately into his study to look at it with him, and we were both very pleased with the appearance of it.

"He passed out rather suddenly. Yes, there is a strong impression now that it was very quickly. And again an impression of very mechanical tastes. He was always doing something with—it looks like models—or little things requiring adjustment. Inventive side might come into his life but was not part or parcel of it."

It was true that he was always doing things requiring adjustment, and was wonderfully clever with his one hand. Also, he had quite recently invented a special strap with which he could, with one hand, fasten boxes at the back of our car.

"I have an impression now that he was a soldier, but he was always tinkering with machinery and tools. Always terribly busy with himself. He had the jolliest manner sometimes, but one had to be with him to know him well. Now I will describe his looks.

"Narrow side face ; appeared broader when seen full face. Eyes seem deeply set ; they are blue, dark lashes. Clear skin, not much

colour. Straight nose broadening at base. No, it is not straight : I can see more clearly now. I can see his face is thin and long ; a very determined chin—an obstinate chin—he says this himself. Mouth well marked ; a very decisive way of setting it ; not wide but generous ; takes on a cold look when set, but quite different when smiling. Very good forehead. Hair fair and seems to be going slightly thin. There is a glint in hair ; he strokes down a lock on top of head which won't lie straight."

I think most people who knew him would recognize Harry from this description. It was very characteristic of him to show himself stroking down a lock of hair, for he always did this when he went out in the wind without a hat.

"Well-modulated voice. He looks young, has very young manners. He went out very quickly. Again I have impression of terrible reserve at times, at other times not so. Sinewy look, very athletic. He is now showing quantities of pictures connected with Army and as a boy. Heaps of pictures of himself."

The details are true about himself. With regard to the pictures, two days before this sitting, on November 24th, I had found a large number of photos of Harry, just as described, and had been looking at them. At different times as a boy and when he was a cadet at the R.M.C., Kingston, he had had a great many taken. And these I had were copies which, in our young days, he had passed over to me.

"He went straight into Army as a profession. Shows many pictures in and out of uniform, but again I have a strong impression he was not wearing uniform when he passed over. Helmet ! There is a photo of him with a big moustache. He is stroking his moustache. I have a strong impression it was big, then small and neat ; then he grew it bigger again. He clearly shows himself arranging his moustache."

Again this is all true. I had many pictures of him taken during our married life, and as he was on sick leave he had not been wearing uniform for some time before his death. The photo mentioned by Uvani showed him in uniform, holding his helmet, and it was taken in the days when he had a big moustache. The sequence given by Uvani about Harry's moustache is correct, for at different times he had worn it in these ways. Only a few days before he died he had asked me if I preferred it small or a little bigger than before, so it seemed quite natural that he should use this point as an additional proof of his identity.

"Again strong impression of passing out very suddenly. Shown as if unable to breathe, as if heart trouble. It is harder for me to see so clearly when they have only passed over a very short time—for those who love them it is easier to contact.

"It came as a shock, great shock. Big weight in chest ; heart trouble lapsing into coma ; did not recover. When first he fell ill did not anticipate death."

Uvani stopped for a second or two and then said very softly : "Madame, is this your lord ? He is saying now : 'Who would have thought this was going to happen in the midst of all our happiness and joy ?' Went on journey in spring. He says again : 'In France this year, who would have thought this would happen ?' "

We went to Osborne in the spring, and we were in France for some weeks, until not quite two months before his death.

At this point I did ask a question. I said : "Uvani, is he happy ?"

"He is not happy. There is some kind of poignancy. No, no, no, Madame, how can he be happy ? He is taking this change philosophically, but he is too devoted to be happy. He did not want to go over. A man of precision and activity, he is worried about things which did not come into your affairs. He worried without saying much. He was very dutiful, tried to shield you.

"He says : 'How can I go away and forget you ? Don't think of me as being unhappy for myself, but with those heaps of plans—to go on the very morning of those things !' " Uvani explained further : "He went just when you had planned everything. He says : 'She must not think I forget. I will be philosophical, but I wanted to stay.' "

"At present you, and only you, are necessary to him. He had great depth of character. He passed over in a state of unconsciousness, with you beside him. He couldn't take any notice of you and you didn't know he was over. The last thing he knew of, and realized, was your hand on his shoulder, even though he couldn't say a word. He knew you were there, even through the coma.

"After his soul left his body he came back very quickly. When you were rubbing his hand his soul had gone, but he knew you were doing it. He saw himself in his coffin, standing beside you looking down on himself. He held your arm and looked at the flowers you had put in the coffin. He says : 'I held them and looked at them with you before the end.' He says you bent over his forehead and kissed him and, when you did, you thought it was really only the husk of him and that you felt it was not really him."

All the facts, as told me about myself, are correct. When he was in his coffin I took two roses, from the flowers I had put in his room, and placed them beside him. Uvani gave the exact words I had said to Ronald and Billy as they stood beside me looking down at him.

"He wanted you to know all this, and that he didn't suffer. He saw you taking off a ring and putting it on again."

When I was rubbing his feet, at the same time as the doctor was doing all he could for him, I thought my wedding ring might hurt him. I placed it on the table, and when the doctor told me he could do nothing more I found myself in a dazed sort of way putting it on again.

"You were with him through the night ; you touched his eyes and head and, then, you went out of the room. Life cut at once. He passed out very quickly and then, immediately, came back. He says : 'It didn't feel so badly, and you got through it because you couldn't believe it was happening.' "

This also is true concerning me.

Uvani now said : "There is an impression of standing somewhere, but no impression of a grave—and yet some place—somewhere, something to do with his body. He speaks of gardens of remembrance, but no grave, no grave. Thinking of some kind of memories, but no grave-stone. Everything seems beautiful with it. Nothing of him remains.

There seems to be a scattering away, and flowers. Beautiful is the ending."

Harry hated graves and, as he had wished, his body was cremated. It was dark and wet, and on a lonely moor in Scotland his ashes were scattered, with some flowers, immediately after the cremation.

"There are flowers in the house, bunches of flowers, and some near a photo. He sees you in his sanctuary and he smiles. He particularly wants you to know these little things."

When I went back to the Aldershot house without him, I felt I had to stay in his study. It gave me the feeling of being nearer him. Usually he worked there alone. He called his study his sanctum.

"His marriage meant a great deal to him ; such a depth of feeling it gives him. It was not just an event in his life. He says he will find plenty to do, but he was so happy before he went. He had sometimes been unhappy, had been morbid and depressed. In October everything was looking so good ; you and he had been making plans and he is homesick for you, but you can help him in your home."

In October we made plans for a round of visits, and also arranged what we would do later on. We left home for the start of these visits on October 14th.

"He says : 'You know what I used to say. I did not really believe we could contact from the spirit world.'

"He wants you not to think you are suffering from any hallucination. He is going to be very careful what he does, and he believes he is going to get over apparently insurmountable difficulties.

"He sees you going to a drawer, where there are letters, and standing by an escritoire. There is a lady in the room while you are reading them. Also there are cuttings from newspapers. There are references in letters to his earlier life ; letters from military and non-military people—a great number wrote."

All this is correct. There were quantities of letters from all sorts of people after Harry died, and I had put them in a drawer. The lady was a Mrs. —, who came to stay with me when I returned home and who left on the morning of the day of this sitting. She had cut some notices out of the papers.

"He speaks again of October, and everything that happened—all knocked on the head. Strong impression of a car and going east coast, or eastwards, but he passed out directly before."

The place where we were staying was in the west of Scotland, and we were intending to go eastwards on the morning of November 15th. This proved to be the day after his death. Our first stop was going to be Ilkley in Yorkshire.

"Sees you again with some of the letters—not all—and without much heart to go through them."

Again this is correct, for I sent some of the letters to Ronald and Billy.

"He says he has come in contact with his mother from time to time. He was taken away to repose, but he couldn't rest. He felt the need of being with you all the time—he was so sick about it all. How could he be in repose when it happened like this ?

"There is a great impression of being so glad that he had seen the boy,

or boys. He had visited them at some educational establishment. There is an impression of a boy—possibly sixteen."

On our way north, on October 16th, we stopped at Cambridge to see the boys, and left the following day. This was, of course, the last time Harry saw them. Bill was eighteen then.

"His watch. It has a chain, and a little round thing at the end which is not quite flat, somewhat raised. I have a feeling of wanting to open it. In drawer there is a ring."

The round thing was accurately described (except that it is somewhat oval), for it was the little gold locket containing his mother's miniature, and it opens like a tiny watch. Harry had it always on the end of his watch-chain. When Uvani said that a ring was in a drawer I suddenly wondered what had happened to Harry's signet ring. I found it in a drawer in the leather case in which he kept all such things.

It has to be realized that Uvani was talking almost without any pause. He now said :

"He has a new body. He is touching upper part of left arm."

When his arm was shattered in the Great War, it was amputated near his shoulder.

Then came some evidential points put in the form of questions, but Uvani didn't wait to be answered. He asked :

"Was he very dexterous with right arm and car ?"

He was, for he could do almost everything with one arm, and this was specially noticeable with a car. He could drive any car with a right-hand change.

"Mark on leg ! Can you remember ?"

He had a scar from a very bad scald which he had received as a very young child.

"He came, your lord, near you at night. You were crying and could not sleep. He came and drew his hand across your hair, backwards and forwards. You had been hardly able to bear the pain, and he came to you. You knew all about this."

This happened the night after Harry died. I had gone to bed in the dressing-room opening out of the room in which his body was lying. I had just put out the light, and was feeling broken-hearted, when suddenly I knew he was coming across the room to me. He stood beside me, and I could feel his hand on my hair stroking it for about thirty seconds. Then I went to sleep.

"He wants you to know you were very right about the boys." (Uvani gave me some intimate details, ending up with : "No, no, no, he is not worried one little bit about his boys") ; after which he went on : "I think the boys are in different environments, but somehow together."

This was correct, for they were both at Pembroke College, but Ronald lived in College, and Billy in rooms outside.

"I see him, your lord, in a study. He was planning something and writing down little things. Reference books around him. It is worrying him that you didn't finish your plans."

This had taken place on the day of his death in our host's study. Harry was very busy planning the route for our motor-trip to Ilkley, and arranging the rest of our journey home from there.

"He says : 'You look up sometimes and you nearly see me. Soon you will see me more clearly.'

"He says : 'There is a garden and you are leaving it.' "

Harry always used to laugh at me about the garden belonging to our house at Aldershot. Before we went there it had been very much neglected, and I often took him out to see what I hoped might be an improvement ; but most of the things planted there never came up to my expectations.

"There is a dog which passed over. He says : 'Life once given doesn't die.' You were much more devoted to it than he."

The only dog I ever had of my own was a tiny Yorkshire terrier and I was extremely fond of him. He had died seven years before this. Many details about this little dog were given through different channels.

"There is an impression of very difficult breathing. Had you things you carried about for this, to help him at these times ? He says : 'No more need of the box,' and smiles. There are no more spasms."

From the end of July I always carried about a box of amylnitrite, in capsules, in case he should have a return of the pain.

"He now says that he feels a great knowledge of being able to see things from two points of view. He has a great vision and seeing, and a great feeling of awareness, and of being able to see how people are. No pain. There is a distinct impression now of a great lethargy which came after he had pain ; and of a pain in his shoulders ; both of which are now gone."

Exhaustion was a marked feature after the attacks of pain, and following the second attack on the night of November 8th he had very severe pain in his shoulders. I held a hot-water bottle in place there to ease this.

"I see him now going to a drawer and showing collections of little pictures in books ; perhaps medals. There is a feeling of being disappointed. Philatelic enterprise. He was doing something about this 9th or 11th November. The pictures are coloured paper, mauve, pink, blue, with little heads and figures on them. No proceeds as yet ; going to be disappointing."

As Uvani patiently passed on this information to me I thought how remarkable it was. On October 16th, on our way through London, before we proceeded north, Harry left his collection of stamps to be sold at Glendining's, the auctioneers. The catalogue of the auction at which his stamps were to be sold arrived on November 11th, saying the sale would be on November 15th. When this evidence was given my mind went back to this, because at the same time as Harry was looking at this catalogue we were waiting to listen-in to the Armistice Service. Four days after this sitting on December 30th a cheque arrived from Glendining's for £42 1s. Harry had expected much more. Before this was mentioned by Uvani, however, I had completely forgotten about these stamps.

"Had you thought of getting another car ? He is glad his has gone back."

Harry had bought a Sunbeam car a few weeks before he died, just after our return from Brittany. No one but Harry ever drove this, and I never saw it again after he died. It was returned from Scotland to Mann Egerton's in London, and they sold it again.

"He sees you going over books."

I had been sorting out his papers, which were in folio covers, and going over books concerning dividends and accounts.

"Someone called Frank is here."

My brother Frank was killed in the Great War in 1915.

"Your lord feels you have the burdens he carried. He says : 'I am a reality. I have been at pains to let you know.'

"It amuses him to see someone sitting in a chair who is connected with the person who smoked the 'dreadful pipe'. Someone belonging to the 'dreadful pipe' person staying in the house."

The friend who had just left me was the wife of the man about whom Harry used, laughingly, to say this.

"He has been missing the music in the house. He says : 'Ellie [Allie] dear, au revoir. I will come again, and I will have my data complete. Thank you for being so brave. I never knew you had it in you. The boys are all right. Bless you, and all the love in the world. I never knew, until I left you, how much I cared.' "

And then there was silence. I had been choked with tears for the greater part of the time when Uvani was speaking, but I hoped I was keeping all knowledge of what I was feeling away from him, and I certainly showed no signs of emotion when Mrs. Garrett returned to consciousness. There was still a break in my heart, but I went away sure in my conviction that Harry still lived.

III

THE next time I went to Eileen Garrett was on December 9th, and Uvani went straight to the point. During this sitting I said nothing at all.

"Madame, you have lost a husband. Well, before letting me give you any description of him to convey identity, he asks me to say this—to give you his message. I have not seen him to describe yet. I only know that what is coming is from a very beloved personality, and a very vivid and emphatic one. This is the message :

"'I have now achieved a state of happiness which you have asked for and hoped for me. This state which has come has ecstatically grown stronger since I have had the realization that I can contact with you mentally, and I hope soon the contact will be made simply between our two selves. I have special reasons for giving you this message before being recognized by the control. One reason for this is that I wished to refer to the fact that I have been in touch with you less than five days ago through the instrumentality of one "Lily". This has made me more confident.'

"I don't know if he means this as a symbol. He gives me a strong impression that the fastidiousness—you might call it the intellectual fastidiousness that he had—would have made him sit in judgment, were

he here in life, on the type of people through whom it was necessary to establish communication. He now says :

“I find myself literally coming to a 'phone box in order to speak to you, and the 'phone boxes have been changed. There have been two, but I am still able to get in touch with you.

“You asked me about my happiness. Let me tell you this : there is a feeling of something else which produces happiness ; a sureness within myself on two points. First, that you and I have found each other as we never had before, and that there is nothing in your heart but love and understanding and complete forgetfulness of the things that might have been disagreeable to remember. The second is the sureness of my need for you and your need for me, and that this isn't the end. That I can see and enjoy life with you, and that we pick up the threads together again—only under such immensely different circumstances. The chief difference is that I sit in one country thinking of you, instead of sitting by your side talking to you ; for this is a country to me, where, thank Heaven, my old heart isn't going to make me bad-tempered or stand in the way of doing things again. With the help that you give me I look forward to the time when I shall be able to make myself felt, heard, realized, accepted.”

The sentence about his heart is given in the exact words Harry would have used in life, and I was certain that, with the precautions taken, Mrs. Garrett could have had no knowledge that I had had a sitting with Charles Glover Botham, the medium for a child control called Lily.

“Now,” Uvani said, “your mother is here. I have an impression of her, but she will wait. No one can come between you and him now. I am going to give you an impression of this, your husband.

“In the fifties ; it might be about forty-five, but I have a strong impression of the fifties. I feel this—somewhere in the early fifties, though he seems very jolly and boyish. He is a very fine-looking man. He holds himself so well, and there is a very fresh out-of-doors feeling about him. He loved the open. I see him in tweeds, which he seemed to like very much. You have a picture of him dressed like this.”

I came across this picture a week later. It is true that he loved being in the open, and, as I have said, he was fifty-one.

“He has a very clear complexion. Very fine forehead. Humorous look about the mouth. *Very critical. Very exacting. Very just.* He didn't waste many words ; very quick in making decisions. This is what he was usually and yet, at times, he could be very different from this. His feet were very firmly set on earth, and without being a materialist he yet was one, though he had a deep innate religious sense. He believed in dispensing just dues to everyone.

“He had a great diffidence and reserve and, though very much liked by people whom he met, and very charming, he was not easy to know. To be his friend meant something. A very pleasant speaking voice. He was not a man who said much about himself, or when anything was wrong. He had very good shoulders ; he seems to have been very robust at one time, but he shows himself sagging a little bit about the shoulders. For one moment he showed himself standing very well, then let his shoulder drop.”

This was, of course, showing the effect of the loss of his left arm very

near the shoulder, which resulted in his right shoulder being lower than his left.

“I see him abroad—India—uniform. He might have been retired. I do not know if he was a professional soldier. He looks rather tired about the eyes ; they seem to be eyes that look far away into space. He used glasses, though not all the time. *Very firm mouth. Very good chin. A firm way of shutting mouth.*

“He is very close to us now. He wants me to say it is a recent passing over. I am hearing something about the 14th.”

He died on November 14th.

“He has made very rapid strides to throw off the conditions which assail those who have very recently passed over. When a personality has not been long over it is sometimes difficult to give anything but a hazy condition, but this man isn't vague at all. He isn't pulled in the least between two states of living. He attributes this to his end. He says it was clean, wholesome, and decent. He says : ‘After all, why not ? Those people abroad know what they are about.’”

Uvani now said : “He had evidently watched a process of burial. He did not like the process, or the way it was conducted, but he says : ‘I think the intrinsic, the hygienic, idea underlying was helpful and right.’ He could understand why they gave these human remains a quick and speedy exit, because, so long as there is a disintegration going on in the thing you once knew as yours, it must, of necessity, contain the essence of one's self, or the ‘ego’ in it. There must be some kind of sympathy with it.

“That is why he brought in the Indian business. Though he did not like *their* way, he quite agrees that every human being should go the way he did ; into the elements, a quick, speedy, and clean exit, leaving the world cleaner by the manner of their going.”

Harry had laid great emphasis on the fact that he wanted to be cremated, and I could clearly recognize his views in the above, interpreted to the best of his ability by Uvani.

“He says : ‘I find already, in my short intercourse with you, that I can give you such a lot by not going straight to the point, but by working round the point.’”

“He has been very close to you. He got your message that you were seeking a quick appointment with him. He says : ‘What did you think of my efforts a few days ago ? I don't think I acquitted myself too badly. Two different channels ; perhaps there will be a third. You have got it in your mind.’”

I had been thinking I should like to try Mrs. Brittain. A few days later I found I had made a mistake in my appointment with Mrs. Garrett, and had arrived too late for it. At my request the L.S.A. rang up Mrs. Brittain, who came at once. No name had been mentioned ; she had never seen me before and did not know who I was, but the sitting that ensued was packed full of evidential facts.

“I have to let you know he can get through the third channel. He will. He wants, in these first days, to give you such absolute knowledge of his presence that you won't at any later period doubt he was here. Now he gives a little chuckle. He wasn't such an enthusiastic fellow while he was here with you as to leave your ground completely unshaken where

matters such as these are concerned. With the best intentions in the world he always sent a blast of cold wind over your idealism—but only in one particular direction.” (Uvani here broke off to explain: “I believe that he means in a psychic direction.”) “He says: ‘I wanted to continue to live, but I couldn’t be sure of it.’

“He had a sense of humour; an odd way of expressing himself; a philosophy all his own. He did not like to be rushed into anything; he liked to do it in his own good time. He says he often got into trouble with men with ‘red braid’ because he wanted to see two sides of a counter-attack.”

Here, Uvani was obviously trying to convey the idea of ‘Staff Officers’ and to attempt to make some military matter clear, without quite being able to do so.

“He goes on to say: ‘I am anxious to let you into my vision, so that you can see this country through my eyes.’ He tells you: ‘I find myself in a country as real, believe me, as any I have ever passed through. Lights and shades, which you would so enjoy, are exquisite; sunlight and shadows, and solar and planetary system. Everything larger, beautiful, more intense. Colour, for instance, is a thing indescribable, and I think the right way of explaining it to you is to tell you one feels everything inside one, as it were. One is more awake, therefore, and everything is more forceful.

“‘The thing that pleases me is that my new bodily formation, whilst containing none of the limitations of the *old crock*, is as real to me on the emotional side. For that I am thankful. To be real, still to speak, realize and understand, still to be appreciative in the old way as well as the new, to find the change is more external than internal, all pleases me; for although I was not exactly a creature of habit I hated to be pushed into anything without time for preparation. And although my exit off this old planet of yours was speeded up, I cannot say that the functioning properties have altered very much. I tell you this with joy, because, when we meet, I want to be as I was, and to feel that you and I will be (if not in formation, at any rate in personality) still you and I a million years hence. Don’t think I am any longer unhappy. You have made it possible for me to take, and really to enjoy, life with you through your eyes; whilst I, in my turn, hope that no preconceived notion will hinder you from seeing life with me through *my eyes*.’”

Harry sometimes spoke of himself as an old crock when referring to his missing arm or to his illness.

Uvani now asked one of those questions which he never waited to have answered. “Did he ever have to go away and leave you with a baby, a child? You couldn’t go with him. He went on Service. He said it was better for you to remain at home on account of the boy, or baby.” Now he says this: ‘I look on this separation as meaning no more than that, in many ways less; because duties, station, life, society, not to mention all the mundane things that go to make up the complement of so-called living, often took away a fellow’s thoughts during their daytime expression. But now there is nothing that intrudes itself between you and me. I am as ambitious now as I was then to make a home for you and my sons. I still have the same ambition, and am eagerly looking forward,

not to leave, or the day when we pack up together, but to the day when you do the packing and make the crossing.’

“Madame, your husband doesn’t just say only ‘I love you. I want you’, but he is expressing his personality. He has so much he must say. That is the message, and that is the state of mind he is in.”

This refers to 1912, when Harry went to rejoin his regiment in India, and I remained behind with both a baby and a little boy: Ronald, aged 2 years and 6 months, and Bill aged 11 months. The children, the nurse, and I followed Harry six months later in a troopship.

“He says now: ‘You had a letter from a boy very recently. Things are going very well. Dear, dear old Ron. I only wish to Heaven I was there for one moment to enjoy them, bless them, and not to take them for granted; because, as I sit and look at myself now, I think I did take you all too much for granted.’”

This message, with Ron’s name, came without the slightest hesitation, and, again, it was spoken in the way Harry would have done.

Next there came a talk, with a chain of evidential links, about Harry’s soldier servant, and directly following that was mentioned the Christian name of the major who had been Harry’s second-in-command. Harry always called him by this name.

“Now, he is saying: ‘Billy. Dear old Billy. My heart seems to have gone out a thousandfold.’” Uvani then remarked: “It seems to me as if his heart went out to Ron and Billy, as if they meant a great deal to him.

“He has seen someone close to you called Geoffrey, but he doesn’t contact; only has seen him. Also he knows he has been helpful to you in a good many ways.”

This was true. A subaltern whom we always called by his first name, Geoffrey, had come to see me directly I returned home from Scotland, after Harry’s death, and had done his best to help me.

“Now he goes on: ‘I don’t want to dwell on the past; the past is finished with. Have you thanked all the friends for the sorry mess-up?’ (Uvani: “He means over the passing out!”) ‘I wish it were possible to convey my thanks to them, but I fear they would think you not so well balanced as you might be, and I can imagine their raised eyebrows. But it was a real port in a storm, one in which I shared. Not that it was what I wanted at the time. It was sudden and unexpected, going as I did. Are things fairly straight? There are a good many things to be recognized and put in order, but it is not so bad.’”

This, of course, has reference to the kindness of our friends in Scotland, where Harry’s death occurred.

“Aldershot. A very vivid memory for him. Did you drive there? Can you remember it?”

Harry’s battalion was stationed at Aldershot. We had driven away from there to go on this round of visits, and we had constantly driven to and from it previously.

“Is one of his sons in the Army? He hopes they both go in, but he says: ‘I feel that a little later on, mark my words, the younger one is going to fidget a bit about it. It is already in the wind.’” Then Uvani paused: “No, not the younger, but the elder one. It is in the wind that he may want to do something else.” Again he repeated what he seemed to

be hearing Harry saying : " 'I think he is going to be a handful ! Not really, but it is difficult to know what is the best thing to do. But, knowing you have always been able to manage them infinitely better than I did, you will continue to manage all right.' "

Uvani so often speaks in this sort of way, describing some incident or event in his own words, and then, suddenly, transmitting some phrases apparently just as they reach him. Sometimes, as in the case of the latter part of his last sentence, it is exactly as Harry would have spoken to me himself—and it is for that reason I allow it to remain in.

"They are very soon going to be with you. He is so glad you will all be together."

They both came home on December 11th.

"Now strong Scottish conditions are coming : 'David.' He tried to say that before."

Again, I thought this was an attempt to make clear the name I called him ; namely Dady.

"Paton. You had some conversation with him. Something to do with him. He says : 'I was there at the time, trying to make you realize I was there.' Ordinarily he would have made this arrangement himself. It was something connected with the car. There was something suggestive of papers about it. He was very happy you saw about it."

On November 29th I had to go to Mann Egerton's to see about the disposal of Harry's Sunbeam car. The manager telephoned to say that he was very sorry he had to be out himself, but that, if I had to go at that particular time, he would get someone else who knew all about the car to see me. This name with the other details, which are correct, came through without hesitation ; and at the beginning of 1931 I confirmed the name when I came across a letter to my husband in which Mann Egerton spoke of Mr. Paton looking into some matter for him, stating that he had gone closely into this business. I had not known of this letter previously.

"Margaret, connected with your mother's side, is here. He says : 'I feel very selfish. I stood in the way of her.' "

My mother's name.

Uvani, still repeating what he was hearing from Harry, said next : " 'I am happy to follow our daily life. Remember this, it is still ours, and even though what I thought was an unkind fate lifted me literally from the "driving wheel", it does not mean I have gone from your side.' "

This should have been, of course, 'almost literally', but it is an apt illustration in view of the fact that all our plans were made to leave Scotland on the morning of November 15th and to motor to Yorkshire. We had got the car ready and everything packed. Harry died just after getting into bed the night before. No one ever drove his car but himself.

"He now says : 'I have found here more strength, tolerance, humility and greater understanding. God keep you until we meet again ; a meeting I am already getting ready for, and I must not come with empty hands. Never think for one moment you are keeping me back. I am taking you along. This week's end marks a milestone. Does it seem possible you and I have been away from each other so long—and yet so short a time ? I shall be with you then, much more understanding and alert. On this date you will not be taking my hand in farewell. I shall be coming to

you, and will be taking yours, and I will give you some definite sign during the day of my presence with you.' "

I hadn't realized (for I had been counting the time since Harry left me from the day of the week on which it happened—a Thursday), that December 14th, the following Saturday, was just a month from the day he died.

Then Uvani said very quietly : "He has gone, Madame."

IV

JUST as I was very careful that no one, except my sons, should know of the psychic investigations I was carrying out, and that the evidence which came to me from all sides should be to my own satisfaction quite conclusive ; so have I been very particular in testing my own mediumship. From the day Uvani first came to me directly, it certainly seemed to be the personality whom I already knew so well through Mrs. Garrett, for there was the same turn of speech and the same formality about him, though the latter was less apparent than when he talked through his trance medium. None the less I wanted definite proof from sources other than my own writing that it was truly he who wrote by my hand.

People often wonder why those who control the unconscious minds of mediums in trance should usually be of Red Indian or Eastern origin. From what I have heard from others and found out myself, in the next state of being there is no compulsion about doing this or any other work, and it is a matter of individual choice. The act of dying does not change one's characteristics, and it is easy to understand why Red Indians should choose to be controls, for their religion was essentially psychic in outlook. This applies to some of the Eastern races as well ; but in any case, Asiatics are generally devoid of self-consciousness, and, being more used to abstract thought and the idea of the continuance of the spirit unchanged by death, seem naturally better fitted to undertake this work.

I began my cross-tests in August 1932, with Uvani taking a keen interest from the outset. In trying to keep to the course indicated by him I am excluding all evidence given at these sittings other than that which has bearing on what Abdul Latif and Uvani told me they would attempt to do.

In these experiments we used the following mediums, whom I give in the order in which we first went to them for this work. (1) Grace Cooke, who is controlled by a North American Indian, White Eagle.

It is quite impossible in this book to pay sufficient tribute to the exquisite work of White Eagle, much as I should like to do so. I use the word 'exquisite' advisedly, for there is none other which could so aptly describe the intricate network of evidence and information that he has given me throughout these years that I have known him, and, when with him, I realize more and more that I am in the presence of a very great being possessed of deep understanding and knowledge. All through the

different journeys of Ronald and Bill he has given me constant and correct information about them ; and there is no one else who can so completely and clearly transmit messages arranged by those who write through me, although this is perhaps not apparent in the extracts I have chosen for this book. We had many tests through him.

(2) Kathleen Barkel, who has as her control another Red Indian called White Hawk.

Although we had only the one early cross-test through Mrs. Barkel's White Hawk, I have had a good deal to do with him, and I am always impressed by the extent of what he sees and knows of us and the way in which he works so closely with those who come to me. I find that what he tells me is interwoven with evidential fact, and that though there is much gaiety in White Hawk there is also a strange profundity, which evinces itself not only in the accuracy of his information but in the teaching which comes through him.

(3) Nina Francis. The control, Lucio, who has charge of her was an Italian, formerly an abbot.

One of the most outstanding features of Lucio's evidence was given me the first time I met him when he traced the whole of my life as a child, describing many matters about which no one apart from myself would have any knowledge. This was in 1930, and two years went by before he talked to me again ; but it might have been only the next day, for he immediately returned to what he had previously said.

Uvani had by this time been coming to me for nearly two months, and I had the greatest desire to see if he could clearly communicate with me through other mediums. I had made an appointment with Mrs. Cooke for August 12th, 1932, and on the previous night, with this thought uppermost in my mind, Uvani answered it by writing :

"Uvani is here. It is I, Madame. Frank told me you were awaiting me. I think you would talk to me, and I will gladly tell you all I can."

I told him what I was wondering : whether it could be some other personality who came than the Uvani who had done so much for us through Mrs. Garrett, and that I was, in any case, thinking that it might be impossible for him to speak to me through some medium other than his own. To this Uvani replied :

"It is the Uvani through whom your lord first spoke who comes, and who finds himself honoured in the coming. I have been, and am, very grateful to your lord, and Frank, your brother, for permitting me this privilege. I will do this. I will appear and say : 'White Eagle ; Uvani to greet Madame, and to say he has news to impart relating to the instrument through whom he works ; that he is pleased at all that is being done and is content.' It will refer, as you know, to yourself."

During the course of the sitting I had on the following day, White Eagle showed, as always, the closest knowledge of what had been happening to me. He presently remarked :

"Uvani is here, and says this : 'That he has great respect for you and your master ; that he is very glad to come and help you ; he is grateful to you that you have let him come and talk to you, for many happy talks have you had, you and he alone, not through a medium. He is a very old friend of yours.'"

"Why does he speak of your master ?" White Eagle thought intently for a moment, and then said : "Now he says, 'lord', if you will—it is all the same—but 'lord', if you will.

"He will continue to help you, and may the Great One bless you. He has already intimated to you that he is very pleased, very happy about his medium. Do you know Abdul Latif ? He was with Uvani at the beginning when first you came here."

That same evening Uvani wrote through me :

"I am here, Uvani, and am wishful to tell you that I succeeded in my desire to give news to White Eagle, though, in the transmitting, some of that I sought to say was diverted from the path. Yet is White Eagle excellent in his work, and is one who can do work for you on the right vibration. I meant you when I spoke of my medium. I will now give you farewell, and may you have all happiness ever in your midst."

It was not long after this before Uvani arranged another cross-communication by which to let me know through yet another control of his association with me. This time the medium was to be Mrs. Barkel, and on September 28th he wrote what he intended doing :

"I will tomorrow, through White Hawk, say these words : 'Will you tell Madame Uvani is here ; that he sends all greetings to her and her loved ones, and that before long many will be the sayings that will surround his medium ?"

I said : "Do you think you will be able to do this through White Hawk ?"

"Yes. I know the control and can convey messages through him. I will do this, and you shall make test of this that I have said. The words will again, as you know, have reference to yourself and to none other. White Hawk will not know whom I mean. For the present all shall be kept a secret thing. I will now leave you. May all blessings be with you and all you so much love."

The next day there was again an excellent sitting, White Hawk supplying me with much evidence in his own vivid way. It was some little while before he gave me Uvani's message, but it came at last :

"Uvani is here. You remember he promised to help and to teach you, and always he makes it possible to reach you during some part of the day. Why does he call you Madame ? 'Tell Madame that I, Uvani, give her greetings, and I remember always with affection her many kindnesses.' You have been friends for many years, even before you knew. Uvani says I must bring you salaams of Abdul Latif. You remember he spoke to you. Uvani has been trying to develop you in some way. I don't know whether he has been trying to use your hand, but develop somehow. Why does Uvani make hieroglyphics to show White Hawk ? . . . Frank ! Why do I feel that he sometimes draws near your mind and impresses it ?"

I did not answer but waited for White Hawk. Then he laughed, and evidently the next words he said were those he was hearing from Frank. "Guard the door' would be more correct, White Hawk."

[As I mentioned in the first chapter, it is almost invariably Frank who introduces anyone who wishes to write through me. It has never hap-

pened in my case, but many automatic writers find that they become the temporary instruments of strange and undesirable entities. Frank may, therefore, well be termed the 'guardian of the door' so far as I am concerned.]

White Hawk stopped speaking, listened for a little while very quietly, and then repeated slowly :

"Uvani says : 'Madame, we are but the string on which the pearls of experience are threaded. When all experiences are gone through, one comes to the clasp, which is composed of the great pearl of wisdom ; and when the string is completed it shall adorn thy neck, that others may gaze thereon, and in the sheen of the pearl they will gather wisdom also.' "

This completed what was told me of Uvani's presence, but that same evening he wrote :

"I would speak to you concerning the talk this day through White Hawk. I said more than at one time I had intended saying, for it seemed to me the hour was a good one, and that I would give you direct proof that it is Uvani who controls, and who writes through you. Therefore did I vary that which I had told you should be said, and in the altering told much of what has been done. I did not, in so many words, speak of that which is to happen, but you knew that I was telling all I could in order that you should understand. I had with me Abdul Latif. He is always interested, for he has a regard for you."

When I first went to Mrs. Garrett, I took it for granted that Uvani alone spoke through her, but one day she chanced to mention another control whose name was Abdul Latif, and told me that people came sometimes especially to talk to him, saying that he was able to heal them. To Mrs. Garrett (ever sceptical about the separate identities of both Uvani and Abdul Latif) this meant nothing—indeed, she was barely interested. It meant little to me either, beyond the fact that I had not realized until then that more than one control could use the same medium.

Many months later, and long after Uvani had stopped coming to me regularly through Mrs. Garrett, he suddenly appeared when I was with her. Her first words were :

"Your lord says Uvani may come for one moment to speak. Abdul Latif (honoured be his name) would come and make your acquaintance ; but next time, not to day."

By this time I had heard a good deal about Abdul Latif, and had gleaned certain facts of which in my ignorance I had previously known nothing. I now knew that a great Persian of that name had lived nearly eight hundred years ago, who, in addition to being a famous doctor with very advanced views, was also a traveller, theologian, mathematician, historian, logician, and philosopher. He wrote, in all, a hundred and sixty-five works, one of which is in the Bodleian Library. It was this Abdul Latif who was supposed to be Mrs. Garrett's control. I felt very interested, and curious to see what sort of a person he would be.

On March 3rd, 1931, exactly a week after Uvani had told me of his

intention, and directly the medium was in trance, Abdul Latif began to talk to me ; an extraordinarily forceful, virile being, telling me, with great power of description and Eastern imagery, of many strange things which had occurred during his life. I did not on this occasion take notes, and after a little while he left me, saying we should have more to do with each other in the future.

One day when I was being talked to by means of the writing, I had an excruciating headache. Wondering what the answer would be, I said : "Uvani, my head aches very badly. Can you do something for it ?" Uvani replied : "I infinitely regret I have no healing power, Madame, but I will ask Abdul Latif." A few minutes later he returned ; once again my pencil wrote, and I received a message from Abdul Latif to the effect that if I would drink a little cold water and stand by the open window, breathing deeply, before lying back quietly in my chair for a short time, the headache would go. I did this, and was soon perfectly well again.

We had a real opportunity for finding out what Abdul Latif could do when, a few days before Ronald was due to leave for Tibet, both he and I came to grief. One evening I was knocked down by a taxi, and my right foot and leg were very badly bruised. I did not think it was anything serious when it happened, and I walked home about a hundred yards ; but by the time I arrived there my foot was greatly swollen, and before long it became very painful. I looked at it forlornly, for I was by now quite unable to put it to the ground, and every moment the pain was becoming worse. This time Abdul Latif came and wrote through my hand himself, telling me what to do, and how to bind it up. Two hours later it was hurting more than ever, so I took my pencil and this was written :

"I am here—Abdul Latif. I will now see what can be done. You are in pain. I will take into my hands the poor foot. Will you lie back and relax, so that some rest may be given you ? You will soon be eased. I will ask you now to cease writing. You may feel me, or perchance not." Then, some minutes later : "I have treated you. I will come again to-night. Abdul Latif."

After this my foot stopped hurting for the time being, and I slept absolutely soundly that night. It was painful at intervals during the next two weeks, but I was able to walk in a couple of days, and the swelling gradually subsided as it steadily became better.

Ronald developed influenza the day following this accident, and we were more than dismayed, as his boat was due to leave for India in a few days ; but he was already very interested in what was happening, and decided that, as an experiment, he, too, would be treated only by Abdul Latif. Three times daily Abdul Latif told me what to do for him, giving me minute details, which we faithfully carried out.

This gave us a chance for a test with Abdul Latif, and, in writing, he arranged to come and speak to me through Miss Francis, whom he had begun to control when Mrs. Garrett went to America. The day before I went to her he spoke to me about this, saying :

"I, Abdul Latif, am speaking. Your boy is on the path of health. When he arises he will feel no ill effect, for the cure is complete. When the temperature has for some hours been normal he may arise, not going out of the house until I deem prudent. This will not be long delayed.

Ask him to bear patiently the stop in bed, seeing that care is a necessary thing. While there he gains strength, the cold goes. He will rise freed from trouble. And to-morrow, when my voice speaks through the medium, will I further direct both him and you."

Miss Francis was doing all her work at the British College of Psychic Science, and I had made arrangements there for my appointment with her, the date being January 20th, 1933. Here is a very abridged account of it.

Lucio came first, talking easily and naturally about Ronald and his future journey, of which, needless to say, the medium knew nothing. I had, in fact, said very little about it to anyone, for, on account of this work of mine, I never wanted any information about us or our doings to be known. This reticence on my part applied also, of course, to the controls. Lucio soon left me, saying just before he went: "Your boy will be put right. Tell him Abdul Latif will see to it." Then he laughed. "Abdul Latif told me not to be too long. I must go."

There was a pause while the control changed, and then Abdul Latif was there, speaking of Ronald from the start, and immediately picking up the threads. This is a small extract from his talk relating to what had been done:

"You see I have got here. How did you find *him* this morning?"

I said: "Abdul Latif, do you know, when speaking here, in what way you have been giving me instructions about him?"

"But of course I know. It is wonderful to me that I can use you for the writing. My hands are your hands; my touch, your touch. . . . He will be well enough to leave. . . . He must not be careless, especially when he goes to those parts where there is great heat.

"You know in my day I travelled much. I was not only a doctor. Like your son, I made maps. What we have lived remains with us. The geographical interest remains with me. In my day I made a great study of the geography of the whole world; what there was to be known, I delved into. My whole soul was in it, as his is.

"About your foot, Madame. I desire to speak of this. It was very badly bruised, the nerves also. It is therefore not surprising that you have suffered much pain. It will before long be completely recovered, I, Abdul Latif, promise. I have sent messages through your hand these days I have been working through you, for the boy. It is now the fifth day, five days since I came. Uvani gave me the call."

No one but Ronald and myself had any knowledge of what had come through me about his illness, or that Abdul Latif had been writing. Only Ronald, Bill and myself knew that Uvani wrote, and none of us had ever spoken about the writing to others. Occasionally it had been touched upon by other controls who talked to me, but I had never enlarged upon what happened even to them. In particular, it was a striking point of evidence when Abdul Latif spoke about maps, for map-making had become a special interest to Ronald and he did a great deal of it on this journey.

That same evening Frank asked me if Uvani could speak to me, and I was surprised when, instead of Uvani coming, as I expected, the following was written:

"Abdul Latif is here, for Uvani has with graciousness stood on one

side that I may speak. I was rejoiced that opportunity arose of speaking myself to you this morning. It is good in a different manner to verify the fact that it is I myself, Abdul Latif, who comes to write through your hand. I have thereby another means of getting into contact with your plane, a clear channel, into which I pour my words. I take keen pleasure in speaking to you and your son, believe that."

Then he gave me more directions for treatment, and continued doing this until Ronald left for India on January 24th. He was able to go out on the 21st, six days after the influenza had begun, and with no after-effects whatever.

Abdul Latif did not come again until February 3rd when, writing through me, he gave me details about Ronald's health as a preliminary to confirming these same details through Miss Francis five days later.

V

BILL left Cambridge, and the time came for him to go to India. Very soon Ronald would also be leaving, going far away to inaccessible places. I thought of the days when they were little boys, and of the times when we were all four together. Two of us would never be parted again, but I had an aching heart at the prospect of a long separation from the boys, and, with the certain knowledge, too, of long weeks and months of suspense when Ronald would be quite unable to send me any news. And then I suddenly found that, no matter where they were, I had a sense of being near them and that somehow I was never allowed to be lonely. I knew that I should always hear about them—of that I had not the slightest doubt—but it was not until after Bill's departure that the detailed accounts which we call 'pictures' began to be given to me. One day my husband said he would try and tell me what Bill was doing at the time he was speaking to me. This first attempt contained a correct description of Bill's quarters in Bombay, and it was followed by other little pictures of his activities. To start with, I usually had them given to me at midday, that is, the hour which would coincide with what Bill was doing about five o'clock (Bombay time); but presently we found that this was too limiting, and so I took down what was told me at any time of the day or night. Bill kept a diary on purpose to trace back to the happenings of each day; and when Ronald went on his expeditions he had, of necessity, to keep one also, in order to record all that took place on his journeys. This is how we have been able to see the accuracy, or otherwise, of all that I have been told about them. In Ronald's case, many of these pictures had to wait for verification until his return home. The first time he was in Tibet very few letters reached him, and during his second expedition none were received at all. It makes it easier for verification, of course, that the 'seeings' contain so many details, and with the passage of time they have become far fuller than they were in the beginning. I must emphasize the point that, while I am being told these things, it is

to me as though I were listening to someone who, having a better view of the proceedings than myself, is describing what is going on. Pauses will occur, when I usually make some comment, then more will be given ; and the end comes only when the picture fades away. For a long time we have adopted the same procedure : If both my sons are away, Ronald's picture comes first (being written in a separate book from Bill's), and as soon as it is finished I take down Bill's. They are nearly always given me in the ordinary course of our conversation : I take up the books, write what is told me in them, and we then continue to talk. In the early days I simply asked my sons about these things in my letters ; but, when they became a constant feature of the psychic writing I sent them typed copies for comment, retaining others for myself. All these papers I have filed in chronological order. It is a point of interest that while, in the beginning, the pictures tended to be correct in time—even to an hour—they soon altered in this respect, and would be given as often before the event, or after it, as on the right day. At first it was my husband alone who gave me details in this manner ; but very soon it was done by Uvani, and a little later by Abdul Latif and Frank.

Ronald did not follow Bill to India for three months, so that the first pictures I give are entirely about the latter.

November 29th, 1932.

H. A. K.

"Will you ask Bill this ? Was he, this morning, doing something with a horse, and seeing whether it would suit him ?"

Bill was at this time in Bombay. He wrote in answer to this that on the 29th he was considering buying a horse. All the horses arrived, however, on the following day, the 30th, and the purchase wasn't completed.

1 p.m. (i.e. 6 p.m. Bombay time). December 5th, 1932. H. A. K.

"I have seen Bill. He was with two men and two women in a car, going to some place where a number of people were to be found."

I asked, "Was that to-day ?"

"Yes, to-day, but the time is not very clear, for it was a little while ago. We get things mixed sometimes as to the exact time. This was, however, a very recent thing."

In Bill's reply, he said :

"On December 5th I went with two others of the regiment, and two girls to a 'thé dansant' at the Taj Mahal Hotel, about six o'clock, so that fits in."

December 22nd, 1932.

H. A. K.

"Billy is in the train going to Calcutta."

When a letter arrived from Billy, it had been written in the train going to Calcutta, on the same date. He had left Bombay the previous night, he said.

12.30 p.m. December 30th, 1932.

H. A. K.

"Bill has left for Bombay. He is on his way back. He had a happy time, and is going back to work cheerfully. When you hear from him, he will verify this."

Later on that same evening some more information was given :

"Bill is safe, and is asleep in the train. I have seen him."

Bill wrote in answer to this, saying :

"I left Calcutta on December 30th, and arrived here (that is Bombay) on January 1st."

Here is a picture which was wrong, or, at least, partly so.
12.35 p.m. January 15th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I have been with Bill. He is away on a journey to the Hills with a detachment of men—on his way there now, but he will not remain long. He will return with another detachment of men. Ask him about this when you write.

"Also he has just been away to the outskirts of Bombay, having a picnic with some people, which he will tell you about."

Bill, when writing about these seeings, said :

"These little pictures are very pleasant to get, and I am keeping them all together. A large number of the things are absolutely correct, but one or two are out, though more often in time than in details—and that is no wonder. On January 15th I was not off with a detachment of men, but it is true that I had just been for a picnic with two others to a beach some miles away, where we bathed and spent the day."

Uvani's first picture was as follows :

About Midday. January 18th, 1933.

"He, your young son, does well in all his ways. He prospers, and is manly, wholesome and vigorous. I was near him this day. He was by water, in which he was being rowed to shore by coolies in a boat. In this boat sat two other men with him. Ask him, please, Madame, whether I saw aright ?"

From Bill's letter :

"On January 18th Uvani saw me coming ashore in a rowboat, from one of the warships in the harbour. That's quite correct, and curious, because usually we go in a pinnace, only this time it had broken down, and we were forced to hire a local craft."

Now we can also bring in pictures to do with Ronald. In November, 1932, he had arranged to go with F. Kingdon Ward, the famous botanist and explorer, on an expedition into S.E. Tibet. At the last minute they were joined by B. C. Brooks-Carrington, who went with them to make a natural-colour cinematograph film of parts of the journey. Ronald left England on January 24th, 1933. He landed in Bombay on February 15th, and reached Sadiya, the last town in Assam, on the 30th, being joined there by Captain Kingdon Ward a few days later. On March 9th the three of them left for Tibet by the Lohit Valley route, arriving in Shikathang, the winter headquarters of the Governor of Zayul, on April 2nd. On July 15th, owing to a hitch in the official permit to enter Tibet, Ronald and Mr. Brooks-Carrington had to turn back, while Captain Kingdon Ward continued on his way north. It was now in the middle of the monsoon, and the Lohit Valley was impassable, so they made their way back over the mountains into Burma, and marched south past Fort

Hertz to Myitkyina, the railhead, where they arrived on November 13th, 1933.

By the time Ronald was on his way into Tibet I was getting word from Bill about his 'pictures', and finding that so much that was given for him was correct made me feel confident that they must be fairly accurate for Ronald also. I found, too, that the information I received through Mrs. Cooke and Miss Francis coincided with what came directly to myself, and that when Mrs. Garrett arrived back in the summer of 1933 the same thing occurred with her.

Here is one of the first pictures that came for him.

11.25 a.m. February 11th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"When you write to Ron, tell him I saw him the day he landed at Port Said, with a girl, walking in the street. He stopped and bought various things, and they had some refreshment in a restaurant. Then they walked again, and soon after I saw him on his boat, leaning over the side. I suddenly remembered I wanted to tell you this, and by some trend of thought I saw the whole thing over again so clearly."

This was told me nine days after Ronald reached Port Said. I sent him these details, and before he disappeared into the wilds of Assam he replied :

"That bit about me at Port Said was right, word for word. The girl was—a very nice American."

That same morning, directly after telling me about Ronald, this was written of Bill.

About Midday. February 11th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I have seen Bill, of course, also. This is what is happening now. I have just glimpsed him sitting with four other people. He is dressed in flannels, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and the collar of his shirt is open. He is leaning on a table, speaking to the others, and he is telling them of Ron. Ask him this."

Bill's comment is :

"I was seen talking with some people round a table, and telling them of Ron. Quite right. I was at Deolali Club, and he was due to arrive the next day."

10.14 a.m. February 14th, 1933.

Uvani.

"I see the arrival of the boy, he whom you call Ronald, this day, and that he is well and in good spirits ; that the boy Billy is there meeting his brother. They have proceeded to a habitation where the young boy dwells. That have I seen, Madame."

On the 15th, Uvani wrote as follows :

"It may be, in giving news of your boy, that I saw in front of what the time was, but that I saw was truly spoken, and you shall hear. I have great wish to help. I shall do all I can always. I know, too, that they are well, and that your heart may rest content. I pray the Great God may guard you all."

In Bill's letter written March 18th, he has an answer to this :

Uvani saw Ron's arrival a day earlier than it was. The details were quite correct. Ron was lying offshore on the 14th, and docked early on

the 15th. I didn't see Ron until about 10 a.m. on the 15th. I see that Uvani, later, says he may have been seeing ahead."

11.45 a.m. February 18th, 1933.

About Ronald.

"Madame, Abdul Latif. Greetings. I have come to say that your boy has been vaccinated."

Ronald, in his letter written from Sadiya, Upper Assam, March 3rd, said :

"I was vaccinated on board ship three days before reaching Bombay. The vaccination didn't take, but I'm not worrying about that !"

11.35 a.m. March 18th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I have seen Billy. He is at the present time watching some racing which is going on. He has a man beside him. They are very engrossed in all that is happening."

Bill says :

"Quite right. I was at the races. The General was there with me, and Mrs. —, and about five others. We had been losing, and I expect I was trying to collect tips. Anyway, my attention was definitely on the spot."

10.25 a.m. April 8th, 1933.

Uvani.

"I saw concerning the young boy, this : seven men marching in unison. With them was your boy, he whose name is Billy."

There came a dead stop, and I said, "Any more, Uvani ?"

"I saw him give word of command, calling upon them to do his bidding, at which command they turned to one side, with the obedience of drilled soldiers. I have seen this but a short time since, but it is of the same day as this on which I speak to you."

Bill says in his letter of May 3rd, 1933 :

"I mounted the guard that morning at 7.45, and the numbers were about as stated by Uvani. Very probably that is what he refers to."

The pictures were now beginning to become more detailed, and this is shown in the next two given by Uvani.

11 a.m. April 23rd, 1933.

Uvani.

"This I would say concerning your boys, for I have been taking note. Will you, in the elder boy's book, inscribe these words ?

"Madame, it now being the evening hour with Ronald, he is at rest. The toil for the day being done, he is engaged upon some work which is engrossing him. He has a small animal in his hands, the skin of which is necessary for the purpose of science, which skin he is gently removing from this small creature."

There was a pause, and I said, "Uvani, is this taking place now ?"

"As I write, it is taking place. The boy sits on a small chair in the doorway of this tent. Round about him are moving figures, for there are preparations being made for the making of a meal. They are in this place for a short period."

"Anything more, Uvani ?"

"No, Madame, save this. Ask your boy what sort of a wild creature is it that he deals with."

Ronald says :

"This must refer to the evening of March 17th, when a coolie brought in four small bats, which I killed and skinned for the Natural History Museum."

Then the picture for Bill, written, of course, in his own book. 11.14 a.m. of the same day.

"This I have seen. The boy Billy, who is in a state of undress, is lying on a long chair. Very hot is he, for he has been taking violent exercise. He has a large white bandage on his brow."

"For what purpose, Uvani ?"

"For the purpose only of absorbing streams of water pouring from his head, the perspiration engendered by this exercise being extreme. He talks to another, also hot, who lies near. We see strange glimpses."

"Is that all ?"

"All for the present, Madame. He is well."

Bill's remark about this picture is :

"I recollect this incident perfectly. It occurred at the Club, but the date escapes me."

Uvani had something to say to me personally :

"I know that if we could not draw near, pulling aside the curtain that veils your loved ones from you, there would be utter loneliness for you. When these things are proved to have veritable fact, then will great value attend this work we strive to do, but primarily is it for love of you, the mother of these boys, that we seek to sustain you with news. This you well know. I am always happy that it is done, knowing so well that desolation would be yours were you left without tidings of the three in whose keeping lies your heart. But at all times do you feel them near."

Now these are some pictures from Abdul Latif. Here is one about Billy :

11.47 a.m. April 26th, 1933.

"I wish to write this about the young lad, he in whom I also have interest, for to me are you all as the buds upon one branch. Seeing one do I see all. I have this moment perceived the boy with a pen, writing in a book, his mind occupied, his fingers moving quickly. He has a large dog near him, and in the room are three others, all men."

Then my pencil stopped, and I asked : "Have you finished, Abdul Latif ?"

"No, I paused for further consideration. This has interest for Abdul Latif. The young boy hurt his knee a day or two ago. Not to any extent, but he has a bruise upon its surface. Say to him, Madame, will he acquaint you with the cause ?"

Bill says :

"I can't remember the writing incident particularly, but I certainly fell and grazed my knee on the coconut matting—playing badminton—about this time. As a matter of fact, it has only just properly healed up."

Ronald's picture of this date was late. He says it must have occurred at Shikathang, Tibet, which they left on April 18th.

Abdul Latif was talking to me (through writing, of course) on the morning of May 16th, when he said : "I have a small matter to speak of which has reference to your boy, he who is Ronald." He then told me of an injury which Ronald had had to his hand, and when Ronald was able to verify this, he said it was quite correct, though out in time. He had had a deep cut on his right hand which was bound up from March 31st to April 10th. Then Abdul Latif gave me a little picture about Bill. It was 11.14 a.m. when he saw this :

"I see the young boy with his white garments preparing to go forth. He stands deep in thought, wondering shall he proceed with the garment that lies before him, or cast it aside to equip himself with other garb ? He has decided."

I asked : "In what way, Abdul Latif ?"

"That the first he thought of will fit the occasion, and taking up his coat he puts it on."

Billy says to the above :

"Yes. I had meant to go riding with Mrs. —, who lives in the next bungalow. But it started raining, and I was in two minds whether to wear my raincoat or not while I drove round to her to see what she was going to do. We didn't ride after all."

11.35 a.m. May 23rd, 1933.

Abdul Latif. About Bill.

"I have seen this. The young boy seated in a long room. There are men only, and many gathered in a concourse round a table, and on it are choice viands, which are served by men trained for this purpose. The boy Billy, seated between two gay youths, laughs often, for they are all young, and no care sits heavily upon them."

There was a pause, and I asked : "Abdul Latif, is there a special sign to give, so that he can fix the time ?"

"Oh ! that I could more readily observe. Yet can I give a small detail which may do. Tell him when robing himself in the ceremonial garments did he discover no clean shirt, such as he had wished for. He called upon a fellow who serves, bidding him at once procure the garment, and in some obscure manner did he obtain it, whereat the boy rejoiced. I was taking note. It caused me amusement."

Billy says :

"Yes. The General was up, having a look at us, and his A.D.C. was an old friend from Bombay. There was a lot of joviality. I can just remember the shirt incident."

Ronald said his picture on this occasion was too vague to place, but that it was right in substance.

11.10 a.m. June 2nd, 1933.

Uvani. For Ronald.

"I can see your boy. He is now bending over a small table, so small, for it is but a makeshift. On it are papers covered with writings. He is occupying himself."

"I looked to see what further there was. He is working so hard in every way. He spares himself not. He is well."

"Has there been anything wrong with him ?"

"Not of any moment, Madame. Perchance in small ways, but he

has been quickly, and at all times, restored. Always have your mind easy. Your son is in good keeping."

To which Ronald says :

"Absolutely correct. This was at Ata. A villainous day, so I seized the opportunity to get on with the map, using the plane table to draw on, very much of a makeshift and very small."

In Bill's picture the time was incorrect. He thought it had reference to May 27th.

6.20 p.m. June 5th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"... I am here ... and I am going to talk to you about Ron. He is well, and fast asleep. He has been working at his observations ; for his map engrosses him, and he is making headway. Soon he will be moving to another place which lies further west, and which is quite near where they are now. I am so happy about him, and you are also, for you are quite easy in your mind. I am going to try soon to get more actual facts to give you."

Ron says :

"Quite correct in every way. On this day we were still in Ata, but on the 8th we moved six miles west to a small camp."

11.36 a.m. June 6th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"It is a very wet day, torrents of rain, and it is hard to see clearly, but Ron is well covered, and he is out with three natives. They are seeing what lies around them, and are with several other people whom they have come across in this place."

"I see Ron speaking to one of them, but he finds it difficult to make him understand. Then one of Ron's men speaks to him, and the man quickly grasps his meaning. He is showing them something which is hidden by trees, and all four are looking with great interest. Ron will probably remember this—one of his men is very tiny."

The pencil stopped, and I asked if there was anything more :

"I will just look. Yes, there is a big mound where they are standing, with prayers flying about in streamers on it. But where the place is, I don't know."

To this picture, Ronald says :

"This refers to May 31st when I went from Ata up towards Chutong to look out for a camping place. I had only two natives with me, Chumbi and the headman of Ata, but the latter is small. On the way back, we stopped at a mound covered with prayer flags, while I asked where a wooded valley on the other side of the glacier led to. A little later we talked with some people who lived close by."

Then came Billy's picture :

11.47 a.m. Same morning.

"I can see dear old Bill. He is standing, staring out of a window, and I think he is wondering what he will do with himself. I see him now picking up a book and settling himself down to read, but in his mind is the thought that soon he will go out with another man ; that they will get exercise and go to the Club. And so he is only filling in time, that is all."

"Is there something that Billy could mark the time by ?"

"Well, I can also see that the bearer is in the room, putting out some clothes which he will change into. That may help him. He is in khaki drill uniform."

Bill's comment is :

"This is quite correct, so my diary tells me. We were choosing clothes for the trip to Tibet, among other things."

In explanation of this, Bill had decided to spend his leave in Tibet, following the Lhasa trade route as far as Gyantse. The necessary permission was obtained from the authorities, and the journey occupied from the beginning of July 1933 until the middle of August. He took with him one native servant, and a small train of mules. I am giving a few pictures dealing with his journey in Chapter VIII of this book.

Before giving me some pictures for the boys, Uvani talked to me for a little while. He said : "For an instant my control nearly slipped, for your mind had wandered."

I wrote in reply : "I was wondering what you were like and what you are doing now."

"I am beside you in bodily form, looking the same Uvani as when I was on earth ; perchance less earthly, in that the grosser tendencies are through all these years dispersed ; yet am I the same outwardly, rough-hewn, big and of a stern demeanour. Now, Madame, will you thus picture me ?"

I answered, and Uvani went on : "I say rough-hewn, for to me do I appear to be of harsh visage. There is nought that is gentle about the appearance of Uvani."

To this I replied : "Sometimes you are gentle."

"Yes, inasmuch as at times does a great pity and tenderness touch my inmost being, but this shows not on the exterior. I appear very stern. Perhaps this is racial, for as we were do we in many ways continue to be. We will talk first about the boys, for I would give you seeings of them. Therefore, please write in the books."

So I put down the time and date, and pictures were given, but I am omitting them. I will give instead what Abdul Latif told me the following day about Ronald.

10.25 a.m. June 10th, 1933.

Abdul Latif.

"Listen, for this is what I can see. Your boy Ronald is now walking over a very high piece of ground. There are vast stretches all round of flowered growth. On the right lies such huge—— (No matter, we lost grip. All will come right. I give it again).

"On the right lie such huge mountains. On the left we can see wild forests with mountains rising all round. The mountains are covered with snow ; the air is very cold ; but the sun shines, and in the sun all is warm. Ronald walks briskly. He is striving to find that which he desires appertaining to his work. He has with him the large watch to denote correct time, and he is alone."

"Has he gone far away from the camp ?"

"No, he is not far removed from the tents. He will shortly return."

Nought will harm him. See, you cannot write if Abdul Latif prevents. Again was the pencil immovable."

"And the writing has come as you wanted it?"

"Except for one moment when the control became difficult. There are many little things that I could give you about Ronald. This is one:

"He has been until a short time ago playing the small instrument on which is sweet music made. He has put upon him the yellow coat which is to keep out wind."

"Is it very cold, Abdul Latif?"

"The hour with him is late, and the wind cold. Soon the sun will sink; not quite yet, but shortly. Another small item that I have seen is that the tent in which he is has a corner loose, where the canvas is not pegged down. He has done this with purpose, therefore ask him concerning this. Madame, please now, the young boy's book."

Ronald says to this:

"This clearly refers to June 22nd, making the seeing twelve days early. On this day I left the camp at Chutong, and climbed up to the Pass, which is only about one and a half miles from the camp, through the rhododendron scrub (13,000 to 14,000 feet). The description of the scenery is also correct for this date, on the right being high snow peaks, and on the left the forest-covered mountains stretching away to the south. It was a fine sunny day. I always carried a half-chronometer with me. In the evening I put on my yellow poshteen as it got very chilly, and played the balalaika in front of the fire. My tent had a corner loose because just at that point there was a large rock which made it impossible to fix it."

11.14 a.m. June 20th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I have seen Ron on a small pony riding to some place where there are flowers growing in great profusion, and also innumerable trees stretching far away in the distance. I see Ron taking everything as it comes. He is doing all sorts of odd jobs which require much time, and he is always very busy. He is alone at the moment."

"Are they at the same camp?"

"I think so, for there are no signs of any upheaval. They are working from a central place, and Ron is having a look round."

"I wonder where the pony came from?"

"There are some natives round about who are friendly. He gets on well with them; so will Billy."

"And is everything all right?"

"All their arrangements seem to be going as they should. I know that Ron is sound and fit."

There came a pause and I asked: "Is that all?"

"I have just seen something. When Ron rode——"

Another pause came, so I tentatively asked what was being seen.

"A native suddenly appeared and spoke."

"Could you tell if he was friendly?"

"He seemed to be so. I was looking and very interested in seeing that Ron was perfectly calm and took it as a matter of course. You take all these things down easily. I feel no trouble in giving them to you. Now for Billy."

Ronald says:

"This is a picture of what happened on June 15th, when I was returning from Suku. I was lent a pony by the monks of Getchi Gompa, on which I rode home—for the last two or three miles through forest. I can't remember the native talking to me, but it is very probable. At this date Ata had been our home for about three weeks. The valley is thickly wooded, and near Ata masses of wild roses were growing on the banks of the river, with rhododendrons in flower high up."

11.28 a.m. Same date.

"Billy is at present doing Orderly Officer, for I have seen him in the Guard Room and he is in uniform. When he went out it was raining and he was on a bicycle; but when he arrived the rain had stopped. Then he busied himself for a time with papers and talking to men, after which he mounted his bicycle and returned."

"And the second thing is that when he was in his own bungalow I saw him lean over the railing of the verandah and pick up something that he had dropped."

"Was this after he had returned?"

"Almost directly after. Then he proceeded to throw himself into a chair, but not until he had removed most of his clothes. He is very well, very happy."

Billy says:

"The first incident is quite correct. I have nothing to add to it."

"The second I can't remember about, but the third is correct. I was about to take my afternoon siesta, and had rid myself of all except my undergarments."

Abdul Latif came to speak to me after these pictures were given, and when he had written his name he said: "You wrote—then, of a sudden, deep thought came?"

I said: "Yes, Abdul Latif. I was wondering whether, if anything in the nature of a tragedy happened to my boys, I should know at once, and all sorts of things in connection with that came into my mind."

Abdul Latif answered: "I understand, and knew that your thoughts had travelled to far-off lands; but continue that which you have shown, that unswerving faith, for there is no need to think of ill tidings. Your boys will be kept as by angelic protection from all harm."

VI

FROM the time of Uvani's first experiment we continued having cross-communications during the ten months that remained before his own medium, Mrs. Garrett, returned from America. In all there were fourteen

tests and in every case what had been arranged through me was more or less successfully carried out.

I am now giving a selection of these experiments which were sometimes planned by Abdul Latif and Uvani together, and sometimes separately. Of these fourteen, seven were carried out through Miss Francis, five through Mrs. Cooke, one through Mrs. Barkel, and one through the Misses Moore.

These two sisters are exceedingly well-known 'direct voice' mediums. They are so greatly in demand that it is a difficult matter to secure appointments with them, and the few that I have had have been obtained for me through the British College of Psychic Science and have taken place in the mediums' own flat. Visitors' names are not mentioned, and no details of any kind are given; although in my case even if the Misses Moore had had some previous knowledge of me, what was said to me in the way of evidence could not possibly have been known to anyone who might have passed on the information to them.

With trance mediums the control speaks through the medium's own lips, but with 'direct voice' the speech comes independently from any part of the room, sometimes clearly and distinctly, while at other times, when the power is weak, there is only a whisper.

The Misses Moore have invariably given me very evidential results. They always work together, sitting side by side, and frequently speaking at the same time as their controls. Of these, so far as my own experience of them goes, there are two. The principal one, who is Scottish like themselves, is called Andrew. He is earnest, helpful, and most painstaking.

In Chapter V I included a remark made by Abdul Latif to the effect that Ronald had been vaccinated. The following talk with him will show what led up to this. On February 3rd Uvani wrote:

"I have but come to tell you that Abdul Latif has said he will himself come and speak; but first your lord awaits. Will you now write for him?"

I asked: "Are you going at once, Uvani?"

"Yes, Madame, for well I know that to-day are you like a leaf tossed by the wind, wanted by others in all directions, therefore you are not long available for inscriptions."

After my husband left me, this was written:

"I am here—Abdul Latif. Greetings. Your boy will be safe with the simple precautions such as bewaring of uncooked vegetables without preliminary washing in disinfected water; no drinking of unboiled water; no eating of raw fruits at night. Yet, these things being at times difficult to avoid, such precautions as inoculation are beneficial to such as are travelling; therefore let him with caution embark on such a course. He will do well to have this inoculation performed as soon as he reaches shore, should he not already have so arranged that it be performed in transit."

I replied: "Abdul Latif, I am going to the medium through whom you work. Will you talk to me there of these matters about which you have now written?"

"I, Abdul Latif, say this: Make the test through the instrument (that

of Lucio) through whom I speak. You shall come. I too will be there, and, knowing what I have here spoken, will acquaint you with the facts. I should be very glad if you will quickly ask that appointment be made."

I rang up the Psychic College then and there to find out when Miss Francis would be free, only to be told that she was fully booked up, and that there seemed little likelihood of fitting in another appointment for a considerable time. Soon after they telephoned to say that Miss Francis had consented to give an extra sitting.

When writing through me the next day I asked Uvani whether he, too, would come.

"No, Madame. Think not that I am ungracious, but seldom do I speak through Lucio. With Abdul Latif accustomed to dealing direct with the machine, the matter is a simple one."

Then I said: "Uvani, the day following the appointment with Lucio's medium I have one with two sisters through whom voices are able to come. Will you be there, and see if you can speak to me?"

"About these women possessing virtue for the bringing of voices from our sphere to yours, it would interest me to perform through such agency. Your lord has given much through them. His voice was heard. Should it be possible for me to make connection you shall hear me speak. Do this that I tell you. When your lord has spoken, say unto the control: 'Is there a guide who would speak?' and as he pauses for this purpose I will become apparent to him. It may be that Frank, your brother, will come directly after me. He will, I think, attempt this additional test."

I had the sitting with Miss Francis on the afternoon of February 8th, 1933. I give here no more than a brief extract.

Lucio spoke first, and said, with a little smile: "Do you want to see me?"

I answered: "Why do you ask, Lucio?"

"Because Abdul Latif has asked me not to stay long. He said it was most important that he should see you and talk to you."

Only a few more words were spoken by Lucio, for Abdul Latif quickly took control. After talking for some few minutes, wholly about Ronald, he said:

"Now about the inoculation. As a general rule I do not care for it, the putting of a strange, a foreign matter into the system. As I said to you, however, weighing everything together, Abdul Latif would wish he were done. If, however, he has not been vaccinated of recent date—with conditions as they are in the land to which he goes—let this be seen to first. If there are not three weeks, when this has been done, in which to wait for inoculation, this must be left; but do not feel fear."

My appointment with the Misses Moore was for February 9th. The previous evening my husband wrote:

"We will be with you tomorrow, and will try and do all that has been arranged. I shall speak myself, and, if Uvani can, so will he; also Frank."

I had by now become so used to the cross-communications being carried out as arranged through me that I was not surprised when this one, too, was successful. When Andrew had spoken for a few minutes,

my husband talked to me, and he was followed in a little while by Frank. In both these latter cases the voices came from some way above my head. What Uvani had told me would happen took place in detail, except that he did not speak directly himself; and, as this is one of Uvani's tests, I will give what concerns him more fully.

After Frank had finished talking Andrew returned, and I asked him, in Uvani's words, if there was a guide who wanted to come. He replied: "Wait a wee minute while I will just be seeing"; and then said: "Is he tall? Very big? An Oriental?" Without any more delay he went on to say that this guide did a great deal of work with me in writing through my hand.

Andrew followed this up with excellent evidence about my writing, adding the names and particulars of two other men who occasionally wrote through me at that time. The wealth of fact which was told me was quite extraordinary, and far more than I can enter into now.

In the evening this was written:

"Uvani is here. There are two matters upon which to speak. There is the test which has been made by Abdul Latif, and which you have seen carried out. You saw also this day fulfilment of yet another test. After that your lord spoke: Frank also. Then did you, asking at my request for search to be made for a guide, get confirmation of Uvani from the control; also of the others who have oft written. Much evidence was given, and again big work was done."

It was now our usual procedure to arrange for the cross-tests to be carried out whenever I went to any other medium. The next one took place on March 1st, 1933, and Uvani spoke to me on the previous day of what he intended doing.

"When you are with White Eagle I shall speak again (also your lord) of many things. Abdul Latif shall be spoken of."

"Will he come himself, Uvani?"

"No, I doubt the coming of Abdul Latif; yet in a manner there is possibility. Should it not materialize we will, through White Eagle, acquaint you of his work."

White Eagle took control as soon as his medium was in trance, and after talking to me for some time, said: "Uvani is here this afternoon." I had not at any time told White Eagle anything about Uvani, and I waited, thinking that he would continue to give me information about him. Suddenly I found the control had changed, and that it was Uvani himself who was speaking. He said this:

"I greet you, Madame. Your lord and master is here with us. I promised him I would come, just to reassure you that I am still working with you, and taking care of you and the young masters." (Then followed some remarkably good evidence of a private nature.) "I have specially attached myself to you, because of my respect and love. We work together, and I am well pleased. The blessings of Allah be on you. Good day, Madame."

Mrs. Cooke had another control, an eager impetuous little girl called Lalla, who, when I first went to this medium, was every now and then allowed by White Eagle to come and talk to me for a little while. She

always gave me very good evidence. After Uvani had gone there was silence for a minute or two, and then a childish voice said:

"Lalla has come for the Arab man. Uvani says he was not on his own ground just now and could not say everything. He says: 'I promised Madame I would do my best, and am very pleased my brother White Eagle permitted the contact and lent his aid.'"

"White Hawk sends his greetings, and another also. He is a man of the East. He comes to you for the writing, a writing guide. A wise man, and Lalla only sees his form in white robes. He looks as though he were dressed like Uvani. He is attached to you. He has got a rather complicated name."

Lalla hesitated, and she was evidently trying hard to make out what this name was, for after a while she said slowly:

"Uvani is showing me an L and now an A and an F and another A and a T and an L . . ."

She continued in this way until she had mentioned all the letters comprising Abdul Latif's name.

When Lalla finally stopped talking, White Eagle returned, saying quietly: "Uvani came very close, and I withdrew. It was all arranged between White Eagle and Uvani."

When White Eagle had finished speaking, there came a hushed silence. My husband then came, and the test was complete.

Writing through me afterwards, Uvani gave his version of what had been done.

"It is for the second time within a few hours that I speak. When White Eagle spoke my name, announcing my coming, he stood aside, and with great courtesy motioned that I should myself control. Madame, it was as I wished; yet, the instrument being strange to my touch, I could not say all I would have wished. If the matter was faltering, the way of expression blunt, you will pardon Uvani. In my heart was there love and a great wish to fulfil my promise that there should be a clear test made."

"White Eagle now has great knowledge of your work. He sees very clearly, but not so clearly into your heart as does Uvani—which is but natural, he being in such close touch with you and with your lord. Abdul Latif, on hearing that I desired to make test, said: 'I, too, shall be present. It is good that there should be no doubt in the heart of Madame that we are those who work in conjunction with her.' Therefore did he come, leaving it to me to make what was in confusion straight. The child who did control was enabled through my method of doing this to give you his name. Will you, of your courtesy, allow Abdul Latif to say one small word?"

"Madame—Abdul Latif. Greetings. Well, we did in coming make a fine test yesterday, and, as is ever the case, I am well pleased to have added my small share."

Uvani had now spoken through White Eagle's medium, Grace Cooke. A few weeks later he told me that if it could possibly be managed he would try and speak to me directly through Miss Francis, and I arranged an appointment for April 11th. Abdul Latif took a considerable amount of interest in this, and, shortly before I went to my sitting, both he and Uvani told me of their plans. Abdul Latif came first, saying:

"We desire a complete test, therefore shall we arrange accordingly that all shall be done in order. Lucio first, stating he cannot remain ; Uvani for a short time with the direct control, and lastly I, Abdul Latif, who will speak at length."

I said : "Abdul Latif, is there anything you want me to do ?"

"Nought, save the careful noting of that which transpires. This is for a test. We meet later. Then speaking with the voice of the instrument, do I talk again."

Abdul Latif had started to write at 11.35 a.m., and immediately he stopped Uvani took his place.

"You have seen that Abdul Latif has himself arranged what shall be done ; therefore, Madame, if you bear in mind your desire that Uvani takes direct control, please do not for long talk to Lucio, for interest so aroused would perchance occasion delay. Do not ask that I may myself talk ; wait rather, seeing what befalls."

I asked : "Uvani, how much do you see ahead of what is going to happen ?"

"It differs, Madame. At times do I have clear vision. I see, and know I see aright. Again, where trifles are concerned—big things also—I have little knowledge. It has no settled fact, simply altering in so many ways ; that which I know beforehand being at one time very slight, yet, at another, certain. Concerning work done by other controls, I can answer for some, but with others I am less sure. Thus with Lucio. We work on different vibrations."

Uvani answered another question, which was : "Will it be difficult for you to show yourself the same Uvani ?"

"It will be difficult to get the inflections, the tone to which you are so well accustomed. The words I shall say shall be the proof."

I think it goes without saying that, as I never talked to anyone about these matters, no one knew for what purpose I was having this sitting. I waited for the medium to go into trance, taking it for granted that Lucio would come first. I heard the words, "Salutations, Madame," and for a second I wondered if it were Lucio coming without his customary benediction, or Abdul Latif altering his usual greeting.

Then I realized it was Uvani saying : "I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of showing in this manner that Uvani still is—that he comes to you." He then told me he could stay for a short time only ; that it had been intended that he should come after Lucio, but that the latter had asked him to take control first ; that being unaccustomed to Lucio's 'vehicle', he could not say all he desired ; but that he did wish to emphasize the fact that he worked with me. "It is Uvani : my soul with your soul that speaks."

I said : "Will you come again in this way, Uvani ?"

"Madame, it will be an honour for me to come. I will ask Lucio. Abdul Latif told me he specially wants to speak. All my salutations upon you."

And then Uvani slipped away, and soon after came the change of control ; but it was not Abdul Latif. It was Lucio, his first words after the benediction being : "You see, I have come. I told Uvani to go first,

knowing it would surprise you and give you joy. He told me he worked through you. Abdul Latif had asked me to let him come."

Lucio stayed a long time talking most interestingly on many subjects, and then, to my dismay, a knock came on the door, signifying that it was time for the sitting to come to an end. It is seldom that Lucio allows the time to be extended. On this occasion, however, he simply remarked that he had remained too long, but that Abdul Latif was coming, nevertheless. He went, and at once Abdul Latif was there in his place, perfectly calm and unhurried. Before he left he told me many details about my husband, the boys and myself, a great deal of what he talked about being in connection with what he had written through me ; so that he could, as he said, verify what he had told me already.

As usual, what had happened was discussed with me later, and the following morning this was written by Uvani :

"With regard to the order of the coming did Lucio say : 'Will you, Uvani, go first that Madame may have complete pleasure ?' Thus did I assume control prior to Lucio. You quickly knew Uvani was with you ; you realized that the same personality such as you know so well was there, a different side portrayed, perchance, but without doubt Uvani ?" The writing stopped for a minute until I replied, and then it went on : "I feel one more clear sounding note has been struck, that we continue to progress, ever causing the distance between these planes to decrease."

Abdul Latif, too, had something to say :

"I am here just to remark on our work yesterday. You are well pleased ? That is good ! We managed what we had hoped to do, save that, to give you a glad surprise, Lucio said Uvani should take the first control. He told you he had but little time to remain, yet during that short space he gave you much information. I was unable to talk at length, for, Lucio coming next, time fled ere his speech was finished. It did not matter, for I came, the test complete, and in a short space of time did I tell you that which I wished to say. All goes well with your boys. Rest happily."

I had arranged a further sitting with Miss Francis for May 22nd, 1933, and Uvani came that morning to write. He began by saying he was very anxious to speak, and then told me he would be permitted to speak direct."

I told him I was very glad, and he answered : "I too. You are so closely merged into our vibrations that we are able to hold real speech, and I rejoice greatly to be able to help in these ways."

I said : "No one knows that you speak to me directly through these mediums."

"In all ways since you and your lord have known bodily separation has extreme reticence attended all that has been done. There are none who have known the facts concerning you, and the evidence that has been accumulated is without flaw."

As I waited that same afternoon for Miss Francis to go into trance, Uvani wrote that he was coming first, and would be followed by Abdul Latif. The next instant he was speaking to me through the medium, but almost his first words were that Lucio would come next. As it happened neither came, for Uvani himself stayed the whole time. He found the

medium easy to control, and spoke at length of all he was doing and of what had already been talked over between us. One characteristic touch was shown when raps came at the door, for he took no more notice of them than he would have done if this had happened during his control of Mrs. Garrett. I said : "By that alone I should know you, Uvani" ; to which he replied indifferently : "I care not for raps."

The next morning, when Uvani discussed in writing what he had done, or tried to do, he said :

"We spoke much yesterday through the medium whom Lucio with much kindness put at our disposal. He said later : 'When next you talk to your lady, remember do not usurp the entire time' ; but as he said it he smiled, for he knew well how much Uvani desired to speak. Will you now let Abdul Latif come ? He, too, spoke ruefully to Uvani yesterday, saying : 'Happy is he who gets the first word, for it can also be the last !' "

VII

My interest was very great in the cross-tests arranged by Abdul Latif and Uvani through other mediums, but it was those they had promised to give through Mrs. Garrett that I especially wanted. Abdul Latif had only once spoken to me through her, and that had been three years before the time of her return from America ; while Uvani, after relinquishing his control of her, where I was concerned, in the spring of 1932, had rarely spoken to me during my appointments with her. I was naturally anxious to see what would happen, for, as both Abdul Latif and Uvani are particularly identified with Mrs. Garrett, it was important that I should have acknowledgment through her of the fact that they controlled me also. Mrs. Garrett had been absent from England for twenty months, and knew nothing whatever about their association with me during her absence. On her return in the second week of June, 1933, they arranged with me that they would give me full proof through her of all that they had been doing. Abdul Latif briefly stated his intentions, and Uvani spoke to me about it at greater length.

"The time draws near when my instrument will be on these shores, and we will through her hold much converse, for we have many things about which we will speak. When she is available, then will I acquaint you of much that we have done, and which to all others in your earth sphere is unknown, save only to yourself, for even from your boys is much veiled.

"I do know—from my heart I know—you believe that I, the same Uvani, am with you ; but we will make these tests for they are valuable. When my instrument reaches these shores she will communicate with you, giving you an early date. Then will you go, and she will quickly enter into trance so that there shall be little wasted time. This I can manage. When she is entranced, first will your lord speak. This is what will gladden both your hearts.

"And then I, Uvani, will come, for I greatly desire all that I have done through other sources to be given there ; for you know I have done all that is in my power to show that through you has come no split personality of Uvani, but all that makes up his complete individuality. And thus shall you hear once more the work that I have done, and that I desire to do."

I had my first sitting of this series with Mrs. Garrett on June 19th, a wonderful one at which neither Uvani nor Abdul Latif controlled.

The reason was explained to me later in writing :

"Madame, Uvani is here, and, if you so permit, will write. I was unable when you were with my instrument to talk to you to-day. I did intend the coming, but time is now limited, and seeing that your lord would be made rushed, I said : 'Not for this time shall Uvani speak, for where would benefit prevail ?' Therefore I stood on one side, and, though not listening, watched to see his work. At first was the instrument stiff to his touch ; then I saw little by little did it respond unto his firm control and all those salient matters appertaining to your boys and to your mediumship come gradually to his lips. You saw he was able to give readily all that has been and is being done, and nought that mattered to you was left untold.

"Now I would not intrude, yet I too will speak, and you have arranged speedy appointment when I shall, before your lord speaks, take control. Through the lips of my entranced instrument shall I talk to my 'other'—and arrange much."

Three days later, on June 22nd, I had another sitting with Mrs. Garrett, and Uvani wrote through me before I went to it :

"You will come, as we have said, to the instrument—and to-day I shall assuredly speak."

I replied : "I wonder if you will appear once again as the very formal Uvani ?"

"Not always with you was I aloof through the instrument. Sometimes you caught the tender side."

I said to this : "Yes, I remember, and how much it impressed me ; but for a long time you gave wonderful evidence without showing yourself as you are."

"I was occupied only with the desire, the great desire, to serve your lord and you, but always had I insight——"

Uvani stopped writing, and I asked : "Into our two selves ?"

"Yes. And great understanding, for well did I know all that you and he were enduring."

Again the writing stopped, and, after a moment, Uvani said :

"I did not intend to go further, Madame."

I had been realizing to the full my utter inability to make the pencil move, and I replied : "You are controlling me very firmly."

"We must of necessity, for it is imperative you should respond to the faintest touch."

"By touch, you mean : as you control my mind, so must my hand respond ?"

Uvani answered : "Yes. And in addition you are feeling vividly the presence of us who control. There is no slightest doubt ?"

There was the familiar pause again, and after I had spoken, Uvani continued :

"This is more wearisome, perchance, for you, when instead of swift movement you are continuously called upon to answer ; but it is a rare gift, this form of mediumship, and we work hard desiring to perfect that which is already a beautiful thing.

"Your lord is here, ready to take the helm."

From the foregoing talk I was prepared for Uvani to speak when I was with Mrs. Garrett that afternoon, but my husband alone came, his control of her being—as always—marvellous. Knowing as I did that nothing must be said by me that could influence the medium's mind, I did not mention what Uvani's intention had been. My husband spoke to me, however, about all that Uvani and Abdul Latif had been doing, and I knew that I had my proof, and that the same personalities who spoke through Mrs. Garrett came also to me. But I did wonder whether the writing of that morning had come, to some extent, from my own subconscious mind.

Late at night this was written :

"Frank is with you. Uvani is here. Will you write ?" The pencil ceased to move, and then went on : "I stopped because Uvani smiled and said : 'Madame is doubtful about Uvani, seeing that, as has aforesaid happened, his plans came to nought. I beg you therefore to ask her if she will permit the coming ?'"

I said : "Is Uvani really saying that, or do I sometimes write all manner of things myself ?"

Frank answered : "You know you can't write yourself. Try now."

So I tried, and after I had sat for a little while with an unresponsive pencil, he went on :

"You see, it is impossible. Will you write for Uvani ?"

I said : "Of course I will. Will you ask him to come now ?"

"Madame, will you forgive Uvani ? It is indeed Uvani who wrote, saying he intended to speak."

"And then ?"

"I perceived the inability——"

"That your medium would be unable to sustain too long control ?"

"Yes. I saw that she was overtaxed ; therefore I said to your lord : 'The time has come for your talk with her you love.' " He then assumed the control.

I replied to this : "Uvani, I should have been very unhappy if you had come first, and there had been no more power left for him. But I thought something was going wrong with what had been written through me, and was troubled."

"I knew you were troubled. You thought that confusion had arisen ; that what was written was through your own volition ; that Uvani had not intended the coming. Now listen, for I greatly desire to talk to you. The medium has been doing much work, during her sojourn away, of a quite different order. Now she returns to such as was always done ; but it takes time for all to regain its smoothness. You yourself perceived

yesterday that it was not so easy for your lord—that the power was waning. It is not good then to change control.

"What we shall do is this. At all times must your lord take precedence, yet shall I come."

"To complete our tests, Uvani ?"

"I have said, and what I have said I will perform. Your lord shall always have you to the fullest extent ; I, coming as I have done heretofore, but staying only a short time. And, on occasion, should longer speech be necessary, we will request White Eagle, or perchance Lucio, that they will lend their own.

"Now I leave you, for there is work to be done. I have left for a brief space my instrument."

"Is she in trance, Uvani ?"

"She is for a short time controlled by another. With all blessings I leave you."

During the next week we had four cross-tests through the three different mediums. These finally removed any fears that part of what Uvani had written had come purely from myself. Before a sitting with Mrs. Cooke on June 27th, he had told me he would take direct control. This, however, did not happen, but after my husband had had a long talk with me, Uvani transmitted what he wished to say through White Eagle.

This had reference to the two occasions when Uvani had been unable to speak through Mrs. Garrett :

"Uvani is here. He calls you 'Madame', and says he told you that he would be here and would speak. He says : 'My lord has had his say. I am pleased that he was able to fulfil his promise.'

"Uvani is saying there is something that he wishes to make clear. He has spoken to you through his other medium many times. I think he is trying to say that something has been unfortunate, but that it will be arranged soon. He says you were disappointed, but that you are not to feel so, for it will be worked out ; and he wants you not to be influenced or affected by the significance of things with regard to his medium if, when the opportunities come, he is unable to do as he wants. Uvani also says that he has done a good deal of work through you and brought much evidence."

The next day, during my third appointment with Mrs. Garrett, Abdul Latif came first. The previous day he had told me definitely he was coming, and, immediately the medium was in trance, he spoke to me. He was followed later by my husband, the evidence given during both controls being magnificent, as it had been during the first two sittings also.

It was thrilling to hear the sonorous ringing tones of Abdul Latif's voice :

"Madame. It is good indeed to have this opportunity of speaking through the medium—she who, having just returned from across the mighty ocean, knows nought of what you do, and through whose agency did I first commune with you. I am here to say that through the instru-

mentality of your hand do I make my own appearance possible. Many times have I come to you through your own mediumship. I am always privileged in being able to assist.

"Above all things I have tried to make you feel I could look after the boys, that I am experienced in the countries they are going through, that I can help them in the by-ways of life. I knew you would be so bereft, so lonely, and that anything which we might do to bring you nearer one another would be a joy, a pleasure. I desire only good shall come near them ; that there shall be no unpleasantness when they go where all manner of strange things exist, and where they come in contact with native life. Your boys are well ; well thought of, vigorous, active ; and in every way doing credit to you and to their father. I want your elder boy to write ; to write of many things of travel and adventure ; to produce something of great worth.

"Now I also want to tell you this—that I am a constant visitor to your abode, and that the promise I made to you and to your children I carry out. In all ways I care for you and for them, and—you have my word—I shall ever be with your children and with their children's children."

Abdul Latif then went on, without the slightest hesitation, to speak of what he does when writing through me, and of the proofs he had given through other mediums. I had been very ill for a few months and he showed the clearest knowledge of every symptom. Without my leading up to it he gave me details about Ronald and Bill. He spoke of the way in which he depicted their doings to me in writing, and left me no doubt that it was the same Abdul Latif who had talked to me so often during the past eighteen months, now speaking to me again through another source, and upon the same wide range of subjects. In addition to these personal matters, there was amazing evidence given about a woman who had died some months earlier—a friend of mine, but of whom no thought was then in my mind. Abdul Latif suddenly spoke of her, and showed the same inner knowledge of her as he does of us—of her life, her people, her death, and the circumstances surrounding it. After this, during the next six months that Mrs. Garrett remained in England, Abdul Latif often spoke to me through her for a short time.

Uvani came to me three days later through Mrs. Garrett, and on the preceding day through Miss Francis also. On the morning of this day (June 30th) he simply said, when writing : "Now, shall I speak with you this day ?" to which I, thinking of the sitting to come with Mrs. Garrett, replied : "Uvani, before we have our tests complete, it will be necessary for you to come through your own medium." Uvani answered : "I will, but your lord must never be disturbed."

It did not surprise me to find that when Miss Francis was in trance Uvani controlled throughout. He spoke a great deal of the work he does through me, and when talking of my husband did so in exactly the same manner in which he speaks of him through Mrs. Garrett. Suddenly he remarked : "I am looking after the boy who has gone alone. What matter if he be the only one with a skin that is white ?"

Bill was just at that time preparing to leave for Tibet also, and was taking only a native servant with him, so my thoughts flew to him. But

in order to see what would be said, I asked : "Which boy are you speaking of ?"

"The boy who is going into the wilds ; not the one who is there already. He is guarded. He has within himself the great assurance that nothing can hurt him. I do not mean by that that he is saved from the experiences he must have (by those experiences his manhood is proved), but within himself is that security by which he will have the knowledge that all is well."

Uvani then impressed upon me, as he had done on other occasions when carrying out a cross-test with this medium, that he was speaking through Miss Francis merely to show it was possible for him to do so ; that it was simply an experiment performed through the courtesy of Lucio ; and that he would never speak to anyone else through her agency.

Just before my appointment with Mrs. Garrett the following morning (July 1st), Uvani wrote :

"You have a prayer in your heart, and this shall have its answer this morning."

"Are you going to do the cross-tests today ?" I asked.

"I have heard and I have understood."

I then said : "Uvani, will you see that your medium goes into trance very quickly, so that my husband will have plenty of time ?"

"I will arrange."

"And you will be pleased to give this further proof ?"

"I shall be glad."

I asked : "Were you happy in speaking yesterday ?"

"Madame, I was very happy. I talked long, and spoke to you of many things ; yet will I, the Uvani portrayed as first you knew him, have infinite joy."

"You mean when you come again through your own medium ?"

"I shall have joy in giving all I can. Then shall your lord come, for well I know you would be bereft did he not come. I will do this that I have said."

Mrs. Garrett went quickly into trance and Uvani took control, remaining a short time only and going straight to the point. He was, as he had always shown himself through her, his distant and remote self, but at the same time displayed a complete knowledge of all he had been doing with me. I took down full notes of what he said :

"It is I—Uvani. Peace be with you, and in your life, in your walk and on your household."

"Madame, your lord has permitted that I should come and speak, that I may say unto you how happy I have been in being allowed to share your joys and sorrows during such time as I have been unable to speak through this my vehicle. I am rejoiced to know that, partly through my endeavours, you have been able to recover from the annihilated feeling that, bereft of all you love, you would have had ; and that you have had brought to you the consciousness of your beloved ones. Not only your beloved in the spirit life, but of your boys in this life."

"I am happy in that I am permitted to speak with you direct. I am able to transmit my thoughts into some of the chambers of your mind, and to get that knowledge transferred unto yourself through the muscular

movements of your hand. I have been able to let you know many things.

"Your lord, a man of blood and strength, proud, determined, allowing none to say him nay, appeals and ever has appealed to my race. Always has he been very kind to Uvani, tendering ever his gracious thanks for anything that has been done. When the time came for your sons to leave your side, he said : 'Uvani, I know my wife will be very lonely, her two boys whom she loves torn from her.' I agreed that this was so. Your lord understands that we are human beings who have worked a little ahead of him. We naturally try to give the woman he loves some little comfort, and have found that, in moving from place to place, time and space do not impede us and we can give you news. All that we know we let him see, and he is a willing pupil. We have much practice, and he is very competent. For you four, who are all bound together by love, there is no separation. This you now recognize.

"You also well know that I, Uvani, have come to you many many times, always seeking to give you all aid. It was even so before my instrument left. I tried to let you know I was there, sending word through others. . . . I will stay no longer, Madame. Your lord is here."

And then Uvani left me.

There was an absolute stillness before my husband spoke, after which came one of those perfect talks which are always possible with us through this medium.

Later, in writing, Uvani referred to what he had said through Mrs. Garrett :

"It is again Uvani. You have been satisfied. I was able to tell you, though in so cold a guise. You understood my heart spoke more than did the tongue. Yet have I told what was required ; that through different controls have I spoken ; that I have given evidence that I control you, writing through your hand ; that with your lord we acquaint you of your boys ; and, Madame, that which I have promised has now been brought to pass."

I said : "Uvani, I was so thankful to hear all you said through your own medium."

"I was aware, and it was necessary that the final proofs were given. You marked, Madame"—there was a little pause here, and then the writing went on—"that it was indeed the aloof and cold Uvani who spoke those words ?"

"I did indeed."

"Such as was said in the script ?"

"That you would be as you first were when I came to you, Uvani ?"

"Even so, the same ; and that being so, you have now a long continuance of proofs given not only by Uvani but by Abdul Latif. Never more will there be doubts. And this morning we do some seeing. Therefore get me the books."

What Uvani now gave me—a picture of Ronald climbing up a very steep precipice—had happened on June 28th. Bill was seen in a train, and this, with the exception of one detail, was quite correct. When Uvani had finished telling me of these things, he said :

"I saw clearly, and trust, when verification comes, these visions will be proved, that at the time I gave you of them they did occur.

"Now, Madame, some day when, again speaking through the vehicle, you come to your lord, I, taking with his permission some few moments, shall acquaint you with other matters, for always there is much that I would say—would give you. . . . You are thinking ?"

I answered : "I was just at that moment thinking of when you spoke through your own medium, telling me coldly and dispassionately what you had been doing ; and I was wondering if you felt like that, or purposely appeared to be so ?"

"I knew that such thoughts were in your mind. Remember, at no time do I show emotion through her instrumentality ; especially where such emotion is personal. At times, speaking to you of your lord, endeavouring that you be comforted, did I let softening occur ; but the Uvani you first knew was ever cold, ever unmoved. He gave no indication of his feelings, and, doing as had been promised, came to confirm in his own way."

I replied : "Yes, I understand. And I was and am very happy. Did you, however, really feel just as aloof as you seemed ?"

"I had decided on the action I would take, therefore I spoke those words as I knew they should be given, pleased to the depths of my heart that you were, after all the patient waiting, getting such as you desired : the complete confirmation of what I had been doing. There has been full and perfect confirmation given you of the control of you by Uvani.

"For the present I leave you, and may God the Great One guard you, your lord, your sons."

VIII

ONE day when Uvani had been writing through me, I asked : "May I talk to you ?" to which he replied : "I shall be honoured," and then waited until I had told him that I had received a batch of pictures back from Bill with his comments upon them.

Uvani said : "I am very glad. How go they for correctness ?" and I answered : "Some quite correct, some partly so, and some in which the time is quite wrong and the facts quite correct."

"Thereby showing how difficult a thing to synchronize the time. We see, thinking that it has been entrapped at the moment at which we are speaking to you. Then when the verification comes is it discovered that we saw before or after. Yet this very fact adds interest, and there are also times when the seeing is of extreme correctness. I am so happy when it is the right visioning. Not alone I, but all we who work together rejoice, for not only is it rare that this should be done, but the joy given to you is great. And it is for this we strive, that you, mother to these boys, should be kept from loneliness."

I said : "Uvani, it is strange that three pictures given which spoke of Billy riding should have been wrong. He says, however, that riding was very much in his thoughts just then."

"I cannot say, Madame. It is as though the happening had occurred ; but at times the pictures are perchance taken from the mind of the boy and shown to you. And it must therefore be that we strive yet more earnestly that we see but actual deeds, for thoughts are not what we endeavour to collect. Sometimes, too, the visions slip from firm grasp, and we see what is about to be done perhaps at some future date. It is not easy grasping time between two planes ; and in addition do we try to grip the different times upon your earth, therefore on occasion do we sadly err. I am rejoiced, however, that the results are so good."

On July 13th, Uvani's picture of Billy was correct in both time and details, while the one he gave for Ronald was, so the latter said, a good picture of what happened on May 9th. It was therefore more than two months out in time. I will give the one seen for Bill.

10.20 a.m. July 13th, 1933.

"Madame, this is what is even now taking place. The boy Billy is looking far away across mighty scenes, mountains, gorges, torrents, precipitous places. He stands rapt. There are others who stand also, patiently waiting his bidding. For a sign by which he will know when I saw him, tell him the man who has the ordering of these others approached him, asking whether they should proceed, to which the boy Billy replied : 'First tell me what is that which lies in the distance' ; the other man responding."

A long pause came while I waited, and then I asked : "Is that all, Uvani ?"

"No, for this man is given the implements which make all clear when from a distance he gazes through them, and then with respectful thanks once more he returns them unto the boy, who also looks. That will, I think, be sufficient for Billy."

Billy says :

"On this morning I was up at 4.30 a.m. to take photographs of Chumolhari, a wonderful peak rising above the Phari Plains to 25,000 feet ; or a sheer 10,000 feet straight off the plains. The early morning was the only possible time, as clouds always come up later, so there I was at work. Suddenly, looking to the south-west, I saw a group of peaks towering up over the near-by hills. Rapidly summoning Nim Temba and giving him the binoculars, I demanded what they were. He pronounced them to be Kinchinjunga—a good hundred and fifty miles away." (Nim Temba was the one servant Bill had with him—the other men being coolies.)

On July 16th, Abdul Latif, after talking to me about other matters, wrote : "Would you feel able to take such visions as I can give you of your beloved boys ?" I said that I should love to have them, to which he replied : "Then get me the books."

I did what he told me and the following pictures were given. Ronald's, as usual, came first.

10.30 a.m. July 16th, 1933.

"Madame, this I have correctly seen. The elder boy is busily engaged in taking calculations, the while those with him stand beside him. Four are there—Mongolians.

"He, your boy, is at the base of some high hills with flowers round

them. Very much are they surrounded with blooming plants, the part in which they are being shaped as it were cup-wise in a valley, hills surrounding. I see Ronald stand with an instrument through which he takes careful note.

"He looks well, this boy, thin, virile and active. He has nought wrong. Many are the dangers he encounters, many are the hardships."

"He brushes them aside as one who sees them not. Truly is he well protected. I see much of this boy. My heart goes out to him."

There was a pause, and I asked : "Abdul Latif, have you finished ?"

"No, for I desire to see more. As I looked I saw him move to one native who stood apart, and speaking to him did Ronald bid him bring some part of the instrument such as was required. I think he may remember this, for the man in moving tripped."

"Was he hurt ?"

"He, putting out his hand, caught another and nought occurred. Madame, the young boy's book."

Ronald's comments on this are :

"This clearly refers to Chutong, a camp surrounded by masses of rhododendrons, and where I noted in my diary that one felt as if one were stuck on the side of a bowl. Although I actually passed through Chutong again on this day, the 'seeing' must be referring to about June 26th, when I took some bearings with a theodolite. The small details I can't remember, but otherwise the picture is excellent."

Then came Bill's picture.

10.45 a.m. July 16th, 1933.

"Let us see what can Abdul give you concerning the young lad ?"

Just then the telephone bell rang, and I asked if I could answer it. Abdul Latif simply wrote, "I await", and as soon as I returned he went on :

"I did, while you were away, give all my attention, desiring that the picture should be of accuracy. Now, this is what I saw. I was at that moment with Billy, this young boy, who stood for some little while deeply pondering, for he did not know whether he would proceed.

"I saw him look, wondering whether the weather would be kindly or would prove inclement, therefore making it advisable to remain."

"What sort of a place is he in, Abdul Latif ?"

"It is, where he is, a place in which there are some small dwellings, and shelter could be afforded, but the boy prefers to push onwards. He says : 'We should make the next encampment without difficulty.'

"Is he saying that to a man with him ?"

"He turned and spoke these words. The man respectfully intimating it would be better to pause, the boy acquiesced, this seeming to Abdul Latif the wise course."

Bill's remarks about this are :

"In the valley of the Timbarub Chu, on the road from Phari Dzong to Gyantze. The picture is quite correct. There was a storm over the mountains, and as the march would in any case be short, it made little difference if we delayed for a while until the weather should clear."

The next picture I am giving is also for Bill and was seen by Uvani. It was right. I was very ill at this time ; but whether my own physical condition affects the accuracy of what is told me is something I have not been able to decide.

5 p.m. August 8th, 1933.

"I have told you, your big boy lies fast asleep. I have turned my eyes to where lies the young lad."

Uvani stopped, and I asked : "Is he asleep too ?"

"He too ; yet, as I stood looking upon him (for, Madame, this have I done in one small 'flash'), I saw him rouse from his slumbers. He was in a wooden hut. The rain beating upon it penetrated, and having caused him discomfort, he awoke. He for a moment collected his thoughts, then called to one who lay outside the room, bidding him assist. They have moved the bed on which he endeavoured to repose, and once more he lies in some degree of comfort. I heard also strong expletives issuing from the young boy's lips, this being but natural."

"And he is well, Uvani ?"

"He is well, hardened to the life, and contented. You may truly feel peace."

From Bill :

"There was a thunderstorm on this evening. We were at the monastery of Pamayantoo near Nepal. Far away below, to the south, were the lights of Darjeeling, seven long days ahead. The roof leaked abominably, and it was necessary to shift my couch, which exposed me to the assaults of thousands of ravening mosquitoes."

Here is a picture for Ronald from Uvani, showing an event which had occurred three weeks earlier :

6 a.m. August 22nd, 1933.

"Madame, your boy was busily engaged in making vast preparations. He had in his hand a vessel used for the cooking." Uvani stopped for a moment as though he were looking further, and then said : "And by him had he sundry articles——"

There came another pause, and I replied, "Yes, Uvani," after which he said slowly : "Which were of food. These he gathered together, making a savoury dish into which he put all that he could think of which would add variety to their diet. He was assisted by three followers, who were much intrigued, laughing gaily, pleased to be pressed into service. Much seriousness, however, was observed over the actual dish. Appetites grow sharp in wild places. Your boy was deeply engrossed. I stood watching, seeing all as it took place."

"Were you there for just a little while ?"

"Not for very long. The hour was that at which the evening meal is taken. I sought to see while the boy was yet awake."

"Uvani, was it to-day, do you think ?"

"I think so. Sometimes you know how difficult co-ordination of his time with yours is. Yet do I think you will find the time corresponds nearly with your own."

"Except for discomforts which necessarily attend this life, there is nothing wrong. He is well and vigorous."

Ronald's comments are :

"This is an excellent picture of July 29th, when with three coolies I was journeying up the valley of the Chong Hung Chu. Food was a serious problem, and we were all four much engrossed that night in making a savoury mess of rice, chillies and bracken fronds. The natives were amused by my tiny cooking-pot."

On August 26th both Abdul Latif and Uvani gave me their version of seeing Billy in a train ; and this turned out to be correct, for the finish of his journey into Tibet had come, and he was on his way back to his regiment. The accounts of the boys' doings continued to come in this way, steadily and regularly, and I give only a fraction of what was seen and what I was continuously told in the way of ordinary conversation. The next picture shows how the events of two days were sometimes seen within a few minutes of each other as in a news film.

10.5 a.m. September 6th, 1933.

Uvani.

"I see the elder boy who, having arrived at the end of a long journey, now seeks both rest and refreshment. I see him taking off his boots, his socks."

I felt very anxious and said : "Uvani, are they still serviceable ?" ; to which he replied as though reluctantly : "I see they are of heavy make. I think, Madame, they have seen much service."

I asked : "Then are his feet suffering ?"

"I think his feet at times have had suffering. I also feel that by now are they duly hardened. I wonder : would it not be better to allow the feet more freedom ? I see the people of the West encasing their feet so that when the need arises they are not ready."

"I must continue, however. The boy, having removed his foot-gear, now proceeds to wash his feet—which will greatly help. I see preparations for a meal. There appears to be something which is palatable, and the boy is hungry. He will do justice to this rough fare."

Ronald intervenes at this juncture :

"Down to this point the seeing is quite correct. A trying march this day over the worst path I've ever struck. On getting into a hut I took off my boots and stockings and washed my feet on account of leech bites. I was having a certain amount of trouble with my feet, as my one pair of boots was in a bad way."

But the picture continued as follows :

"This is the complete picture. The small gathering of wanderers ; a bleak hillside, but the little camp is in a spot affording shelter ; the boy Ronald sitting apart ; some men moving. There is a fire, and round it are figures ; these attend to the making of some repast. Near Ronald sits another who is white. I see him lying down."

Uvani stopped for a moment. "They are well. I will see if there is aught else. You will say unto your boy this : that Uvani saw him take his box in which are pictures made, and essay to bring one into being."

"Has that last sentence come correctly, Uvani ?"

"It is correct. Now, have you the young boy's book ?"

Ronald goes on with his annotations :

"This second half can only refer to our first camp on the Burma side of the pass (August 27th—31st). I took several photos there and the description of the scene is right."

Bill's picture, as described directly after, showed him playing a game at this time. This was correct in substance, but Uvani said it was one played with an 'implement', whereas it was in reality a game of football.

IX

As I gather together something of what has happened to me in the course of the last twelve years, I think of the fear that so often clutched my heart and the truly merciful manner in which it was quickly taken from me ; not only when I was talked to through myself, but also when I was spoken to through the wonderful mediums I have mentioned. It is true, as I said in the beginning of this book, I was kept happy during those long weeks and months when I had to be without news from my boys ; but none the less at times I suffered torments of suspense. Always when this took place I heard about them immediately, and then the terror would go, and I could be happy again.

One day this awful fear came over me when Frank was telling me about Ronald. I was sure that the place he was describing was infested with poisonous snakes, and that Ronald was in danger. As you will see, in the picture I give next, Frank reassured me ; but on Ronald's return home, when he read what had been written, he quietly remarked : "That was the day on which I was bitten by the Russell's Viper." When he said this, again my heart seemed to stand still, wondering how I had come to be told wrongly. There must have been a veil drawn over Frank's eyes, as there was over mine, for when I asked him about it, he simply said : "I could see nothing wrong, and no snakes ; only that Ron was there, and that he was being kept safe."

12.20 p.m. September 13th, 1933.

Frank.

"Ron is well. He is quite sound and safe, but having a very hard time. He is going through very wretched country where they have all sorts of difficulties. He is sometimes struggling for hours to do one small march."

I asked : "How long will that sort of thing continue ?"

"Not very much longer. They are making headway. The country just where they are now is very thickly wooded."

"Is it full of dangers ?"

"None that will affect him or the other man. I can see, though, that they sometimes have to wade knee-deep."

"In what ?"

"Undergrowth."

"I am thinking of snakes."

"There are none."

"But surely where they are, in a dense forest, there must be."

"None which will harm them ; they are all right. I can see, and very shortly they will be out of this part. Then the country is much more open. He will be having an easier time."

"Are his legs well protected ?"

"Yes. He has them well bound up. They all have. They are all right. Now there is a little bit for Bill."

Ronald says :

"The description of the country we were in at this time is good, and, as Frank says, a few days later the going became much easier. He is, however, wrong in stating that there were no snakes in the undergrowth, as there were large numbers of them ; and indeed on this very day I was bitten by one, a Russell's Viper."

(Ronald had by this time left Tibet, and was now journeying through Upper Burma).

Billy's picture, given immediately after the preceding one, was right both in time and detail.

5.30 p.m. September 17th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I saw Billy, who is travelling again in a train. This drew up at a station. Billy got out and walked up and down, and had a look into another carriage. Then he went back to his walking, and presently he met a man and stopped. They talked to one another, and looked at a party of natives. Then the train showed signs of moving, and they jumped on board. The man was in Billy's carriage then. After that I didn't see any more."

From Bill :

"Friday, 15th, returning to our carriage after breakfast. Otherwise quite correct. This man was just back from leave. Funnily enough a friend of Sir H. L.'s, but I forget his name."

11.20 a.m. September 20th, 1933.

"Madame, Uvani is here. You had some thought ?"

"Only this. I suddenly wondered what you would talk to me about ; whether you ever wonder what it will be."

"No more than the stream taking its course, talking as it goes. Always do I know that as we begin so does the thought come, and that thought leads on to another. I think we will first have a picture."

There was a short interval while I brought Ronald's book, and then Uvani went on :

"I have a very vivid, very clear picture. I see the boy Ronald. It is, I think, caught at the same time as this of yours, yet as you know (time being a great difficulty) it may be slightly varied."

"He has been marching these many miles. He was traversing the hilly places where many difficulties lay in his path, these taking the steady head, the courage to negotiate. I, however, see him now in such a perfect setting. Madame, would I could make you see your boy with my eyes, yet will I to the best of my ability paint this that I see."

"Picture to yourself your loved boy. He is beside a small and crystal

lake—so beautiful is it. It lies like a sapphire, fringed with growing plants. There are trees mirrored in its depths ; and all around are bright flowers. The sun has not yet sunk to rest, and there is in the heavens the gorgeous colouring which is seen only in the eastern sky. It is very beautiful.

"The boy, making part of this picture, accords well. He is in appearance tattered, and his clothes very shabby, yet does the wildness of the scene accord, his followers being part also of the whole. He sits, your boy, resting from the toil. He never spares himself. The white man, his companion, is approaching."

"Are they making camp where they are ?"

"I see tents which have been erected. I think this betokens a lingering. Now so clearly do I feel the innate well-being of your boy. Have no cares, remembering all goes well."

Ronald has this to say :

"I can't answer exactly for the date, but one evening at Nogmung, between the 20th and the 22nd, B. C. and I remarked how still the river was just in front of the windows of our hut, and that it looked like a lake, especially as, owing to all the trees and bushes on its banks, we could only see a little stretch of water, about fifty yards long, without a ripple on it. And on this evening, whichever it was, we saw the only really beautiful sunset we had seen up to that date."

"We had no tents at this time, but were sleeping in bamboo and thatch huts. However, it looks as though Uvani's mention of tents was allegorical. In any case, we stayed several days at Nogmung."

The next picture I am giving is one from Uvani for Bill, who was on a musketry course.

11 a.m. October 4th, 1933.

"He has been much occupied. The shooting, which is given with regularity, takes time. Then there is writing appertaining to this which must be done, after which, on occasion, does one who is well versed in the subject deliver unto the boy and his fellows oratory. All this serves to keep Billy's time occupied ; but being so full of love of movement (his desire being always for that) he also does many things which are play. When I saw him, he was starting out for that purpose."

"He was about to go to a gathering where both men and women congregate. They were arrayed in apparel which was for festive wear. The boy Billy walked beside a young girl who was fair of face. I want to say, Madame, this gathering has taken place to-day. Around the house, which is imposing, are very lovely flowers ; there are many trees ; all is beautiful."

Bill says :

"About this time, I was firing on the range, so Uvani is quite right. Also about the party and the girl ; but I'm afraid that she, although fair of face, had no attraction for your son ! She has gone now."

There had been, of course, a 'seeing' for Ron also. This, as so often happens, had come in two parts, and the events had taken place from eighteen to twelve days earlier.

10.21 a.m. October 8th, 1933.

Uvani.

"This is what I see. Ronald full of life and vigour. He has impressed his men with instructions, saying unto them : 'Go to the place about which I have told you. I myself will be there before you.'"

"I see these men nod their heads. They make respectful salutation. I see them turn to one side. They hoist their loads with much grunting. Then they go off."

"I now see your boy, who is so well loved by you, turn also. He goes swiftly into a hut, and picks up a large bundle which he himself proposes to carry. Then I hear him call, and a very old native enters the hut, salaaming with great humility. The lad Ronald, addressing him kindly, gives him money."

"I now see that there is one native, superior to those carrying loads, who awaiteth Ronald. He is prepared to follow him. I want, Madame, that you have an easy heart. Your boy is well. He has found what his heart desired."

Ronald says :

"A perfect picture, but twenty days late exactly. It refers to the last march into Nogmung, which, in its turn, is four marches from Fort Hertz. The caretaker of the hut in question was aged, and having sent on the coolies, I sent for him and paid him for some eggs and a chicken he had let us have. The superior native would be Pinzho, my servant."

10.35 a.m. October 13th, 1933.

H. A. K. for Ronald.

"He has been having any amount of exercise. I see that he has returned after a long day's fishing. I can also see that he has been very fortunate."

"Has he brought some back ?"

"He has got a huge fish. Two of the natives are carrying it. I know the boy is perfectly happy. He has that wonderful sense of freedom he always longed for, and, with it, that glad feeling of having been able to get to grips with the world, putting out his strength, making use of all that has gone to give it to him."

Ronald says :

"This must refer to October 20th, being therefore one week early. I got my largest mahseer on the evening of the 20th (corresponding in time to about 11 a.m. in England). It was hung from a pole carried over the shoulders of the two boatmen. I had been having a lot of exercise, especially that day, this fishing being particularly energetic work among the great boulders on the bank of the Mali Hka."*

In a picture given by Abdul Latif for Ronald on October 23rd, the date was wrong, but the events coincided with his march into Fort Hertz from Nogmung (about fifty miles) from September 23rd to the 24th. Abdul Latif's picture of Billy, given fourteen minutes after he began Ronald's, was correct. I am giving the latter only.

11.45 a.m. October 23rd, 1933.

For Billy.

"He is standing. A letter has been handed him. He has beside him a

* Mahseer is the name for a large species of carp caught in the rivers of India and Burma.

man who is of inferior station, also a soldier. The man awaits. I see Billy giving the matter thought. He now turns quickly. He goes to a room wherein is a table upon which are those articles requisite for writing. Sitting down, the lad quickly pens reply. He gives the missive to the man. I now see the man, saluting, has retired."

To this Billy says :

"Time and everything is correct. The Mess havildar brought a note to me as I got in from parade, and I hurriedly sat down and answered it. Very good !"

The next picture was also seen by Abdul Latif, and although, in addition, he gave a correct one for Bill, I will put in Ronald's alone. Ronald's comment was that, as far as it went, it was a good picture of the march from Hkamho to Masum Zup, especially in view of the fact that it was described as being 'beside' jungle rather than 'through', since for most of the way the jungle was only on one side of the path. This march took place on October 30th, and the picture was therefore one day early. 11.15 a.m. October 29th, 1933.

"We now write concerning the boy. He today has been covering ground which is hilly, and with water pouring in cascades down the sides of these hills. They have passed several. In the distance could they see further hills. Also they have walked beside jungle.

"I think Ronald has keen interest in safari taken in all its aspects. In every respect he has love of all sport. The disagreeable side which to you presents itself in terrible form, to him is nought. He seizes each opportunity, every work he undertakes.

"I was present when your lord, in his tender way, told you that we, who have so many times inscribed, could never relate to you those dangers, those grave perils through which the boy went ; nor when the young boy journeyed. Our pencil would have faltered, for we could not give bruises to that so loving heart. I do wish to tell you that, notwithstanding those perils about which we kept silence, your sons are guarded. This you already know.

"They have been cared for, they have been given confidence and strength, and our little pictures" (there was a cessation of writing for a few seconds, and then Abdul Latif went on) "have kept you happy and at rest. Also, in the seeing we observed truth. At times it may be the visions went awry. Sometimes the focus is dim."

X

THE following story was written through my hand.

"Uvani will talk, Madame, should you so desire. I can still vividly recall those days after quitting the earth plane, my mind a strange mixture of ideas, and having few good deeds wherewith I could feel contented at the use I had made of my time.

"I had led an idle life, sitting ever in the sunshine and happy in possessing sufficient for bodily comforts. I loved many times, or thought I did,

and it was an existence which seemed to me fair and satisfying. I was a soldier and was killed in warfare, being, as was your lord, suddenly hurled from one sphere to the other. It took a long time for me to be made anew, for with all the strangeness of my surroundings and the different world from that which I had dimly thought I would find, I yet had no desire to be other than I was. I saw with reluctance that my life had been lacking in a multitude of ways, but it was not with softened heart I viewed the seeing : I was indignant, vexed, that—like a moving scene—over and over again did it go before me. I saw, and saw so many times, the same scenes vividly portrayed ; here one whom I had treated with cruelty ; there one, shamefully, with no possible justification, taken and abused ; another to whom I had been harsh—and all through was the vision of an insolent, intolerant Arab, taking his pleasures regardless of any who came his way.

"These visions came ever before me, and I was sick of the beholdings. Still there was no wish to be other than I was. I was troubled by none saying : 'You shall do this. You shall do that. Come here and alter that which thou art doing.' I went my way and asked nought of any whom I met.

"I continued for many years in this wise. Perchance I suffered, for the seeing of these visions abated not, and I longed to be rid of them. At last on a day there came to me, when I was sitting remote from others, one who had wondrous strength of countenance and the bearing of a man. His face was kind, and he spoke to me and talked of many things. He knew my life. He spake truly of deeds that had been done. He said that there was much in Uvani of courage and of fortitude in what he had done, and in the manner of his death. There were no words spoken of admonition or reproach, and my heart revived as does the parched earth soften with the precious rain.

"I talked to this man, and told him that, though nothing was wrong, yet was my soul strangely sick, in that such visioning was always with me. I told him more than I had ever before told all in the world put together, and to all he listened, saying little ; yet did I find that as I spoke all sorrows slipped from me, and I knew peace such as had not been mine those many years. I had no feelings then within me of coldness or contempt, only had I a great wish that I might do aught that would pleasure and satisfy the one who was with me.

"And I said to him : 'It is many years since I have worked. Is there in this land such work as I could do with regard to helping, and in being able to fill my thoughts in other ways ?' I waited for his reply, and there was humility within me ; yet had he said no harsh word.

"He said : 'There is much work to be done, and gladly will I tell you of some to be performed.'

"Then did I perceive a poor unhappy soul wallowing in misery, for he was tormented by the visions of his past ; and, as I looked at him, the one who had spoken said : 'I would be happy if you would give aid to this one who suffers.'

"I knew not how to do it ; but I had a stir of pity in my heart, and I said : 'Friend, tell me why you are suffering and in fear.' For a time he could not answer and I waited. Presently, like a dog which has been

whipped and is afraid of further punishment, he crept near, and slowly did he find words with which to formulate his thoughts. Falteringly he told me of deeds which he had done. Dark and terrible had they been.

"I was sorry for this man, and remembered the pictures never ceasing which had haunted me. Therefore I gave him what sympathy lay within me, and he, like me, was strengthened and helped.

"I never had the visionings in the same way again, and from that time had I desire for serving others.

"When I had listened to the burdened heart of him who suffered, I led him away, and presently one who had loved him found him, and joy was in their reunion. He went from me, and I, who had peace in my being, returned from whence I had come. There I saw the one who had bid me, if I would, to give help unto others. He said: 'You have given fresh strength and hope to that poor man, and there are many others. I go to seek them, and would be happy for such aid as you can give.'

"I felt I would do this work for ever more if he so willed. And I followed as he led. Many, many were the paths he followed, and at times he would be in places that were grimly dark and desolate. We worked side by side. There were those who could not listen and who felt nought of our presence, bound still as they were, tied to earth. We continued—the one who took me with him and I—to go about this work, and many were the souls he brought to perfect understanding and the light. In many spheres we went. We went amongst those unable to bear the light, owing to the abysmal depth of their consciousness. That is as it happens. According to the quality and understanding of the mind and thoughts so are a person's actions regulated. When the time comes for the shedding of the body so does the soul wrap itself in the ideas best known to it; and should those ideas be bad and selfish ones so is the time before enlightenment a long one.

"That is how things are. Only the soul knows its own bitterness. Many layers of selfishness and sloth must be removed. Then, when realization is obtained and awakening ensues, bitter indeed is the plight of this soul. For a time, according to the merits and demerits of his life, so does he continue thus; then, like a fruit ripened by sunshine, does sweetness take the place of bitterness, and once more there is rejoicing.

"I had not led what would, for my time and race, be termed an evil life (I was an Arab, and our customs differed from those of yours), but I was very hard, very unyielding, and knew not what pity or forgiveness meant. I was the same after passing through death's gateway. No gentle feeling came close, or any tender thoughts of others. There was no love burning out the dross. I was the same Uvani, Arab, and as such I continued. Therefore, as I have related, for many years I saw the visioning of my life, at first unmoved, and later discomfited, and then wearied to my inmost being by the incessant seeing of the life that I had made.

"Sometimes it so happens that chords of memory are struck in Uvani's mind. He remembers many things. The golden sand, hot in the noon-day sun—the beat of a horse's hooves in swift flight—the feel of a swift Arabian horse between his knees; many are the memories: the love that coursed through his hot veins—the lazy sitting by the tents drowsing in the heat. His mind reverts to those days, far back in reality and yet

short when viewed from here. He sees himself lying without toil, just idling away the moments; content to be alive, yet making of his life no purpose.

"Then the picture changes. Uvani now riding a steed which gives him the keenest joy of mastery, knowing that it will obey his slightest touch. The wild rush through the desert, the meeting of steel with steel, and then—my memory recalls the time when steel responded not, and the sharp rapier bit into the flesh."

I asked: "Was that when your earth life came to an end?"

"Even so. One swift thrust hardly felt, so sharp, so quick the blow; but with it could I feel the sinking into the darkness, the blur before my eyes. As I fell I lay, bleeding my life away."

"Uvani, what did you next know?"

"When next aught was apparent to me, the murmur of voices seemingly quite near; but, when I perceived, I was alone. There was none near me which pleased me, for I did not desire that any should come near me. I wondered where was my steed, where my fellow men. I looked for the wound, saying: 'Surely I have not dreamt? What then has befallen me?' And thus I remained."

"For how long?"

"It seemed to me that the time was very long; and still I wondered, saying: 'Surely I am now dreaming, and will soon awake?' Presently I saw two who drew near, and one, perceiving me, said: 'You are more truly alive now than when you were on earth.' To which I rejoined: 'What part of the earth is this to which I have been brought?' He then replied: 'The earth life which was yours is over. Now will you truly live.'

"And then I knew, but knowing, refused comfort, seeking ever to remain alone. It was not only the loss of the body, but the whole of earth's values. Those, dropping away, left the soul with a strange and naked feeling. If much character has been formed (I speak now as I myself found it) it is not long before the soul is readjusted; but even then, unless love has had its part, there is very great loneliness. The latter I experienced.

"I left none who mattered when I went, and saw nothing of those on the earth world. Until I had passed numbers of years on this side it did not occur to me to seek or find a way; but presently the time arrived and I found with practice I could come near. I found my instrument, and have been able to work with fullness for many. I have told you how this came about.

"I can also work through your instrumentality in an entirely different way, and for this privilege I am very grateful.

"Will you attend your lord who waits?"

XI

"MADAME, Abdul Latif. Greetings. I am come after absence of days. Very pleased am I for having opportunity again to assume control.

"You have been approached seriously by your constant control, Uvani, dear friend to you and yours, saying it were well you no longer kept hidden the knowledge which you have. This, I, Abdul Latif, say also. Without doubt can you, in the mediumship that has been vouchsafed to you, hear those things which we bring you from far regions. Through the love you have for the sons you have borne can we, who are attached to you, bring you tidings. There is also undisputed fact that we clearly commune, we who are allowed the privilege of writing through your hand.

"Now, you will say : 'But why does Abdul Latif also desire to say this that Uvani has already said ?' For this reason do I speak. There is the sure statement of facts that have been proved done through you. This should not be hidden. You have proof that no mortal eye perceived those things who could at that same moment have given you word concerning them.

"I, too, think with Uvani. Let those with wisdom, discretion, discernment, know what does transpire. There is no need for aimless chatter, but you are able easily to commune with us who are in other planes. This is unusual, for we, when you are *fully conscious*, have no difficulty in giving you much that comes from our inner depths. We talk. We bring verification of what has been said through others.

"I say these things knowing well that you are doubtful ; but, if through you we can make an extra mark, this you will permit ?

"Will you that before leaving I give you news concerning the boys ? Then, Madame, will you please write in the books."

I am not giving these pictures, however, but two which came from my husband. Ronald was still away on his journey but was by this time on his homeward way. He had come out of Tibet, so this next picture was seen of him in Burma.

10.35 a.m. October 31st, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I see Ron getting a man out of a very nasty place. It is precipitous. There are narrow paths, deep ravines with hardly any foothold, just enough for one at a time. I see that in crossing a gorge, not wide but formidable, this man slipped. He was pinned in just a little way down. Fortunately, being narrow, it wasn't possible to fall through ; but none the less difficult for him to get out. Ron lay down flat, and tugged him out somehow."

I asked : "Was the man hurt ?"

"He seems very shaken and is lying still. Now he is moving, and I think is perfectly sound."

"How much room is there just there ? Can you see ?"

"Not much. It is wider than in most of the path. They still have some considerable distance to go over this sort of country. Ron is quite untroubled by heights or by depths. I can feel the sense of security."

From Ronald :

"This occurred some time at the beginning of September in the Seinghku Valley. I can't remember the exact date, though I do remember the event. There was a single log, with a tottery handrail, across a swirling stream about fifteen feet wide, flowing ten feet down between rock walls. A doolie

slipped off and fell between two rocks about five or six feet down. I pulled him up. A very good picture."

Here is the one which was given directly afterwards for Bill.

11.4 a.m.

"The picture is equally clear about Bill. He has with him a batch of others. I see him shooting. The others are doing the same. There are also"—(Just then there was a long interruption, when a servant came in ; but, as usual, the writing went straight on as soon as I put my pencil on the paper again)—"men standing by. I can very plainly distinguish Bill because he is now getting up rather excitedly. He has evidently made a good score. He is holding the score and laughing. The other men are looking over his shoulder and patting him on the back. And so have I !"

Harry had been a very good shot in his lifetime and I said : "I think he must have thought of you."

"I know. He very often does think of me. I get it so plainly. It is exactly as I told you : as on earth, when busy in my study, yet, being able to turn away from my work, taking an interest in my three, and then returning to what I was doing. At any time I am with you. The same thing applies to them. Tell Bill I see him and am very proud of him. He is doing well."

Bill says :

"Yes. This is correct. We were on a miniature range out of doors. I can remember the incident well, almost as it is described, only the target was a big landscape one, so we had to walk up to it to see it."

As soon as my husband stopped writing, Uvani came, and in the course of conversation he said :

"I think those pictures which are given by your lord will be found correct. I also having seen."

"The same things as described ?"

"The same. I stood striving to see. The same incidents were apparent to me. When recording please note, that we may properly observe all that goes to the making of earnest vision."

"Can you usually tell ?"

"Not always. I have said to you on occasion : 'I think this picture will be found correct' ; then, on hearing from the young boy, will it be found imperfect. The flaws are many, yet are you kept within the pathway of these sons.

"The little pictures have kept you close, always serving to show some insight into their daily lives. I like such work ; it is so sweet and gracious. We all rejoice when the tidings are received that the clearness of our vision has not been obstructed ; that that which was seen was true."

11.38 a.m. November 5th, 1933.

Uvani.

"Ronald is journeying. He has still some distance to go. He is in a boat."

"By himself ?"

"There are five others. They are on a wide river. I see that they desire to cross ; therefore have they been taken. I see Ronald is looking very well. I also see he carries some packages which he deals with most carefully. He is next to a white man. There are, beside him, three

natives ; but the coolies, laden, are not with them. They are proceeding by separate routes.

"Another point which I can see about Ronald is that he has with him a dog. This sits beside him. It may be one that he has befriended. I will tell you something more."

"About Ronald ?"

"Yes. He has put on, with his outer garb, some white stuff which hangs at the back of his neck, this being a thin substance which will protect him."

From Ronald :

"This was on October 29th, and is therefore a week late. B. C., self, Pinzho, and two boatmen went down the Mali Hka for about three-quarters of a mile to save ourselves some three miles of the path to Hkamho. The dog belonged to one of the boatmen.

"When Uvani says there were five 'besides' myself in the boat, this is obviously a slip, as lower down in the paragraph he definitely shows that he means there are five in all. An excellent 'seeing' apart from the discrepancy in time, and the fact that I cannot recall ever having worn anything on the nape of my neck."

Billy's picture then followed, the time being 11.45.

"Billy is not, as I see him, with his fellows. He is reposing."

"In what way, Uvani ?"

"He has thrown himself across his bed, divested himself of most of his garments and there he lies. He has with him a book."

I felt a little anxious and asked : "Is he all right ?"

"There is nothing wrong, the heat having inclined him to drowse. I think the Western man takes few moments of repose."

"I suppose they do. You mean they have so little time in which to think ?"

"Very little. They violently exercise, which is good ; but repose of thought is also good. I speak, though, as one who has learnt much since my life on earth came to its end."

"Do you say this because you are now wondering where your own thoughts on earth led you ?"

"Yes. I spoke as I did. Then came to me the wonder, and the trend of my thoughts went thus : 'To what purpose did you meditate when you too lived ?' I am unable truthfully to say the purpose was to any benefit, for my thoughts idly wandered, some here, some there, glancing upon the inner recesses of my mind lightly. I think such thoughts were but of small value. None the less, the man who is born in the West lives too much the strenuous life. He would be better could he take what comes less hurriedly, for the beauty of such surroundings as lie around him are thus very often lost. In this respect can I look back, seeing the delights of those things viewed with reflective eyes. The glories of the colouring, the sun rising, the set of the sun, the flight of a bird, even the butterfly who danced. How sweet the remembrance. But we Arabs sat and gazed, so drinking nectar deep into our souls. These things were good.

"Now once more to give you concerning the young boy. He speaks

now unto his servitor. This man has entered. Billy bids him find the raiment which he will shortly wear. Now we write no more in the young boy's book."

Billy sent his comments on this and several others with his letter from Bombay written on November 24th. At the time the picture was written he was in Pachmari, where he had been for a little time.

He says :

"On Saturday night—November 4th—I had driven over to Nagpur (did I tell you ?) to visit some people. We had a very weary drive, not starting till after a late parade at 7 a.m., sticking in a river en route, and finally getting in at two or so in the morning. So, on Sunday, the 5th, I was fairly tired, as you can imagine, and after lunching out took the opportunity of getting some well-earned sleep. The whole thing is correct."

I am putting in this next picture, because it has bearing on what Ronald said in his book *Tibetan Trek*, when he remarked that I had asked him whether he had killed a large snake. This was the reason for my question :

11.20 a.m. November 7th, 1933.

Uvani.

"I have perceived Ronald, who is now very occupied. They have been going through very jungly country. In the undergrowth was there seen a large serpent. I saw Ronald's men start aside, terrified. The boy, coming forward with utmost calm, struck one sharp blow, thus breaking its neck. Then with the same serenity did he say, 'We will take the skin.' He, having much knowledge of the correct method, then proceeded to do this work, the while those with him watched. I now see the skin carried by a man who lets it with freedom be exposed to the sun."

"Wouldn't that have a bad effect upon it, Uvani ?"

"Not so. Much salt having been rubbed into it, the sun will cause it to dry."

"But shouldn't it be pressed ?"

"Presently that will come. At present they are again marching. I must just tell you that the boy was greatly refreshed by the cessation from toil. He is much healed. There were bites, scratches, sores, of which he took but little notice. Now, with attention, he travels with more comfort. I do indeed rejoice this son is well."

From Ronald :

"This has become a little mixed. On this day several Kachins came in with a large python skin which interested me. I inquired how they had killed it, and was told they had struck it in the neck with a spear, being shown the hole. I then gave them a lecture on the correct way to skin a snake, as they had cut it down the back instead of along the stomach, thus making the skin quite valueless to me. The skin was still damp, and they spread it in the sun to dry it.

"We had just halted for ten days at Masumzup (one march back), which had done me a lot of good, as, when I arrived there, I had a big septic blister on my heel. Bites and scratches too, needless to say.

11.45 a.m. November 10th, 1933.

Uvani.

"Madame—Uvani, and it is pleasant to feel the strings so sweetly in

tune. The way is clear. Therefore while we are together I have the small visions to record.

"Ronald is now just arriving at the end of his journey. He has with him seven. These I have been regarding, seeing the man with whom he has made the complete journey."

I thought of his servant, Pinzho, and asked: "Do you mean the native?"

"I mean the white man. He is beside Ronald. I perceive that he has been unable to march with ease. He has therefore been taken as far as possible by conveyance. I must, however, give you some sign. He journeyed in a very large sort of car, which carried many. The goods which were needed were placed therein, also the bearers thereof. Thus was fatigue avoided.

"The car was driven by a native, his aspect villainous, seeing that his countenance was much disfigured; he having had in his time the scourge."

I asked: "What is that?"

"A dread disease also known to you, but by another name. Although you would not be likely to come its way, seeing that the illness is rare. Also did this native seek to bind the boy Ronald to overmuch payment, the boy refusing. He has the correct way in which to handle men."

"Uvani, please tell me how he seems?"

"He is very fine to look at, his body slim, strong, pliant; also in his health he is well. Rest happily."

Ronald speaks at length about this:

"On November 12th we reached Sumprabum. B. C., anything but strong, had done the last seven marches on a pony.

"It had been in my mind to get a lorry, if possible, to transport us en masse to Myitkyina, a hundred and thirty-four miles further on, but this proved impossible as the road was very bad and the bridges could not take anything heavier than a touring-car.

"On the thirteenth morning I left with some of my baggage in a Chevrolet, reaching Myitkyina fourteen hours later. The mechanic was very badly marked with smallpox. There were myself, the driver, and the mechanic in the car. On arrival at Myitkyina, the mechanic asked me for a much bigger tip than I gave, which request I refused. Uvani is wrong, though, in saying that I was well at the time, for actually I was having a bout of malaria, which lasted two days."

Bill says about his picture:

"The scene is perfect, except possibly for one detail. That I can't remember, so am unable to say whether it's right or not."

11.17 a.m. November 21st, 1933.

Uvani.

"Now we see what the boy Billy does. He has first been busy with military concerns, many things having been attended to by him. He is, as I see him, in the attire which is worn in the East. Yes, he has been on duty. Even now he rises to go forth, for there is more he must do. He has been sitting apart with papers, writing, looking within closed books. Now he rises quickly.

"I saw him stop, and, having omitted to place upon himself the belt,

return; whereupon he seized it and withdrew. There is to be some gala (he is going shortly to prepare for this), but not one to which the presence of women is permitted. This will be but for men."

Then Uvani broke off to say: "I know you have something to ask?"

"Yes, it is this: In your lifetime did you ever really talk to women?"

"No, Madame. As you asked me, I saw, and this is what I saw: Myself simply speaking as you would did you talk to those devoid of understanding. I pleased them, saying words which had sweet meanings and which came readily to me, but for talk—what Arab would ever talk with women as he talks with men? To him are women playthings—when beautiful."

"And when no longer beautiful?"

"Then is their lot sad. They are little desired. Sometimes, when they have strength they have considerable power, more especially towards their sons. They give a certain amount of honour unto her who bore them; but, for the others, no woman is happy. Now, we do not write longer."

From Bill:

"This was Monday, November 20th. As described, a busy day. Then I had to dash off and change for a farewell party given by the Khan Bahadur, our contractor."

10.50 a.m. November 26th, 1933.

Abdul Latif for Ronald.

"Now, with regard to the one who has been traversing such wild regions, he is well. I state this: He has been having minor afflictions, but nought that is not responding unto treatment. Therefore always be easy.

"He is within a train. How much we have given you which contains those words, for your boys have done much journeying in these conveyances. More so the young boy, the elder son being in remote places.

"I see now he has been made very comfortable. There are many articles which are placed in this compartment. He is lying full-length. He is, as I see him, fast asleep. In the compartment is one other. He is also sleeping. The day is sultry, and it is good to rest.

"The boy has had acclamation showered upon him. He goes now to the young brother, and their pleasure will be very great. I want you to say unto Ronald this: Abdul Latif desires that he be careful about his leg."

"What is wrong?"

"He had poison, which took its time. I know that this is now infinitely better. Should, however, any trouble arise, let him quickly poultice. He would do well to observe."

From Ronald:

"This is a week late, and refers to the journey from Myitkyina to Rangoon. As far as Mandalay I was alone, but from then on I had another man in the compartment with me. We were well supplied with drinks and fruit, and were very comfortable.

"As regards my leg, for six months I had had a great open sore almost the length of my shin, due to leech bites; and, although this had recently healed, a doctor had warned me to be careful as the skin was not fit yet."

Bill said he was not able to trace what Abdul Latif gave for him. Anyhow, it had not happened on the day on which it was given.

After Bill's picture, there came a complete cessation of writing, and I asked : "Are you waiting for me to speak, Abdul Latif ?"

"Yes. I noticed a question rising uppermost, then being quenched. I await."

"I thought perhaps that what I was going to say was too obvious. It was : that your life was much more flexible than Uvani's. That you had such a diversity of interests."

"I followed such inclinations as came my way. They were many. I had a varied existence, this accounting for the deep interest I still take in all that occurs in this earth world of yours. I left long before I had done what I had hoped to do. I suppose it were strange that I say this, but so often could I wish I had followed those desires, seeing what I could of the further portions, even as has done the lad. I find that interest still remains. It may be the thrill, the danger, that is attached. I have with the utmost interest followed your boys."

"Madame, I am very pleased to have had this small talk."

10.45 a.m. November 28th, 1933.

H. A. K.

"I was with Ron, and suddenly Bill appeared. There were great rejoicings. I saw Bill moved to real excitement. I saw too that both boys are very well, and that Ron is doing splendidly. Bill too. I mentioned Ron as he has more battle-scars."

Ronald says :

"I met Bill in Bombay this day, both very pleased to see each other."

Then Bill's picture, 10.55 that same morning.

"Actually what I have written applies to both boys. I have, however, something definite to say about Bill. I saw him when he awoke this morning. His mind at once flew to Ron's expected arrival. He hurried through his dressing. Then he went along to see whether everything had been prepared."

"For Ron ?"

"Yes. He had a look at a room. Then he sent for his bearer, telling him to do something else. I was near him, knowing very well just what they were both (Ron and Bill) feeling. Then when Billy had breakfasted, he rushed straight off."

"Where to ?"

"To the station. He had some time to wait. Then in came the train with Ron."

From Bill :

"This is magnificent. Date and everything correct, except that I didn't go to the station myself. I had to go to the docks to superintend our baggage. I sent my seryant down instead."

11.40 a.m. November 29th, 1933.

Uvani.

"This is what is seen. Ronald with his brother. He drives with him. They are not within a vehicle driven by the young boy. They sit together, the one who drives being alone. They are ensconced in the seat which is behind."

"I see them pausing. There is a large building. They get out, and, after speaking to him who drives, they go within."

"Now I quite plainly see them approach a man who has dark visage, very stout, and whose station is humble ; but not dressed as are the servitors. They question him. He listens, then, talking volubly, escorts them. I see they are in a vast emporium where barter goes on. They are now standing in front of a long counter which has many bottles upon it. These seemingly are filled with coloured lotions, very pleasing are they. I would also say that there are small packets neatly tied, many articles placed together, all attractive to the eye. And the elder boy has some purchase that must be made. He does not, however, linger, for seemingly there is much that must be done. Therefore he quickly describes that which he desires. He and the young brother hastily take the wrapped goods and depart."

"I now see that they meet a friend. He stops and exclaims joyfully, seemingly well content. And Billy says, for this I most clearly hear : 'Well met, old man ! This is my brother.' He (the one who has greeted them) with great friendliness gives Ronald his hand and proceeds to make much converse, all the time going with them as they walk. They linger not, and I well perceive that time cannot be squandered. They part."

"I now see the two lads once more within the vehicle, which goes beside a pathway from whence the blue sea lies just beside. Very fair is the vista. Then again can I see the boys stop. This time the abode, before which they have come to a standstill, is not of large size. It is a dwelling—there is no height—long, with many adjoining rooms."

"They go in, and wave gaily their hands to one who sees them, calling out salutations. As they enter, I see many men. They are undoubtedly among soldiery. I again see the boys. Now they are in a room which is luxurious. There are many chairs, very soft, and much wrapped in fine coverings ; sundry tables ; all manner of things are here seen by me which are conducive to great comfort."

"Here, Madame, are things greatly changed. In my day were such luxuries unknown. We had soft couches at times, but the life we led as soldiers was hard. The boy Billy, however, having been accustomed to such things from his extreme youth, pays no heed. To the elder boy, all luxury at present seems strange, he having endured life at its hardest."

"You have seen this picture is written equally around the two boys."

Ronald says :

"One day late. This happened on November 28th. It is extraordinarily good, except that it was not Bill I was out with (he being on duty at the time) but T. F. ; and that the paragraph about meeting a friend ought to come after the one about the furniture. T. F. had some things to get at the Army and Navy Stores—among them medical stores for his forthcoming shooting trip in East Africa—and we then drove back in the taxi to Bill's bungalow at Colaba, the road running close by the sea."

"Shortly after, Bill took Tom and myself into the Mess for lunch, and introduced me to some one or other just as described. It is quite a good description of the Mess, which is a bungalow."

10.25 p.m. December 1st, 1933.

Uvani.

"We must quickly inscribe for the boy, Billy. Madame, in your heart you have a wistful longing."

I answered: "Yes, Uvani."

"That both boys might soon be seen. The young boy will be nearer. I see within his mind. He is about to leave the shores of Ind."

Uvani waited for a second or two, and then continued:

"All around there has been much tumult, much overthrown. Many such have ensued which must inevitably occur when armies move. I have watched the young boy. He has multitudinous tasks. There has been the careful bestowing of his possessions, his raiment; then at times has he been sent forth seeing to such duties as have come his way."

"I saw this. He was sent for hurriedly. One bearing his arms came unto him, and, giving salutations, said: 'You are wanted, sir.' The boy having glanced up, seeing who it was that spoke, queried this; but, receiving satisfactory response, gave heed. I heard him give vent to strong language, such as I have oftentimes been acquainted with before."

"And when you hear it, what do you think?"

"Always do I smile. How well do I not know the hot blood, the impatience, which is the heritage of youth. Middle years bring some patience, old age, great calm. Such is life."

"Now we write no more, save this, and as I say this does tenderness come with it. Have no cares. I, who have told you this, can assure you that all goes well. The three who have your heart are in safe keeping."

Bill wrote:

"I can't remember the incident, but this was the day we marched to the ship. Very busy."

On December 1st, 1933 (the day after Ronald left for England), Bill's battalion sailed from Bombay for Port Sudan, *en route* for Khartoum, where they were to be stationed.

There was a very good picture of Ronald's doings given by Uvani on December 5th, but it is very long, so I am only giving the one which came for Billy. The time was 10.45 a.m.

"It is remarkable how the footsteps of these boys do so continually run parallel. There again we have the large vessel making steady progress, and again amongst the throng of those conveyed therein are my eyes attracted by the young boy."

"These are his doings, different in some respects unto those performed by his brother. There are still the doings which make for life among soldiery, the ship showing signs that it be given over to men who are trained for warfare, therefore it is essential much discipline be observed."

"The boy, Billy, is one who has been appointed over them to make supervision. I saw him, in his soldier dress, going below and closely examining into all that these men do. I see he keenly takes note. He is born to lead, this boy."

"Now, again do I perceive him having recreation. He is together with four, and they talk, with much laughter interspersing. There are many people. Much more crowded this vessel than the other." (i.e. Ronald's.) "Billy is pleased that he is again knowing change."

From Bill:

"Yes. I was in charge of one of the troop decks, and responsible for its general cleanliness."

11.45 a.m. December 10th, 1933.

Frank.

"I want to get Ron's time right. This is what he is doing. With a very short girl he is leaning over the side of the boat. They are watching the shores."

I said: "Then they are in the Canal?"

"They have land on either side"—Frank paused for a moment—"and it is a familiar scene. Where they are looking I can see camels. There are men; and all along the banks are little things which interest them."

"Ron is still talking to this girl; but, as I look, there comes an interruption, and he has left her and is talking to a woman who is very much taller. She looks fair. Her hair, which I can't see very well, is certainly light. I see Ron speak to her, but he doesn't remain very long."

"Then I see him running down the companion-way to his cabin. He is hunting for something, and is in a hurry. The next thing I can see is that a steward has come in. He joins Ron in the search, and apparently the missing article is retrieved. Ron took something from him and went up to the deck again. Now I can see him once more with the short girl. I notice that two other girls have come up to them, and they are all talking together. Ron is all right. He looks well."

From Ronald:

"This is quite correct, including the date. I went down to my cabin to get my field-glasses. The three girls mentioned were the ——— sisters."

Only one more actual 'seeing' came for Ronald—another very long one from Uvani—before he reached England. But I continued to be told what was happening to my boy, and on December 16th, 1933, I had him with me again. Occasionally, even after his arrival home, I had word pictures about him; but now, and until we come to the next expedition, I will deal only with some of those which were given me for Bill.

12.26 a.m. December 13th, 1933.

Uvani.

"Billy has reached the shores of this land in which he is for some short period to dwell. He has been sent to where there are good buildings. He is well domiciled, having rooms which are spacious, and in which he has done much already which makes them appear homelike."

"He has some furniture which is thus placed: The narrow bed; then beside a long window there is a chest which bears upon its surface sundry articles; there are many bottles and also pictures; then comes a table bearing sundry other articles, and these are mainly books. Also there is a vast cupboard filled with all manner of clothes. I see two chairs. The bed, facing the window, has the door towards the right."

"There is much sunshine, blue sky. The boy is well situated. Trees are seen. There is much yellow dust, but the boy is quite happy. He likes a life containing varied interests. There are many things which are engrossing him. He has duties which take him far afield."

"I will now, with your permission, take leave."

Bill says to this:

"Actually on this date I was still in the train on my way from Port Sudan, but the picture is a good one of my room in the Mess at Khartoum, so it is some days ahead of time."

11.13 a.m. January 7th, 1934.

Uvani.

"This is not being inscribed in the boy's recording book?"

"No, Uvani, it is finished. There will be a new one tomorrow."

"It is good. But this also is good, so no matter. The boy, Billy, has left the district wherein he now sojourns."

"For a little visit somewhere?"

"He has gone in the motor, that which moves swiftly, nought being apparent as to the means; he having, shortly before I wrote, bestowed himself, two others and a vast array of articles within its interior. They consisted of sundry large packages which contained food, also the wherewithal for shooting small game. Then they, making the car to move with speed, turned happily, calling salutations, for there were many standing in the portals of a large building as they went by. There was with Billy, seated near, a large youth, very plump, his face most full of cheer, his hair dark. He radiated pleasure. Then, seated, surrounded by much that encumbered, a much thinner lad, he also being full of pleasure, his mind, like the others', being filled by anticipation. Now this truly have I seen. A little picture, so slight a thing, yet seen."

Billy, writing from Khartoum, on January 22nd, sends these comments:

"This is excellent. The large building would be the hotel where we stopped to change from my car into the one that eventually broke down. The only thing is we carried no food."

"The large youth would be X. I think Ron knew him. He is plump, but it's amusing to hear him described like this."

"The third, seated in the back, would be Y, very thin and literally overwhelmed by gun-cases, cartridge-cases and so on. An excellent picture. I enclose a snapshot of the two men taken that day. Our pile of birds, about forty, is in front of Y."

There was certainly nothing telepathic in the next incident I give, for as soon as I heard that Bill was bending over someone who was hurt I was seized with a fear that he might have run over a man while motoring, and this fear continued until I was reassured that such was not the case.

10.30 a.m. January 19th, 1934.

Frank.

"I am going to give a picture, so let's have Bill's book. This is what I have just seen, a somewhat unusual sight. Billy, and around him are a number of natives. This seems to be taking place:

"I see Bill bending over a man who appears to have been hurt. He is lying very still."

"Now don't let yourself feel in any way anxious. I know that what has happened had nothing to do with Billy. He suddenly came upon it. A man lying down had evidently been injured. He is a white man. I see Billy looking up from what he is doing. He has called to two natives. They have rushed away. He has taken off his coat and placed it under the man's head. Now I see him bathing the man's head. There is blood upon it."

A long pause came, and I asked: "Can you go on?"

"Yes. I can't see any sign of life in the man, but he is not dead. He must have concussion. There are several more white men. They have lifted the man up and have carried him away."

"And now Billy is doing this. He has wiped his hands with a wet handkerchief. He has started to walk and is going as hard as he can run to some building. I think it is a hospital. Now remember all this had nothing to do with Billy. He was walking by himself."

Bill writes as follows from Khartoum on January 31st, and says that this event was seen twelve days early:

"There was a game of Rugby football on today, and I, not being able to play on account of my knee, went down to watch. Towards the end of the game their wing three-quarter got away, and just as our full back (Corporal G.) was about to tackle him, he leapt in the air, and caught G. on the top of his head with his boot, tearing open his scalp. G. was knocked unconscious, and his head poured blood. The game was stopped. One of the players dashed across for handkerchiefs to bind up the wound, and then I escorted G., who by this time had recovered a trifle, to my car, and dashed him round for first aid in the barracks, and then along to the hospital for stitches."

"The coat incident is not quite correct, as it was two soldiers I sent for his things, and I didn't put them under his head, but this may have been done with someone else's before I came on the scene. I bathed the head later before going on to the hospital. There was a large number of natives about."

10.19 p.m. February 12th, 1934.

Abdul Latif.

"At present, the hour with the young boy being late he lies asleep; yet ere sleep overtook him did I see him. Early during the day was the picture observed."

"He was occupied within the room which—being given over to soldiery—is constantly filled with the members of this army of men. Sitting at a table was one. He has authority over the entire company. He saw first one; then, that man having been dismissed, another took his place; many in their turn, all having that which caused conversation to be forthcoming. Billy was one of those present. He had men concerning whom he had written word. This he read aloud; then was due consideration given, after which the boy, seating himself, wrote more. All this happened. Is it clearly described? Tell the lad, asking for his interpretation. To Abdul Latif did it appear to be a conference at which grave issues were impending."

"After that it was finished, I again had a glimpse of Billy wending his way, walking beside a man tall and slender. They were talking. Billy was going in the car which he drives so often, but was not seen in it by me."

From Bill:

"Sounds very much like C.O.'s office in the morning, trying offenders. I had a case on that morning which went before the C.O. A sentry asleep at his post, and I had to give evidence of how I found him, etc. This I had written down."

"I don't remember the tall man. Hardly one of our officers. I don't think I sat down and wrote."

11 a.m. February 28th, 1934.

Uvani.

"First, let me tell you in brief utterance, the boy (who for the space of some days journeyed across desert) did these things. Taking with him a large body of men were they continuously moving, marching through wide tracts reaching the fertile places wherein good camping grounds were found, water being there in abundance, also shade. They had many ways to traverse which were of rough going, some difficulties to surmount ; but the journey was expeditiously performed. The boy, knowing how to lead, did his duties well. Now for the clear picture :

"The boy is within his own chamber. He is writing, and by him are two lads. They wait, but are impatient, saying unto him it were well he hastened, seeing time is indeed precious. Billy, unmoved, continues. He shows no perturbation. With calm he pursues his avocation. They stand, then, saying they will depart, leave. For one moment he ponders, then going to a large chest he opens a drawer. He looks for some time within. He then extracts an article which is of apparel. He places this upon him ; then, regarding himself in a mirror, he hurriedly goes forth. I see him in swift movement. He pursues the two friends. They are again together and are now entering the car."

Bill sent his version of this with his letter of March 13th, from Khartoum. He says :

"This was my first day home, and I well remember the occasion—though it occurred towards the evening. Had just returned from the Shabluca Gorge desert trip."

Uvani wrote : "There is a great interest in this method : that I can communicate direct ; that the contact made is so complete. With all others must I have an intermediary. With you as medium can my thoughts swiftly reach their goal."

I replied : "But some thoughts are impossible to get through me."

"How to explain ? Madame, as it is in your world, so is it here. There are barriers, is it not so ? Many things remaining unsaid—in that the barriers cannot be surmounted. There are far fewer with the bringing of our thoughts to you ; yet much from this sphere cannot be transcribed in earth terms."

"I meant, Uvani, that sometimes, when you would like to give me news from other people in your sphere for those belonging to them, it is difficult, isn't it ?"

"Yes. For the world are there instruments more fitted for this purpose than are you. For yourself, you have been given a delicate gift. With a vibrant instrument such as yourself, fully conscious while in close touch with this plane, the emotions of those who come are surging uppermost. Thus do you hear much of what lies within the soul of him who speaks ; but, save in the case of yourself, your boys, is the same evidence not given. I would we could combine all within the one person, but this cannot be."

XII

THE time had now arrived when Bill was going into the Libyan Desert, and I knew that after he left Khartoum it was very unlikely he would be able to send me more than the scantiest amount of news.

During the winter months he had learnt from an old Cambridge friend, then in the Cameroons, that a Frenchman, lately returned from an expedition across the central Sahara, had heard rumours from a tribe of Touaregs of a ruined city lying somewhere to the east of the Tibesti Mountains. It was said once to have been the centre of an empire ; now it was engulfed in the desert sands. This traveller, it appeared, had been unable to search for the city through lack of water, but had passed on the information in the hope that some more fortunate person might make his way there.

When Bill was told this he was immediately struck by its resemblance to the stories—persistent in Egypt since the earliest dynasties—of a great capital called Zerzura, lying far to the west of the Nile, but derelict and overwhelmed by the advancing sands centuries before anyone had heard of the civilization of Greece and Rome. This city was said to be stacked with treasure, while in the Palace the King and Queen slept the sleep of the enchanted.

Bill seized this opportunity, too good to be missed. He decided that, if he possibly could, he would make his way across the desert, and search for this 'White City' that had been the goal of explorers for the past hundred years.

His plans matured, and, chance favouring him, he decided to set out in the beginning of April, 1934.

As it turned out, he also was unable to complete his journey, owing partly to water difficulties, when he was nearing the Tibesti region, and partly to the fear of overstaying his leave. These two reasons prevented him from setting out on the final stage over the desert from the last oasis near the Ennedi Mountains. Altogether, during the nine weeks of his journey, he covered eleven hundred and fifty miles by car, and some thousand or so by camel, over a route running from Khartoum to El Obeid in Darfur, and thence to the north-west by camel to Fada Oasis, where he turned back for Abesher and the south. During his wanderings (which coincided for some way with the routes of the well-known explorer Hassenein Bey) he chanced upon an extensive area of Palaeolithic culture, with potsherds and rock paintings in red and white ochre, dating back to 5000 B.C., hitherto unknown and previously unsuspected so far south-west in the Libyan Desert.

I should have been in a continual state of anxiety about Bill had it not been that I always heard about him. Steadily, faithfully, news was given me in addition to the little pictures of his doings, and although sometimes I had a terrible fear that he might be lost in the desert, or unable to find water, always the fear was taken away, not so much by the pictured seeings but because I was always told no real harm would come to him and that he would be kept safe.

2.47 p.m. April 3rd, 1934.

Uvani.

"I am endeavouring to catch the vision of the young boy as you write. The picture comes thus :

"The boy sitting within an apartment with three men. Very spacious is it, but sparse in its furnishings. There is not much which makes for Western comfort. I deem it, Madame, a room more used for the conduction of business. With the boy are three men all engaged in talk—not upon one subject : I see that all manner of ideas come readily to their minds—and while talk proceeds do they have refreshments. Also they indulge in smoke.

"The boy Billy purposes this journey, and these men are in all manner of ways lending their aid. He goes well equipped. Like his brother, these journeyings give satisfaction to his heart. No son of your lord, their father, could live a life of dull repose. This, being a woman who was born to be mother to true men, you will understand, and your reward, Madame, is great, for they have much love for you, therefore are you indeed united.

"Billy is quite sure of his going, calm, resolute. He will do well, and in his going be protected. I have said."

Billy says to this :

"This is a correct picture. Discussing matters with the Camel Corps Officers at El Obeid about going as far as El Fasher in lorries."

4.20 p.m. April 8th, 1934.

Uvani.

"Behold, I will now give you that which I see concerning the young boy. Truly do his present wanderings carry me back to my earth life, desert winds, desert sands, the long travelling. I see before me this scene. It comes clear.

"Billy sitting upon a camel, as one who is well accustomed to the manner of going, so sure he is. There is upon another camel a man who is appointed guide. He too rides. Then upon yet another is a man who has charge of that which appertains to the feeding of the boy, and who is servant. I see sundry others ; there are several animals, a retinue.

"The boy is quite well, very happy. All that he does is bringing him deep satisfaction. He, too, derives his happiness from travelling the unbeaten track.

"I will give constant word. Frank said he brings a picture tomorrow ; Abdul Latif and your lord the days following."

Billy says :

"Monday the 9th, the first day with camels. A night march 4 a.m. to 7 a.m. Picture correct, and retinue as described."

5.36 p.m. April 15th, 1934.

Uvani.

"The young boy. I see him, and begin by saying, be at peace. He goes well. There is nought affecting his health.

"He is now once more upon the desert. Familiar is it in its dark velvety night to Uvani. Almost could I find that the many years which have elapsed since my earth life finished have never been, for I view him doing what I so many times have done.

"He is still upon his beast. The little cavalcade, I see them slowly

journeying, and the air seems sweet. Night has just fallen—the sun having so short a period past been high in the heavens—and the blessed cool is even now gratefully striking upon them. They will journey some distance further, they having an objective."

There came a pause, and I asked Uvani if he had finished.

"I have two little details. One, that there was slight trouble, a camel having come to disaster. It was quickly remedied, but caused delay. Two, the man who acts as guide is worthy. He seeks to shield the boy from inconvenience. I have perceived, therefore have no alarm."

Billy says :

"This picture is correct. I had obtained a new guide at Furawia Wells, Sinnein Hassein, a good fellow. We were delayed 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. by the necessity for watering this guide's camel. It was therefore unready for the road at the time I had ordered, and I was very annoyed at being kept waiting."

6.25 p.m. April 27th, 1934.

Uvani.

"Shall I now give you a seeing for Billy ? I have been taking note. I think the hour is yours.

"A large fire, the darkness falling, much vast stretches of sand, no green to be seen. They are encamped and the scene peaceful. A line of camels lying. There are, clustered around yet another blaze, men intent on making ready that which shall stay hunger. By the other fire reclines Billy, satisfied, for he has been given already to eat. He is content, the day's work affording him satisfaction, plenty of exercise, the feeling that achievement is his, and that at close of day he has the sweetness of rest which his endeavours have won. He has beside him his gun. This he keeps ever beside him.

"Have no qualms, no doubts, for all moves serenely. Your boy is safe."

Then, when writing for me apart from the book, Uvani added :

"Make the note that it is, we are sure, a picture which will be verified correctly, for I have felt the sight was surpassing clear. Now, having given, I leave you."

Billy's comments on this are :

"At Sorto Well. Camped in the hills surrounded by high sandstone cliffs. Sand all about, and a natural well not far away under one of the walls. Some little green, otherwise details correct. I always used to keep my rifle close beside me when I went to sleep, partly because I always cleaned it in the evening after the day's march, partly to ensure its safety, and partly because, Touaregs and Goran raiders being indigenous to the country, I made sure of having firearms at hand."

12.51 p.m. May 5th, 1934.

Uvani.

"At the time at which I see him, Billy sits, and aided by his servant is engaged in making afresh his toilet. Very hot, very toilworn is the boy. He has removed his soiled garments, and gratefully having refreshed his limbs with jets of water which have been poured upon him is now placing fresh garments upon him. When he is once more dressed he proposes sleeping (the midday sun being still at its height), and he will not proceed. He is now at a green and very lovely spot, where he will remain for

some period. His servant is getting food, a light repast, and brings it to the boy."

Uvani stopped and I asked him if that was all.

"I am trying to see the rest of his small company. They are there, not far removed, sitting with their camels, which are tethered near by. All is peace. I beg you to be happy."

Billy says :

"Picture correct. A good one. Halt midday, and start 2 p.m.." He later amplified this picture by telling me that this was the day on which he had lost sight of the rest of his party for some time. According to his custom he had let them go on ahead, for, having a trotting camel himself, he liked to follow later and so get exercise and more variety. The caravan came to a well, however, and did not wait there for Billy, so that he had great difficulty in picking up his camels' tracks from among the many others which had been made there at different times. He eventually reached them, very hot and weary, and the above picture was what took place when he had rejoined his party.

5.47 p.m. May 9th, 1934.

Uvani.

"The young boy still is upon his way. He has been carrying out this journey across the vast desert with unabated interest, never daunted."

Uvani stopped writing, and I asked if he was looking to see what Billy was doing.

"As I spoke, I did but get a general sense of his well-being, knowing he still progressed. Now, however, see with my eyes.

"The boy is in his tent. He is reclining. A short while since he slept. Now he has awakened, and there are preparations, for presently he will again commence his wanderings.

"All around lies the great wide stretch of desert. When I view him I can smell the sweetness of the desert air, so vividly does it recall my life. How often have I too ridden across its great tracks. And I now can see what lies beside the boy. A trophy which looks like some wild beast which has been slain."

"Where, Uvani? Not beside him actually?"

"It is not far removed. I see that he has pride, in that he with his own hands did slay it. All this I can feel. The boy is so pleased."

Billy says :

"This was probably Thursday, May the 3rd. Camped under a thorn bush. Killed an Addra that day. Had been very pleased with the results of the chase."*

11.30 a.m. May 12th, 1934.

H. A. K.

"Billy is in a wide stretch of desert moving along slowly, his men beside him. Billy, riding on a camel, seems to be thinking the time has come for a rest. I see him say, 'I am going to remain here', and, having said it, get down. Then he lies down and stretches his limbs. He seems to be very stiff, but is quite well. He has told one of his men to bring him food, and puts it beside him, meaning to eat presently."

(N.B.—In the middle of the last sentence there was an interruption

caused by someone coming in and speaking to me. I stopped and the writing went on as soon as I was alone again.)

"He seems thoroughly happy, thoroughly serene, and everything seems to be going well."

(There came a pause, and I said, "We have been disturbed. I am so sorry.")

"Never mind. I think I got it, and you can make a note about the disturbance."

To this Billy says :

"Time late, for I had actually reached Abesher and had dismissed my camels by this date. Otherwise picture quite correct, remarks and all. Just as it would happen."

9.23 p.m. May 15th, 1934.

Abdul Latif.

"Your young boy, Billy, is now seated. There are others beside these men who are employed by him, and they appear to be men whom he has come across, and to whom he offers food. I see four beside the boy. They are not of native origin, but are like himself. I see one is old in years when compared with Billy, well experienced. The others vary. They all appear to be very cheerful, friendly and pleasant.

"Your boy is speaking. I gather he has recounted the history of his wanderings and is now being listened to with interest. They are, I should hasten to inform you, in a large room. It is most comfortable, well equipped, and the boy will be housed therein, given a room in which he will have a sleeping couch. This will be luxury."

"Abdul Latif, does he just seem to have arrived there?"

"To me does it seem that he has recently arrived, for there is surrounding all an air of interest as if they were being made acquainted anew."

Bill says :

"Abesher, where the Governor asked two French officers (from whom I had received hospitality at Furawai) and myself to dine with him. There were altogether five beside myself."

10.35 a.m. May 20th, 1934.

Uvani.

"How does our young boy comport himself? Thus! He is now journeying."

"In what way, Uvani?"

"At present he is not seated, as has been his wont, upon a camel. This is the scene :

"A hot sun, very much dust. Most trying is the whole proceeding, for the boy is in a rough contrivance which is being propelled by the same method as are the motor vehicles which he often uses. The contrivance is not of the same luxurious design. It is roughly hewn, large, containing much. People are within it, also baggage, and there is no shade. It is of the type of carts, but useful in that it saves many miles of toil.

"The boy is getting now from out a box some garment. This he uses as a further protection, placing it upon the bench whereon he is seated. He has turned and spoken to the servitor. I see him also. There are some five men."

Uvani stopped, and I asked : "Can you see any more?"

* A large gazelle, found in parts of the Sudan.

"He is well and happy in the achievement. Now he comes to you. The boy's thoughts are with the homeward journey. Madame, I have no more."

Bill's comments are :

"I travelled in an open lorry between Abesher and El Obeid with men and baggage from May 11th-16th. The picture must be at least four days late therefore, but it is otherwise correct. I had dismissed my camels and the camel men at Abesher, but had my servant Tom still with me."

2 p.m. May 22nd, 1934.

Uvani.

"Take swiftly the small seeing. Your young boy is safe, he is well, he is happy. Once more within the abode from whence he made his preparations. He is back."

Bill says to this :

"Left Khartoum that day for England, having arrived there on the 16th."

Bill wrote from El Fasher, his starting-off point, on April 8th. Then I did not hear from him until he sent me a cable on May 11th from Abesher, in which he said he hoped to be with us on May 30th. No more news came, and when the allotted day arrived I confidently expected Bill, or, at all events, a wire ; but the afternoon came and no word from him. A dread feeling of anxiety came over me and I was racked with fears that he might still be somewhere in the desert, and that possibly what I had been hearing about him was wrong. Then, almost directly, I was calm again, for clearly, decisively, my hand moved ; it was my husband, telling me not to be frightened, that all was well, and very soon I should have Bill with me. Immediately following came a picture from Uvani.

2.10 p.m. May 30th, 1934.

"Madame, in that you have feelings of anxiety about the non-arrival of your boy, I should wish to give you every reassurance. I will again picture. Do not grow troubled. I can tell you somewhat concerning the young boy. What you have been steadily given is correct. He is indeed fast approaching you. Ere long you will all be reunited. That he has not sent you further word is explained in this wise : Has he not already announced unto you his arrival ?"

I said : "Yes, Uvani, and I now think his idea must be to send me word when he knows the exact hour of his arrival." (1)

"That is so. He also says : 'I know my mother will be kept informed.' He furthermore says this : 'I know my mother has the supreme faith.'" (2)

Uvani stopped, and I asked : "Does it now seem to you that I haven't ?"

"Do I not well understand ? Great is your faith, great your knowledge, great your understanding"—Uvani again stopped as though he were considering—"but, when waiting for confirmation of that which we have given, do these thoughts come : 'It may be that the words in which I have been told the doings of my well-loved boy have perchance gone astray.'"

"That is what I have been wondering ; whether by any chance they can be wrong."

"But you will continue, please, Madame, strong. I swear to you—I, Uvani, who for so long time have brought all counsel to you—that truth has been observed. Your lord (he whose love has, ever since he left you, overcome all obstacles) has also spoken truly ; Abdul Latif also ; and also Frank. Now the boy still journeys. This I plainly see.

"He is within the train. He has been many hours within these conveyances all bearing him on his way, and I think the time swiftly approaches when he will land upon your shores. (3)

"It may be that he will still continue for the space of some hours. I am unable clearly to know." (4)

"Uvani, the main thing is to know he is coming, and that he is all right."

"He is well, I assure you ; robust, full of vigour. He is content and happy. He is rapidly borne upon his way, and his thoughts go out to you. I am taking note of what lies within his immediate vicinity."

Nothing happened for a couple of minutes and I asked : "Is it hard to see ?"

"Why should it sometimes be harder, Madame ? This is what happens. I look, and like a picture mirrored in clear crystal do all details show. Then, upon another occasion, do I attempt to see, and my vision becomes as it were blurred. Then do I give what is difficult to make clear to the boy, so great the difference in my portrayal."

"Is it blurred now ?"

"It is not clear. I do however visualize this : a crowded interior, many seated side by side. The boy idly reclining, not in posture of lying but leaning against the cushions, his legs outstretched, and many there are with him. (5) There is also perpetual movement as people walk beside the apartment, seeking first one thing, then another. The boy himself has risen and gone without and walks along a narrow corridor, thus affording a limited amount of freedom. The journey is somewhat wearisome. I am pleased you will so soon have him restored unto you."

Bill numbered these points, and his comments are :

"(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Yes. (4) Landed Genoa morning of the 30th. (5) Yes, except that there were no others in my apartment." At the end of the entire picture he puts 'Correct'.

So my fears were laid to rest.

That same night my husband, when writing, said : "You will hear from Bill the first thing tomorrow morning." Very early, while I was still in bed, a wire arrived from Paris to say he would be with us that same afternoon.

Ronald and I met him at Victoria station safe and sound, none the worse for his adventures.

For five weeks I had both my boys with me again, and the pictures did not start again until Bill's departure for Cyprus, where he was next to be stationed.

When Uvani, more than two years later, was speaking to me through Mrs. Garrett, he mentioned that Bill's caravan had gone for many hours in the desert without water, and the suffering I should have experienced had I known about it at the time. There is nothing in the pictures to

show what happened, but the dread of this very thing had been constantly in my mind. I have asked Bill to give the story in his own words. This is what he says :

"The wells at Toukou were deserted now by all but scorpions and enormous spiders. The next well was five long marches to the south, as much as the camels could stand in their present condition. I had decided, however, to head straight across the desert to Abesher, and determined that we would attempt it even now. We filled every water-tank to the brim and the next morning found us already far on our way, with the Ennedi fast disappearing behind us.

"There was nothing to see ahead except sand and a shimmering heat haze—not even the horizon, for sky and land merged imperceptibly one into the other. There was no noise but the soft padding of the camels and the clank, clank, clank of the tanks bumping against their sides. By day the heat was blistering. Mirages were plentiful and the wind, blowing steadily from in front, drove the fine particles of sand into our faces in a most maddening way. Mercifully, at night, which was when we covered our greatest distances, it was refreshingly cold, and I would walk at the head of the camels following the guide's lantern as it twinkled away in front. I had picked up this man at Fada, and he always marched alone. All his faculties were needed to keep direction, and any distraction might have led to unhappy consequences. For the first day and a half we had to hobble the camels on camping, in order to prevent them returning to Toukou. They seemed to know what lay before them ; but, once far enough away from water, they resigned themselves to the future in the loudly complaining but fatalistic manner of their kind.

"On the third day stones appeared in the sand, and the camels' pads became badly torn. One of the men stitched pieces of an empty water-skin over their feet and we were able to continue, but it seemed to me that the pace was getting slower. That evening we saw a solitary gazelle, and the next morning a low range of hills with a single conical peak appeared to the south, hiding the wells we were making for. The sight of the hills put new life into the camels, and we began to move more quickly. A few thorn trees and acacias appeared. The heat was tremendous and our minds were filled with nothing but the thought of water. We reached the well in the afternoon. It was bone dry.

"For some moments no one spoke a word ; but at length the men turned to me and said calmly : 'It is forty miles to the next well, and the camels are weak. Who knows if there is water even there ? It is Allah's will that we die here.'"

"Only after long argument was I able to persuade them to push on, for they were all quite prepared to sit down and wait for death to overtake them. There was one small tank of water left, and I ordered two of the men to give it to the camels. They did this by blowing it up the creatures' nostrils, which so revived them that they began to graze off the thorn trees. We rested for the remainder of the day and broke camp as the sun was sinking. Ever since leaving Toukou we had been walking for the sake of the camels ; but by now they had very little strength left, and though we made good time for the first few miles they were almost used up. During the night one of them collapsed. The poor beast sank

helplessly to the ground, and though we did our best to revive him he was too far gone. We divided his load among the rest and left him to follow if he could. It was the camels who were the chief sufferers. We had been marching hard ever since leaving Fada, and they had had no chance of regaining their strength ; but even the men and myself were very tired, and I think we must have slept at times as we walked along, for all my memories of what happened on that march are vague.

"Dawn found us still moving, the camels staggering as though drunk ; but the guide assured us that, if we could reach them, the wells were no more than three hours distant. We stumbled on ; then, as the sun rose, we called a halt, and the exhausted men turned towards Mecca and said their prayers. The last part of the march was the worst, as the sun hurt our aching eyes, and the increasing heat weakened us still further, beside adding to the torment of thirst ; but at nine o'clock we reached the well, two pits full of green stenching liquid, redolent of camel dung. Seldom have men been more glad of a drink !

"After watering the camels and leaving them to graze as they wished, we flung ourselves down and slept until nightfall. We had marched fifteen hours without water."

XIII

ALMOST as soon as he was back in England, Ronald began making plans for another journey into Tibet. This time his main objective was the source of the Salween River, which rises somewhere to the north of Lhasa. He left England on February 27th, 1935, and, with John Hanbury-Tracy and three native servants, went into Tibet through Upper Burma by the same route he had used on his way back in 1933. By the beginning of January, 1936, when they were within a month's journey of the source, it proved impracticable to continue any further, and they were forced to turn south towards India again. They arrived in Assam in December, 1936, and reached England at the end of January in the following year. They had been away altogether twenty-three months, of which eighteen had been spent in Tibet ; and they covered between two and three thousand miles of hitherto unexplored country.

Ronald's first letter from Tibet, written on May 31st, 1936, reached me on July 22nd, but this was record time and owing to the great kindness of the Tibetan Governor at Shikathang. He sent a special messenger with Ronald's and John's letters in order to get them through to India before the rains made it impossible. Ronald wrote again from this same place only five days later, and this letter took over six months to reach me. A month after that a batch of three arrived together, the most recent of which was four and a half months old. At the beginning of the journey, however, and before they disappeared into the jungles of Burma, Ronald was able to send me back confirmation of fourteen of the detailed accounts I had received about him. They were remarkably correct. Several which dealt with the voyage out were full of minute details which he was able

to verify, and notably descriptions of some of the other passengers. While Ronald was away this time there were about two hundred and fifty pictures about him, and so I can necessarily give only a small proportion of them here. Incidentally I have omitted some, simply because various people concerned were too clearly, and not too flatteringly, described.

11 a.m. March 20th, 1935.

Uvani.

"We might inscribe a picture if you feel calm, quiet, ready."

I answered, and Uvani replied: "Then get me the boy's book."

"I was focusing my gaze, even as I requested you to bring me the boy Ronald's book. I suddenly saw a sun-drenched city, the sky blue without a cloud, sunshine upon everything, heat which seemed to shimmer; and over all a stillness, for, though much business was being enacted, quiet appeared to reign, so drowsy does heat make those who are amidst it.

"In a large bungalow, which had steps leading to wide open doors, I saw Ronald. He was sitting opposite two men who were white, apparently of high status; the room sumptuously apparelled. I saw soft furnishings, costly carpetings, all was rich."

The writing stopped, and presently I said: "Yes, Uvani?"

"This was seen quickly, and like a portrait taken rapidly in a box has dissolved. I mean the time which completes the taking of such a picture is so brief. I cannot get each detail, but I am endeavouring now to catch once more the same scene.

"I have again the boy before me. He is quite easy, happy, not perturbed, talking freely, both men rejoining and seemingly well pleased with him. I saw plainly that one is tall, with hair which is thin and of dark hue. He is also somewhat dark in colouring, with a moustache, and he is, I have little doubt, one who wields authority over many men. The other is not so tall (beside Ronald he appears short), fairer and younger, I note, than is the other man. The boy is confident, calm, with poise that will not be shaken. He will make progress."

From Ronald:

"A good picture of the 21st, the day I arrived in Rawalpindi. It was a clear, hot, cloudless day, and everything very still. I had tea with General X and General Y (who had just arrived). The room was full of the most gorgeous Turkestan rugs which General X had been collecting for years, and was very comfortable indeed. General Y is the taller one (well described), and General X is much shorter, but he must be actually older than General Y although he looks quite young. His hair is white, but I should say he used to be fair, without a doubt."

Ronald sent me back the foregoing picture before he left Fort Hertz. He arrived there on April 30th, 1935, after which he had no more letters from me, until he received all that were waiting for him on his return to civilization in December, 1936.

11.2 a.m. April 3rd, 1935.

Uvani.

"This is the scene. A long line, stretching far away into space, of men laden, bearing boxes upon their backs, and as they march chattering

volubly and with mirthfulness. The boy Ronald and his companion are among the throng, and there are natives superior in every way to those who are burdened, who are directing that which shall be done. Ronald is walking briskly and with purpose, and as he goes he talks to his companion.

"The scene has now changed. I see them, arriving at a small hut, place all their goods upon the ground; and, while this happens, do the servants take charge, sorting out that which shall be put into immediate use. The boy and his friend are stretched at full-length and rest. I see that one servant is busy erecting a shelter in which they are to eat, while yet another proceeds with the preparation for a meal. They are well equipped. All seems good as I look, all happy."

"Uvani, do you think this is being seen before it has happened? I think Ronald might be in a train today."

"I saw it clearly, yet knowing difficulties are caused by time, it may be that it is yet to take place. I am seeing another detail. There is within the hut (which was where once before the boy sojourned) an old man, caretaker, who comes to proffer service. He has recognized the boy, and there are acclamations, for he shows himself well-pleased. He appears quite old. Ask that you may receive further enlightenment from Ronald."

Uvani stopped writing in Ronald's book; but when talking to me later (on my remarking again that I felt the time must be far out, for I did not think Ronald could have travelled so far), he said:

"Well, should the time be wrong, I trust none the less you will feel happy, for I can assure you your boy is well; so strong, with nought that ails. Therefore ask for details, seeing whether they coincide, but feeling for now certain that your boy is all right, protected, guarded. Feel with me that you have glimpsed what he does, and be happy."

Ronald from now on had to comment upon all the pictures after his return, so that more than two years went by before he was able to do so, with the help of a very detailed diary. He says of the above:

"This is twenty-two days early, and refers to April 25th when we arrived at Masumzup, where I had spent ten days in 1933. There are one or two errors in the picture, though, which is otherwise good. At this time our baggage was being carried on mules, and not by coolies—although the muleteers were certainly chattering volubly enough—and we ate it in the hut and not in a 'shelter'. Uvani must have caught a glimpse of mosquito nets being put up, however, and have interpreted it wrongly. By the way, I seem to remember that when Bill went into Tibet, several pictures showed his mules as coolies!

"On arrival the boxes were all taken off the mules and put in rows outside the hut for the night, except for those we actually needed at the time, and these were sorted out by the servants.

"At Masumzup I was warmly greeted by an old Gurkha (the father of the caretaker) who had given me a meal when I arrived in Fort Hertz in 1933. We had a long conversation together, as he was most ambitious to come with us, and kept on imploring me to give him some job, even if unpaid."

10.20 a.m. April 13th, 1935.

H. A. K.

"There is Ron with John, his friend, kneeling down beside a large

mound, looking like a pile of earth, as if something was concealed inside. He is calling to someone to bring a basket. I think it is a basket, anyway some sort of receptacle. The natives are not very near; they are looking on with interest, but at a respectful distance. The servants, too, are a little way off, talking earnestly."

"What does it seem like to you?"

"Undoubtedly he is catching something, evidently some animal. He wants to get it alive. He has gloves, so don't feel troubled. They show up."

"Anything in his hands?"

"He has a stick. I see that. Probably he is getting hold of a snake. I will watch."

Here there came a pause from 10.30 to 10.32, and then the writing went on:

"I have seen. It is a small snake, which was coiled under a large stone. I saw this lifted away, and right at the back noticed something was moving. Ron caught it. It is being put into the basket, and he is quite safe. He took all precautions."

From Ronald:

"This is a good picture of me catching a certain snake, but, oddly enough, it is nearly sixteen months early. On August 9th, 1936, in the Ling Chu Valley, S.E. Tibet, I caught a specimen of Agkistrodon just as described here, except that the 'pile of earth' was a large boulder and the snake was underneath it. John was close beside me as I knelt, and, although I didn't have gloves, one hand was covered with a large cloth folded several times, while I held a stick in the other. The receptacle was a sort of large mug which Lewa brought me and which I covered with the cloth when the snake was inside."

"I now see that he has corrected his 'mound of earth' to a 'large stone' in the last paragraph. This is right."

9.15 p.m. April 29th, 1935.

Abdul Latif.

"Abdul Latif. Greeting.

"Ronald, as I looked, was not within the dwelling which had of late been home and which also is home to the lad with him. I saw him talking, while sitting at meat, with one dark of countenance and heavy in build; but Madame, radiating light, his soul giving beauty to the earthly tabernacle. I see this man humbly endeavouring to fulfil to all men his duty, forgetful of all else."

Abdul Latif stopped, and I said: "Please tell me some more."

"Listen, then, for I describe what I see. A room which is not beautiful, nor in any sense pleasing to the eye, dreary in its furnishings, and without choice hangings or beauteous surroundings. The room also is gloomy, lighted with but an oil-lamp, small in size, placed upon the table to give light to those eating. Abdul Latif desires to give you his eyes. See with him."

"Your boy seated beside the man who has been described, and, as he eats, full of gaiety, laughing and talking. They partake of food such as is always eaten in Eastern lands—much rice, curried flesh, and all manner of articles to give savour; tamarind and strongly spiced foods. They are

waited upon by a man who appears to be cook, and well pleased his efforts are appreciated. There are but the two, your boy and this man. He, I would tell you, is not young, and also much given to hard work. He has affection towards Ronald, and is very happy to be consorting with him.

"This picture. Is it true to time? I know not, but to fact—yes."

From Ronald:

"This picture is one day early, but is otherwise very good, except that John was there too. On April 30th we had breakfast with Rai Bahadur Dr. Nihal Chand immediately before leaving Fort Hertz for the north. Both he and his room are well described (it was an old Government bungalow) although the oil-lamp on the table was not lit, of course. We had an enormous meal of curry, and were waited upon by the native cook."

9.56 a.m. May 30th, 1935.

Abdul Latif.

"Now come, we will take a seeing, and this is what I propose. Your boy is, in all probability, not able to communicate himself. I will for your peace of mind say he is well; but what I am going to give I have already seen—when, I know not. It was, however, so vivid.

"I was idly watching your boy when all of a sudden this incident occurred. He was lying stretched upon the ground, deep in slumber. He was alone. There were mountains surrounding a little encampment; a great and towering erection which lay above them. Trees and flowering shrubs all around to one side; the camp lying half concealed so as to be in shelter on the one side, for on the other was there bare rock.

"Soon after I was beside your boy there came a great roar as of thunder. He leapt to his feet and rushed to the door. He was met by others also disturbed, intent on seeing what had happened. Madame, I stood beside your Ronald. He was perfectly collected, quite calm. He held conclave. They could see nought around them and gazed upwards. Then, as they gazed, came another mighty roar, and to their right descended a great avalanche. As it came it swept all before it in its track. It was some long distance from the boys—distance seems less, however, in such places. The camp wherein the boys sojourned was safe. Their little camp was well placed."

The writing stopped, and I said: "Abdul Latif, I am wondering if this has happened yet?"

"It has happened, I feel sure. The boy is safe. I have seen."

But Abdul Latif was out in time to the extent of over three months. Ronald had this to say:

"This is a picture of what happened on the night of September 10th, 1935, when we were camped below the Chindru La. I had not expected to find a hut at this camp, but actually there were two small shacks, and the coolies, servants and I packed into these."

"The description of the camp's position is good—in a deep narrow valley between high mountains; light forest on one side, with rhododendrons, and on the other almost bare rock. Except that I had one side of the fire to myself, however, I was not alone, for in the hut there must have been eight or nine men all told. And John was not with us, but some two days' march to the north."

"In the middle of the night we were roused by the thunder of a big avalanche which sounded so close that we dashed to the door to make certain that our hut was safe. After a pause a second avalanche began, which continued to fall for sixty-two minutes, while we sat round the fire, having decided that, as we could see nothing outside, we might as well stay where we were."

"The next morning we found that the avalanche had swept across the valley only fifty yards from the huts, so that it was a good deal nearer than Abdul Latif had thought."

10.30 a.m. June 9th, 1935.

Uvani.

"Now to-day do not, while you take down this that I am about to say, give thought as to the purport until later. I am myself doing this work. It has nought to do with you. Therefore feel no responsibility. See, if I choose is the power for writing completely withdrawn."

Then there came a dead stop, and I said: "I know it, Uvani."

"Then do not feel that perchance what is written may be wrong. Just take, Madame."

"Ronald has been out for many hours. He is walking now attended by his friend, he who is a fellow companion called John, and they have with them a servant. They have been to a somewhat large house. Within this house was one who greeted them, asking them many questions, pleased to see them, giving them of fare which was plentiful and satisfying. They had gone upon a mission intent on seeing this man. He was dressed in grand apparel, very rich in texture and in hue, and appeared to be of noble birth. He was attended by several, and while the boys sat with him had he two who were in constant attendance. The servant taken by the boys talked to them in one language, ascertaining their bidding, and then interpreting it to the gentleman."

The writing stopped, and presently I said: "Yes, Uvani?"

"The boy Ronald it was who spoke. He it is who has the ordering of the affair. He knows what he requires; he feels confident that he will get his will; and he inspires those with whom he comes in contact with much liking. They feel instinctive response."

Another pause came and I asked Uvani a question: "You say they had been travelling many hours, and have been doing these things. They are not now talking to this man?"

"No. I saw this. They were with him some considerable period. In Eastern countries time is of no account. There is never unseemly haste. They sat and ate, talking at intervals."

"Tell me some more, Uvani."

"While they did so, I could well perceive there was kindly intention in the mind of this nobleman. He will further them, doing what he can to help. He has, though of so different a race from Ronald, also felt his charm. Apart from this, Madame, it is written, Ronald shall follow his path. He but fulfils his destiny; for though much is left to the individual (the manner in which he chooses to tread the road), yet has the pattern he shall ultimately weave been chosen. Ronald has set his feet upon the right way. All shall be well."

"Now, I said that I had seen, and will give the present picture. They

are right away from this house, and upon a little plateau, which is surrounded by verdure. There are many trees. They are still inhabiting tents. I see the encampment, and there is a pleasurable feeling." (There was a long wait at this point, for someone came into the room, and Uvani stopped speaking. Then he went on.) "We can continue. I have still my thread. There is a pleasurable feeling of peace and comfort. Efficiency reigns, but what conduces most to this atmosphere is happiness. There is contentment, and in the hearts of the servitors, therefore, also gaiety, following the footsteps of their lords."

"What time of day, Uvani?"

"The sun nears the west. I see no preparations for a meal. The hour has not yet come."

"Madame, believe, your elder son is well."

Ronald says of the above:

"This is a good picture of June 2nd, which makes the giving of it just a week late. We were at Shikathang, S.E. Tibet, and on that day paid an official call on the Governor of the District—John H. T., myself, and Lewa, who acted as interpreter, speaking to me in Hindustani and to the Governor in Tibetan. The latter was dressed in rich dark-blue silk, and, though not actually of noble birth, is of very good family. He had a lot of servants, but only two waiting on him and us in his room. I think Uvani does not mean that we had been travelling that day (we had not) but that we had been visiting for many hours, which was quite true. When he says he saw us walking it can only have been for a few hundred yards on our way back to bed, after a long stay with the Governor, which included dinner."

"The second little picture, beginning 'They are right away . . .' can only refer to June 9th, the one day during our stay in Shikathang when I left the village, going with Nyima Tondrup (one of our three servants) up to a small plateau with trees round its edge to do some survey work."

"Oddly enough, we were still living in tents, as there was no available accommodation in the village. This was the only village we stopped in in Tibet without sleeping in a house."

"We were all very pleased at the results of this visit to the Governor, who went out of his way to be as helpful as he could; and this feeling of contentment lasted for a long time."

"On June 9th, dinner was very late, owing to the arrival of numerous messengers in the evening with farewell presents from the people we knew in the neighbourhood. We were leaving the next day."

11.23 a.m. June 11th, 1935.

H. A. K.

"A very clear picture again. Sometimes they stand out very much defined and sharp cut."

"Now this is what I see. A very tiny village—at least, a couple of little tumbledown sheds and a few houses, a few animals about and a few cocks and hens; the place muddy and dirty. There is, however, brilliant sunshine, and all around—some great distance away, it seems—are mountains, snow-covered, standing out. In this village I see a group of people standing, several children, some old women, a few younger ones, a man who appears to be influential, a very old man beside him. They are all standing together, while before them there is another little crowd,

consisting of Ron and his friend and servants, all very full of interest and talking a lot about something. The people press around, and I can see the children inquisitively pressing forward too.

"I am sure the boys want some coolies. They have pointed to some loads and evidently are making money arrangements. I see some heavy men, who are evidently going to take them, stoop down and pick them up. Ron is consulting with his head servant, who is perfectly calm and efficient, and who is telling the men what to take."

"Can you see the servants?"

"I can see two beside Ron and John. Lewa is moving about. Yes, all three are with them. They are quite well. I feel that everything is all right."

From Ron :

"This refers to our arrival in Shikathang on May 31st, and is therefore eleven days late. Otherwise it is good. The description of Shikathang is excellent. It was a fine sunny day, and we could see snowy mountains in every direction. After our arrival there was some discussion as to where we were to put up, the conference taking place in front of a small crowd of villagers who were all most interested in our appearance, etc.

"The influential man was the chief secretary of the Governor, and the very old man was the caretaker of the temple whom I had met in 1933. When we had decided where to pitch our tents, Lewa, the head servant, collected some men to carry the baggage there. The money question had no reference to these coolies, but we wanted to change rupees into Tibetan money, and I was enquiring about this. The other two servants were somewhere close at hand."

10.30 a.m. June 16th, 1935.

Frank.

"Ronald is very high up. Right up among mountains. There are glaciers about and huge hummocks of ice. This is the general aspect. I see it as the predominant feature.

"Then, with another attempt to get a concrete idea as to what is happening to Ron, a little picture stands out in the middle of this. It just forms itself.

"First I see Ron, and he is walking very carefully along a small slippery path of rock, which juts out from the side of a steep precipitous mountain side. He is clinging hold of the rock and coming along quite fearlessly. I see him getting round a bend. He now stands upon a wide surface where there is safety and any amount of room."

"Who is with him?"

"There was no one with him at first, but there is now. Ron has apparently gone off to look out some way or path which he proposes to go by. He is talking very cheerfully and is perfectly surefooted. Heights mean little to him and the men he is with. I have a feeling that they are going back to a little village where they have their abiding-place."

From Ronald :

"This is a picture of May 21st, and is thus twenty-six days late. We were then camped at about 13,000 feet on the Burma side of the Diphuk La. No glaciers, but snow everywhere. I went up from the camp to see if the pass ahead of us was sufficiently clear of snow for loaded coolies to cross,

but a dense fog came up the valley and I lost my way. I clambered about for most of the day in an attempt to reach the pass, and on my way back to camp I had a difficult climb round a cliff. At the end of this I was met by a search-party of two of our servants who had been sent out by John to find me.

"We were not in a village, but there were two broken-down little huts at our camp, and these may have caused confusion in the seeing."

12.35 a.m. August 27th, 1935.

Uvani.

"Ronald has been given much food for thought. As I see him, he is deep in cogitation, having arrived where there is a big river dividing into two parts. He is now considering whether to explore that which goes further towards the north-east, or more to the west. He has reason for this, for though he desires eventually to go east, he has a desire to penetrate the western side of the river also. So clearly do I get his thoughts.

"There are gathering around him his entire party, and also stray followers. They are where two or three small huts form a village which has afforded them shelter for the night."

"Uvani, I am now wondering about time."

"I see with them the hour is late. They are not going further. They will remain, I see, for some time longer. The way shall be explored to some extent while they are stationary. It is a very wild and turbulent river, with deep eddies, foaming water, large rocks. It must be one larger than the boy has yet struck. He goes in search of a mighty river, does he not?"

"Yes, Uvani ; but I think he cannot reach that for several months."

"This one is very large."

Uvani stopped writing, and I said : "It is, I suppose, another."

"There are very beautiful surroundings, still amongst mountains which dwarf all else, and make the mighty rocks and trees seem so small, also the river to appear insignificant. Yet is everything majestic in size."

There was another pause, and I said : "Are the trees really big ones?"

"There is a forest with trees so tall, reaching skywards. They seem as though they had grown for many, many years and much undergrowth is there. The part, little frequented, has been left to Nature, who has filled each bit with plenitude.

"The whole party is well. Ronald, as always, full of determination and resource, is getting plans made. He lacks not decisiveness as do so many who, not being able to bear the weight of their own opinions, seek to share those opinions with many others, thereby lessening their load. He has, like his brother, full confidence in his own judgment.

"You need have no fear. He will be kept safe. He works, sparing himself not at all, and as he strives does help and guidance come always to him. I have no more ; but believe always he and his little company are well."

Ronald says about this :

"This is an excellent description of Purtsang, where I stopped from August 10th to the 19th. In actual fact there are twenty-one houses in the village, but the place is rather scattered, and where I was living there were only two or three houses visible. Purtsang is on the bank of Zayul

Ngu Chu, a large, very turbulent stream, joined a few miles to the north by a tributary from the west, flowing down from the Tsang Kang La. While waiting I seriously considered whether I could not perhaps explore the latter stream as far up as the pass before pushing on up the river.

"The whole valley is richly wooded with great pine trees and dense undergrowth."

11.45 a.m. September 12th, 1935.

Uvani.

"We are seeing what happens now. I think, Madame, what occurs is, without a shadow of doubt, even now taking place.

"I have before me Ronald, looking somewhat thin and worn, having known much responsibility, given great thought to the ordering of his company and their going.

"I now watch this scene. There is a small village where the party rests, and in which place they will remain for several days. The tents are, therefore, not seen. There is a rough-hewn dwelling, looking as though logs of wood had been interlaced, forming good walls but without adornment, standing within a courtyard. Animals abound, walking as they will; and to your fastidious gaze, Madame, dirt and squalor would seem abundant. There are mitigating features, for although this be so, yet is the surrounding neighbourhood very open, very beautiful, fresh pure air all around; and our travellers are quite well, quite untroubled by small discomforts.

"I have now to give you a further description of the abode. There are three rooms inhabited by our party. Ronald shares a sleeping abode with his fellow companion John. There is a room containing a heap of skins, and a species of plankings called by courtesy a table. Upon this I see numbers of things, and Ronald is engaged in making sundry writings, which will some day be formed into charts. They are not being written yet upon the chart showing the way they travel. He is alone. I now see both John and Lewa approach, the former bearing in his hands a large fowl, which he gives to Lewa, who had not been beside the lad John, but came from the opposite direction.

"John seems very full of gaiety and talks quickly. He has much to say about a peregrination on which he has been, and during which time he had obtained the bird. The boys laugh with much glee, so, Madame, please believe they are not suffering. They are supremely content with life.

"The servants are, I see, within a small outside room and are preparing a repast. The cheerful, short, stout one has been plucking the bird with great skill and speed.

"Ronald has seized his thick woollen jerkin preparatory to going forth. I should say the sun is even now going to rest. Intense cold creeps upon the land. The abode is warm. You will remain with your heart peaceful?"

The writing stopped until I had replied: "I will, Uvani."

"That is as I wish, for, believe me, your boy is in safe keeping, his followers also. I would now say, tomorrow your lord portrays that which he will see. Abdul Latif says he, too, will shortly give."

From Ronald:

"At midnight on September 12th I reached Dashing, where I met John again, who had been on his own since July 24th. We were in a house built of logs and covered with plaster, very plain and with a courtyard attached. There were cattle, ponies, pigs and fowls in the neighbourhood and the place was distinctly dirty. The country round was not really very open, for the valley is thickly wooded; but from our balcony there was a grand view up a treeless side-valley to some high mountains.

"We had only two rooms, not three. John and I slept in the large one, which also had a rough table and a heap of skins—some of which I had bought and some John. The servants and kitchen were in the other.

"We were both very cheery, and John was telling me about his 'peregrination', which was, of course, his journey down the Ngagong Chu and his other explorations since we had separated. He had a lot to say about the fowl (which he had eaten some time before, and so could not produce in the flesh), because it had been given to him by a minor official up the valley, and having been plucked and cooked by Nyima Tondrup ('the cheerful, short, stout one') turned out to be even more incredibly rubbery than a certain famous bird we had tried to consume in Burma.

"I remember taking readings of the barometer and thermometer while John was talking, which would account for my writing. The kitchen was immediately outside our room, and Nyima Tondrup made me a meal as soon as he could after I arrived.

"The paragraph last but one is wrong. It was midnight when I got in and I didn't go out again."

8.10 p.m. April 6th, 1936.

Uvani.

"My picture is this. I see it as I speak. A clear starlit sky, beautiful in its exceeding wonder, for the heavens sparkle with diamonds and the moon gazes upon them, serene, and as a pearl, all unclouded in the firmaments.

"The night is clear and cold without much wind, which is good, for Ronald, wrapped with many coverings, is busy observing and taking calculations. He has before him a table used for this purpose. He arranges many things with exact care, gazing heavenwards as he does so.

"I see the country in which they are now is vast and high (a great expanse of unprotected land with little vegetation); and of buildings I see but two. They are mean and small, and seemingly isolated upon this plain. I think they are used by men who are given to the tending of herds.

"I think in one there are rooms which are being used for the housing of Ronald. His party is within. I see but one other. The serving-man Lewa comes up. He makes query. Ronald replies: 'I am done. These articles may be removed.' He seems loath to give up his work. There is contentment, however, within him, for his labour has not been in vain.

"The servant is a man full of strength, just the sort who would give his all to further his master. There is faithfulness and admiration in his heart, also love. Ronald to him is a sahib of great worth. He would do all that lies in his power for him.

"And for the boy himself, I see he is strong, well, and still more finely

attuned to all that lies before him. His friend I see not, but I feel he too goes well. He lies within."

Ronald says about this :

"This picture is nearly two months late, but is otherwise good. On February 10th, while we were at Nakshö Biru, I took some observations for Magnetic Variation. It was the first clear night we had had for weeks, and I well remember that the moon was so bright that it was difficult to see one of the stars I wanted. I knew all about its being cold, too, for my nose froze to the theodolite !

"The valley at Nakshö Biru is very shallow and open to the wind, and there is not much vegetation, apart from coarse grass and a few small bushes. Although by day several houses and a large monastery were visible from this spot, it is quite true that in the dark one could see only two, in one of which were our quarters. I don't know about the people in the other house, but our landlord certainly owned a large herd of yaks, and seemed to spend most of his time with them.

"Besides the theodolite I always had a small table with me when I was taking observations, on which were my papers, a light, a watch, a compass, etc.

"John was indoors during this observation ; but Lewa was always with me at these times. It is a true description of Lewa's character. He is the most faithful servant imaginable."

10.55 a.m. May 31st, 1936.

Abdul Latif.

"I was seeking the boy, desirous of getting a vision which would be crystal clear. I did this. He was within a large bare room. There was little furnishing. Ronald seated at a small table doing calculations. There was a brazier beside him. I saw a man enter, placing upon it fuel. There was in one corner of this room a large heap of skin rugs. Lying upon it was the companion. He appears to be asleep.

"I saw next the servant, who is trusted above all others, enter, bearing with him a large cauldron. The contents of this he proceeded to pour into bowls, offering them. He gave first unto Ronald. Then gently pausing beside the friend, he spoke quietly. I saw the friend stir, then after a moment sit up, taking the liquid. As he drank, he talked to Ronald, who turned aside from his work.

"Now this was plain to me ; but there is in the picture nothing out of the ordinary run of doings which may be frequent. Therefore, I waited eagerly, hoping for more. Presently, as though a veil lifted, I felt my sight extending.

"In another room I saw a party of travellers who had been given house-room also. They were talking to a man short and stout, evidently landlord of this dwelling. These travellers had with them bales of merchandise, and had opened one pack. I saw carpets and coloured silks spread along the floor. They were standing looking upon these articles. Then one, going to Ronald's man, intimated his master might buy. Lewa looked, and shook his head, scornfully disclaiming. He said his master bought only that which was of the best. Were these, he asked, worthy ? On thus hearing the owner indignantly jumped to his feet (for he alone had knelt), saying : 'See you, I have wondrous articles. Look !' "

There was a little pause, and then Abdul Latif went on :

"He hurriedly undid yet another bale. It was small and was wrapped in many coverings. Out of this he took with very careful handling three small vases. They were wrapped in silk. He handled them as though they were precious beyond rubies. I gathered his meaning. He said : 'Tell the lord, your master, that which I have cannot be found elsewhere.' Lewa carefully scrutinized these vases. He said : 'I go ; but my master who has travelled all the world will not be impressed. He is one of the great ones.' "

Abdul Latif stopped, and I asked : "Did you smile ?"

"I smiled, knowing the absolute naturalness of the boy."

"And then what happened ?"

"The servant (who has loyalty, devotion, ingrained in him) went. I next saw him approach Ronald, who was once more engrossed, tracing the delicate lines on his large paper, and heard him say : 'Sir, there are some men desirous of displaying such articles as they are travelling with. There are some small urns beautiful beyond compare. Will you permit ?' "

I waited a minute for Abdul Latif to go on, and then said : "What did Ronald say then ?"

"Bring them along.' Then came two men. They gave salaams, and squatting down took first one treasure, then another, handing them unto Ronald. He regarded them dispassionately, as are the ways of the East. I perceived all that transpired carried out correctly. Then down came my veil once more, blotting my view. But be assured naught harms your boy."

Ronald says :

"This is a composite picture, and, as such, is excellent. The first part is undoubtedly of Nakshö Biru and would be equally true of any time between February and April, when I was doing a lot of work on the maps, almost always close to a brazier. Very often there was practically nothing for John to do during this period, and he used to go to sleep most afternoons. His bed, however, was not of skins but of woollen rugs and blankets. Eight or ten times a day a large teapot was brought in by one of the servants and we drank out of bowls. Our room was quite large and very bare.

"The remainder of the picture also refers to Nakshö Biru, but it should be divided up into three parts ; or better, be regarded as three pictures merged into one, giving a general impression of what used to take place.

"On March 9th, Lewa went over to the next house to inspect the goods brought by two Ladakhi traders who were on the way to Chamdo. Among other things they had rugs and cheap silks which we did not want, and Lewa said as much.

"The episode of the small bale, wrapped in many coverings, clearly refers to January 6th, when Lewa, in another house, was being approached by a man who had three gold charm boxes (not vases) for sale. They were wrapped in several layers of silk and kept in wooden boxes. I eventually bought one of them.

"The owner of these, however, did not come to our house on this occasion, and the deal was carried through with Lewa as go-between.

"The last paragraph would have been true many times, not only at Nakshö Biru but elsewhere.

"To me the most striking thing about this picture as a whole is that it is Lewa to the life, and that it shows him behaving exactly as I have known him to do so often when there was anything to be bought."

When this next picture was given to me for Ronald, Bill was on his way out with the First Division to Palestine, where trouble had become acute. Abdul Latif's description of his doings on the ship was, he thought, correct ; but I am only putting in here what I was told about Ronald.

7.20 p.m. September 14th, 1936.

Abdul Latif.

"Let us view now for Ronald. I saw, for one thing, bright sunshine. They were walking beside a river, and as I watched they crossed over, the bridge formed of swaying bamboos, upon which they bounced perilously, every step having to be taken cautiously. I saw perhaps three of these saplings side by side, suspended through loops, a rail being afforded by ropes which were very low. They did not reach above Ronald's knees. It is well he has a steady head ; but these things did not trouble any of the party. They crossed with ease.

"I next saw the path led upwards over a steep mountain side, which was formed of rock and earth. Flowers were to be seen in patches, growing to a height of some eighteen inches. Their colour appeared to be white only. I also saw an occasional hut, which was built in primitive fashion, and did not seem to be inhabited, for no people were to be seen apart from our party. It did not look as though any food was to be found near these huts. I saw no sign of cultivation, no living thing. It was wild and devoid of anything which was raised by the work of man.

"The party swung along cheerfully, covering many miles—of this I am sure. I viewed them, and later saw again what was happening—by which time they had reached a place where a number of coolies were waiting. A halt was called. There was much talk, much acrimonious discussion in which Lewa played a stirring part. He had some point to raise. The man to whom he spoke dissembled ; but after interminable discussion some decision was reached. Then once again there was peace.

"I next saw the tents being erected upon ground which was grassy. There was a flat surface around them, and I was sure they would remain. Ronald is well. That is all ; a wandering picture, and for now complete."

Ronald says :

"It is strange that so many of these pictures of about this time refer to events in the following November or later. This is obviously of December 1st, while we were in the Mishmi Hills. That day the path ran in cleared ground, for the most part, with a bright sun the whole time. We crossed the Dou River by a long suspension bridge with a narrow footpath of three or four bamboos, swung from old steel cables. The path then climbed steeply up and descended to a small grassy plateau where we made camp. There was some discussion here because half the coolies had halted about half a mile back at another camping ground, and at first they were not inclined to bring on their loads. We did not, however, put up tents, although we had done at the previous camps and we felt that it was perhaps rash not to do so.

"On this march, as Abdul Latif says, we passed many huts, but, although they were all inhabited, I don't remember seeing anyone about. Nearly all

the cleared land is cultivated, but at this time of year nothing was growing and there was excuse for thinking there was no cultivation.

"The bridge, incidentally, did bounce and sway."

7.10 p.m. October 12th, 1936.

Uvani.

"I want to grip your mind very firmly. Let me have your complete attention. Do not feel strain, but merely attend as you would were I really apparent to you. If that music disturbs you, Madame, will you cause it to be silent ?"

I promptly turned off the wireless, and Uvani remarked : "That is better.

"This picture I set my gaze on during such time as you held converse with a man concerning fires. Think back as to time. It was, I believe, eleven of your clock."

I said : "I think so, Uvani. It might have been a little earlier."

"It will serve. This was as I viewed Ronald. He held a conclave. There were many men standing around him, clad in outlandish garb, their aspects threatening. They sought to obtain more payment, and spoke loudly, saying : 'We will not carry loads.' Then the boy who had been seated arose. He spoke with great severity, great firmness of purpose, saying : 'Leave. You are required no longer.'"

There came a pause, and I said : "Uvani, will you tell me some more ?"

"There had been a chorus of voices, and all who stood about the boy spoke at one time. Then came a silence. These men had no wish for their word to be taken. They desired the boy should parley with them, first offering perchance some slight increase, then, on listening to argument, raising the amount until amicable settlement was arrived at. Ronald, however, knowing what lay in their hearts (as already with experience he had had dealings with these people), refused to bandy words. He again seated himself, saying : 'Go.' The natives sullenly left him, and standing without his tent, murmured between themselves. They said : 'He will give us more. Let us try again.'

"A rude fellow, constituting himself leader, thrust his way into Ronald's abode. There was scant ceremony observed, for Ronald, seeing him, thrust him forth violently, the man falling. He was not hurt, but made a sign that he would show fight. Ronald, springing to the door, told them that if they did not immediately disperse he would show them the same usage. With him stood the other sahib. Lewa was wielding a stout cudgel, as was the servant who is so worthy but thick of head. The miscreants retired. Presently one who was superior appeared. He demanded of them what had gone before. They sat giving, until pressed with threats, few rejoinders. Then one answering said : 'It is our due we get more money.'

"At this the patience of the superior one departed. He cursed them roundly for fools, saying : 'Know you not these are overlords under the protection of princes ; and, for the pay, what do dogs require more than bones ?' Then he turned, and praying leave to enter, sought Ronald who, perceiving him, said : 'Where were you, and why has trouble arisen ?' ; the man replying he had been called away, that there should be no more

trouble, and furthermore that he would see the work which was promised fulfilled.

"Madame, at one time it may be I would not have given this in detail—it might have caused dismay ; but take Uvani's word that all is now peace. Ronald is a leader of men. They will now follow him. It is but a trick of these wild races to see how much they can secure.

"I will now tell you of your young son."

Ronald says :

"This is a very excellent picture of some trouble we had with coolies at Shikathang on November 19th, and it is almost entirely right. We were due to leave that morning, but when the time came the coolies refused to start unless they were paid the whole of their seventeen days' wages in advance. It was not that they wanted more money, but that they wanted it all at once. I was not prepared to do this, and after a certain amount of argument I told them they could all go back to their villages, that I would not employ them as coolies but would wait until the Governor arrived and could make an official arrangement. I had been willing to pay them half their money in advance, provided they, in their turn, would guarantee to do the journey in a certain number of days ; but we were not able to agree.

"The most voluble and ill-mannered of the coolies, a big man, then pushed into our room (we were not in tents but in a low house) without ceremony, and I rapidly ejected him. I do not think that he showed fight, however, and we did not band ourselves together in case of trouble. Lewa, and not I, threatened to attack any of them who did not disperse at once, on the ground that they were making an unseemly noise in our courtyard.

"The superior native was the headman of the coolies. He had been absent at the time of the discussion, but returned during the afternoon. Once again Uvani is wrong if he means that the coolies were demanding a higher rate of pay ; but, though I can't answer for the actual words of the headman to them, he certainly cursed them for several minutes, just out of hearing, and then came in to me to say that he was sorry they had caused me annoyance and that they would start the following morning, taking their wages day by day. After that we had no more difficulty."

That picture for Ronald was seen more than a month in advance of the actual happening, and Bill's (which was given me directly afterwards) had taken place nearly two weeks earlier. I will include it as the last of the 'seeings' in this book.

7.40 p.m. October 12th, 1936.

Uvani.

"It interests me, this work, which is in so many ways unique ; for though I see at divers times many incidents for earth dwellers, never does it come in the same guise. True, we at all manner of times fail with synchronization ; but, though we desire it, yet does the difference also create interest. I will once again grip your mind tightly. This too was seen in the middle of your day.

"It was a dreary spot on which was standing Billy ; a vast expanse of barren land with dust clouds rising ; the country, where he was, bereft of verdure. There were many men all dressed as soldiers, with a number of vehicles, all of which were stationary.

"With Billy stood a group of officers, some of whom were of great

importance, for I see him who is in command of Billy display much deference. I therefore deem these men are those who are greatly experienced in warfare, with wide knowledge. There was, however, no warfare around the party. All was still. I am of opinion that they met with a view to reconnoitring the land. Billy stood silently. He was presently called upon. He listened to what was said, then mounted a moving vehicle and went.

"I could see he was well, alert, and, as is generally the case, full of vigour."

Bill's letter containing his comments on this 'seeing' was sent from Palestine on October 20th (we had both written by air-mail) and this is what he says :

"The time is wrong, and should be September 31st about twelve noon. The Divisional Commander came up from Jerusalem to visit our road pickets, and the C.O. and I accompanied him—I following in another car.

"When we arrived at the last picket (Fort Allen), the Divisional Commander talked with the C.O. for some time about the fortifications, and then told me to get into his car with him, and we went on to Nablus, leaving the C.O. at the picket. The other vehicles held the escort and machine-guns which went in front and behind the General's car.

"It is a very good picture, bar the time."

Ronald finally reached England on January 23rd, 1937, and Bill arrived back from Palestine early in the same month. With Ronald's return home all my long months of waiting seemed to become a dream ; but I then had the joy of finding that, quite apart from the 'seeings', most of the inner knowledge that had come to me throughout that period of nearly two years had been accurate.

During this last journey of Ronald's in Tibet, and also while Bill was in Palestine, I found that sometimes, while the pictures were being given, I too could see the scenes, though not plainly enough to take in the details. At rare intervals, however, I have had the most distinct objective visions of both my sons. On one occasion I saw Bill asleep, lying rather uncomfortably on what appeared to me to be a sofa, and it turned out that at that very time he was sleeping on a train in India. Again, I was standing by my window anxiously watching for Ronald, for I wanted to know if he had been able to finish some very important work ; and at last I saw him coming along. I watched him crossing the road—which, except for himself, was quite empty—and waited until he had reached the main entrance, when I hurried to the door of our own flat to meet him. I thought it strange that there was no sign of him, so I listened for his voice, thinking he must have wished to speak to the hall porter. All was silent, however ; but half an hour later he did in reality what I had already seen him do. Then I understood that, as so often happens in the case of the pictures, I too had overstepped time.

I INCLUDED Charles Glover Botham in the previous list of mediums who have given me splendid evidence ; but I must do more than pass him by with so brief a comment, for I had a long series of sittings with him. They started less than three weeks after my husband's death. I had gone to London for my second appointment with Mrs. Garrett, only to find, when I reached the London Spiritualist Alliance, that she had suddenly become ill and was quite unable to work that day. Mr. Botham happened to be available, and the sitting that I then had with him was packed from start to finish with evidential facts, equally convincing in their way to those which had been given me by Uvani. We have always found him to be a very fine medium.

There are many other excellent mediums of whom I have personal experience, but so far in this book I have talked only about those who have been connected with the cross-tests of which I have actually written. I should, however, like to speak of two others who have given us remarkable evidence. The first is the celebrated American medium, Arthur Ford, who has such a wonderful gift of clairaudience ; for it was through him that our very first cross-communications were done and it was he who made us realize that such a thing was possible. He did great work for us when he was in England in the autumn of 1930, for it was then that, quite unknown to himself, he carried out an amazing series of tests which were arranged by my husband, and in which (though nothing had previously been told me about this) Frank, and my father and mother also, took part.

Ruth Vaughan is the second medium I want to mention, because the accuracy of the information given me by her control, concerning Ronald's last journey, was so impressive. This control is said to have lived in Italy during the fifteenth century, and like Uvani speaking through Mrs. Garrett, he is gravely polite and unemotional. He has an unusual aptitude for seeing into the lives and surroundings of people on earth, and, having in his lifetime been a doctor, he is particularly good at diagnosing illness. I have often been fascinated by the manner in which, with this strange extension of vision, he will give long and accurate descriptions of men, women and children with whom he has never come in contact, and of the diseases from which they are suffering.

So far I have said little about Abdul Latif. The difference in his control of the two trance mediums, Mrs. Garrett and Miss Francis, is a source of considerable speculation to many people, but, in conjunction with his control of me, I have had many opportunities of seeing what happens. He has spoken to me in writing about this, so I think it is better to give the explanation of what takes place in his own words :

"You know that there is much controversy always arising over this subject of Abdul Latif's control of two mediums. This is exactly what transpires. I come through Eileen Garrett with much the same feelings that were mine during the life I spent as Abdul Latif : the keen analytical mind predominant ; the same turn of speech, forceful, impatient, quick ; showing when speaking there a resoluteness ; attending to affairs appertaining to health with precision.

"Through the mediumship of Eileen Garrett, it is true that my personality (the Abdul Latif as he was) is more vividly displayed than is possible with any other living medium. Myself, I think it has never been possible for the earth personality of any individual to be manifested through any other medium to the same extent. You have found this to be amazingly the case with your own husband. You have seen that with Uvani the characteristic side of the Arab is uppermost.

"So far as your experience goes, it is the dynamic forceful Abdul Latif, diagnosing swiftly, whom you meet with Uvani's instrument ; one who appears to be doing his work and attending to business in the same manner as you would find when a doctor is consulted in the room in which he interviews his patients. You find that items of information, one after the other, are given you on all manner of subjects—yourself, your health—each symptom known and discussed. Of everything concerning you does Abdul Latif evince knowledge, and at times will he give much about other people, even those who are not related. All these things happen through this source with him. He shows this side ; yet because, when he lived, Abdul Latif had many interests and also many sides to his nature, he occasionally relaxes. He is then the man you see working through Miss Francis.

"Now I find when I assume control of Nina Francis, who is a very gentle woman, that I display far more tolerance, less impetuosity. I feel more inclined to talk on abstract subjects, and also have a philosophic serenity. One might liken it to the feelings of a surgeon who, having been busily employed with his work, sinks into a comfortable chair and prepares to enjoy a chat with a friend well known to him. I am still the doctor, however, still showing knowledge of your health, able to advise and give help ; and with you have I shown throughout these talks that, though not touching on evidential points in the same way, I none the less allude to all manner of incidents, past, present and to come, in the lives of yourself and your sons. You know it is the same old friend. You have also at times discovered Abdul Latif's system of control to be reversed ; that as when speaking with Uvani's instrument he sometimes takes his ease, so he will assume much forcefulness through this vehicle of Lucio's.

"State as you have found. If, on earth, moods alter according to the effect caused by those with whom one comes in contact, how much more are different sides evinced when using entranced mediums of totally opposite calibre ? With all through whom I work I show different characteristics ; but, fundamentally, the man is there ; and this is apparent to you, for, coming through either source, the same personality appears, the conversation touching upon the same themes, a close knowledge shown of what lies within your life.

"And coming directly to yourself, giving the inscription, I can give a helping hand ; little glimpses of what is done by your boys, information concerning what shall come to pass. You feel that Abdul Latif has a kindly interest ; that he is able to tell you of many things, can arrange what is carried out elsewhere ; can prove what he says to be correct."

Through both these mediums Abdul Latif has confirmed what he said here. I will give his own words through Mrs. Garrett :

"When speaking to one another on the earth, are not different sides shown, displaying to this one that which is hidden from the next? Then consider how much more does the portrayal differ when for the time being various mechanisms are borrowed. We take one, we take another, but in most cases must a portion only of what we would express flow through. When sufferers come, seeking help of mind or body, we use with gratitude that instrument nearest to our hand. I may have to come showing a great deal of joviality—well, I was in my life a jovial man! On the other hand I may display a very philosophic calm. That, too, formed part of me.

"The manner of my coming varies. If, however, in the end I have helped some person, what does it matter how it is done?"

I must now say a little more about the healing powers of Abdul Latif, and something also about those of White Eagle and Chang, the Chinese control of Mr. Philip Sharplin. It is undoubtedly true that an extraordinary magnetic strength emanates from all of them, and I have often experienced it and benefited from it. Not only has this power come directly to myself, apart from those times when I have been with their mediums, but it has also come to me through that great healer William Hendry, who for so many years of his life worked unceasingly, and in so gentle and self-effacing a manner, to help others.

When undergoing treatment for a severe illness, I have many times seen colours in all sorts of shades from softest violet to deep orange, sometimes beautifully intermingled with gold or silver. Sometimes the sensation has been strongly magnetic, at others almost like liquid sunshine; and once—this was with White Eagle—I saw flowing towards me a soft white vapour, a silver cloud, soothing, smooth, completely satisfying. The result was in all cases the same: a feeling of renewed life as a stream of vitality coursed through my veins. White Eagle speaks often of these lights, saying they are part of the cosmic rays drawn from the universe, and that they possess wonderful curative powers.

The controls I have met have different methods of healing. In addition to giving out healing himself, Abdul Latif when speaking through his medium, Eileen Garrett, often advises his patients to see an earthly doctor as well. In my own case, in the early days of my illness, he gave me, without my mentioning the subject at all, an accurate diagnosis of what was wrong. He said there was a certain injection I ought to have, and that he could induce a doctor to whom I was going to prescribe it for me. The next time I visited this doctor he said I must have that very treatment. I could not help thinking how surprised he would be if I told him I had known beforehand all that he would say.

Mrs. Vaughan's control also often advises people to have his diagnosis verified by a doctor; and Mr. Sharplin's, after satisfying himself that his magnetic treatment is not likely to bring about the desired result, will tell his patient to see one also.

On the other hand, when speaking through Nina Francis, Abdul Latif shows no disposition at all to advise one to consult earthly doctors; and it is rarely that White Eagle does either.

I have to admit, however, that though I could receive from spiritual sources speedy relief and healing from sundry aches and pains (as, for

example, when I was injured by a car), I was ultimately defeated by a really serious illness. As the time went on without my becoming better for more than a few brief intervals, I realized that something must be lacking in myself; the ability mentally to reach out to some great force; an ability which had often been present with trouble less serious. My physical weakness gave me a strange feeling of not having enough strength to do this, and yet I continued to have faith that I should eventually be cured of the extreme exhaustion from which I was suffering.

This illness, which lasted altogether for eight years, gave me a wonderful opportunity for seeing if those from the other world, who had so often shown me their great powers, could make me well. For the last five of these years I did not consult any living doctor, nor, for that matter, did I tell anyone how ill I was. Finally, however, acute peritonitis forced me to have an emergency operation, which was completely successful, though there had been at first some doubt as to whether I should live. Once surgery had done its work I was able to make a recovery which astounded those who looked after me; as indeed they were amazed that I had been able to keep going during all the years when I had been so ill.

In spite of my faith I did not get healed until I was taken in hand by human doctors; and this has taught me that in our present state of knowledge it is not always sufficient to rely on spiritual healing alone. Those who communicate with us from the spheres beyond can usually see considerably further than we can, but they are not omniscient. The information they may give should, therefore, not be regarded as infallible.

XV

FROM the time of Mrs. Garrett's departure for America in December, 1933 (although she was in England for a short period the following year), I neither saw her nor held any kind of communication with her until she returned to this country in July, 1936.

Two and a half years had therefore elapsed before we met again on July 23rd. She was speaking that evening at the British College of Psychic Science on her experiences in the United States, and I listened to her with intense interest. She gave an account of the work done with her by various doctors and scientists. These, being thoroughly baffled by 'those so-called controls of hers', Abdul Latif and Uvani, had been trying by every means they could think of to see if they could not explain them away.

It was on August 5th, 1936, that Uvani again spoke to me through Eileen Garrett. He said:

"I am happy to come to you in this way, to give you some account of what we have done since last we spoke through this instrument. You have been kept in comfort, happiness, understanding, and without undue

alarm. Is that not so ? And our worthy Abdul Latif has ministered not only to the body but has also given ministrations of spirit."

I asked : "And what has Uvani done ?"

"I think he has tried, in his very practical way, always to provide that you have peace and protection for your awareness. I think you will agree, too, that I have elevated myself into the position of devoted friend, adviser, helper. I have been gratified by your understanding, your trust, and the affection you give me. For long now you have been given the ways, the means, of drawing close to your beloved one. You have been permitted this nearness that he, with his great desire to bring to you the thoughts, the doings, of your loved sons, may be enabled to accomplish that which he longs to do. It has been given also to Abdul Latif, myself, and Frank, your brother, this nearness of thought. This that has come to you is different from what comes to others. Having had all these wonders given to you, can you not see that, did others know, there would be awakened in their minds possibilities of what love can do ?

"I have used those other controls that you might know, by every means in my power, I am able to do as I have said. I have given proof after proof that I come to you. I then wait for the moment when I can say through my own instrument just what I have promised, just what I have done. You may speak now. Yes, to my instrument. She would with useful purpose speak to some concerning it. The American doctor ! It were well he were told."

Without entering into details I told Mrs. Garrett, therefore, about the constant control of myself by Abdul Latif and Uvani.

At the next sitting, which took place twelve days later, the American doctor Uvani had mentioned was present. He was very interested in psychic research and the dual control of Mrs. Garrett and myself. Uvani alone came, and during the greater part of the time he talked to this doctor, while I took notes. He gave a close account of all that had taken place with me throughout the past years ; but I will here include only that part of the sitting in which he gave the names of the different controls with whom he had made arrangements to come and speak to me. Mrs. Garrett, of course, did not know who they were, and it was the first time through her, or any medium, that Uvani had spoken about this :

"I desire to state that we have done much with Madame ; to emphasize the fact that rigid training has been employed over many years under strictest secrecy. We have taken these years in which to prove our own individuality, and I speak here, in this moment, of ways in which this has been done.

"I have come through the French mademoiselle"—(Uvani now turned inquiringly to me)—"she with the monk ! White Hawk. White Eagle. The little girl."

Uvani again turned to me, and after stopping to think who it was that he meant, I answered, 'Lalla', after which he continued :

"Also Lily. There may have been others. All this may be disputed, but through my own instrument I desire to record it. I have done it with remembrance. I have not only told you I would do this, but after having

done it I have come back and discussed with you my ability or non-ability to speak with you through other controls and mediums. It would have all been useless had I not had remembrance of this that I have done. It is necessary that I tell this to you to show you I do remember, and that there is naught that is purposeless in that I do."

Until Uvani spoke of Miss Francis in this manner I had forgotten that she is French by birth, and is known here by the English equivalent of one of her names. It had also escaped my memory that as far back as 1930 Glover Botham's control, who is known as Lily, had mentioned Uvani's association with myself. Cross-references were sometimes made between Uvani and this little control ; but, as it was long before he wrote through me, no test had ever been arranged by him with her.

I am ending this book with Uvani's words through Mrs. Garrett, just before she left once more for America.

"The primary object of my desire to speak through the lips of my entranced instrument before she leaves this country is this : Our work is about to be put into book form. There should be value in such a book giving plainly, accurately, simply, evidence of work done by those who are discarnate with one who is incarnate ; evidence of people who are in places that are inaccessible, where no transport of any description can bring word of their doings. Very definitely this work shows that it is possible for mind to communicate with mind without the necessity for words. My wish is very great that, in the reading of this document, people may have some distinct knowledge of what is essential in obtaining clear communication.

"First and foremost, an understanding, comprehensive, sympathetic attitude whereby they realize that, without these attributes, they cannot obtain the link which binds.

"When they come looking for information, solely from curiosity or a desire to obtain material benefit, there is no open door, no signpost ; a barrier which is more immovable than any brick wall hides what lies beyond. When they have love which gives only desire to find the one loved, the one who has passed beyond their earthly vision, even this may not be sufficient.

"There must be self-control, selflessness, in order that any excess of emotion will not impede the way—and make blurred what might be given by the one who controls the instrument. They must realize patience is a factor which is very necessary ; that if he whom they wish to find is not immediately described, it may be, for some reason, another and yet another is seen before the desired one. There must be no objection, no sully of the sight of the control, or he will find his vision becomes so obliterated that he may be unable to see anything more. If only it could be clearly understood that when material things obtrude the way of communication is almost an impossibility, how good it would be !

"There are many who think they can make investigation in the manner shown by a detector of crime on earth, rigid and critical in their attitude, suspicious, hard ; and, when little or perchance nothing comes their way,

they triumphantly make loud acclamation, saying : 'This is a thing impossible, for I have tested this medium and find her wanting.'

"It is not given to all to have the flame of pure love which, reaching out, blends with the love of the one who has gone; yet did those who desire to learn show patience, tolerance, sympathy, they would not be sent empty away. I do want this point made clear. Such will do far more to enable those desiring information to get it than aught else.

"Now you require elucidation in other matters. You have had your pictures given in many ways, and you have recognized this : that time is not always a measurable quantity. In the beginning we limited ourselves to give you time which corresponded with that of yours, and it was noticeable that those pictures which were very small were more often correct. It was then comparatively easy to grasp the time of your boys with your time. Then came pictures on a larger canvas which were frequently incorrect with your time. The interest, however, still remains that we gave you pictures, and that actually what we saw was correct. What you wanted was news. We saw as much as possible, enabling you also to see, and at the same time giving you a description of what came before us. When a man takes a record he does not confine himself to one small item. What he sees he strings together. So with us. We also wished to make clear that time is as nothing ; for yesterday, today and tomorrow are one.

"You have had your pictures given in many ways. There were moments when we took what passed in the minds of the boys for actual occurrences. It was taken by us at times to be the vision of what would make the concrete action later. We could not always foresee.

"It was necessary sometimes to divert your vision, to ensure that, from having opened a loophole in your mind, you would not suffer a great shock. It being imperative to deflect your sight, we gave you something which would not hurt your mother heart. Instead of seeing your children undergoing great hardships, great sufferings, you were shown perchance another glimpse of what later occurred when all was again peace.

"You wondered sometimes why you were told little of the troubles that were inevitable, especially during the earlier stages of our work. Do you think we could have allowed you to suffer ? At the time your boy was bitten by the snake, do you, for one moment, suppose your brother would have been allowed to see what was happening, so that you also would have known and been rent with the torment of suspense ? There was the time when your young boy went many hours searching for water in the desert. That too. I tell you, even though we had reassured you and given of our word, time and time again you would have been agonized, fearing worse things.

"So we did our best, telling you much, enabling you to see, yet preserving your soul from being seared. You have, long ere this, become conscious that the two worlds are one, as indeed they are. As the mind is inclined to this idea so do the impediments depart ; and very definitely do you realize this, as you go back over our evidence and see what has taken place with you. The more you go over it the more you are able to see the wonderful results.

"You have walked the arduous way. You have received much. Now you have paused to review all that has been given, and you are able to perceive the truth. There is no distance between this state and that which to most appears unknown. It is only people themselves who come between."

APPENDIX

ABDUL LATIF AND UVANI

These notes are taken from two books, *Healing Through Spirit Agency*, and *Health*, both by R. H. Saunders.

Abdul Latif ibn Yusuf was born at Baghdad in 1162 of the Christian era and died in 1231 at the age of sixty-nine. There is no adequate life in English of this great Persian, the references to him in English Encyclopaedias being of the briefest character. He is better known in France and Germany. The best work yet written is that in French by Baron Silvestre de Lacy, whose appreciation of Abdul Latif led him to transcribe the copious references about him found in Arabic literature.

Mr. Saunders says of the book in the Bodleian Library at Oxford : "It is known as *Al Mokhtasir*" (The Compendium). It is on parchment $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, and consists of 133 pages written in the beautiful Arabic characters. It is yellow with the age of some seven centuries, but the writing is clear with not a single alteration or correction, and is in Abdul Latif's own handwriting. It treats of his travels in Egypt, with observations on its conditions in A.D. 1200, and is the mine in which historians for centuries have delved for information of that period."

Uvani also gave Mr. Saunders some information about himself through the mediumship of Eileen Garrett. This I did not see for a considerable time after he had given details of his life to me. He said that he called himself Uvani, meaning "The Son of Happiness", but that his real name was Yusuf ben Hafik ben Ali, and that he was a member of a noble merchant family of Basrah, mainly connected with the export of fruit. He was a soldier himself, and was killed about a hundred years ago fighting against the Turks, when he was aged about forty-eight.