

A
New Conception
of Love

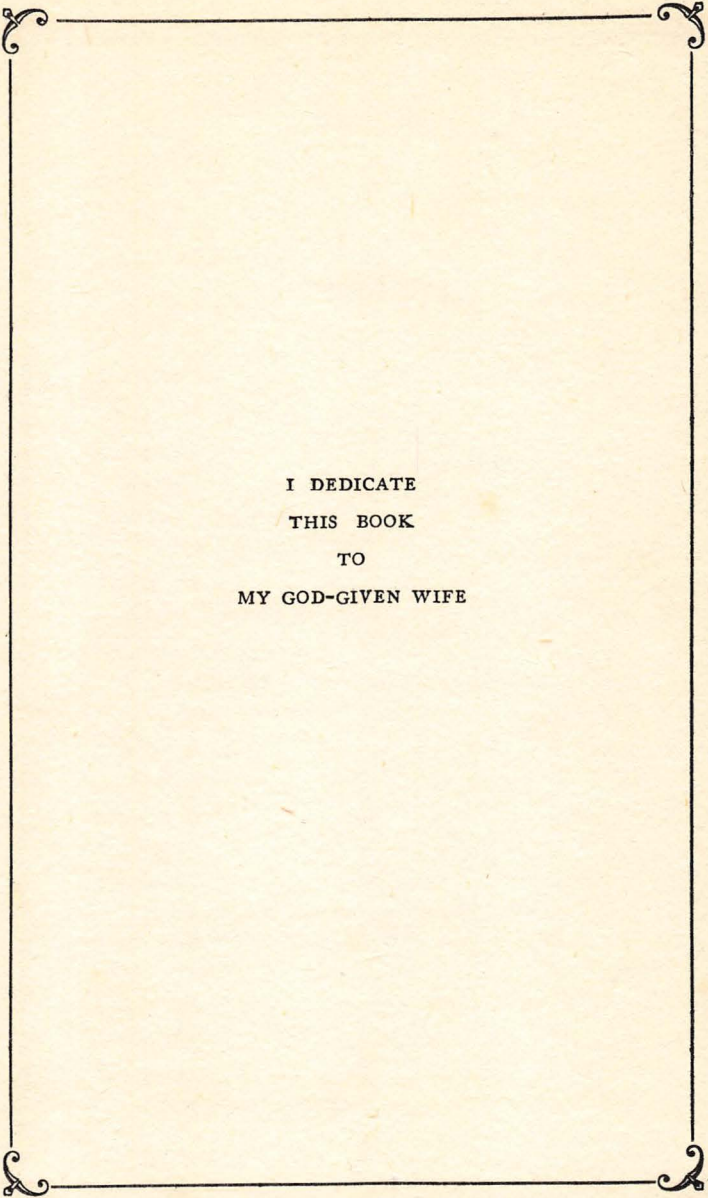
By
SIR VINCENT CAILLARD
Written on his Communigraph

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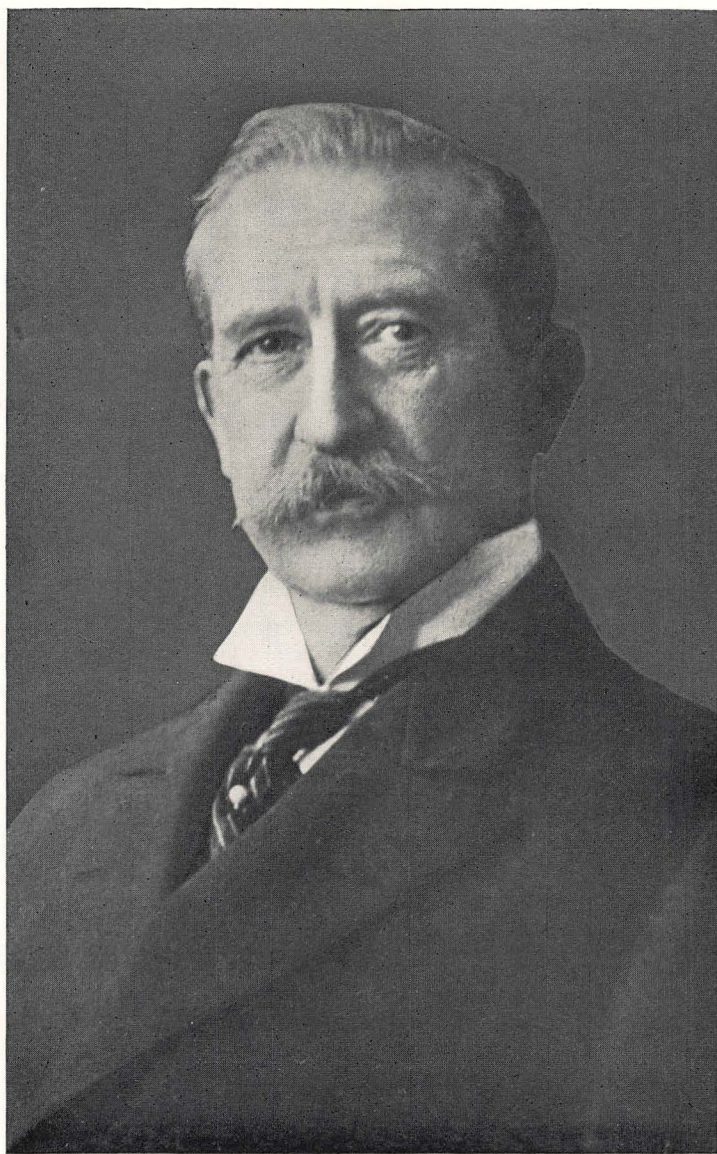
New Description
of Love

THE HISTORY OF
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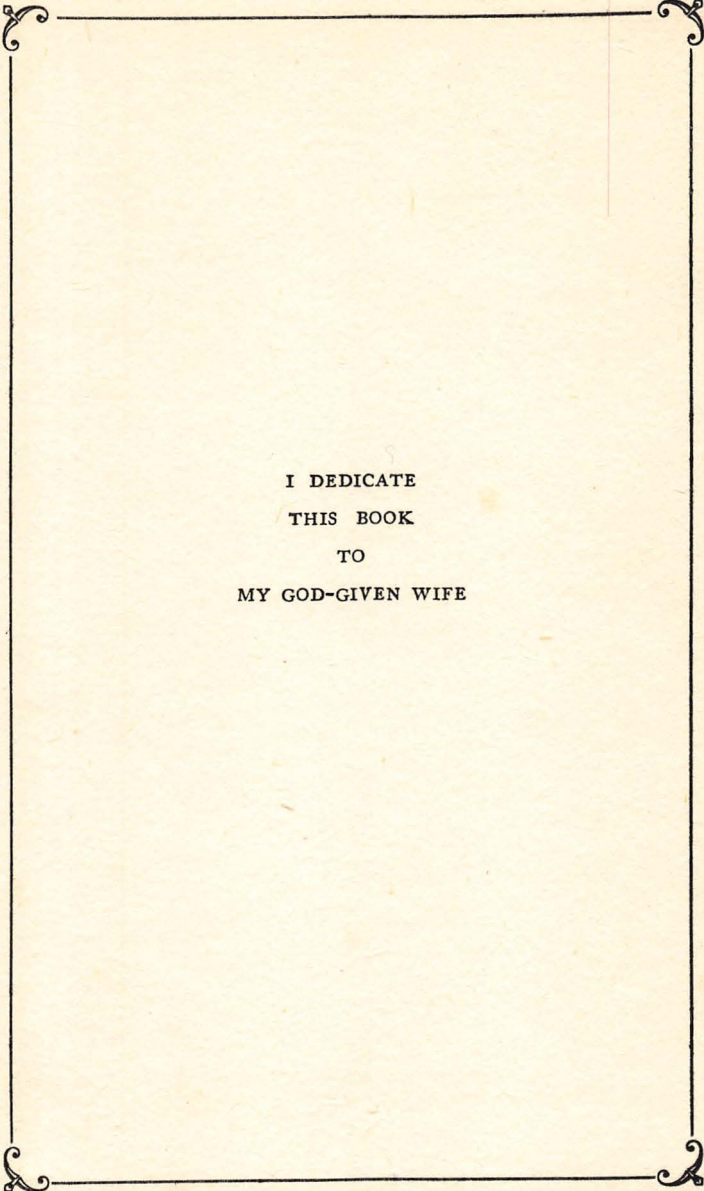


I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK
TO
MY GOD-GIVEN WIFE



SIR VINCENT CAILLARD

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FOREWORD

ET us give our grateful thanks to God and all noble souls who have made this work possible.

To all who take this book either casually or seriously, I would ask them only to read it in very quiet moments, especially would I like young people intending to marry to peruse these pages together.

My sole desire is to portray the essence of Love as I know it. By so doing I pray I may lay the foundation-stone for many to build a home of true happiness.

My experience of Love has been, and is, unique, and though the gateway of my earthly existence was

temporarily closed, just for two short years, yet my beloved wife has once again opened the portals and her love-light ever shines to let me through. To her I am indebted for all. She has given me herself, and my beloved Communigraph, and Our God has blessed this union and work, may He bless all my readers, and I will.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

INTRODUCTION



HAVE been chosen by the Trianon Band to write this Introduction to a great work by Sir Vincent Caillard. What a happy task! To-day is the closing day of the year 1933, what more fitting task could Our Heavenly Father offer than the commencement of a new work for 1934.

One should always prepare a new garment before the old one is discarded. In the pages of this book you will find how to prepare your celestial robes before you shed the terrestrial ones. This knowledge is only to be found by seeking, as Christ told us. Sir Vincent has found the way, and

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CHAPTER I

LOVE



OUR small letters. What a vast amount of power is contained in those letters—L-O-V-E. They form the gateway to the Life Eternal. No wonder, then, so few can enter and *return*.

As we view the panorama of earth life we wonder why the wealth of teaching of the past has not made a permanent and lasting way for the inter-communion between mortals and immortals.

The answer is so simple. True love is not understood or taught by those

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because of this he hopes to lead you.

My readers, it has been my privilege to review his work during this year, and as I watched the many grateful souls he has led to the light, I thank my God for the opportunity afforded me now. Heaven is portrayed in this book, and the true love of one man for one woman has made this possible. To Lady Caillard and her faithful workers, with their faith in the Spirit World, I give my grateful thanks, and to Sir Vincent I say, may God bless your great desire to bring light and comfort to the world.

G. VALE OWEN.

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Let us ponder awhile on the unselfish love of GOD through whom we are permitted to do this work. Picture a mighty moving force, so full of creative power that life emanations are given off at every moment. I said *given*—that is LOVE. The love which creates and gives but demands no return.

Now you can see why the inhabitants of earth are so unhappy. The main object in earth life is to get and not to give.

God gets so little in return for all He gives, yet He keeps on giving. When we have all grasped this truth

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Portrait by Hay Wrightson, London

LADY CAILLARD

Heaven will become one abiding state, and LOVE will rule the worlds.

The bridge between the two states of life is permanent to me, and although I often hear the remarks of my old acquaintances—why should I come back? I use my Maker's methods and keep on creating new works until I accomplish my task.

Love persists, and never tires. My beloved wife holds my line taut, and it will never sag.

The average man and woman have at some time or other had some experience of definitely being led or impressed by an outside entity. Some call this premonition, but, nevertheless, it is the voice of the Spirit, and we shall persist in speaking in many ways until we wake the DEAD on earth.

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I speak now from the depths of my heart, as her memory is so sacred to me, but I must perforce bare my soul to encourage others to seek their ideal.

In my early years I had a sweet ideal—my mother. After she left me through so-called death, I only had her memory to cherish for many years. Later I married, but not my heart's ideal, God had planned my path of initiation, Fate I called it then.

I often pondered on my quotation, then my charge was given to me and I found something lovely to think on in her friendship. As has been written by a great poet, "Friendship is the light of Heaven." It was ours.

God has made life a perfect pattern, and if we allow Him to work in the

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To ask the majority of people what they are doing they would reply, "making a living." As I now see life, I find by so doing they often cease to live. Earthly ideas are exactly opposite to ours ; to really live one must struggle, fight, and sacrifice. Then the true character is developed, which is one's passport to a truly HIGHER LIFE.

To-day the veil betwixt you and me is extremely thin ; because of this many souls are returning to their kindred with no finer attributes than they took with them. Unfortunately the recipients of their messages believe these are messages from Heavenly spheres. On the contrary, often they are from a lower sphere than earth. So I implore all my readers to *always*

pray for the enlightenment of any soul whose character was doubtful on earth, before attempting to contact them.

SPECIAL CHAPTER

“LOVE ENVIETH NOT”

N the Great Book is written these words by St. Paul, “Love envieth not.” This is our great lesson to-day.

If we could only get this idea home to-day to all religions of the world, then we should be in a state known as Heaven.

The majority of wars have started through envy, and all religious bodies are ever at war through envy.

Let us reason this out. All religions are related, and the essence of true religion is to do GOOD. May I make it plain ?

In our world do not for one moment think we are all termed spiritualists because we communicate with earth people ; all creeds are represented here as on earth, but with a difference. The good leaders soon see the errors they made and rectify them ; those who will not see are merely unfrocked, as it were, and become pupils again. This applies to all religions. So, dear readers, do not worry over the title of your belief, if your face is turned to the Star of Truth.

LOVE ENVIETH NOT. How true this is. Now we will endeavour to apply this to our practical everyday life. Instead of finding fault with the other fellow, just say, " Well, I cannot see eye to eye with you, but come and let us talk it over ; perhaps you can teach me something." By mutual


conversation a serious quarrel may be avoided ; there are two sides to the black and white shield. Until we have harmony in religion where prayers are going out consistently making chaos with their different origins, how can one hope to save nations ?

Unite, be not divided. " All are but parts of one stupendous whole," as Pope once wrote in his Essay on Man.

A wise man takes knowledge from *all* sources. When all grasp this fundamental truth, LOVE WILL DELIVER MAN FROM ENVY.

CHAPTER II

RIGHT THINKING

N a beautiful verse of St. Paul's we read words that he wrote in his declining days on earth :
“ Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.”

To-day is an anniversary with us—January 17th, 1934. The anniversary of the first sitting at the Belfry, and of the installation of the Communi-graph there. I want to explain my quotation as linking up with this great day.

Many years ago I was given the sacred trusteeship of a little lady,

who later was destined to become my cherished wife.

I speak now from the depths of my heart, as her memory is so sacred to me, but I must perforce bare my soul to encourage others to seek their ideal.

In my early years I had a sweet ideal—my mother. After she left me through so-called death, I only had her memory to cherish for many years. Later I married, but not my heart's ideal, God had planned my path of initiation, Fate I called it then.

I often pondered on my quotation, then my charge was given to me and I found something lovely to think on in her friendship. As has been written by a great poet, "Friendship is the light of Heaven." It was ours.

God has made life a perfect pattern, and if we allow Him to work in the



THE COMMUNIGRAPH

lights and shades we shall be more than satisfied. I can assure you of this fact, as I have seen my part of the pattern, and the shades only enhance the beauty of the lights.

No friendship is complete without those little intimacies, such as pet names. My little ward became my little Bird, and I dwindled into a mere Fish—hence the cover on this book. It illustrates our human heart's expression of perfect understanding of one another.

After many years of friendship, God gave her into my keeping. Perfect love is based on perfect friendship, by dwelling on things lovely I obtained my ideal.

How often we question the wisdom of God, when our cherished plans are frustrated. How infinitely small our

minds are by so doing. My dear union with my beloved wife was doomed to be short-lived in an earthly sense, and my little Bird seemed to have migrated.

Imagine my loneliness. After three short years of wedded happiness I was to receive my imperative call to have revealed to me in my higher home all outstanding happenings in my life on earth. I soon awakened to consciousness on my arrival here, and death seemed but a dream. My first feelings were that I was in another country, and I could not remember my home address. Picture my amazement when I called for my darling wife, and instead I saw a tall, beautiful form of a man appear at my side.

I was used to being obeyed on earth in my business, so not knowing my

attendant, I demanded to be taken home. My good friend told me I must wait, as I was not fit to return until I could say "Thy Will be done."

Oh, the gentleness of my new-found friend. Like a tired child I was induced to sleep until one glad morn I was awakened by what appeared to me as a rosy dawn ; yet there was a difference, and like the call of a bird to its mate, MY BIRD CALLED ME.

Even then my flight to her was not easy, as her grief for me was too intense and formed a barrier. Then I learnt a great lesson, that grief is a form of selfishness, which true love must overcome, and then I prayed for my reunion. That caused my wife to make an effort to find out if I did survive. Love and prayer had conquered death. The Bird had found her mate.

SPECIAL CHAPTER

“I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY
REMEMBRANCE OF YOU.”

(2 Philippians, Chap. I. v. 3.)



WOULD that this glorious message were written in every home and heart. You say, “But there are sad and unhappy memories to mar the happy ones.” Granted. Look around, dear reader, and see the homes of your various friends. The happy ones are those where sorrow and sickness are most prevailing. Why? Because the soul that suffers for and with those it loves, becomes more bright and beautiful, and so the sufferer can indeed thank God.

The popular and prosperous man Saul was not loved, but the persecuted man Paul was beloved.

To-day we are commemorating the great conversion of St. Paul. His inspiration is with us, and we truly thank God for EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF HIM.

After all, had the lives of the Saints been perfect how could we ever hope to attain their high ideals? God's purpose in peopling the universe would have been purposeless and vain had man been perfect.

Spirit God, the moving force around us all, inter-penetrating all, yet man dares to say that when the soul leaves the physical body it ceases activity, and waits for endless years for the trumpet to sound. Or the atheist says—death is the end.

Now St. Paul tells us we have a natural body and a spiritual body. He testifies to that which he knows. Did he not see and talk with angels during his ministry? So do workers of God to-day. After all, what is an angel? Just a messenger. So when I realised that I had a very tangible spirit body, which was made to function in a spiritual world, then I found my counterpart—my beloved wife was hoping to contact me, although the physical body had disintegrated. Then I realised that all life is one life, one spirit, and there is one GOD, *one Father of us all.*

Thus I say emphatically—live in the spirit, walk with spiritual courage, and knowing that spirit is part of God, you will be able to say, "I AND MY FATHER ARE ONE."

CHAPTER III

PEACE



HE vibration of the word peace brings a calm influence to one's soul, and yet not a rest, as some would expect.

The real meaning of peace suggests to us a condition of tranquillity and repose, which helps the real self to tune in with God.

Now, dear reader, I will endeavour to show you what this state involves. In attaining this condition it means your linking up with the greatest dynamic force that is. Then, how can you expect to rest? No, there is no rest, but unceasing work. *That* is the true version of PEACE.

Picture an active brain which has planned and worked all through a long career, then say to its owner, "Now you can rest in peace." Impossible. That would not be peace.

God is peace, but He is also Love. Here is the motive power of the dynamic force. We, you and I, are part of that force, and only when we are *not* at peace do we cease to rest.

Now I will show you how *my* life has been carried into a perfect harmony with my Maker, and from His divine force, of which I am but an atom, still that atom has been charged with a tremendous power for good, and it is the WILL OF GOD.

Realising this I determined to prove to the world that life is continuous, and I use my God-given power to bring PEACE to my beloved wife.



PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR VINCENT CAILLARD

Now, you will say, " But what will the outcome be ? " I will show you.

For her, like me, work, and only by teaching her to obtain peace of mind are we able to co-operate and give these truths to you. I want to give you one illustration of our special tuning-in. We had agreed to write this book. I had also promised my little Bird a photograph from my new home. Here was a proof for the world, because *she* had already received many proofs that I lived. Peace for others this would be, if I only could succeed. How could I do it ? Naturally I felt that home would be the place to try, as most of our scientific work is done there. Then I learnt that the vibrations there were too rapid. There was not the kind of peace there for this particular kind of phenomena. So

I found I must be like Naaman of the Bible, I must take a journey to other conditions. I found a dear old lady prepared to help me, and my beloved wife went there on my advice. We were able to achieve the seeming miracle, for which I thank God. This is an illustration of how Love can overcome difficulties and bring a working PEACE to all.

Now we can say with Paul : " MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU."

CHAPTER IV

HOME



TO-DAY I want to take you on a long journey with me, to one of those many mansions spoken of by Christ.

First of all, how did I find it? When I arrived here and became obedient to my Guide, he told me a human story, which I found later was my own. I will endeavour to relate it.

In a beautiful earthly home a small boy was reared in an atmosphere of justice on his paternal side, and sweet gentle love on his maternal side. He loved both parents dearly, and tried to emulate their virtuous lives. His early years were supremely happy ones,

but all too soon the shadow of death marred his happiness, when that sweet mother was taken home. Enough of her personality was impregnated into the boy to be a foundation-stone for the rest of his life. Heed these words, mothers all, and be a good example to your children. This boy grew up to look for more women like his mother, but found it a long quest. The ideal never left him until he met his partner, then he saw his mother's qualities in their embryo state. Here was an opportunity to climb to childish ideals together. He found it much easier to share with a kindred spirit.

He made a great success of his career, trusting, and being trusted by all who understood him. Here his father's qualities were revealed, and justice meted out to all.

Later in life love became paramount with this highly-developed soul, who had served his King and Country and his fellow-men. A truly natural sequence of events.

As his life came to a close he naturally craved for more of that sweet love which had crowned his closing years, and so after adjustment to his new spiritual body his first question was, "Where am I to dwell? I am in a strange land, and must prepare a home for my darling wife when she comes here." Here my Guide smiled and beckoned me forward.

I felt myself soaring upwards, untrammelled and free. I realised that I was the subject of his story. Imagine the scene that met my gaze. A rising hill-side, verdant and green, with a beautiful home at the crest of the hill,

all white and glistening—it seemed to me to be made of agate.

I thought this was sunset-time when we arrived, because all was enveloped in a rosy light. I had no need to ask my Guide, he read my thoughts. He said : “ Your ideal in life was LOVE. Here is the ray of Love you have built for yourself and your spirit-bride.”

There are *all* the things I loved most in our home. Beautiful flowers of every hue in abundance, right over the hill-side. No need for fenced gardens, for one only receives what one has earned. Then the birds—no colours on earth can describe their beautiful plumage. No aviaries are needed, the little feathered friends, too, are free. Then the animals. All my Birdie’s and my pets are there ; no quarrels, just happy together in

God's garden. Surely the writer of the story of the Garden of Eden must have had a glimpse of Heaven, perfect as our home.

I walked through my rooms and met my saintly mother, there to meet me, young again, because somehow one could not associate old age with such a meeting. It all seemed so natural.

The next step after our reunion was to be shown my new home. Again I learnt what a power LOVE is, because awaiting me in every room were replicas of all my darling's treasured gifts to me. How I loved them all, and the sweetest music that fell on my ears was the chiming of a little clock she had given me, and to which we were both much attached on earth—a small repeating clock

with a particularly sweet tone, which she always brings to the room on earth where we meet.¹

I find that Love is the only building force that exists. Even when I asked my mother, “—but Love does not govern men’s hearts on earth when they rob, or murder, or steal?” She replied, “Dear boy, Love is even in those cases the motive force, but it is love of self, which has a power to wield until God can touch their selfish hearts.”

I have digressed a little to give you the lesson my mother gave me. I saw, too, my paintings, and in a large room there were new paintings which made me involuntarily exclaim, “Look, Birdie.” Then I remembered she

¹ Note by Lady Caillard. Here Sir Vincent sounded the little clock which was beside me.

was not with me, but the scenes depicted on the canvases were living pictures of the sweetest scenes my Birdie and I have lived together. Love again the creative power. Tender memories filled my heart, and I asked my mother just *who* had painted such beauty for me. Now comes the greatest test of Love. Souls whom my Bird had helped on Life's hard pathway, had met from time to time with pallets and brushes, and, knowing her love of the beautiful, had offered to paint her pictures for our home. I was told that being an active mind myself, I had travelled during sleep, and had taken with me my wishes and hers. When travelling at night to give instructions I was often met by a dear old friend, who proves my theory. He was my dear wife's first


husband, and instead of being jealous, as one on earth might be, he was all gratitude to me for making her happy ; and he helped to prepare our home. Her eldest brother and her brother-in-law, both artists, had painted our pictures.

Where I looked there were links of Love from old friends which made me understand how *completely* Love is God. Omnipresent and omnipotent. My cup was full. The two worlds were not divided, here were links that the chain of life could never break.

Night and day we pass each other on our ceaseless journeyings to and fro—Mortals and Immortals.

CHAPTER V

“SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD
AND ALL OTHER THINGS SHALL BE
ADDED ON TO YOU”

ID I hear a sigh from my readers then? You say, “Perhaps I have tried all my life, yet I see others who have not tried to do good, have many things added which I have not.”

Do not be discouraged, my friend. God counts ALL worldly wealth as the counters of a game. They are merely lent to each soul to play the game of life. Those who have the most counters have the hardest game. After all, it does not matter how soon

the game is over, it is the methods we employ against our opponents.

By seeking God's Kingdom one has illimitable strength to draw from. Now I will show you how my system can be appropriated by all.

Our higher teachers tell us God does not see rank as we know it, there are the same opportunities for Spiritual attainments for all.

The prophet Joel told us this. On the earth there are two kinds of thoughts—constructive and destructive. So many people who have built up great businesses or made great wealth, think that by giving generously to charities, that they are definitely seeking the Kingdom of God.

Oh, what a farce, what a bitter disillusionment, when death calls them to the bar of their own conscience.

“SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM . . .” 53

Then when they are confronted with pictures of the lives of their employees, and the precious souls they have had to use as counters in their game—souls, perhaps, far higher in God’s sight than their own. Now comes time for reflection and remorse. Instead of construction all his life, he has been destroying, because he has not seen or cared for the well-being of souls whom God has entrusted to his care. I hope you have followed my meaning. I would not like my readers to have a similar experience.

Thought is all that is necessary—good, constructive thought. Not for the *mere atom*—*I*, but for all whom you may work with and for. This is first seeking the Kingdom of God.

May I suggest a good method for your spiritual advancement? Try

each day to tabulate your thoughts, do not let them run riot ; they are, remember, either constructive or destructive. Then why waste energy given by God in thinking unkind or harmful thoughts, which sooner or later you yourself must eradicate like an evil weed ?

Oh, do try ! Begin the day with prayer, and during your prayer give all your thought to God. Do not let your thoughts wander.

Or has it occurred to you that in your past you have seemingly received only indifferent answers to prayers, because of your indifferent thoughtless prayers to a God of Infinite LOVE and PATIENCE ?

If you commence your day with God, He will send a beautiful spirit Guide to be with you all day. Is this

“SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM . . .” 55


not the way to find the Kingdom of God ?

You will find a great strength given you by well-ordered thought each morning. Also each morning go to your work or workers with thoughts of love to all, and use every thought on your task in hand, then success will surely follow.

If I have helped some to follow my instructions by my picture of the wasted lives, then my visit to my earthly home to-day will have achieved its object, and some soul will learn how to prove to others that by SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, ALL THINGS WILL BE ADDED ON TO YOU.

CHAPTER VI

BE HAPPY

 HAVE tried to show you by a brief outline of my earthly life, the result of which is my beautiful home, how you can all achieve a similar residence here.

Now, I will help you to make your earthly life easier. I must take you to a room where life and death seem to be twin visitors.

Can you guess where I mean? A natal chamber. | No one can enter such a room without feeling God there. It is so sacred, so awe-inspiring, and every soul there is centred on one who is just entering the portals of life on earth.

Oh, the infinite love and care pervading that tense atmosphere, power mighty, because all are thinking alike. You may think, "Why all this fuss over a small babe?"

Now comes my plea to younger readers. Life in this form was once you and I, and as life evolves you, too, may be called upon to propagate humanity. Think. Are you fit for so sacred a task?

Who are your companions? Remember from your age of responsibility you are determinating the quality of our unborn races. Something is clinging to you from all your associates right through life. So I want you to choose your friends aright.

How frequently we hear young people say of a friend's child, "What an objectionable kind of a child."

Why do you say that? Probably the little one is mirroring back the reflection of his parent's and your characters. Because your young married friends and you never stopped to think when the expectant mother was bearing her child. You thought you could keep her happy by your bridge parties and mirth, whereas you were fraying her nerves by her endeavours to appear natural. Then you disliked the babe because it is fretful, and gradually you cease to visit your friends. This is life to-day, and we who see its sad homes, and broken friendships, would beg of you to guard well *your* friendships.

I have shown you one side of the picture, now I will show you another and fairer side.

Many years ago our beloved women

looked on life far differently than they do to-day. There were no distractions like to-day, and no little garments to look so attractive in the shops. There was, too, womanly pride, both for herself and her beloved. She sat many hours stitching love into her little one's garments. She took gentle walks, not furious drives. She knew God had been good to her, offering her a new soul—just hers and his—to mould into His likeness. What a gigantic task. No time for frivolities—her happiness was intense, because every thought was centred on the unborn child, and contemplating on the change there would be in the home. No lonely hours here. Life was complete. *She* knew how to be happy.

I have shown you, at her request,

my mother's experience with me. Now let me explain briefly the reason for so many, apparently, misfits in families.

In God's universal plan there are souls created for the filling of every niche. Look around and see in any garden the Master-Gardener's plan. He views his borders and various beds, studying light and moisture before planting his precious seedlings. He knows the quality of soil each will require. The sweet-scented violets do not need brilliant sunshine, it would destroy their fragrance. Yet one could never suggest that because the violets are grown in the shade that they are insignificant or less valued than the tall lilies.

Soil—what is it? A child would say “dirt.” Another of God's creations

necessary to produce the plants. The good gardener does not think of dirt, he loves every plant, and so loves to prepare their foundations. The soil he knows will later feed his flowers, therefore he spares no time or labour in its preparation. He has no misfits in *his* garden. Why? Because he lives so much in God's garden that he catches magnificent glimpses of the Heavenly Father's plan. "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

Have you, dear reader, discovered my simile? Life is a garden, although often neglected by careless gardeners; but the plot is arranged by the Master-Gardener, God. If we neglect the soil of our inner lives, bringing unhealthy plants, or children, into the world, then our God, an ever-zealous

pruner, has to prune the tender plants, which hurt both the shoots and the parent tree. Yet His garden must not be spoilt, so He does His work well.


Now, you young men and women, *do* heed my words. Keep your bodies pure and your soil will be rich with God's spiritual love. Remember the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and *your* body may be the receptacle of a soul destined to be a leader of nations. When you lightly take a sweet girl, one of God's flowers, remember, my young men, that sweet girl is some mother's treasure, and in years to come she will also be a mother. Surely you would not like to picture her sitting pondering and regretting her girlhood and hating your memory. Love is sacred, sweet, and good. It *must* be, because God is Love. So

other feelings of passion and desire are not good plants. Be like the zealous pruner, hurt yourself before spoiling the gardener's plot.

In Life God places His children in whatever position they will bloom in best. So, dear reader, if your position be high or low, you may be like the violets, needing shade, or lowly corners, nevertheless your perfume of good deeds may be necessary to sweeten the earth. Remember always these words : " GOD IS THE PERFECT GARDENER, AND I WILL PRUNE MYSELF UNTIL I BECOME HIS PERFECT PLANT."

CHAPTER VII

DIVINE RELATIONSHIP

HEN we commence each little circle where mortals and immortals meet and talk together in our earthly home we always say this prayer :

“ I and my Father are one, may the breath of GOD breathe on this work, and so set up the necessary vibrations to form the link between those we love and wish to serve. To the glory of God and the advancement of Spiritual Truth. For Love’s sake. Amen.”

Will you read this carefully ? Then you will feel a mighty power permeating your very being.

I have tried to illustrate in my preceding chapter what a sacred trust God has given us by giving us our physical bodies.

Now as the body is just a wonderful piece of mechanism only, why do scientific men persist in saying that earth life is the apex of man? You may just as well say when you have built a massive ship and launched her that she is complete. No, there are big engines to put in—the vital part. A human frame is a ship minus engines. The brain is just an apperception mass which registers all the mind, or soul, tells it. Of what use is the brain without the God-part mind?

There is a terrible pathos in watching a human being whose brain has become deranged. Yet the man is

not dead, his power of right thinking is merely obstructed.

The usual way of dealing with such unfortunate individuals is to lock them up. No one talks to them or tries to help them to become normal. Yet as *we* view asylums we see many patients who are really only talking to invisible companions whom they in their so-called imbecility know and recognise. Their minds are not affected, God is omnipresent with them. My desire is to show you that your body is not *you*, but, as the chassis is to the car an integral part, so is your body to you. You would not dream of deliberately hurting your car by putting crude oil or petrol into it. Yet you try and feed the body with coarse meats, utterly unsuited to the physical brain's development, and so the apper-

ception mass becomes clouded, and brilliant ideas from the mind cannot register there.

You are a trinity, Body, Soul, and Spirit. Each is as important as the other. Use your body wrongly and your spirit body automatically becomes ugly, then the soul or mind cannot function properly.

May I advise my readers to re-read my prayer :

“I and my Father are one, may the breath of GOD breathe on this work, and so set up the necessary vibrations to form the link between those we love and wish to serve. To the glory of God and the advancement of Spiritual Truth. For Love’s sake. Amen.” We use it with our Communigraph, just an instrument on which I write these pages. Will you


use it each morning over your instrument—your body—remembering through it you are writing the Book of Life. You will then be following the Master's instructions when He said, "I and My Father are One." He knew He was putting Himself into complete unity with His God by that affirmation. We add to this by putting ourselves in tune with many high Spirits, who band together to make us fit denizens for a higher life. It would be so easy to pray and obtain answer to a desire to communicate with *any* spirit, but we want you to link with higher intelligences, then you will be able to help to bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

The reason the churches have failed to fulfil their Lord's command, to heal the sick, is because they fail to

use His own words, and to *believe* them. He knew the help science could be in our day, because being clairvoyant, He foresaw the future, therefore He prophesied that "Greater things shall ye do if ye have Faith."

CHAPTER VIII

AT ONE-MENT

O-DAY I want to use that beautiful word in its deepest meaning. We have been taught in the past to dwell too much on the at one-ment of our Blessed Exemplar, Jesus. His life was one of intense interest lived for others, to show what a wonderful being man could become if he would.

In my previous talks I have tried to help you all to tune in to God by recognising your relationship with Him. If you have repeated my prayer every day—"I and my Father are one"—you must already have felt a

new power within you. In your wireless sets you have a transmitter and a receiver ; until you tune in they are useless apart, yet your machine seems complete, but to produce harmonious music you must tune in to one vibration only. It is all made so simple for you. Two thousand years ago the greatest tuning-in took place when that marvellous life was lived on the shores of Galilee, but even to-day men have not tuned their personal sets to receive messages from the first broadcasting station. Shall I tell you why? Because man has progressed with science, he tries to presume too much. He thinks he *knows*, but ask him to love and have faith, and he tells you he wants facts. Facts ! What do they mean ? The things that can be weighed and measured are not know-

ledge, because they are of material matter, they must disintegrate, so how can they be facts ?

Paul tells us that if we have *all* knowledge and have not LOVE, we are become as tinkling brass.

Atonement ? No ! At one-ment ? Yes ! Christ proved His life's mission was one splendid at one-ment with His God, because He dared through faith to go forth to His Ministry without script or purse. Not only did He set out, but He achieved and brought others to follow His example. Just twelve at first, from various walks of life ; truly small beginnings may have great endings. The Church of the Living Christ stands firm to-day, thank God ; proving that Love and Faith, as taught by Him, stands when others fall. He knew how to draw

from His God through His ministering spirits.

We read in the Bible of how the old prophets attended Him on the Mount of Transfiguration—Moses and Elias were actually seen and recognised by the specially chosen few, just as we appear to-day to our dear ones when conditions are fit.

Here I must digress to tell you of my Mount of Beauty. My little Bird, knowing that I lived, did so much long to see me again, that I prayed to my God that I might become at one-ment with Him, so that I might have all power to draw from. THIS IS POSSIBLE. Did not Christ demonstrate this when He borrowed power from the gardeners to materialise to His beloved Mary? So, too, I borrowed my material to form my body, to

once again clasp my darling in my arms. That great privilege was granted to us, because those who gave me my substance had, like me, learnt to say, "I and my Father are one."

This is being at one-ment with our Maker. Every one is necessary to the other, and the sooner you all recognise this, the sooner will God's love hold sway.


We each borrow from the other, and you are as vitally necessary to us as we to you. So *please* all feel your link in the chain of Life is as important as your royal sovereign's.

The captain of a liner would be thoroughly incompetent in the stokehold as a stoker, yet each are equally necessary.

I will conclude with these words :
“ I am captain of my soul, but my
pilot, God, will bring my ship to port
in safety.”

CHAPTER IX

REFLECTIONS TO YOUR SHADOWLAND

 HIS may seem incongruous to the casual reader, nevertheless it is the truth. All things on earth are replicas of other states of existence. Now I see a sarcastic smile of incredulity on your faces. You query my statement? Yes, I know how your minds are running into the slums, and, seeing squalor and degradation there, you say, "That, at least, does not exist in the Spirit world."

I am telling you that such conditions *do* exist in the lower regions ; so all is a shadow or reflection of another

sphere. Do not for one moment imagine that the same tenants occupy the wretched tenements here. Often the authorities of your world who have meted out injustice to others and have themselves lived in luxury, are the unhappy tenants of these hovels. They have built their spiritual homes, and the only material they have sent up is greed, selfishness and godlessness. Hence the hovels. I want you to grasp my point, because *I know these things are so.*

Perhaps you will query my statement and, further, will wonder why God permits such reflections to reach earth. I will tell you. The law of cause and effect is unchangeable, and God cannot alter His set decree. He gives to every human soul the same power to be used to create new worlds

of different lines of thought. You have the world of music, the world of science, the world of literature, the world of endless other possibilities. Man and woman are given charge of these to improve or to degrade. Now I come to a crucial point. How are you to differentiate between the higher and the lower reflections from the world of inspiration? Like Nathan to David in the parable, I will say, "Thou art the man." You by your own thoughts *can* and *do* attract like spirits to yourself into your own particular thought-world.

Now you can see why I termed your actions, reflections, and your world a shadowland. You cannot go out on a sunny day into the shadow of a large beech tree and see reflected there the broad leaves of a sycamore!

Our life in the spirit world is the only real life, because all material things must end, and spirit lasts for ever.

Now what a panorama I have to offer you. There is illimitable space here peopled by all types of beings. Let us call them trees for the moment. Which tree will you shelter under to draw your reflection from? Do choose a sturdy one like the oak, not caring for wind or storm, because it has taken the trouble to throw down roots so deep and safe. This man-tree is the character of a soul who works on the foundation of a good beginning, and sows immortal seed of love to all, which makes roots to withstand all the vicissitudes of earthly life. He is the tree I would have you shelter under. How many are too idle to seek the

proper form to shadow them through life, and consequently they fret and grumble because they find themselves burning in the hot rays of tempers and difficulties because they are under the shadow of a prickly burberry tree.


I hope I have helped some dear ones to see new light and hope by my panorama. There is still time to change your tree. Awake! O sluggard, and feel the protecting power of the arms of the noble oak sheltering you from the heat of passion and indolence, which only depraves your body and makes you a fit inhabitant of the hovel.

Be good, think pure, love God and your neighbour, and the life you then lead will not only ensure your tree-spirit to shelter you, but you will be

making yourself into a worthy tree to later shelter others. We should then have no more hovels, but homes fit for all. *Do* try, then my work will be accomplished in the Master's Name.

CHAPTER X

REFORMATION

OW many of our English words have a double meaning. I spoke in a previous chapter of the at one-ment as being totally different to atonement. Personally I feel sure that is why so many religions are at variance. There are so many adherents who read the letter and miss the spirit. It is so easy to dismiss a big controversy by saying, "Oh, I have my facts here in black and white!"

Now I want to teach you to become a thinking unit in your community, then you will not be content to take a written statement for truth. You

will hear the report, and then if you are wise you will investigate the character of the reporter. The result will then be, by having set yourself this task, many inspirers will be drawn to help you to see the motive.

Get down to the source of all things. This applies to your social and religious life, even to your home life, too.

I wonder how many of you like to feel that the finer instincts and intuitions are being developed and *used* among many to-day. Think, and think deeply, of my words, because I can assure you that to-day there have been so many natural gifts unfolded in your midst, that you, who are still asleep and only using your five senses, are merely a subject of pity to those, who, with their finer senses attuned, are able to read your very

thoughts and motives. What a predicament for the possible candidate for some office of state or local council. The thought must surely be alarming.

This *is* the state of affairs to-day, so beware, you who are using your flowery speeches to gain an ulterior motive for your own ends. We can see through your motives, which are so poor and thin that they become transparent. You *must* not laugh and dismiss because *you* think we are dead and can be silenced. We are very much alive and like your wireless waves to-day, *we* have found receiving sets, both human and mechanical, by which we give truth unvarnished, which you cannot refute. It has been written: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

Many to-day argue and say only specially prepared people should be allowed to show a light or to develop their higher faculties. Quite, but now I will try and show you how the Spirit of God must be unveiled to *all* sooner or later. Then why not to you? Then the other fellow will not be reading you, but it will be an equal contest. What promoter of a fight would put on a fighter with no training to combat the holder of a title? Get into training all of you, especially before attempting to lead others, or voice your opinions. True reformation must begin with self, then you will become fitted to reform the world.

Who is fitted to stand representative of a body of people if they cannot control their tempers or tongues?

As we look down on earth to-day

we see many leaders and aspirants shaming the cause for which they stand because they are not in harmony with their Maker. They cannot be, otherwise their attributes would be the gifts of the spirit—Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, and Meekness. Can you see these attributes among many of the leaders of to-day? No. They began reformation with nations instead of themselves.

When you all learn and live Paul's fruits of the Spirit, you will be able to live clean, wholesome lives, and become one with us and our Father, God, who rules in Love—not Fear. Help us to help you, and God will bless us all.

CHAPTER XI

“AND OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE
NOT OF THIS FOLD”



WOULD like you to accompany me to-day on a beautiful ramble. Bear in mind the title of my chapter : “And other sheep I have which are not of this fold.”

As we walk along among the leafy glades, always within our hearts we carry an ideal. If you realise, you will see the purpose of our ramble.

Somewhere in the distance I can visualise a beautiful form with light radiating round it. You and I will follow the light-giver.

The pathway looks narrow, you remark there are brambles in your way and muddy tracks to follow. These are well worth overcoming to reach the light-giver. You see the reason your path looked difficult? These were the brambles of argumentative though natural thoughts from you. The muddy tracks are the old preconceived ideas which have held you down all these years. Realise now that you are free, and that our ramble is a happy experience. Look how the light grows as we approach it. But what do we see now gathering round? Myriads of people all in multicoloured robes, each colour representing the particular work they do and the group to which they belong.

You say—But why are these groups of people from all nations gathering round

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a white man? Because He has lost all colour of His earthly race, and is trying to radiate so much of His Father's light to *all* people, that like the seed in the ground, when the sun shines brightly pushes its little green leaves into the light, leaving the brown, dormant-looking seed in the earth, change ever taking place, and eventually you see the pure white flower—all from the tiny brown seed. Can you see the illustration better now? The seed and various coloured flowers on earth represent earth's various coloured people, but because they all come from the same source, the one great light, God, who is spirit and therefore dazzling white, so that sooner or later all His children must become pure white too. After the seed has produced the green plant and the coloured flower,

it changes and decays back to the old brown colour.

I have worded my Master's position as He stands there before us. He is ever trying to draw men to the Father, but not the way earthly teachers do. They would tell you that their religion is the only true one. The white lily may just as well say, "I am the only favourite flower." But the Good Shepherd says, "but other sheep I have which are not of this fold." This means *all* types of religions and all coloured people, because He tells us there shall be One Fold, One Shepherd, in Our Father's higher realms.

We see great teachers of all nations, just arrayed in radiant white, serving His flocks as one spirit. Confucius, Mohammed, Socrates, Buddha, and many others, are all in this one great

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central force, thinking on a great line of light which inter-penetrates all religions, but with them all our One Good Shepherd stands out majestic, calm, and peaceful. That is why He is more advanced than all others, because He was the only one to embrace all people.


" Oh! wondrous love, Oh! gentle Guide,
I fear no foe with Thee beside :
My life, oh take and use for God,
I'll follow 'ere where Thou has trod."

Has our journey been worth while ?
The vision has surely taught us much.
Now, as we return, I would ask you
to make a study of other people, and
try and make your ray of light inter-
penetrate with theirs, because some
day this must take place. Remember
there are other sheep which are not
of this Fold.

Ah, you see a change already in your homeward path. The thorny brambles have luscious fruits now, and the brightness of His radiance has penetrated to the hard track, and our pathway is pleasant. Now you want to linger ; take some refreshment ere you go, and pray come another ramble with me at a later date.

CHAPTER XII

SUNSHINE LAND

ELL, dear reader, to-day we will take another ramble. To enter this region of light there must be no long face, so smile, and away we go.

All matter now becomes less solid, and you are floating with me into space. To reach Sunshine Land we must not contact lower spheres, so we must just float over them.

We are now over the mists and lo ! what a vision meets our gaze ! Here is a place known as Happy Vale. There are many states in Sunshine Land,

and Happy Vale is the place where the newly-arrived little ones are first tended. Just look at the wonderful way the whole district is planned out. Here are the first wee babes, who have only just breathed on earth. Look at their sweet cots, they are entirely composed of pure white, sweet-scented flowers. Each flower has been specially grown with attention given to the stalks, for strength to be imbibed by the infant. The perfume, too, is specially chosen for each individual case, according to the nature of the transition from earth.

If the mother suffered from a painful disease, then the child has a soothing flower. If the mother has a nervous disease, then the little one has a stimulating flower, and so on.

The beauty of the nursery is in-

describable. But I want you to take particular notice of the nurses—all arrayed in snowy white. Why do earthly people place vivid colours near new-born babies? By surrounding them with white, light, and purity, their tiny lives would not so soon be upset by wrong vibrations. Before leaving our nursery I want you to notice the light also. Just a softly-diffused pale blue light, which only enhances the whiteness, but all is soft and yet radiating life.

On every face of the tender nurses one reads a deep, satisfied longing to at last having a child to care for. Many of these nurses are the ones who never had the joy of motherhood, both single and married who have so much mother-love to give. Happy Vale, truly.

Now we travel a little farther. It is much lighter here. This part is known as Joy Land. Listen to the peals of happy laughter. Watch the hundreds of little feet running to meet us. These little ones are from the ages of two to ten, but older children visit here for nursery lessons.

The district here is quite hilly, to develop the children's little spirit bodies. Note the pretty lakes and valleys, and the sweet flowers and trees. Such a contrast to our earthly gardens. These are entirely constructed by guardians of the children, so that there is no danger there. The flowers grow on all the banks and hills. Masses of forget-me-nots droop to the water's edge to attract the children to look into the clear, crystal streams which are the only mirrors they have. By



IVY

looking in the children see their faces, happy in their work, and should they have a tiny discontented thought, that, too, is mirrored back.

The little flower-beds that you see in the corner where the rivulets commence are special plots given to each child for good conduct. A new plant is brought by an older child from his or her garden.


Now we will accept an offer to accompany a child named Ivy to go on a tour of the glens in her canoe. How excited she is. The stream is not very wide or deep, the wise teacher sees to that. Look at the first bed we pass, what a riot of colour. Ivy explains that this belongs to a boy who does not mind what work he does. His name is Jimmie.

Now we see a bed shaped like a

planet with all the accompanying satellites. The planets are pink—just a circle of love. Each of the little satellites is formed of flowers having five petals of various colours. The foundation of this wonderful plan is on a rotary basis, so that the young instructress can give her lessons on her particular part of the universe through a lovely flowery language. Her name is Star.

There are many more beautiful beds to see, Ivy tells me, but she informs me she is on duty on earth now, so we will explore further new gardens next time we meet. *Au revoir.*

CHAPTER XII (PART 2)

E must not linger too long in Joy Land because there is a great reception in another part of Sunshine Land.

As our canoe glides swiftly past many other gay flower-beds we feel the intense pride of the owners, not because any one is better than the other, but pride of achievement at having done their best. No jealousy here, each helps the other.

Now we enter a big gateway on which is written "THE FOLD." All is vibrating with a shimmering light here, the very trees and plants are ever swaying in a perfect rhythm,

and scintillating like a thousand rainbows.

The denizens of The Fold are not many, but they are caretakers of the massive buildings which are dotted about among the trees.

What buildings they are! You have read in your Bible of the pearly gates of Heaven, well, these buildings are literally built of mother-of-pearl.

You will wonder what their use is. Watch! Here comes the first group of scholars. They are robed in palest green, with pink sashes drawn across their shoulders, and chaplets of pink roses in their hair, which is long and flowing. They are headed by a teacher who has been chosen to teach them mothercraft. They have beautiful large rooms in their house, and are taught in a most impressive way.

There are no babies here, and no cots—no clothing either. The teachers now commence their lessons, they are the masters of their craft. They commence with a prayer, then behold the miracle happens. Out of strong constructive thought we see building up a mass of material like dough. Each student is given a portion to model. Now, in quicker time than it takes to write this, we see cots moulded, and babies, too. Every toilet requisite is made in the same way. Then the students are taught everything about babies. From the lessons here they are taken to the practical demonstration with real babies in Happy Vale.

The beautiful building with all colours blended makes thought construction easy. This particular group of students are from the ages of ten

to fifteen, and those in the green robes are ones who have desired to return to earth to help little babies there. Now when lessons are done, everything is returned to its invisible state and the students are dismissed to await inspection.

We will peep into another college made of sapphire. Here we notice youths and maidens coming in perfect order. No rushing at the last moment, like the earth students. All is law and order here.

The garments of these students are of many tints, because they each have a very important part to play, when each colour must blend with the other. The teachers are past-masters of music. Listen to the opening chord! The strain of sweetest melodies pour forth like tinkling water. Every major

note causes the colour to become more vivid, until, as the anthem swells to its greatest height the whole building lights up with a majestic flame of blue, orange, and red.

I love this splendid musical feast. All music-lovers who are worthy to enter this hallowed FOLD are invited here.

From this house we go to the young artist's house. Here are tidy people not indifferent to all else as on earth. How sweet their models are, again, their teachers think of the subject, and there it is. All made of plastic material which takes on form and beauty according to the pupils' power of apperception. Nothing is made too easy here, every student must learn to create. This building is of topaz.

Another house we see is of amethyst. In it are students arrayed in mauve.

These are under-doctors, and receive healing instruction. The methods are never surgical, all is by ray treatment, and the medicines used are only studied from herbs, no drugs.

One more house and that completes The Fold. It is of the purest emerald. Here are gathered students who are clad in palest pink robes. Notice their longing faces. They are the children of whom you say on earth "they are too good to live," and arrived about the ages of thirteen or fourteen. They are placed in Emerald House for chief lessons because they have chosen and are fitted to return as teachers on earth—often to their own parents.

Now my whole assembly have dismissed, and they are discussing their various lessons. Ah! a signal has been given.

There is a silence almost felt. Our students bow their heads. The great Teacher-Shepherd of The Fold has come, as is His custom, to bless them all. He knows how all-important their work is for their future ministry on earth.

He is so simply clad, in pure white. His face wreathed in smiles, He touches them all as they file past on their way home.

So the Master Jesus continues His Ministry by passing His power to His ministering spirits, and so, dear reader, let *us* bid an affectionate farewell to Sunshine Land.


[When writing this chapter Sir Vincent was clad in a robe of transparent gold.]

CHAPTER XIII

THE BREATH OF GOD

We will quote a beautiful verse :

“ Breathe on me breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love
And do what Thou wouldst do.”

HAT is breath? Some would say “ life.” I emphatically say, “ no.” If it were so, then when physical life ceased at so-called death, then if breath were life we should cease to be.

Let us consider for one moment the origin of breath. God in-breathes into man His Holy Spirit or breath,

and the same vital force makes the physical machine an animate being. This being an ascertained fact, how can man cease to be when the breath or spirit is just withdrawn at transition? Breath to breathe is to live.

Do the majority know how to use God's precious gift aright?

Four years ago to-day I, Vincent Caillard, out-breathed my last earthly breath, and came to the brighter life, leaving behind my beloved wife.

Then I could not see God's purpose, His loving purpose, but I, by His Grace, now comprehend all, and can gratefully say, "Thy Will be done."

Men usually think they have the superior knowledge, but I find my little partner has a deeper knowledge

than I in matters pertaining to God's Eternal Love. Life is to her something belonging to God, and she on that sad day, four years ago, had within her soul some faith which I did not know. Had she gone first, I should still have felt that I had to make my own life's happiness in some way or other, and the bridge of death would not have been gulfed. Love and faith won through where my knowledge would have failed. I loved God, but believed, as I had been taught, that the grave was "the bourne from which no traveller returned." I believed in a Heaven far away, where angels wore only white robes and praised God. My Church taught me these fantasies, so imagine my happiness when I found a world in which I could work.

I found the spirit or breath of God just as active over here, only more so. Here I found no breath was wasted, life became more full of interest, because instead of working on one or two lines for one or two firms, I became a partner in the great firm of the Living Christ. Here I learnt the real Love of God in service to my dear one on earth.

She was, oh ! so eager to co-operate with me to release other souls from the bondage of worn-out creeds which I once believed. Our road has not been an easy one, there were many brambles of false friends to cut away, also the sacrifice of many little luxuries on her part. But all who follow Christ's high calling must be prepared to hear anew the Master's call to His disciples, " Forsake all and follow

Me." This is the acme of true happiness which is of true love born. Love ever gives, forgives, outlives, for this is love's prerogative—to give, and give, and give.

When God gave life or breath to man He only gave something which already existed ; you cannot give something which does not exist, this proves eternity. Spirit always was, and is, and will be.

Eternal Love, creative force, ever-changing form—and so in the service of Christ we must not repine when our being changes form, but look to our Guide to see what our next duty may be. We are all spirits, but we who have lost the earthly body are far more free to distribute God's healing Love for mind and body, so our desire to return to earth is a purely natural

one. Just as a fond parent or loved one desires to return to the home-nest after a journey to see how it fares with those who have not been able to leave home, so, too, the traveller discusses all the new scenes and people he has contacted, and thus prepares the others for similar later adventures.

Moving spirit-breath of God, may we each use our portion to swell the great God-Head, as our Master Christ gave us the perfect pattern.

Love as He loves, trust as He trusted, and, above all, live His last commandment. "LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

[This chapter was written on the fourth anniversary of the passing of

Vincent Caillard, and he wore on this occasion a robe of pure white, because, as he said, "perfect love is pure white."]

CHAPTER XIV

A GLIMPSE INTO A RECEPTION HALL

(Special chapter written on the 21st March)



TO-MORROW is an anniversary, and a very sacred one indeed to me. Only three short years before my transition I took my little Bird to the altar to plight our troth before earthly witnesses.

True marriages are made in Heaven. How often we have pondered on these words in the past. Now we understand that Heaven is not a place, but a state of mind, how much easier it is to follow.

I knew Heaven when in St. Paul's

Church my darling gave herself to me, and I have been in Heaven ever since.

I am sure my readers who have been separated from their partners will like to know what we do on special anniversaries.

On earth we usually give flowers and gifts to one another. To-day I have given my darling my favourite red roses—and people say I am dead! On Saturday last I gave her perfume from our spirit garden, I also took her dear face between my two hands and kissed her lips. Oh, the infinite love of a marriage made in Heaven. God has blessed us abundantly, and how can we thank Him except by doing His Will.

“Thou, O God, art Life and Love to me;
I give myself, just as I am, to Thee.”

LOVE, sweetest of all words ! Yet it must be strong to sacrifice all for the loved one. How marvellous is the construction of God's plan. He, the Father and Lover of all, only asks our devotion and loyal service. Because He knows our frail human nature, He gives us sweet companions to help us to climb the ladder of life. So like an earthly parent in all the silent ways He plans for us.

Well, He made for me an earthly experience, for which I am grateful. He gave me many little trials in my youth, but the body which seemed to suffer was not me. The portions of lime, sugar, starch, and other substances, can be seen in glass bottles in a museum, but not the real soul which God trains by sorrows and difficulties.

The purpose of this discipline is to

develop character, which is the only thing one is known by in the spirit world. My point in telling you of my brief happiness in comparison with my shadows in earthly life, is to help you not to get disheartened at your lot.

To-day when my chapter is done, and I return to my spirit home, I shall continue a task for my beloved wife. In my absence on earth to-day my mother and many selected loved ones are busy arranging my banqueting hall for our wedding anniversary reception. I have arranged a scene of gold to greet my little one. The table is decorated with glass like topaz—if I am able I shall bring to our earthly home a memento of our feast.¹

¹ At our next meeting Sir Vincent brought me a beautifully cut piece of topaz as a sample of the glass used at his wedding reception.

We have sheaves of golden lilies to adorn our room, and golden fruits to eat—golden wine, too !

Now I can see the ladies wondering what the bride will wear.

First of all my setting will be complete, and my guests—contrary to etiquette—will be received by my mother, so that *I* may take a journey to the Belfry to bring my Birdie home. I have prepared a surprise for everybody. I have made a huge shell the shape of an oyster-shell, and it is made of beautiful material specially prepared for healing her. Being a big whale myself I have chosen this as you might have chosen a fancy dress. We shall soon make our flight when Birdie's Doctor Father has put her physically to sleep. Her golden chair is ready with her gown of gold laid on

it, and when I gently drop my shell on the chair my little golden Bird will take her rightful place.

Now you who expect to rest in peace, take my advice and begin to construct material now by your good deeds so that on special occasions you may be all prepared to give *your* dear ones a party as I am doing now.

CHAPTER XV

“BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW
THEM”



HIS is a wonderful quotation indicating how utterly futile words are when unaccompanied by deeds. So this brings us ever back to God, who is never for a moment still.

Christ taught us so often to work. He sent His faithful ones to heal as well as preach.

We are so often confronted by this phrase—Why do we not bring new truths from the Spirit World? Why? Obviously because there are no new

truths to tell. Up to the present time very few people have followed Christ's truths which are absolute. So many lesser minds have tried to say that we have something new to give the world, but if we try and analyse the new teachings and then apply my quotation to the administrators, then we usually find a weak foundation, because the words are there but not the works.

Our Master taught us to love one another. One cannot love and be satisfied, there is always something one can still do for those one loves. That is why God being Love is always giving to His worthy and unworthy children. Did not Christ's story of the prodigal son prove this? The loving earthly father treated the wastrel as royally as the good son. Can we

expect less consideration from the Almighty Father? Let us examine a few of the facts. To-day is known as Palm Sunday; we will follow the humble Jesus at the commencement of the day so long ago.

At the first Palm Sunday—take note, you scoffers of clairvoyance, of the Master's evidence of His clairvoyance. He, on this memorable occasion, said to His faithful believers, “Go ahead into the place where you will find an ass and the foal of an ass tied together.” How did He know? He saw with the inner sight. He also proclaimed another great truth of His belief in the old prophecy, because He said, “Loose the ass, and if anyone questions you, say the Lord hath need of it.” It had previously been prophesied in the Old Testament that He

should ride triumphant into Jerusalem as the King of the Jews. Christ knew all this, and became obedient unto the Word.

Now, you who still cry with the ignorant mob "Away with Him, crucify Him," remember Christ, too, prophesied you would do this. You cannot take the beloved Master and crucify Him without Him still registering your unkindness and ingratitude. The lovely Head still bows in grief for His lost sheep.

Dear readers, will you not help me gather them into the fold? By our love for one another, by helping the poor, by showing kindness to all, pity to the prisoner, and teaching the little lambs, by precept and by holy lives lived before them. The evil weeds of jealousy and egotism being

killed, then, when we can do this, Jesus will step down from the Cross which the disbelievers still nail Him to.

You spiritualists will say, "He is in a bright sphere which He has earned." I say He is too high and good to dwell there all the time when His lambs are still wandering.

Oh, pray for the light of the world to be made manifest throughout the whole world. Let us all cast down the palm of willing service before the Master and the cloak of a well-ordered life, that to-day as the old scene is reenacted, and Christ rides through the crowd, may our offering be acceptable to such a glorious Holy King.

In conclusion, I will ask all my readers to be tolerant, if you are


Spiritualists, remember that to cut Christ out, you are no better than the rebels who crucified Him. If you are true Christians you remember, too, the great example Christ gave to us all—"Feed my sheep, feed my lambs"—and, above all, remember His great psychic power which He used to prove His Father's love for all and sundry. Do not persecute our sacred mediums, who are following His commands when He said : "Greater works than these shall ye do in My Name if ye have faith." BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

[Sir Vincent is described as wearing on this occasion a robe of transparent white material. We are told it was purposely made of stiff material

to prevent the many children who were present from coming too near, which might have interfered with his work.]

CHAPTER XVI

HOW I RETURNED

 I HAVE described my awakening, and some of my progress over here, now I want to explain my experiences on coming back to earth.

Many people run away with the idea that one only has to find a sensitive, or medium, and just use them. Not at all. To give you an illustration: place a coloured man straight from the wilds of Africa in a telephone booth, and ask him to speak to a friend a hundred miles away, and you probably would get nothing but a series of wild gesticulations.

I have been privileged to witness many demonstrations of attempted controls by various spirits of totally different types of mediums. They are more frequently than not abject failures.

Who would dream of engaging members of an orchestra and then, when they were gathered together for rehearsal, just say, "Oh! choose which instrument you like." What a discord would transpire, and *who* on earth would listen? I am only putting these similes forward to illustrate the crass stupidity of such methods. Yet they are being practised every day, and the average believer in immortality wonders why the average intellectual citizen cannot accept messages when they find out who is the exchange operator or medium.

Having on earth been used to associating with thinking men, and always wanting business carried on straightforwardly, and clearly, it was naturally habitual with me to carry on in my new life as in the old.

After I had enjoyed my early experiences which I have previously recorded, then I asked how I could return to my dear one. I was shown an array of instruments or mediums at first ; then I was told that that was not the *only* factor—I would have to allow my darling time to overcome a little of her natural grief. Always remember, you investigators, there are not just two to be considered in communications, but often when you blame the spirits or the medium, it is your own mental attitude at fault.

I chose at first a medium whose

guide offered to help me, because he saw I had a mighty work ahead. I accepted his offer and projected myself as near to my Bird as I could. Then I registered her longing for even a gleam of hope that I, too, lived, as she had heard others described as being near their dear ones. Here was my opportunity which I must seize at once whilst this new hope was strong in her breast from other's evidence. I flashed my message to that splendid guide (Red Cloud), who transmitted it to the medium, who in turn transmitted it to my darling.

Deliberately the glad message fell from the medium's lips, not half-heartedly as is sometimes the case ; I saw to that !

Mental power is so vital to good communication, and I and my Bird

both have strong wills, and what is more vitally necessary still, we have an intense love for each other.

After our first link I tried other instruments, but for a human one I had most excellent results with Arthur Ford. I found in him a deeply studious nature, and a highly-evolved mind, gained by intensive study, preparatory to offering himself as an instrument to the guide who was destined to give great proof of survival, and great spiritual teaching through him.

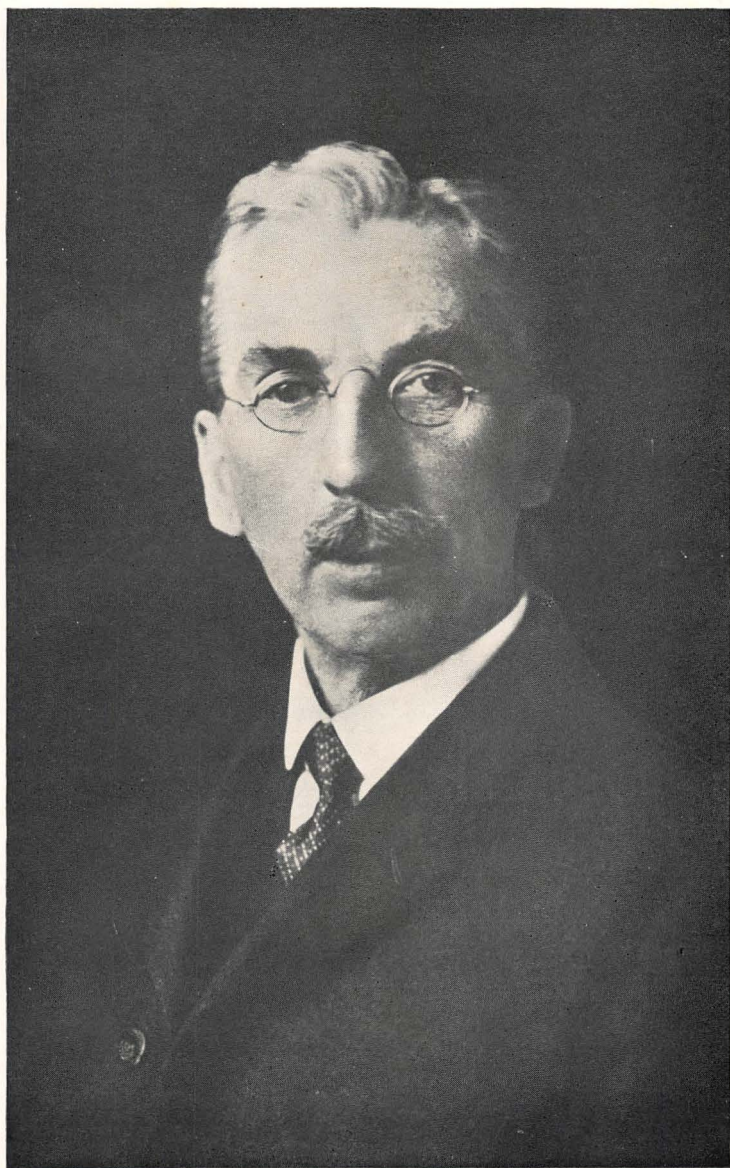
Here was an easy mind for me to mould my message into, and I was able to give my darling my full name, which is rather long and uncommon—VINCENT HENRY PENALVER CAILLARD. I am deeply indebted to Mr. Arthur Ford.

After this I began to tire of using

other people's instruments, I was used to my own telephones when on earth. Then I inquired of my guide how I could acquire one.

Being interested all my life in mechanical instruments, I automatically gravitated to the sphere where scientific instruments were made. There I met George Jobson, who had been like me, an engineer, and pioneer of new instruments when on earth. He showed me first of all a wonderful instrument that was operated by a little spirit named Ethel. He introduced me to her and she offered to transmit a message for me at dictation, just as I had been in the habit of dictating to my secretary on earth.

I found Ethel a most obliging secretary, and her clever little materialised hand tapped out my messages in a

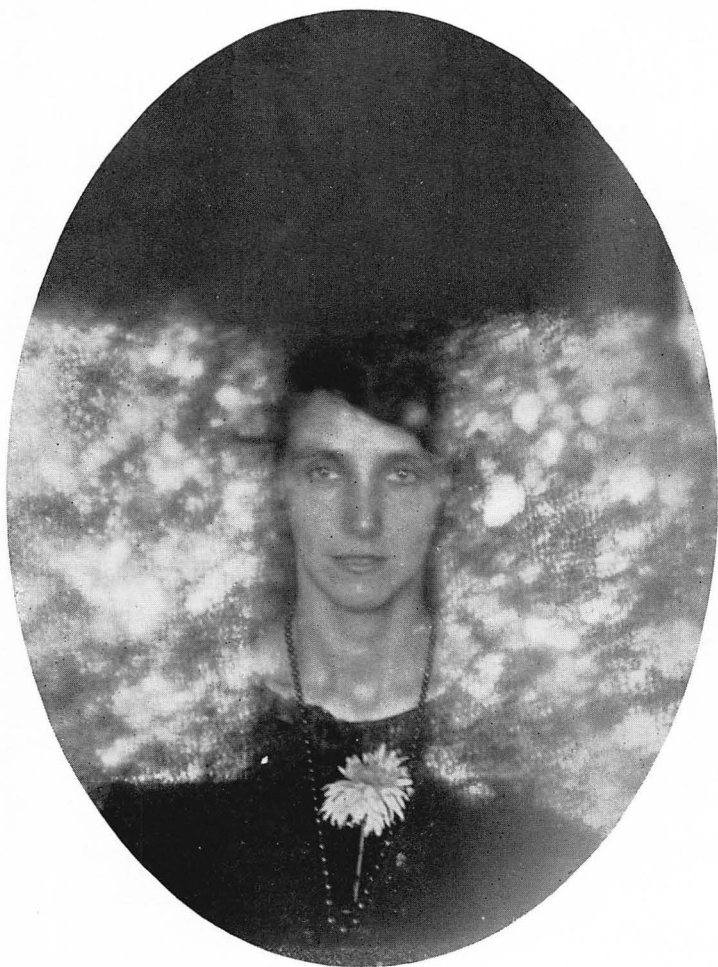


MR. GEORGE JOBSON

good red light for my Bird to read. This is a wonderful method of communication, and one which vastly appealed to me. I asked Ethel how she produced her hand, and if I might try too. Her sweet spirit name is Love, because of her great voluntary work for humanity, not for her own relatives, they do not believe. Her name soon linked us closely together, she longed to comfort my darling, and helped me build my hand, and much more. I set up a regular line of communication on the Reflectograph (as this instrument is called) until I was thoroughly in tune with Ethel's medium. When Ethel told me she had to try another phase of phenomena—a materialisation—I was invited to attend the special séance and my darling, too, was invited on

earth. I watched a great Zulu chief putting Mrs. Singleton into a deep trance. It was so fascinating to watch him withdraw the spirit and give her in charge of another guide, whilst he, Karahnuta, stood like a sentinel on guard over her body to guard the silver cord. Then slowly from every pore of her body was emitted a curious white substance which seemed to whirl about like snowflakes until a chemist mixed an ingredient with it which made it a chemical substance, pliable and soft.

Then a sculptor began to mould a form like a human being. I watched carefully, intending myself to try later, not being told that I may try that night, otherwise I should have probably been too excited. (Note our judicious training.)




MRS. L. SINGLETON, SHEWING ECTOPLASM LIKE SNOWFLAKES

I saw Spirit Ethel step into the sculptor's mould and then he gently moulded the material to her spirit body until she looked perfectly human but exactly like her real self. Then another guide began to drape finer ectoplasm around her until she looked like a picture artists have painted and have thought imagination.

[Sir Vincent had to rest here, he had been writing for nearly three hours.]

CHAPTER XVI (*continued*)

LOWLY after Ethel was completed she had a great ordeal to face. She was told to draw aside the curtain of the cabinet in which she had been built up. Then the earthly friends were awaiting her with a good red light to see her features. She smiled, spoke, and gave them flowers, then returned to the cabinet. To my amazement, not to mention my dismay, she invited me to use her mould and to go out and see my darling. I expostulated, seeing the tiny slight form before me. How on earth could a six-foot man, broad and massive, step into this. Picture

yourself getting wet through at an inconvenient country place, and a young lady offering you her clothes ! That was my predicament. But outside the cabinet there was the one I loved drawing my very being to her. I immediately began to pray. O God, permit me to reach my beloved ! He answered my prayer, and behold, whilst my eyes were still closed in prayer, the great message from the Scripture was fulfilled. "While they are yet speaking I will hear." I saw the mould enlarge to my size, then came the crucial moment. Could I use it ? Gently but firmly little Ethel helped me until I stood again solid and substantial in what felt like my own human body.

Ethel announced to the sitters that I wished to appear. This kindled the

fire of love in my Birdie's breast to dare to hope she might see her Big Fish again, and that power seemed to give the vital spark to my structure. I felt more alive, and made a supreme effort to draw aside the curtain. I succeeded, but was too overcome at the first attempt, when I really saw my darling face to face. So I withdrew and prayed again to my God : " Please give me strength to speak to her." Oh, the wonderful power that prayer gave me ! I stepped forward and called one pet word, Birdie ! That was sufficient evidence for her. She rose from her seat and came towards me. I held out my arms and she came into them. A miracle you say, but no ; just Christ's promise being fulfilled, that's all. Love had conquered. Emotion again intervened,

how could one stand such a reunion between mortal and immortal and be quite composed. I, foolish Fish, cried, but even Jesus wept, and I was not ashamed of my tears for her. I knew my darling loved to feel those warm tears on her hand. She kissed me, I kissed her. Love, O blessed gift from God !

A little attendant, Ivy, gave me an ivy-leaf to hand my darling. Constancy. That was my first experience of returning physically to earth.


Dear readers, read these words until you have grasped their deepest meaning. Give love and love will come back to you even from beyond the tomb. My built-up body was practically useless until my beloved wife sent forth her responsive love to me. Then I became alive.

When you readers attempt to meet your loved ones just give love, that is the necessary link to bridge the gulf as I did.

CHAPTER XVII

EASTER DAY

“HE IS NOT HERE, HE IS RISEN”

HAT an astonishing statement to fall on the ears of these faithful loved ones. They had seen the body of the Master laid in the tomb, with the massive stone placed before it, and seen it sealed, with Roman soldiers guarding it. Yet when they arrived early in the morning they were met with these striking words. The strangest thing was that although the Master had previously told them He would come again in three days, yet they apparently had little faith in His prophecy. And so it

is to-day. Christ said, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me shall not die." It was all so plainly told, but even those who loved and lived with Him doubted His words, until He gave them proof of His identity.

So the loving angels stood by the tomb and broke the news gently, just as to-day usually an angel-guide makes way for the loved one's return to those who mourn. If their loved ones came at once they would be startled, so psychic conditions have not changed much in two thousand years.

He is risen ! What glorious tidings. Somehow the words seemed to give new hope to the seekers, just as the hope is kindled in one's breast to-day when the Calvary of grief at the loss

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of a dear one presses heavily until someone sees you at the empty grave and says, “They are not there, I have seen the loved one by your side just as I saw my own dear one.” Then hope is born and the desire goes forth—oh, show me where I may find them! There must be a desire before anything can be accomplished. You see, the women and disciples arose early and took a journey—they did something, love prompted their desire, and their Master did not disappoint them, because we read that He appeared before them. But in these early manifestations He could not build up a very strong body, so He said, “Do not touch Me,” and after a brief stay He disappeared or dematerialised from their midst. But in the spirit He followed them and heard them tell the

others that the Lord had risen. He also heard Thomas say, "Except I put my fingers in the prints of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." Picture the sadness of Our Blessed Lord when He heard Thomas doubt His select little band's testimony. Was there not a vein of that ugly weed jealousy there, too? He had not set out early in the morning to find the Master, yet he expected the same results as those who had.

How true this is of the attitude of the unbeliever to-day. He does not seek his loved ones, but expects them to seek him. Because of these Thomases we are trying to bring solid facts to the earth to-day.

Our methods are these, we draw our knowledge of how to materialise

from those who have manifested successfully before ; they love to help us, and they in their turn draw their power and knowledge from others who have preceded them.

Now, Mr. Antichrist, what is to hinder the great and noble spirits of the past drawing their inspiration from Christ Himself if they believe in Him and make themselves part of His incorporate Body the Living Christ? After all, on earth your societies and clubs all help their fellow-members before non-members. I belong to the club of my beloved Master, and without wishing to appear an egoist, I believe, nay know, I have an inexhaustible, illimitable source of pure power to draw from.

I have heard sarcastic remarks passed on my progress, and my materialisa-

tion, but now on this Easter Day I am proud to proclaim to my readers I can do all things in Christ who strengthened me as He promised. You, too, shall rise again because I have risen. Jesus lives in the Spirit world, a very real and mighty power before whom to-day legions of angels have bowed in loving adoration.

He is risen in the spheres, dear reader, let Him rise again in your heart, and unite with us in doing God's will on earth, as the angels do it in Heaven. My Easter Peace I leave with you.

[Sir Vincent wore on this day, Easter Sunday, a robe which looked like a cloudy white material.]

CHAPTER XVIII

“MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE
CHOSEN”

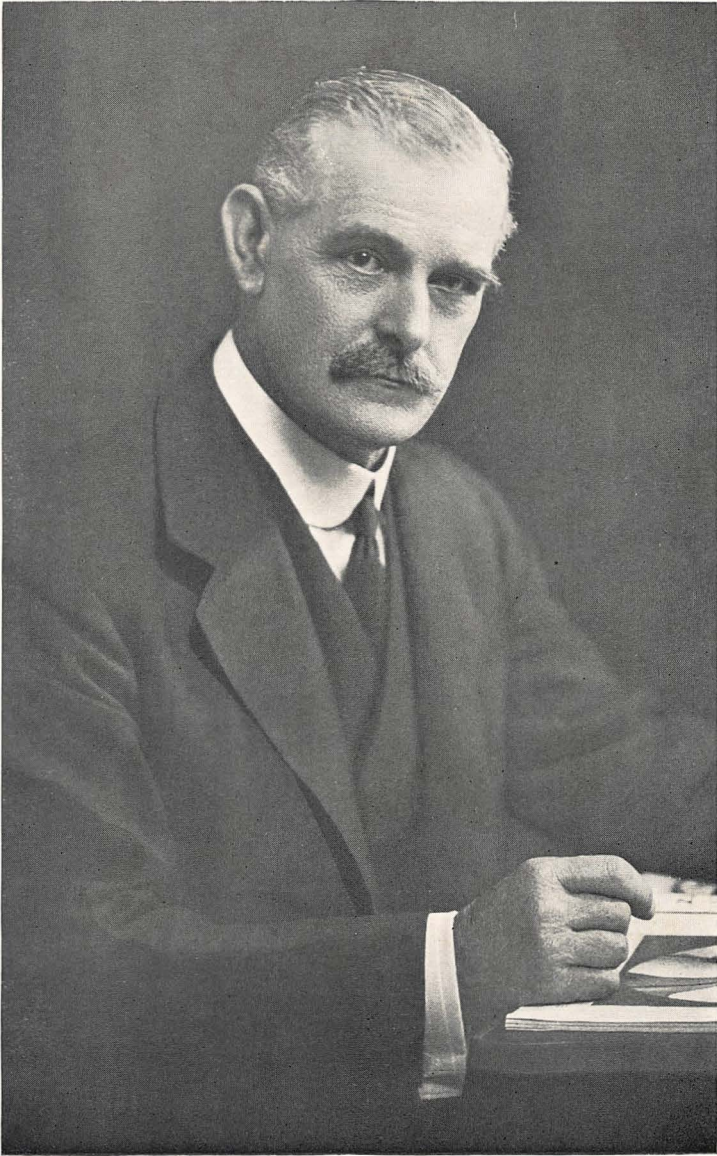


SINCE my early days of communication I have tried out many sitters to help my beloved in her quest for new teaching.

You will wonder perhaps why we need try anyone. I can hear the doubters say, “But you should be able to see all without testing.” Remember, friends, even Jesus out of twelve chose one traitor, and a doubting Thomas and a denying Peter, who had sworn to stand by their leader. So please take special notice of my lesson, as *no* spirit incarnate, or discarnate, is per-

mitted to see or know all. It would not give other souls a fair chance. So beware of spirits who claim to be able to tell you all little details of daily life. If they can, well, they are still earth-bound. In effecting recognition one must give proof through seeming trivialities, but after a true line of communication has been established, then surely you would wish your arisen ones to progress higher, and what arisen one would not also long to teach those left behind all about their new life and homes.

I had very soon built up my evidence for my darling, as you have previously read. I had performed no miracle, I had simply materialised as my Master had done. He still offers His holy power to all who accept Him.



VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH

After my Birdie had really held me in her arms, she longed to know all about my new life. She was so joyously happy that she wanted to share her new-found spiritual truth with every one. Then the serpent of Eden crept in—jealousy. Her friends had not kindled their love-light to show their dear ones the way home, as my Birdie had, and they naturally did not get her sweet communications. One must give to get.

Now the way of the Cross had started for my darling, one by one her friends left her because they were afraid of the light. This did not deter our progress, dear me, no. I assured her that for every earthly friend she lost in God's service there would be added ten angels to assist her noble work. She knew me well enough to

know that *I* would never mislead her so she carried on and is still carrying on.

My great joy is to come home to my Birdie every time our happy circle is due. Just picture, dear readers, being able to come home and use your own typewriter, as I feel my Communi-graph is to me. Here I am in my own house by my dear wife's side, writing this book for you, and I do want you to realise that only love and sacrifice have made this possible.

Do as she has done, forsake those who are not true of heart, make loving conditions, and be punctual, as she has been regular and never tire, even though the physical body often fails with both my darling and her helpers, yet they have never failed me once, so *I* have never failed them. Dear

readers do this, and our joy shall be yours.

After many changes of sitters as the fourth in our group, I began to tire of unfaithful ones, it was so difficult to keep tuning in afresh. One day a cheery young soldier presented himself to me and said : " I have been drawn to your work because I, too, frequently go to my earthly home to love my dear mother and father. May I join you in some of your visits so that I may learn how to communicate better with my parents?" Then his bright Guide told me this youth had been chosen for a great ministry on earth. So immediately we shook hands on our new friendship.

I soon took my young friend with me to introduce him to my Birdie. She very soon made the acquaintance

of Lady Molesworth. Picture my pupil, Charlie Molesworth, eagerly awaiting the first link at our home. He told me he had tried often to speak direct to his parents, but as his mother was so highly sensitive she could not easily tune in with an ordinary circle which made it difficult to speak in more than a whisper.

[Sir Vincent's robe was of blue and pink shot material, blue for spiritual aspiration and pink for love.]

CHAPTER XVIII (*continued*)



UR only obstacle in Charlie's way for the early communications was his impulsive nature, so longing to talk loudly as he had heard me talk to my darling. The first attempt was therefore weak. Then Charlie asked for his Daddy to come, too. Oh, how that dear son worked to prepare a stronger voice, knowing that his Daddy could not hear too well. He succeeded, too, admirably, his reunion was more complete than ever before, so we held a consultation and compared the colours of our respective ones' auras with our helpers', and found they all blended

perfectly. Again we shook hands and decided to work together. Our weekly Friday's circle has now become a happy day of sweet reunion just as real and natural to us as your earthly parties. I say parties meaningly, because I can assure you we have no graveyard topics when we meet, *no!* In fact, we become most hilarious, and our dear old trumpet rocks with mirth. We tease each other, and our dear ones long for their own homecoming, knowing how happy we are. That is what real communion should be for every one.

Now there are two sides to our coming home, we do much serious work together, Charlie and I. All his happy talks with his parents have given him a great victory over an inherent nervousness, having got this



VISCOUNTESS MOLESWORTH

from both parents. He soon changed with our band and has now started his series of lectures on our side preparatory to a great mission on earth. It is a joy to watch his splendid progress. He has a fine character and a deep loving nature.

Recently he gave a wonderful lecture on sowing. Among his audience were elders who had taught him in childhood.

"Every one on earth is born to fill their own niche which they fit, but most people lose half their richest experiences running round trying to fit themselves into someone else's niche or again lose much happiness by sitting down brooding over their misfortunes and blaming others for it. What a useless life, because sooner or later every one *has* to fill their own niche

whether they like it or not. Remember, friends, this is the reason I am here lecturing to my elders, because when on earth you refused to fill the place destined for you, and did not think and act for yourselves according to your highest conception of truth, but followed, like blind sheep, leaders who purposely misled you.

“You knew all this in your soul, feared to become unpopular or lose prestige with your friends if you spoke the truth. I do not like seeing older people listening to me, but sowing time must inevitably bring reaping time, you cannot sow untruths and reap truths. You cannot plant selfishness and greed on earth and reap kindness over here, the law of cause and effect is unchangeable.



HON. CHARLES MOLESWORTH

"Take the grain of wheat from the ear which I am wearing, it can be planted wherever you like but it can only produce more wheat. So it is with life. God knows each little human grain and plants us according to the place most fitted for our natural growth. When we have performed our duty in one state we may be transplanted to another place in quite another capacity, just as the grain is changed into flour for more uses.

"This is only a mere fragment of my lecture, but I hope it will give someone a new idea of how to live, because I can tell you, you get out of life just what you put into it, and if you escape the consequences of evil consciously done whilst on earth, then

the tribunal over here will be all the harder.”

[Charlie Molesworth was wearing a robe of bright royal blue.]

CHAPTER XIX

OUR TRIANON COLLEGE



IFE'S lessons never cease. The inference that life is eternal cannot be proved to man's satisfaction, as with the finite mind one cannot comprehend the Infinity of God.

I want to help you to understand a little of the ever-changing development in our life, both on earth, and in this sphere.

The child at school fondly imagines that when the highest standard is reached and he commences to work for his living, that all the irritating things of life are over. But oh ! what a bitter

disillusion awaits him when there are more people to please and to obey than in school. Right through life the disillusion follows him until he awakes to the fact that he is not on earth to be served but to render service. If he progresses well and gets to the top of the tree, it is only to find he is a bigger servant than ever, because he has charge of many other lives, and he has to render service to all. Moreover, with the accumulation of wealth there are a thousand added responsibilities, so the ill-used scholar is at a harder school than ever before.

Now, the good religious individual will say "there is a land of peace and rest beyond the grave." Is there? Oh, dear, another disillusion. I can assure you, dear reader, that there is little rest here. By the continuous

progress all around me, I can only infer that life is definitely eternal, as I have met many great souls whom to my knowledge have been on our side of life for thousands of years, and they tell me they are still progressing.

So cheer up you tired scholars, there is a school much harder to pass through over here.

I came over here very wide-awake despite my suffering before my promotion to my higher life. I must admit I always loved learning, so I naturally gravitated to a sphere of intelligent minds who, like myself, were interested in building and constructing new instruments.

When I had been here a short time and made my link secure with my Birdie by almost every known means of communication, I was shown a

large college built of white marble. Inside there are many rooms for training those who pass a severe test and prove themselves worthy to return to earth as teachers. I was told that the instruments were built first in a very high place and passed down through intermediary spirits to my new-found friend, George Jobson. He had been a scientist on earth and hard to convince on immortality, but when he found it was true he made a compact to return to his friend who had given him proof, to build an earthly scientific instrument to convince others as sceptical as himself. The result was the Reflectograph first, and then the Communigraph.

I got some splendid evidence through to my dear one on the Communigraph, first with Ethel's help—



ETHEL
TEACHER OF THE COMMUNIGRAPH
Spirit photograph


she is the instructress of the college. She offered to teach me how to use one, and I had lessons regularly in eager anticipation of possessing one myself when I had passed my examination (more school!).

But my teacher was very sweet to me, she knew my desire to write a book of my experiences; she said I was the first one to desire a Communi-graph for such a broad purpose, and she devoted much time to me. She told me after I had learnt on the spirit Communigraph I must learn to use the ectoplasmic rods which the attendant guides would help me to draw from my earthly group of communicators. This was a much more difficult problem. There are so many changes in physical life to contend with—ill-health, or cross-vibrations

from one sitter makes it difficult to hold our rods steady. It need not be either sitter's fault, but a disturbing letter or a disagreeable meeting in the street on the day of the séance can mar our beautiful work. Dear reader, do remember these things and treat gently the sacred souls who offer their service of angel ministry.

[Sir Vincent was wearing a pale gold robe edged with a deeper gold, and on his head a gold circlet with a triangle in front, the emblem of the college.]

CHAPTER XIX (*continued*)

 HERE is a tremendous amount of work being done at the college at the present time. Ethel is teaching people of various nations to use the Communigraph, because we are making such strides at the Belfry that great statesmen, kings, and leaders of many nations see the possibilities of giving international messages of counsel and guidance to their respective people, and by this means we of the Trianon Band are praying to God that our Communigraphs may bring universal peace and brotherhood. We can all be Freemasons in the truest sense.

The spirit name of Ethel is Love, that word coupled with Work is our sole patent of such a valuable instrument as the Communigraph. We are not afraid of anyone infringing our rights, because I am going to tell the lazy scholars again, that our lessons and examinations with Ethel are jolly hard, and anyone who passes the test deserves an instrument. Good luck to the Trianon.

CHAPTER XX

KEY-NOTE



HERE are countless forces at work in your world to-day, of which even your greatest scientists are not aware. True, you are making great discoveries and progress with your radio activities, and soon I will venture to say a new wave will be discovered which will revolutionise all hitherto known facts. Men will soon be listening on a short wave and hear a voice from an unknown broadcasting station. You will be just as startled as Paul when he heard the awful words from out of space saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest

thou me ? ” I wonder, friends, when the voice comes to you individually whether there will be a reproach or a glorious message of encouragement to say, “ Carry on.”

Do begin now to send out true and good vibrations on the ether so that you get a pleasant echo from our world.

Some day, you know, all the sons of God will be heard singing together in one great anthem of praise, “ Peace on Earth.”

Now when we really comprehend the naturalness of hearing voices from our world to yours, just as we hear and see your words and actions, then we on our side have many more inventions to give you for use to mankind. Perhaps few are cognisant of the fact that every human being

vibrates and acts to their own particular note. Medical science so persistently blunders on, clinging to old ideas and prescribing from old musty books which should be put on a bonfire, while patients pay fat fees and get little or no relief. When are the general practitioners going to adopt our truth, and find disease by using another sense which as yet is as useless to them as an arm in a sling. So they must perforce use their knives and damage, often irreparably, human bodies, which they should be able to see through. Wake up, you doctors, or you will soon rank with the unemployed !

I myself have recently seen my beloved wife and several of her friends literally drawn from the "jaws of death" and relieved from

excruciating pain by spirit power only.

[Here Sir Vincent was obliged from fatigue to discontinue. During the writing of this chapter he was wearing a gown of royal purple.]

CHAPTER XX (*continued*)



OUR splendid doctor, who is my beloved wife's father, is our medical adviser. Apart from his valuable medical science he has the most wonderful methods in dealing with his patients. He, first of all, insists on good humour, which, he declares, is the first essential in effecting a permanent cure.

I love to watch him prescribing, he never fails to produce happy laughter. By this method his patients learn to love him.

Now you can understand his victory over disease—Love is God, and by gaining his patients' love he sets the

God-part working, and so the building up process begins.

How often I have counselled you in this book, dear readers, to give out more love. Doctor Dudgeon always works with a small group of helpers, and finds much assistance in the devout prayers of his confederates.

People get hold of the ugly word disease instead of thinking of the same word divided with a hyphen—dis-ease. Well, if one is uneasy the only thing to do is to remove the cause. As a rule an uneasy person is a disagreeable person, so you can see our excellent doctor's idea of producing laughter. He tunes them up just as the violinist tunes his sagging strings. After the tuning-in process, the next thing he does is to instil into the minds of the patients that a certain



DOCTOR ROBERT DUDGEON

discomfiture is not their own particular pet. He laughs heartily when he travels about and hears people saying "*my* rheumatism" or "*my* sciatica," making the pain their own particular pet. He says many neurotic people would not lose their "pets" for the world, so the only hope for the doctor is to make them laugh and forget the miserable little I.

Now I want to tell you about Doctor Dudgeon's new invention for healing which he has built in our laboratory with our comrade, George Jobson, and which instrument we hope later to give instructions for making on earth. The most amazing part of this instrument is its ability to find the note which each person vibrates under.

You often wonder why people seem to disagree when they really want to

be friends. By our instrument we can test each person and eventually we shall be able to save much unhappiness by tuning them in. Many children of one family are absolutely out of tune with the others, because their parents at the period at which they were born were on a different key-note. May I ask for your earnest prayers, dear readers, that Doctor Dudgeon's work may be a great blessing to humanity.


I can only deal briefly with just one instance of his work in this book, but more will follow. My beloved wife was suffering with a very painful cancerous growth last summer. She was quite ready to come to me because of her agony. Now I want you to realise that despite all her suffering she never ceased her daily activities,

or her wonderful séances. Doctor Dudgeon began using the marvellous rays from his instrument, and in so doing I watched the absolute miracle that took place. The growth diminished rapidly until only a small nodule was left. Then I had to use all my will-power not to long to take her home. The cure of the disease was complete, but there are now failures of tissue which after long years of suffering are worn almost threadbare. That means that I am prepared for her home-coming. But do understand, that the disease is cured, and with our future work and progress I know we shall cure so-called incurables.

The Key-note and Love are our instruments in God's service, and He will bless our work.

CHAPTER XXI (PART I)

FAITH

OW the sceptics jeer when we speak of faith. Now I just want to talk to those who lack faith.

It is all very well saying—we want facts not faith, but look around you at the commonplace things of daily life.

First note the farmer, or gardener, they till the soil, plant their seeds, and we never see the next process, and the faces of the two men always appear more cheerful and happy than the ordinary city man who thinks his daily bread is assured because he has invested in promising companies. The

former has his faith in God, the latter has so-called assurance policies. I can assure you the one who trusts God is nearer Him.

Now the scoffer may laugh, but I will look still further around, and view the countless thousands of people who are travelling every day in London alone. They take the penny ticket on tube, or 'bus, or tram, and just take no thought at all as to the safety of their journey ; they merely expect the driver will get them to their destination at the scheduled time. The whole system is built on faith. You then see the numbers of pets kept in your cities, they, too, live on faith coupled with the love of their owners.

Now these are but few illustrations of faith, but I want us to look

for a moment at the greatest of all instances of faith.

The Creator of the wonderful earth you live on surely must have had a great faith in His creation when He saw how terribly His works would be despoiled with man's ignorance. We have each played a part in the despoiling by our inability to comprehend the exact position we were destined to fill, thinking we could do better than our Heavenly Father could do for us we often chose the path of least resistance, and so went out of our course, only to be brought back to fulfil destiny according to God's plan.

Despite our waywardness, God has faith enough to know that some day His scheme will work out. Dear readers, can you not have more faith

in God who trusts you for so many debts? He loves you so dearly and bids me plead with you.

The reason so many people are debarred from seeing or contacting us from the higher spheres is due to the fact that they have neither faith nor love in their highest conception. You see, there is a great demand which goes out with those two words—the demand is service. Again look back at the farmer, he renders service and reaps his harvest. God is ever rendering service: He sends the winter snow and frost to purify the land after the wise farmer has tilled it. Then he gives the warm and gentle rain and the beautiful sun to help the growth of the plants. But I do want you to realise it is all completed

through co-operation, service, love,
and faith.

[Sir Vincent was described as wearing a robe resembling night opening through dawn to the midday sun.]

CHAPTER XXI (PART 2)

LOVE



HAVE tried to explain right throughout my book the new conception of Love as *I* know it.

Since my first spiritual communication with my beloved wife, I have learnt more at each subsequent meeting of the true Love of God, in every circumstance He has given me power to make a closer contact with her. Now, there is a very real reason for this : we two are among the pioneers who are trying to make a new trail to a new land.

I want you for a moment to look

logically at a pioneer of a great adventure on your earth. His or her sole idea is to make a new and useful way for others to follow. There would be no object in a lone flight to Australia or any other place unless others could follow.

For nearly a century now the friends of the Spirit World have been returning to earth to assure their dear ones that they were alive, but one does not find the earthly pioneer being satisfied with their merely saying they are alive and happy ; at the other end of the journey they come home with maps with easier routes marked for their successors. Well, that is precisely what my Bird and I are working out together. You see, dear readers, on earth it was always my privilege to arrange everything for my wife. Love,

O blessed word which enables me to still arrange everything for her. I know her earthly difficult journey is nearly over, so I am making every preparation for her journey over the Styx. I, too, have made all her earthly arrangements to ensure her peace of mind when she arrives here.

I believe it is something unique for anyone to thus prepare for the future life, so I am also making arrangements for a sequel to this book, so that you readers yourselves can judge whether we have blazed a trail or not. If (and she will do as I predict) she is able to return with me on our trail, then, dear readers, you can with safety follow us. *I* can assure you that I would never take my darling on a journey that I was not *sure* of. I have arranged all, and I know I shall

succeed, because I hold the greatest power God has given to man—the power of LOVE.


This is my great thought I want to impress upon you to-day that no matter how many insurmountable difficulties confront you in earthly life, if two souls love one another truly, then a time *must* inevitably come when earthly obstacles will be removed with the advent of the Angel-liberator called Death, and the two souls will soar together in God's fair land above, and their love will then be perfect.

[The robe worn while writing this part of the chapter was of bright gold, with a circlet of gold on his head with Love written in front in turquoises. On this occasion Sir Vincent mentioned that Mr. George Jobson (the

inventor of the Communigraph) was very pleased to hear that his colleague on earth had succeeded in getting messages on his Communigraph without the aid of a medium.]

CHAPTER XXI (PART 3)

SERVICE

N this portion of my chapter I want to emphasise the very real need there is for willing service in our ranks of Spiritualists to-day.

I have been privileged to look up old records of the early pioneers of this movement. I find that the early communications were made mostly through taps or knocks. Now, after all, this is not an abnormal way of indicating your presence ; even on earth one usually knocks at the door to gain admittance. But what a contrast be-

tween the reception of the earthly visitor and the heavenly one.

On earth you usually gladly say, "Come in, I am so glad to see you." But picture the guest standing at the door after knocking with these questions being hurled at them :

"How am I to know it *is* you outside my door ?"

"Who are you ?"

"When did you last see me ?"

"Who is there with you ?"

"Who is in the room with me ?"

"What are you returning for ?"

Now, dear reader, these are just a few of the idiotic questions that are demanded to be answered on almost every occasion when ignorant people begin investigating. Picture yourself, if you are of an independent temperament, and used to travelling about

alone, and suddenly you come over here ; the first thing you would try and do, when able, would be to return to earth alone, except for your guide. Then imagine your horror when you politely knocked and perhaps spoke to your dear ones, and they immediately challenged you with some of my previous questions. I am placing these stupid ideas before you to show you how difficult the early pioneers found the work. But those who had patience to make a code by the taps, received sufficient evidence to convince them that death had not annihilated their dear ones.

Very often in those early experiences the old workers had great trials to contend with ; they were looked upon as infidels, and rogues, but truth prevailed even as it does to-day.

From many lowly homes men and women have sat in a home circle, illiterate and ignorant, but after regular tuition from their spirit friends they have become authors and speakers of great ability.

These are just a few of the great things that have been accomplished. Service was their watchword, there was no thought of reward, no need, for the spirit world was teaching them the golden truth, "As ye sow so shall ye reap." This was enough to know that life was continuous and that some day all wrongs would be righted.

From these early endeavours a mass of evidence has been built up, until to-day there are thousands of people who have had proof of life after death. You may say, "Why are there so many attacks on such valuable proofs?"

I will tell you. Because our antagonists are afraid of us, they know full well that all the despicable things they do to the widows and orphans, and all their other crooked tricks and deceptions are plainly seen by us, so please, dear reader, take particular notice when someone tries to dissuade you from investigating our truth, and see what they have to keep hidden from you.

[On this occasion Sir Vincent's robe seemed to change colours when he first started this third part of his twenty-first chapter on Service, his robe appeared to be the same as the apostles are pictured as wearing, of a dull brown, but as he wrote the colour changed to yellow, and from that to blue, and then again to pale green, until at last it was pure white.]

CHAPTER XXI (PART 3)

SERVICE (*continued*)



WOULD like you to mark with me certain points in a life of Service.

To-day is an anniversary of a great and noble servant, King George. What a wonderful example of real service he is. Our beloved nation and Empire have every reason to be justly proud of such a leader and servant.¹

We are a people to whom all nations can look for truth and fair play. Our

¹ Note by Lady Caillard.—I said here, "How glad the King would be to read this." To which Sir Vincent replied, "He will."

beloved King, helped by our blessed Queen, have led our Empire through a crisis which few before them have had in quite such circumstances. They have shown an indomitable courage and fortitude, and the result is that out of such stress and conflict a new and glorious Empire is rising. I utter these fervent words from my heart, and from my band of loyalists : " May God bless our noble King and Queen, and enable them to work out their great desire to keep our Empire a brilliant sun in the universe, that all lesser stars may catch some of our reflected light, to beautify the plan of God, whose Name is Love.

I will tell you, dear reader, why our Royal leaders have achieved such wonderful success, and why they are

so beloved. Their foundation-stone is LOVE.

Thomas Paine wrote: "A country of true homes is a country of true greatness." There you have the motto of our King. His is the ideal home, and their children are blessed with their parents integrity.

This is the reason our Empire is so progressive. Love inspires Love, God inspires our King and his home. All loyal subjects feel this, and so act on the love principle, hence our success.

Now a word to the extreme Socialists. I can read the meaning of your supercilious smile. Your minds run into the thought—let us have equal rights. Just pause a moment and picture the sharing out of everything. What a chaos! How long would equality last?

Recently you had a demonstration of hunger-marchers. We were permitted to see inner details of that organisation. We had to do this, because so many spiritualists and Socialists are continually praying and demanding "their rights."

The very people who demand are the ones who refuse to help the less fortunate brothers. Now I will tell you what we saw with the hunger-marchers. Not equality—oh, no! Several of the more bold type of agitators set themselves to be leaders—the very thing they resented in others! And, consequently, they took the choicest food which was freely given. Now I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

I find the same spirit prevailing in the very religion which preaches

brotherhood. Leaders are chosen because of their efficiency at first, but soon the demon jealousy creeps in, and their sacred trust is violated.

Let me implore you all to do your duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call you. Take it from me, you would not be there unless you had a lesson to learn, as I have told you previously, you are on earth to *build a character*, not to *make money*. I can assure you that position will be allotted to you over here for exactly that which you have earned, and you will find rulers and lords over here in charge of states as on earth, and *you*, like me, will be glad to be subservient to them.

All is SERVICE, but SERVICE in LOVE and FAITH in one another.

[Robe, iridescent rainbow hues,
with a circlet of gold on the head with
a gold cross in front. Sandals of gold
were worn.]

SYNOPSIS



AM trying to answer a request to-day in commenting on the writing of this book. I find the task somewhat difficult because it has been such a joy to write every word.

I have tried to portray to you my idea of Love, and I would to God that all my readers could feel the intense love which is almost overwhelming me as I write to-day. I have to repeatedly take my Birdie's hand in mine to overcome my emotion—this is Love, the Love which suffers with intensity of feeling.

Have you ever set yourself a difficult task, and had a steadfast and

loyal, true wife as I have to assist you to accomplish it? If so, then you will sympathise with me. How can I emphasise to you the measure of God's Love to us in permitting my beloved and myself to be chosen by a band of noble souls, to bring this NEW CONCEPTION OF LOVE to earth?

You see, dear friends, I have not returned to earth just to please my partner as some imagine, but we were destined to fill this position of trust to jointly help humanity. I shall undoubtedly be criticised for laying bare my innermost feelings, but I, Vincent Caillard, am not ashamed to proclaim to the world my true love for my God-given wife.

Love is light, and we are told in our Bibles that we must not hide our light under a bushel. My sole idea in

writing this book is to give to all the knowledge that **THERE IS NO DEATH.**

To many of you I know there will be queries as to why *I* am given the privilege of expressing my views in this way, and also as to whether *I* have the right to prepare my wife's home as I have described, also what have either of us done to merit such tremendous benefits.

I also hear the query—“How can such a small circle have such power?” I will explain. First, I tried hard to do my duty when on earth, I tried also to be faithful to my trust with my companies—that earned me my position. Then you read in a chapter of this book that I was given the sacred trusteeship of my Bird—again I tried to fulfil my trust. Then is it astonishing that I should not relax my vigil

over her when I came here? The moment I realised I could return, naturally I endeavoured to continue to guide my darling.

Perhaps a few jealous readers may say there are many things in our lives which are not God-like, and so it is questionable whether I shall be able to bring my Bird to the home I have described. Time will tell, and so will our Communigraph. I can tell you all *we shall succeed*, and the reason my Bird is ready is because of her sweet tender love for me, and the help she has given me in my work. Lastly, but not least, is the record of good deeds she has performed during her sojourn on earth. Her work has been unique, because most of her kindness has been shown in a practical way to ungrateful, and unthankful, and often

unjust recipients, which makes giving very hard.

I will quote one of our able helper's favourite sayings—I speak of Sergeant Murphy, who is a grateful, happy soldier, who found light at The Belfry. He loves to serve now, and when any of our members are downhearted over an injustice, then Murphy says: “Blessed are ye when men shall revile and persecute you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in Heaven.” This, my friends, is Christ's own message, so now you can see why I am so sure of my Birdie's Home-coming—her reviling has earned her her spiritual home. Christ's promise is ever fulfilled.

[Robe, dawn pink with gold circlet on the head and gold sandals.]

SYNOPSIS (*continued*)



AY I emphasise to you the necessity of getting near to God. It matters not how long you postpone the trial, the time must come when every one must leave selfish endeavours, and bring forward the God-part which is inherent in all. The sooner you commence working for others instead of yourself, the sooner will God manifest through you and bring Heaven on earth.

So many have joined our Band since I commenced my work with my Communigraph, that I cannot possibly give my readers any idea of the unity of labour we have experienced.

I can only tell you that Love begets Love, and Love is Service.

I must pay tribute to my two earnest helpers who have sat so regularly with my darling wife.

Mrs. Singleton, whom I prefer to call my "little telephone" because she has been the line through which we have had so many happy hours. May her future work be as blessed as she has been a blessing to me.

Then our comrade Mr. Kirkby, he has been my faithful recorder, and taken the letters down one by one as I have flashed them on my Communigraph. The task has not been easy, as he has only been able to use a small red light so that my power should not be destroyed. But our little Band is working for Christ, and the Master suffered more than they, so they



MRS. L. SINGLETON

always remember that to follow Him their lives must be dedicated to suffering and service.

Together we have commenced this work to prove to the world that Christ's injunction is still being carried out—"Take neither scrip, nor purse, but go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel everywhere."

My beloved wife and my helpers have certainly believed this because they have sacrificed all to help me in my message to the world. If I have succeeded in presenting a new conception of Love, not only in human form, but also a new conception of Christ's Love as *I* know it, and also a new conception of God's eternal Love to all, then I shall be a happy spirit, and my dear earthly comrades, with

my beloved Bird, will rejoice in my success.

[Robe, pure white with a large sapphire worn on his breast, and a gold halo.]

SYNOPSIS (*continued*)

WHIT-SUNDAY



TO-DAY is Whit-Sunday, and I must digress for a short time, and describe a wonderful festival to you which I attended early this morning.

We were called to service at the early hour of dawn. A great leader sounded a wonderful note on an instrument very like a bugle.

Suddenly all our Band came together on a vivid ray of light. No need for any vehicle, they have learnt how to propel themselves by powerful rays.

We all exchanged loving greetings,

and then our leader said, "Look towards the east." Behold, when we looked the light was so brilliant it almost blinded us.

From every point there appeared countless hosts of beings similar in rank to our Band, only each group of workers wore different coloured robes to indicate their line of duty. The light, which at first blinded us, now began to take shape and form.

A glorious anthem then arose from countless throats, singing in perfect harmony. This heavenly choir used the old familiar words—"Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

Words cannot describe the grandeur of this music. How our hearts leaped with joy, we who had so loved music when on earth.

After the anthem an awe-inspiring

silence, during which all our robes were transformed into pure white. When this had taken place, we found ourselves caught up in a great centrifugal light by the magnetic power emanating from its central figure.

We could not rise until our vibrations became white and filled with the Power of the Master. We were caught up just as Christ ascended long ago.

Oh, the indescribable glory of our new habitation ! Light, Love, Happiness, all intermingled and all the countless hosts exchanged a loving welcome to the others. Not one was missed out, and yet we were drawn from every walk of life when on earth.

When our chain of fraternal greetings was complete a voice sounding like mighty rushing waters spoke to


that vast assembly with these words :
“ MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU, MY
LOVE I SHARE WITH YOU, MY HEAVENLY
FATHER HAS GIVEN ME THE QUICKEN-
ING POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT TO
ENABLE YOU TO PERFORM MIRACLES IN
MY NAME. I, THE PRINCE OF PEACE,
NOW COMMAND YOU TO GO BACK TO
EARTH ON THIS DAY OF PENTECOST,
AND PREACH MY GOSPEL EVERYWHERE,
RELAX NOT YOUR VIGIL UNTIL I HEAR
THE SAME FRATERNAL GREETING ON
EARTH AS I HEARD WHEN YOU MET
HERE TO-DAY. PEACE AND LOVE GO
WITH YOU.”

The scene changed, Our Blessed
Lord rose high to the heavens above,
and we were caught in a whirl of light
and found ourselves back in our own
sphere in our respective robes and
colours.

Christ will never stay in His higher Heaven until His work is completed on earth.

[Robe, iridescent and transparent. While Sir Vincent was writing to-day a scene was described at my altar. Many angels with long silver wings and transparent robes were circling in a spiral manner round the altar.]

SYNOPSIS (*continued*)

 HAVE been looking over the short period of time since I came to this sphere of activity ; I, too, have been looking back at the records of many of my old colleagues and have come to this conclusion.

God placed us on earth, male and female, to be helpmates in His wonderful scheme of Life. He planned a glorious heritage for us all. Only a few who know a true conception of Love can realise the joy of living.

I found the perfect friend and the perfect sweetheart and the perfect wife

all in my Birdie. This made my career beautiful because when hard pressed with troublesome business, there was ever the Lodestar guiding me. I knew the moment I awoke here that star of Love was still shining for me.

Because I have been so blessed, dear readers, I do want you to try and obtain a similar lot. You may say, "But love like that is not for me; I am already married to a good soul, but we are not in harmony as you were." Never mind, remember *my* early life of which I told you. I had to wait for my Birdie, but Love found a way, and some day, my friends, you, too, will find your true mate.

God made us all in pairs, and I tell you it is this way—Woman is Love, and Man is Wisdom, and



MR. BASIL K. KIRKBY

blended together they make a perfect whole.

Now a word to the unhappy ones. Do not be downcast over your lot, but remember all personal grief may be eliminated by loving service to others. The more one repines the longer the lesson lasts, just as the medicine gets more unpleasant by holding the glass under the nose before taking the dose. I always tried to take my medicine, and look at me : happy, joyous, full of new life, busy with congenial work, sure of continuous life, and sure that soon I shall have my precious wife here with me. This is Love, knowledge, trust, and perfect understanding, one towards another.

I have all these things, and because of this God has permitted me to write

a New Conception of Love, *because I know.*

[A rose-pink robe was worn to-day with gold sandals and headdress and a gold girdle.]

IN CONCLUSION



WONDER how many of my readers have read the story of the Infant Samuel. If you have not already done so, do please read it very thoroughly too.

In that story you will find a marvellous illustration of love, devotion, and service.

First we see the sweet mother praying for a man-child. In that earnest prayer we find a solemn promise made to God, that if her prayer is answered, the babe shall be dedicated to the temple.

Note the contrast between her prayer and yours. Do you offer back to God and give Him the very dearest

joy of your heart after God has granted your prayer?

You who say, "Do not read the musty Old Testament," please ask yourself, "Am I so good and such an example to my fellow-men that I do not need these beautiful old stories, with lives portrayed which are an example for all time?"

What mother to-day would long so much for a child, and then voluntarily give him up at such a sweet and tender age?

Now just go a little further with the story. We find the old priest tired at the close of day, but the child still alert when a voice out of the silence calls, "Samuel." Take note, dear readers, just direct voice as I speak to-day, and many others, too.

The little Samuel was puzzled—

the voice was so real and so like Eli's.

This is exactly what happened when we from the other world spoke into a microphone and made records as early as September, 1933.

The public then said the voices were too natural, with an accent not quite like the purported persons whom we claimed to be.

Like little Samuel's guest, who had to borrow material substance from the sleeping Eli, so we for our Armistice records had to borrow material from our medium and helpers to make our voices heard.

Little Samuel became alarmed after the voice had called him twice, but the old priest Eli perceived with his psychic vision that an angel messenger was present.

Now I want you to notice the sensible advice Eli gave this child. He told him that the next time he heard the voice he must reply, "Speak Lord, Thy servant heareth."

I wonder what advice is frequently given in direct voice circles to-day—certainly not the wise counsel of Eli, and to-day's investigators grumble because they get trivial messages. If they would ask the voice as Samuel did, "What wouldst Thou have me do?" they would be given a task to unfold a door of knowledge on Spiritual truth, but how many psychic researchers want to work themselves? They much prefer criticising others.

The general idea of seeking to prove the truth of continuity of life is to gain a personal knowledge of the well-being of one's own relatives in

the Spirit world. The blessed privilege of communion between the two worlds was never intended for such a selfish end.

God lends His precious gifts to be universally used to bring a stronger knowledge of His boundless love for mankind.

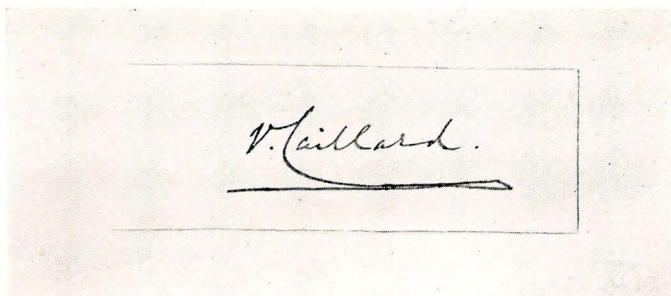
I have constantly prayed for power to be given me that I may tell the world the beautiful truth which I know—that God is Love, and as such He cannot be feared, except in the sense that one fears to hurt one whom one truly loves.

[Robe, cornflower blue with gold headdress with a large star in front made of a cornflower blue stone. Gold girdle and sandals.]

I have been privileged to reconnoitre many spheres since my happy task of writing this book commenced. This has been granted me so that I may give you a faithful account of a world unknown to many.

This is nothing supernatural, but just a report of a tour into other places of extreme interest which ALL must visit some time. Let me advise you, dear readers, I KNOW because I have proved this.

All of you have at some time or other gone away for a holiday. Now think, when you selected your destination, you decided what clothes you would need, and your method of travel, also your hotel. Just imagine that you forgot all these details, and the holiday arrived, and you had made no arrangements. What a predicament !



That all the joys which Heaven can give
 Be yours dear one, to-day
 Is what I fondly wish for you
 Is what my heart would say;
 A Christmas wrapped in glad delight
 Making your every moment bright.

FONDEST GREETINGS

AND KIND THOUGHTS
 FOR YOUR HEALTH &
 HAPPINESS

From *V. Maillard.*

SIR VINCENT'S SIGNATURE SHEWING (1) HIS ORDINARY
 SIGNATURE ON EARTH, AND (2) HIS SIGNATURE
 WRITTEN LAST CHRISTMAS 1933

Well that is precisely what happens to countless millions of human souls when the imperative call comes. They are totally unprepared. So I do implore my readers to tell every one they know that this is a truth that **MUST** be faced.

I speak fearlessly because I **KNOW**. God has revealed his **LOVE** to me and mine, that is why I have written *A New Conception of Love*.

May I conclude by saying, **PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD**.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

[NOTE.—It may interest those who understand psychic development to know that after Sir Vincent had finished writing this book he asked us to sit quite still and wait, and after a

few minutes the bright red light on the Communigraph was turned on and he showed us his materialised hand, as he had used it to write these pages.]

APPENDIX

HOW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

BY LADY CAILLARD



IN order to give you a correct account of the manner in which this book was written by Sir Vincent Caillard, I must first of all tell you a little about the Communigraph on which every word was written from the Spirit World.

In my previous little pamphlet called *Sir Vincent Caillard speaks from the Spirit World*, I told how I was first taken to the Communigraph, but for the benefit of those who have not read my first work, I would like to give a short account of this wonderful instrument.

The inventor, Mr. George Jobson, when on earth was a scientific engineer

with a great deal of experience, who had worked in connection with the Graham-Bell telephone.

Later in life when he was stricken with a painful illness and was paralysed and helpless in his body, he longed while he lay on his bed of suffering to know the real truth of the after-life. Through his enquiries he came into contact with Mr. Basil Kirkby, who had very powerful convictions on this subject. And so they made a compact that when Mr. Jobson passed to the other side he would as soon as possible try and communicate with Mr. Kirkby, and they arranged a call sign—B.K.K.

These letters were actually given three months after the passing of Mr. Jobson through a strange medium, with an injunction to Mr. Kirkby to "give up all thou hast and follow me."

And this is exactly what Mr. Kirkby did, he gave up his business, and step by

step the details of this great work were given to him, until at last the first machine was made. Would it work ?

The story of his faith and patience is told elsewhere, but the bare facts are that after nearly three years of patient waiting and praying to God, the first key was struck and the first letter appeared. Shortly afterwards the signal letters were given, B.K.K.

The original instrument was called the Reflectograph, and it required a medium in trance to produce a materialised hand which touched the keys. This medium, Mrs. L. Singleton, whose self-sacrifice of health and comfort made her well suited to give power for this work. The spirit of a sweet young girl called Ethel, whose spirit name is Love, was the control for the instrument, and she has proved herself throughout to be a most willing and loving helper.

Soon the improved instrument called

the Communigraph was made under the direction of Mr. Jobson. It was at this time that Mr. Ashdown came into this work, and with his scientific knowledge on this side greatly helped in the actual making of the Communigraph without which it would have been difficult for Mr. Kirkby to carry out Mr. Jobson's directions. This instrument had a great advantage over its predecessor as it did not require a medium in trance, and it was worked without a materialised hand. My husband has since told me that at first he used ectoplasmic rods to do the work, but latterly he has been able to materialise a hand and in this manner he writes much quicker.

It is now possible to use the Communigraph and get messages from the Spirit World without any medium being present. This is actually being done now by a family in England who have their own Communigraph.

In January, 1933, I received a message from my beloved husband saying that he wished me to get a Communigraph for him which he said he wished to use at our house—The Belfry, West Halkin Street.

I was able to do this, and on January 15th, 1933, my own Communigraph was brought to my house. A service of inauguration was held that day in the room which we have ever since kept sacred for that work, and which is known as the "Upper Room."

At the inauguration Archdeacon Wilberforce spoke and blessed the instrument, which he said would be used for a great work.

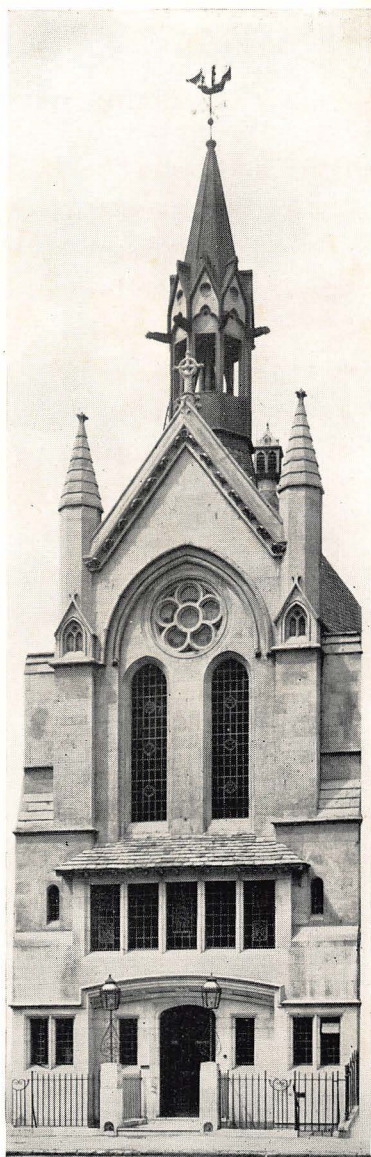
As soon as he had finished speaking my husband intimated that he wished to write a message on the Communigraph. We had not hoped for the instrument to be used so soon after its installation, and both Mr. Kirkby and Mrs. Singleton were surprised, but the unexpected so

often happens where my beloved husband is concerned. I am giving you the exact words of the first message given on my Communigraph at The Belfry :

VINNY.—LOVE IS MIGHTIER THAN ELECTRICITY. THE LATTER IS ABLE TO LINK COUNTRIES, BUT OUR LOVE WILL LINK TWO WORLDS. THIS INSTRUMENT BINDS US CLOSER TOGETHER, MY DARLING, IT IS OUR TELEPHONE. OUR BOOK WILL BE WRITTEN ON THIS. MY DARLING, I THANK YOU. YOU ALWAYS LOVE ME SO.

I then asked if he would name any special day of the week for communicating with me, and he wrote: " I HAVE CHOSEN WEDNESDAYS." I then said: " Will you give me a sign to show when you have finished writing? Shall it be our initials, V.Z. ?" " No, V.B.X. (Vinny, Birdie, and a kiss)." His name for me was Birdie, and I always called him Vinny.

At our sittings with the Communigraph we have always followed exactly



THE BELFRY, WEST HALKIN
STREET

the same programme. I have always sat with Mrs. Singleton and Mr. Kirkby, very often a fourth sitter, but never when the book was being written. We always sit at the same hour, and on the same day of the week, and we are never late. This is most important, because our friends in the Spirit World do not like unpunctuality, nor do they like to be kept waiting any more than we do, and if you do not keep them waiting they will treat you in the same way.

We start with a song or a hymn, played on the gramophone, and then the following prayer:

“ I and my Father are one. May the breath of God breathe on this work, and so set up the necessary vibration to form the link between those we love and wish to serve. To the Glory of God and the advancement of Spiritual Truth. For Love's sake. Amen.”

Then follows the hymn, “ Gracious

Spirit, Holy Ghost." We sing this because it was a favourite hymn of my dear husband's and because it is the embodiment of Love, which is the greatest of all vibrations.

After this we say a prayer of the Cross, which I consider most necessary. If you put yourself under the power of the Cross, and so invoke the aid of Our Blessed Master, Christ, you can feel perfectly safe, but without a prayer like this I do not think any circle can expect proper protection from undesirable entities:

"Before these children of God, I hold the sacred symbol of the Cross. Those who cannot face this emblem of Christ keep from without the aura of this room, keep from without the aura of this circle. I demand this in the Name of God who is Love. Amen."

Then we sing "There is no Death," generally accompanied by bell of the Communigraph which Sir Vincent rings in time with the song.

The lights are then extinguished, with the exception of the red light by which we see to write down the letters as they are flashed in red on the Communigraph.

I do not wish any one reading this to get the impression that the writing of this book has been an easy task. It has not been light or easy work for either Sir Vincent or for us on this side. It has required great patience, and a regular and faithful attendance, without ever being late for the appointed hour of meeting. But it has also been a great happiness for all concerned, and I thank God for having permitted it.

My dear husband writes for about three hours each time, and very often he has been so exhausted that it has been some little time before he has sufficiently recovered to be able to speak through the trumpet, but he has *never failed me*. He has promised me that as soon as this book is finished and published, my earthly

work will be completed, and my suffering will be at an end. I shall then join him in the beautiful home of which he writes in the chapter called "Home." I know this is true because he has never once broken a promise to me.

I have made all arrangements to return and continue my work here with him, and he tells me that together we will be permitted by God to continue our work on earth, and to write the sequel to this book, the title of which will be *The Bird goes Home*.

I will ask any of the readers of this book if they have any questions to ask, or anything in the book they would like to have explained, if they will kindly write their questions to Viscountess Molesworth and address it to The Belfry, West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1, we will endeavour to answer in the next book.

During the writing of the synopsis my beloved husband has many times been

overcome with emotion and has been obliged, after writing several lines, to hold my hand or to caress my head to enable him to continue. This seemed to give him more power to continue his work. At some of these sittings he has written between eight hundred and a thousand words, and at the conclusion has scarcely had sufficient power to write the letters which are a signal that he has finished.

We have been greatly helped in this work by our Band in the Spirit World, whose love and devotion to my husband have made things possible, and I would briefly like to mention some of them.

First there is Ethel, who has been mentioned before in this book, and who is the teacher of the Communigraph, and Head of the College where this instrument is taught to those spirit friends who wish to communicate with those on earth. At first Ethel helped with the actual writing, but continual practice enabled my

husband to write alone, but she was always in attendance to help if required.

Another sweet child helper is called Muriel, whose spirit name is Star, she and another child are always ready to apply restoratives to the exhausted writer. We are told that he is made to lie down and rest while they bring him fruit juices to drink and wonderful perfumes to bathe his head in order to prepare him for the direct voice, which always succeeds the Communigraph writing. These perfumes, which are quite different from any earthly scents, are frequently brought to us by these dear children, and poured on our hands or handkerchiefs. The perfume lasts for several days, and is most refreshing.

Our direct voice trumpet control is the most lovable child called Ivy, she is a joy to all with her quaint little sayings and her happy peals of laughter. No one can feel depressed or sad when Ivy is

there, and we all love her dearly for her loving service to us. She loves to help the new-comers who have any difficulty in speaking when they first come. To our Ivy we owe a great and loving debt of gratitude.

Charlie Molesworth, the son of Lord and Lady Molesworth, is another of our great helpers. When he first came to our circle he could scarcely make himself heard, but now he not only speaks so well that he can be heard outside the room, but he also has a beautiful singing voice, and often sings to us. He is always able to materialise his hand to touch his mother and to give her flowers.

Another dear one who also passed in the War is Sergeant Murphy. He is a very great addition to our Band of Helpers. He can always make us laugh with his amusing stories, and he, too, has a beautiful singing voice, and gives us much pleasure by singing some of the lovely Irish songs he sang on earth.

There are seven helpers in our band, and they are always ready to help with their love and service, which is so necessary in every circle. Not only do *we* need their help, but there are those who have passed over who need our help too. One case I would like to tell you about, as it may help someone who reads this book from sharing a similar experience. There are so many on earth who sin because they have never been taught it is wrong. Here is one of those cases.

My first husband was fond of all sport, and among his friends was an admiral whose favourite recreation was shooting wild animals. He had killed many lions, tigers, rhinoceros, and other wild beasts, and his home was decorated with his trophies—stuffed heads and skins. All his leave was spent shooting some sort of animal, and the more he killed the greater the hero he was thought to be by his friends. There are many men and women,

too, who like to kill for what they call the sport of killing, they never stop to think that they are breaking one of God's commandments—"Thou shalt not kill."

A few days ago at one of our sittings I was told that someone in great distress was trying to get through to me. Only his hands could be seen by our guides, and he seemed to be covered with the skins of wild beasts. I immediately thought of this man and addressed him by name. In answer I heard a terror-stricken voice say, "Oh, save me, save me, they are trying to tear me to pieces." I said, "Those are the poor animals you killed for your own pleasure, you had no right to take life and break God's commandment." "Oh, I did not know it was wrong, why wasn't I told, please save me, what shall I do?" I said, "Tell God you are sorry, and ask for His forgiveness, He will save you." A week later he returned, and his voice was much stronger when he

said: "Thank you, Lady Caillard, I am free now, I have been in hell for years; I did not believe in God, but now I know the truth. Please tell others and prevent them from suffering as I have suffered." I hope that I may be the means of letting others know, through the story of this man's terrible experience that God did not put His lovely animals in the world to be killed by man for so-called sport, or for food. No one can break God's laws with impunity, if they do not pay for it in this life they most surely will in the next, as this poor man has done; he passed over before the War, and has been pursued by wild animals in the dark spheres ever since, and there was no light or freedom for him until he had learnt to be sorry for what he had done and could ask for forgiveness. Now he is so anxious to save others from a similar fate.

I feel that I must say something about the wonderful medical and healing treat-

ment I have received from the Spirit World. You can read in Chapter XX what my beloved husband says about my great suffering last summer, and how I was cured by a wonderful machine invented by my father and Mr. George Jobson (the inventor of the Communi-graph). I would like others to know this really marvellous fact, that it is possible to cure that most dreaded of all diseases—cancer. What was done to me can be done to other sufferers.

All I felt during the treatment was as if something was being “plucked”—I cannot think of a better word—from the part where I had all the pain. They must also have used something like a cauterising instrument, because the little spirit child, Ivy, who was watching the operation, screamed out that they were burning me, and she was afraid I was being hurt. Sir Vincent has told us that later on this instrument will be described, and it will

be made and used on earth. This must bring hope to many whose dear ones are suffering from this so-called incurable disease.

I cannot close this chapter without expressing my most grateful thanks and appreciation to Mrs. L. Singleton and Mr. Basil Kirkby for their devotion and help to my beloved husband and myself. Mrs. Singleton has, too, been a great sufferer, and would not have been able to carry on this very strenuous work as she has done so faithfully, in spite of pain and adverse circumstances, and the attacks of jealous and unbalanced people, if our dear doctor had not taken charge of her health and restored some of the strength which was being taken from her, for the writing of this book. These two faithful workers have made great sacrifices for us for which I shall always be grateful, and if any of you have received comfort and knowledge from Sir Vincent's

work, you, too, owe much to Mrs. Singleton and Mr. Kirkby, who have made it possible. God will surely reward them.

“ I think of you when misty night is falling,
When all the world lies hushed beneath the dew ;
And from the past I seem to hear you calling,
Dear happy dreams awake within my heart of
you.

All through the night in dreams we roam the
meadows,
Those silent vales that sleep beneath the blue ;
Again we sing our songs of evening shadows,
The world seems heaven again, for I am there
with you.

I think of you when dawn at last is breaking,
When all the world seems hungry for the dew ;
And then you come, your love with gladness
waking,
I give you all my heart, I give my love to you.”

This song is always played by us at every sitting, and my beloved husband has never once failed to give me two red roses during the singing of the last lines. I thank God for this wonderful love.

THE END