

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