

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.