

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.