

The Life Beyond the Veil

Volume 5

The Outlands of Heaven

Spirit Messages received and set down by the Rev. George
Vale Owen. (1860-1931) Vicar of Orford, Lancashire, England.

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This extract is of chapters 6 and 7, which cover the
education of children in heaven.

Chapter 6

Creation and Growth

Tuesday, 20th January, 1920.

There is a bower in that Pleasance; very roomy it is and reposeful. To this later Wulfhere called her maidens and they sat within on the grassy seat which was on three sides of a square, the fourth being open to the Pleasance. She sat at the end next to the open lawn, and to the right as viewed from outside. The children reclined upon the grass before the entrance, set in the boundary edge.

To them she spoke in this way, "You have amused yourselves right royally, my little ones. You did invade the Kingdom of another, did overthrow and demolish his handiwork and built it up again of your own good pleasure. But kindly peril worked at your elbow, held in leash by its desire that, while experience you lacked, disaster might not approach you. Now I will read you further and, when the problem be outlaid before you, I will hear your wisdom thereon.

"Long, long ago a company of ladies came this way from a distant region of this same sphere. They had been sent forth in order that they might look for a spot where on to establish a new colony of students just like you. Said one, as they went Upon their ways : "I think, my sisters, that the sea-shore is a place most fitting, for what these young people have to learn is of the beginnings of the Science of Creation. And out of the waters first there came the living thing which, evolving, peopled the earth with humankind."

"So they went to the border. But although they made careful observation, yet no very good spot could they discover. For they might not build their school upon the ocean bed inasmuch as their young charges were not animals of the deeps where those beginnings only could be studied with ease and perfection.

"Therefore said another, 'I counsel we go through the forest lands where there are streams and pools, where the life of waters might be found and studied. For there also the trees show life of their own kind and the birds and forest animals add their

instruction to that of the waters.*

“So they went to the forest, but they found that in order to build their school and houses they would have to clear the trees away and turn the streams aside from the clearing. The colony was to be a large one and it would play havoc among the forest-growth so much that, the whole forest life would be disturbed and the especial features would be changed.

“So they sat down among the trees to talk about it all and, as they sat there, there came a bird which perched upon a branch above them and began to sing. And, as it sang, the semblance of its meaning took shape within their minds, as they fell to silence to hear its song. It would be something after this sort in words of human speech :

The Song of the Bird¹

‘Not to the wise of earth we sing.
For they of wisdom have enow,
Or, lacking it, they lack to know.
That wisdom is not anything
Unless, unless with it be blent
A goodly silence of content.

‘Not to the great in worldly power
Do we our music offer much,
For they be near akin to such
As value very different dower;
We cannot sing of wealth or arms
Which be for them their only charms.

‘But when beneath our leafy nest
The weary worker lays him down,
We woo his heart from farm or town

And fill his soul With kindly rest;

¹ ‘The Song of the Bird’ was given to Mr. Vale Owen in prose-form, and has been divided into line and verse by the Editor.

We fill his soul with gracious ease.

We breathe him benediction, "Peace."

'So he who seeks to dominate
By force of arms or worldly power.
Shall find his lot both lone and dour,
For none with him will haply mate;
So, grasping all, all shall he lose.
Because he is so grandiose.

'Take me for pattern all of you.
I can but trill one little lay;
One theme and only day by day.
Yet what I'm able that I do.
An, so I do it, who shall say
I have not done my work-o-day?

'And now, good people, all of you.
Do not but what you may do well.
Eschew the quite impossible;
And so I bid you all adieu—
I go some other fools to greet,
And so to-woo, and so to-weet.'

Wednesday, 21st January, 1920,

"Well, my children, those ladies took to heart the lesson of that song and shaped their method by it. What, think you, was their course of action? How was this present colony built?"

I will not labour to give you their answers, my son. I will give you the solution as carried out in this foundation, although you will probably have come at it already.

I should say they established a simple kind of school first and added to it as required.

Well, yes, my son, that indeed is, as you say, simple

enough. But, did you know of all the manifold departments of instruction hereabouts, you would marvel how the simple could grow into such complexity.

Something on the lines of evolution, as we here on earth understand it, wouldn't it be? I mean from the single cell up to, say, the body of a human being.

Quite, quite. And not at all a bad illustration, if we understand it as being merely general and not true to detail. You see, my son, your theory of evolution is true in its main outlines, but the surface of that subject has yet scarce been skimmed. We will not speak at length on this theme lest we be led away from our main thesis.

Evolution

I will remark that the human body, being a composite of cells one like another, if it grew solely from the initial unicellular form would grow by agglomeration consequent on expansion and subdivision. But if each primary cell be identical to every other, from where comes the variety of structure in the complex and diverse organisms of, let us say, a bramble or a toad or a horse?

No, there is another and an external factor to be taken into account. That factor is external not in the matter of place, but of condition. It is the inherent personality of His Creative Lords. This principle of personality is continuously diversified among the lesser Creative Lords and so on downwards through the angelic orders, each order manifesting a lesser quantity in each individual, until we at last reach the unicellular atom of life. Here personality seems to have become extinct. But that is not so: as compared with the highest manifestation under God—that of the Greatest of the Creative Lords—dynamic personality is more external and the entity, the cell, more of the passive than of the initiative nature. In other words the circle is here found half way towards completeness. The process, having passed through all these degrees, has ended, in the outward direction, in the single cell. Now the cell must be treated from the other arc of the circle and drawn back along the second half of the circumference, not alone by an inverse course—inverse as to its direction—but also by an inverse process,

I don't understand this, Arnel. Have I got it right?

As right as earth language can contain it, my son, I think.
Listen intently while I continue.

Yes; I'm listening.

The Little Girl and the Bubble

There were two boys who sat to rest in the mountainous country of the Swiss. They had been speaking of creation and of the process by which it was continued. "Evolution" was, of course, the word they used. But they were big boys and of an age to reason such matters out. Such maturing minds are often quaintly original, and these were so. They wondered if the invisible process of creation and evolution could be paralleled in the concrete; if by any course of action of their own the principle underlying it might be shown. They postulated that, as God was Unitary, all going out from Him must, in the end, return to Him again. So they set out to test this day by day.

On the first day they set off from the base of a mountain, scaled its summit and descended to its base on the far side. "It is obvious," said they, "that is no true course to set for the progress of the ages. We are at as low a level as when we started and with a whole mountain between us and our objective."

On the next day they went to the summit, descended the mountain and climbed the mountain which fronted them across the valley. They said they were better disposed to study the matter here, for they were both at a high altitude, and a little higher indeed than when they started, for this summit was the more lofty of the two. Also they had a clear view of the whole course from summit to summit. But they had not returned to their original standpoint—there was an ocean of atmosphere between.

When they arose next morning the innkeeper's daughter was blowing bubbles. They watched the creation of a large and beautiful bubble and, as it expanded, the veins of colour were seen all in circular movement about the globe.

Said one lad to another, "Here is our solution of the problem." The other said, "Little girl, what have you there inside that beautiful bubble?"

And the child replied, "When I blow my bubbles, sir, I always think that each one is heaven."

"And if this bubble is heaven, then where is God?"

“Inside,” said the little girl.

“But is that bubble, do you think, large enough to hold God?”

“No,” said the girl. “You see, that is why it is always growing bigger and bigger. Look!”

She made a mighty effort and the bubble expanded still more and—it burst.

“Now,” said the boy, “your beautiful bubble, with all its continents and oceans and trees on it, has come to nothing. When you blew into it that last time, you see, it burst.”

“Yes; but God didn’t,” the little one replied.

Externals and Essentials

Thursday, 22nd January, 1920.

And what is the meaning of your parable, Arnel? How does it bear upon the founding of that College?

No, my son, I like it better that you supply the interpretation. That is why I give you these parables.

Well, we seem to have wandered a bit, don't we? It was that By-Way into evolution which did it, don't you think?

When messages are given from these spheres to your own we are always under this limitation, namely, that we must not do your own thinking for you. We make the bricks, you raise the building. By this method you get the more benefit. Nevertheless, since what I have written is dark to you in its meaning, so may it be to others also. I will therefore give you the keystone, and leave you to erect the arch in which to set it.

When I spoke of the High School I had in mind, in primary, the institution itself and not the buildings in which that should be housed. The mistake of those ladies was the mistake which is in your own mind : they were planning a grand scheme of building, and set out to select the most likely and appropriate spot on which to erect their College houses. This mistake of theirs was really the burden of the song by which the little bird reproved them. They were confounding externals with essentials.

Matter here is much more plastic to the action of will, as

they should have kept in mind but did not.

Their method should have been much simpler. Indeed in the end they came at it, after long reasoning. When found it was put into execution at once.

This method was to gather the school together, settle them in the selected region, and begin instruction. The buildings were merely an accessory. These would be erected, as their need arose, out of the growing knowledge of the scholars themselves.

So forceful is life and will-power here that it is not well or serviceable to erect first the building and then shape and mould the scholars to its proportions and design. No, for, as I and others have explained to you, trees and buildings and all things here which answer to what you call material on earth are responsive and very sensitive to the personality of those people who come into proximity with them. Also this sensitive response is mutual between these things and people. Those Creative Lords who schemed and evolved the snail did not fit the animal into his house but it was round about the other way. In snail or human it is the same Divine Life which is operative, only differently qualified in degree of power and method of expression.

By which token, my son, I call to your mind the bubble, and why it burst, and what it was which did not burst when the bubble met with its disaster.

That should suffice for the keystone, I am thinking. Now do you build your arch and set it fair in the middle atop—fair atop, my son, or your arch will be neither true nor stable. So.

And now I am minded to get afield with you and set about our business.

“Alice in Wonderland” Enacted

Do you mean the mission on which you were about to start?

But yes, that is our objective, is it not?

I suppose it is; but we seem to be in rather happy quarters in that Pleasance. I have rather been enjoying it. It reminded me of ‘Alice in Wonderland’ more than a little. Have you nothing else to tell me about these same parts, Amel?

(Pause of about a minute.)

Shall I scratch it out? 'Alice in Wonderland' mean. Is it that that is worrying you, Arnel? I'm sorry if it is.

No, no, my son. I know the book and paused to recover the story. I have it now. It is a very good book because it builds on the imagination and trains it. You would be surprised were I to tell you that, with a few details excepted, we had it here some time ago enacted in real life. No, I did not see it. It was told me by some who did. It was an experiment relative to the same series of laws as those of which I have spoken in connection with the building of the High School: those which operate between the person and his environment.

Briefly the case was this: Experiments had been made on the different elements which go to making up environment—vegetation, minerals, animal life and then atmosphere. The party who were experimenting then sought for a nearer environment, and one suggested their own bodies in which the individual, the spirit, functioned.

This was daring, but we love daring enterprise here. Well, the outcome was a carefully laid scheme. The enactors were selected and they managed, after some failures, to elaborate nearly the whole range of marvels in that narrative. It was merely a picturesque way of giving an object lesson to a large school of children of the power of the will upon externals. Many of the children knew the story and were ecstatic when the thing was seen, not in a book, but in actual life, with the characters shaping themselves before their eyes.

When all was over the enactors re-visualised themselves in their own proper persons and gradually reassumed these.

Did they manage the long neck business, and Alice growing big and shrinking little?

Yes, yes, those parts were easy enough. It was the animals which were the greatest difficulty of all.

We will cease now, and I think some of your readers will murmur, "Suffice it." Ah well, my son—some day.

Chapter 7

How Children are Trained

Tuesday, 27th January, 1920.

As you tell me you wish to dally in that pleasant region of which I last spoke to you, I will follow your lead, for this time, as you have, of your kindness, so often followed mine. I do this also because, as I intrude myself into your own conditions, I find there are so many to whom the simpler elements of our heavenly life are strange, and to these such lighter narrative as that just ended is comfortable and not without profit in instruction.

In that same group of buildings of which the Hall of Pillars is principal there are others of less magnificence in which the students receive instruction. In one of these, allotted mainly to the younger of our pupils, they of the fountain episode were gathered soon after their most wonderful essay into the realm of creative science.

An account of this lecture will serve to show you both how such transactions as that related are pressed into more serious use, and also how we here mingle the glad joy of life with the element of instruction.

The Lecture Room was oblong and the teacher took her station midway between the two central arches of the arcade which gave on to the gardens below. It was much as a section of the Pergola would have been if walled in at either end. For the arcade was open to the gardens without, with a terrace running right and left beyond the arches and descending by steps the whole length of the terrace into the gardens below.

Here then sat the teacher, and the scholars sat in groups upon lounges set here and there before her. Moreover, on the wall opposite to her and on the two shorter end-walls were pictures such as that I have described to you in the Pergola. Other elder students and teachers sat or stood here and there about the room and lent their aid easily and quietly whenever they saw an opportunity of service secondary to that of the teacher herself.

Said she by way of prelude, "My dear young explorers, you, having returned from the realm of mystery into which you were bold enough to enter with no guide to show you the safe tracks, I am now again to read you your lecture in proper order, so you will in future be armed beforehand in any battle you shall enter with those very unyielding laws which govern God His realm."

Then she explained to them in detail those points which I have already set out to you in brief. I will not enumerate these lest I become long-winded, but will come in at the end of it to tell you of the experimental part which was served up to help digest the diverse dishes of meats which went to make up the meal.

"An Impossible Knot"

There was a large bird sitting over one of the arches, as other smaller birds also were who, from time to time, entered from the gardens and flew here and there about the Lecture Room. Some paced about upon the pavement among the children or sat upon their benches or upon their shoulders or within their laps. This one was the largest of them all.

To him the teacher, pointing, said, "Now, that you may put to the proof what I have explained to you and so turn principles into actions, I give you a problem. This large bird appraises his greater dignity over that of his lesser cousins, I think. For there has he sat the whole lecture through, in his solemn and lovely state on high, while these little ones have companioned both with you and also one with another. Now I leave you, and shall return awhile when I hope to see him, if in pride of place less exalted, yet more companionable in his bearing. You must bring him down, my children, down here among his fellows who sing and gossip with you, as you well might be their grandsires or grandams or own cousins. Yet, mark me, children—for this game has its rules nevertheless—you shall do this, but with no cry or call to him, nor with any enticement of gesture, but only of your own wills in creative concentration."

And so with a happy laugh at their amazement that such an impossible knot should be tied for their unravelling, she kissed one or other on her way as she met them and passed out through the Arcade to the gardens beyond.

Most of the elder students went along of her, I stayed behind to see the fun ensuing, and so did also some dozen others.

A Hard Qualification

Now there are more than one methods of process by which that thing might be done. It is not my purpose now to tell these to you, but only how these young pupils approached their task. You must keep in mind that their studies were, at this time, in principal directed into the sphere of the creative faculty, and also that they were still in the initial stage of that department of science. To one more advanced the problem would have presented no difficulty whatsoever. But these boisterous young scientists were, for the moment, at a standstill, because of the qualification inset into the problem by their teacher. This was that their wills should be used creatively. That was the ruse and that alone, for it would have been easy for them to will the descent of that bird and claim his obedience. But that would not have applied the quality of creation. See you, my son? You get me clean and clear on that point do you not? So.

Awhile they were in silence, impotent and despairing. Oh! it was pretty to see them, those dear sweet boys and girls in the freedom of their ease each to other and all embracing love. And when they did break their silence, the irregular disorder of the melody of their voices was in itself a Te Deum, spontaneous and unwitting, to Him Who, I think, takes delight not sparingly out of the happy freedom of such as these.

I will make myself free to confess, my son, that as I reviewed the problem by all its facets one by one, and also the stages to which they had advanced in their studies, I was in doubt very much as to their success. But I thought, with grim delight, that my revenge was now at hand for the defeat I had sustained when I failed to solve the problem of their doings at the Fountain.

But no, I was denied this advantage. They did find a way. It was not the method which those more advanced would have employed. But it was a good method. It observed the conditions laid down and it achieved the set objective.

Of this, my son, I will tell you tomorrow.

Creating by Will Power

Wednesday, 28th January, 1920.

It was one of the girls who hit upon the method which came to be adopted after much noisy discussion. The children made a circle of the couches which had been placed in irregular fashion about the room. They then, one and all, composed themselves in easy order, with the smaller children distributed among them, and fell to their task earnestly.

The first stage of their proceedings was to gather all the smaller birds within their circle. This was easy. They came, one after another, to the number of sixty or thereabouts. Then those birds began to group themselves together in the middle in response to the concentrated will of the pupils.

When they were brought together in this way there was much chirping one to other and preening of plumage. But gradually, they began to grow silent and still, until they stood there all charmed into sleep.

I was watching it all very curiously, and now I noted a change coming over them. Their many-coloured feathers slowly changed their nature and became a rather dull slate colour, not unlovely and very chaste it was, but of neutral tint. I at once understood what these children were doing. They had withdrawn from each of those birds its aura, not quite entirely, but leaving perhaps some eighth part thereof which, however, was not visible without, but was distributed through the body of the bird within.

Then the children on the right, as I watched them from beneath the Arcade, quietly and slowly left their stations and going over to the left end of the room, took their stations behind those others who still reclined upon the lounges. Awhile a luminous cloud gathered in front of them, and between them and the birds. This was the aura of all the birds. Composite and blended into one. It slowly contracted upon itself until it lay upon the floor, in shape as a large egg. This was then gently raised upon end. Its weight had become increased in ratio to its density.

Then its shape was changed until there stood in its place a replica of the large bird who still sat upon the arch aloft very intent upon the strange doings in progress below him. At length

the new-born bird slightly moved its head, and some of the little pupils began to clap their hands in delight. But they were stilled instantly by their elders lest distraction of will should mar their work, now nearly complete.

The bird stood there still and silent, but soon there came a little lifting of wings; then her eyes opened; then she walked a few steps towards the children. Still they applied their wills in united action upon her and at last she stood there a live bird, mate for his majesty aloft.

She ran to one child and then to another, receiving their caresses wherever she came. After this had for awhile preceded, she went a few yards away from them and uttered her love-call, and down came the bird from aloft and joined his mate upon the floor.

Reversing the Process

Then these young creators uttered a glad cry and began to talk in real earnest of their victory. And they petted these two birds most vigorously so that at last they both trotted to the other side of the silent group of their smaller cousins and perched upon the back-rest of one of the benches.

I will further tell you that, as this process continued, it grew more strenuous to the young operators at every stage of it. The most difficult item of it all was so to construct the throat of the bird that she should give voice to the correct notes of her call. Failing that, her mate would not have come to her, and their labour would have been in vain.

They had done very well, as we hastened to tell them. We also sent out a message to the teacher, who came and gave them great praise that no mistake had been made by them of the many which waylaid them at every step forward.

There now remained for them to proceed with the reverse process, by which the bird was again resolved into the composite aura-cloud, and this again dispersed among its original owners.

This was effected, not by their concentrating their wills upon the bird itself, but upon the smaller birds standing there insensate and unconscious. That was why they did not withdraw all the aura from them. Or it was one of the reasons why. Another was that it would not have been well with the birds if they were

deprived of their auras in total. It was therefore upon that remnant left to them that the children now operated and, through it, extracted, from the composite cloud, for each bird its own aura. For it was easier thus than had they tried to operate directly upon the cloud and to separate the auras there intermingled.

And that was the problem set them; and that was the method by which they came at their solution.

Chapter 8

Games the Children Play

Thursday, 29th January, 1920.

I am of a mind to tell you more, my son, of the life that these young people lead here in the Summerland of our Father. It will serve to those who shall read this Script both for knowledge and also for their comfort. Of both these truly there is small enough knowledge among you. By which same token, moreover, I very well know that what I have to tell you will be received, on your side the Veil, by each according only to his degree of spiritual content; and in the personal equipment of many very good people that is not over great. But times are on the move, and not so very long hence people will look back and marvel on two aspects of this generation.

Two Aspects of this Generation

One is the tremendous access of motive power behind this present phase of world evolution. The other is the ponderability of the natures of those who were not able to accept the movement onward, or to estimate it at its true appraisal. This, however, should not seem over strange for, although the Veil is wearing thin, yet it still hangs in place where materialism set it of olden time; and the Sanctuary's divine light can only shine through dimly as yet—as yet.

It is, therefore, and I would have it known that, not for the present generation alone that I give voice to these my messages, but for those who shall follow you who now are beginning to mount the footlands of the Mountain of God, atop of which they stand who call to us who are set between, that we should voice their inspirations, even we who are nearer to you than they, lest their light should blast and their voices shake earth itself, and terror should strike into the midst of humankind by reason of the awful beauty and might in holiness of them who cry.

So I will tell you as well as I am able and as fully as I am able, and leave to your children, maybe, to understand more fully what may seem so passingly strange to you of this present time. And also this, that even with them who, reading, yet reject my words as fatuous and vain, yet, having read them, they shall serve in them for basis of advance when they have come over to us here. Although they first shall acknowledge that what folly there was in it all was not ours but their own, in that they did not then believe what in that day they will see is true.

“Aerial Flight” and “Balancing the Ball”

I will tell you first of some of the games these young spirits play.

One is that they gather in different parts of the Pleasance. One stands atop the Fountain upon the ledge where the design ends in a tree. He calls to one of his playmates, giving him a certain position upon the Fountain. The one chosen closes his eyes and then raises himself by what you would call the process of levitation, and floats to his position. One after other is called until they are grouped everyone in the proper station. Then another descends to the grass, and calls them back, and they have to descend in like manner, eyes closed, to the exact spot whereon they stood at the beginning of the game. If you will follow such a game as this in your imagination, and the mistakes it is possible to make, you will see how much fun these gay young people find in it.

Another game is that one should stand midway between two rows of players, each some eight or ten yards away. He shall hold a wand in hand upon which a large oval ball is balanced on its length. The two lines in opposition will the ball towards them or away. The wand-holder must move the wand right or left in order to keep the balance of the ball. One trick is that one row will, with their eyes, signal to the other, and then one row pulls and the other pushes suddenly. If the wand-holder is not ready the ball loses balance and floats down to the grass. So he forfeits his position and falls out of active service. This proceeds till there be three only left, and then, two, and these are proclaimed co-partners in victory.

“Maneuvers in the Air”

Another game is this. A square is formed and into the middle thereof there enters one of the players. It is favourite among them that this one should be one of the smallest children because such are more spontaneous in their shouts of mirth, while the older, understanding the process better, are more studious of the matter, noting each effect, and judging the force required for any special movement, and the direction of its focus, and so on. The little ones just accept the fun and yell with delight.

So, the players being set, they begin operations. I will tell you the game as I saw it last enacted. The one in the middle was a small girl. The older children set their wills to work and I saw her slowly rise from the ground. At a height of some twenty feet she gradually assumed a horizontal position. This movement continued until she passed feet uppermost, and then completed the circle and stood normal once again. She enjoyed it greatly and, when the circular movement began, she laughed, and cried out gladly while the younger members among the operators clapped hands and laughed for merriment below.

Next they steadied her, still high in air. Then they bent her knees, until she sat enthroned on nothing, but in the air aloft, and bowed one side and other side to them, as if she were some baby queen and they her vassals.

Then in that position, obeying the wills of those below, I saw her glide through the air and beyond the confines of the Pleasance and, looking forth, I saw her perched upon a big tree. Right atop upon the leafy platform she stood, arms stretched out on either side of her, and laughing merrily.

So that is another of their games, and it has many possibilities, as you will see. And all these games have an underlying motive of education. The little ones are thus helped in their development by association with the elder boys and girls in their manipulation of the natural forces which they press into their service in these ways. And the elder boys and girls ripen their faculties by such exercises as these, which supplement their more serious studies. These games are true games and are played for the pleasure of them. Only secondarily does the scientific aspect enter in.

Work woven with Pleasure

Tuesday, 3rd February, 1920.

Such games as these of which I have told you are of the simpler sort, although not devoid of instruction. For that is the way with us here. Indeed, all our work, except that which takes us into the spheres of gloom and anguish, is so woven with the joy of life and the pleasure of action that it does not, in essence, differ from these games which the children play.

Nevertheless, some games have more of the element of sport, and others more of the element of science, and some also blend with these two factors that of devotion. What I have to tell you following is of this last species and, indeed, I know not quite by which name to call it. But I have called the others games, and you may write this item down if so you will. It matters not, so you get my ideas as I send them forth to you.

An Exercise for Older Children

This pass-the-time, or game, is for those elder ones who are progressed rather much in the same science of which I have been speaking, the science of creation. Know you, my son, that creation is, in primary, not of concrete nature as manifest in matter. Indeed much creative activity never emerges into the material, and is yet creative truly, nevertheless. And all creation, as you will very readily understand, whether it finds expression in matter or not, yet, in its beginnings, is ideal; that is to say, it is of spiritual content solely, and only as it progresses outward does it become formulated in concrete shape. The elder children, therefore, are wont, from time to time, to gather in some arranged spot. Here they converse, interchanging their mental beauties in love. So do they become the more in unison of purpose and in the focus of their energising. When this has been attained then they quietly set to work.

I will tell you of one of these occasions when there was present, as is the way of it sometimes, a Director from a higher sphere.

The scene was a valley where hills, tree-clad and with

shrines here and there along the by-ways, formed a pleasing enclosure and shut off the distances from the view of those who gathered there. On the upper side a stream emerged between two high cliffs of vari-hued rock and fell into the valley with much music and clouds of spray bejewelled rarely.

When the company of some thirty or thereabouts were attuned, they reclined at ease beneath the flowering trees within the circle formed by those about the valley, and then the Director² spoke to them in very quiet manner, for disturbance must find no place in exercises such as these. He said, "Let peace be about and within you, my children—so—so—so. Peace and quiet, quiet and love. Now let your thoughts aspire—quietly, quietly, my children, for those realms into which you penetrate now are realms of peace, and nothing of unrest therein is found. So."

What the boy Raoul Saw

He paused and added the potency of his aspiring silence to their own awhile. And then he looked upon them one by one, not hastening but going over them at much leisure until he had appraised each and every one. He now returned his gaze upon a young lad who was not reclining as were most of his mates, both youths and maids, but was kneeling, and hands spread out upon his thighs above his knees. His eyes were rapt aloft and saw nothing of the valley, but their focus was adjusted for great distances, so to say it.

Well, the Director, speaking subduedly and slowly lest he break the spell, said to the boy, calling him by his name, "Raoul, my son, tell us, now, what it is you see, the region of its emplacement."

Then the boy answered him, slowly and quiet as he, "Upon a rock of purple stone, flat topped and standing lonely the height of fifty men, I see a figure. He is male. His robe is blue to the middle of him and then shades into green and on to amber about his knees. His belt is scarlet and white entwined. His shoulder jewel is a ruby left, and right a sapphire. His chaplet is not set upon his hair quite. It hovers about his head some very little way apart. It has stars which join their scintillations and so make the chaplet

² The Director was Arnel himself. See the Preface

consecutive, one piece circular, and they are of golden and green hue alternate, of more brightness on the right side. By signs like these, and by the last sign of the chaplet chiefly, I know he is of some order high in estate. Who he is, and his purpose there, I do not know. I think the station, where he stands looking abroad from the top of the rock in rapt attention, is near the beginning of the second sphere away, or on the further boundary of the sphere next ahead of us.”³

That is as I also see him, the Director said, “save that with him I see a child set upon his shoulder. Also they look this way, but past us on into the spheres between this of yours and earth. These are Israel and the Christ Child, Raoul. As you saw them in the glade at Christmastime they were conditioned to this Sphere Seven and less sublime in their appearing. You see them now with what glory they are able to beclothe themselves in the Sphere Nine. You counted distance rightly there. But you did not see the Child Whose body and clothing are more sublimated than those of Israel.”

“We Will Mingle Our Knowledge”

“I saw the brightness of Him, my lord,” the boy replied, “but not the shape of Him, and thought it but the radiation of the stars of Israel’s chaplet.”

“So,” answered the Director. “Well, my son, there they be, the Child and Israel. We will give them benediction, both, and to the Child homage. So we leave them there. For the purpose we have in hand at this present they be too great, my Raoul. Let us hear what a maiden can see of what is toward in spheres other than this of yours. You have done well, Raoul, and you are making much advancement. Indeed, your vision has enlarged its bounds; you have managed to see too great a thing to be of use to us in our present venture. God be with you, my son. And now to choose the maid who shall tell us what she sees. Come, Raoul, and stand with me, my boy, and aid me in the choice. You know them as your playmates, and I as pupils. So we will mingle our knowledge and get perhaps a blend of quality more practical than that of mine

³ I.E., either in Sphere Nine, or on the boundary between Sphere Eight and Sphere Nine.

alone.”

Wednesday 4th February, 1920.

Midway in the valley there was a little pool where a stream of the river stayed to ponder and then pursued his more chastened flow on toward ocean. Here was a bower, inset with a stone couch, and here also a little maid of thirteen summers—I speak in earth reckoning and not in ours—had her bed. For she lay along the seat, hands crossed within her lap, and, so at ease, absorbed what beauty of scene she saw beyond the bounds of her own sphere.

To her the boy Raoul pointed and murmured, “Sir, yon girl takes her ease somewhat in excess of some of these her companions. Shall we ask what of wonder is opened to her that she is so rapt aloft?”

“Go you to her, Raoul,” the Director said, “and get her attention. Maybe she will the more readily give us of her naive wisdom, Raoul. You are of age more in attune with her than I.”

Combined Interior Vision

The boy smiled at the witty conversation, and stepping softly, drew near the girl. He put his hand upon her brow but did not speak aloud, but only wilfully. As his message of request reached beneath her mood of slumber she stirred, took his hand within her own and, placing it upon her breast, said, “Raoul you come both pleasantly and in fitting also. I hold you thus, Raoul, so we be attuned, in one to see, both you and I together. For, Raoul, I do very clearly see my vision, but I am not wise as to understand it. So do you help me, dear, for your years and mine are like, but your wisdom paces ahead of me.”

So these two children told the Director what they saw, she still reclining, and he kneeling by her side, his right hand clasped in her both, her own upon her breast.

Arnel, you are speaking as if you were there and saw them yourself. Were you?

My son, but yes; I was their Director for that time. Their story was as I give it now the story of the scene they looked upon together:

There was a great highway which ran along a wood-side,

and on the other side of the road there was a river. At one place there ran down to the tide of the river a broad flight of steps, and within the wood opposite there stood a large house. People were landing from boats which came to pause below the steps, one by one continuing. These people ascended to the roadway and, crossing it, entered the gates and passed within where the wood bordered a road each side. Near the house the road was clear of trees, and the house stretched right and left facing the wood across its clearing.

The people went forward, some into the house and others into the gardens or the woods. Others stood in groups conversing. Now all this was simple enough and without perplexity. But there was another thing and that it was which the little maid could not interpret. It was this:

What Perplexed a Young Maid

At the gates there stood two men. They were of great strength and beauty. They looked across the river and, now and again, one or other lifted up his hands as signal. When he did this there came a beam of light across the waters, and it rested for a moment on house or road or woods. Its coming and its going were prompt and decisive, as if those who sent it had perfect knowledge where it should find its quarry, what quarry it should be, and also why. This, therefore, is what perplexed the maid. I saw it all and understood. —You note, my son, I now speak in person. Your question and my answer have turned me from Director into myself. Therefore the director in person disappears. So. I was waiting to see what the boy Raoul would make of it; he was of wisdom beyond his years as the little maid had said. But he watched on and said no word at all.

I therefore went over to the young couple and, as he had done, so now I placed my hand upon the head of the girl, and added also to place my other hand upon his head. Then I knew what barred him so that he, advancing to the door of the mystery, yet could not open it and enter in. So I explained their problem to them.

The scene was cast, not in one of those spheres ahead of us, but two spheres behind. That is to say, the river was the boundary thereabouts between the Spheres Five and Four. Now

those who live there be good people, but not quite at ease from the influences which from time to time invade the Sphere Four from the Sphere Three, where disturbance often arises, in its turn, from those regions next Earth.

Nothing much harmful can invade the Sphere Four in this manner. What untoward influences are able to rise into it do not harm, but only hinder and retard. They have the faculty of circumscribing the freedom of those who, being progressive, yet have still a certain affinity with Earth. Such affinity is consequent sometimes on their having loved ones still in the flesh, or some enterprise again in the world may be of interest to them still, or there might be another cause.

Looking into Other Spheres

When those people, therefore, crossed over into the Sphere Five they had need of watchfulness by guardians placed in different parts where they first would wander. Those at the gates were two such watchers. Seeing some sign of weakness or distress among these others newly come, they at once signalled and received at once information as to the character, progress and present estate of such person as they made enquiry about. Also a ray of strength was sent upon the person in question. These rays were visible only to the watchers, and not to those to whom they were directed. They were visible also to the two children because these were of a higher sphere. They did not understand transactions as these they witnessed because they thought the sphere into which they gazed was higher than their own. But it was of lower degree than their own.

But how was it they made that blunder, Arnel? Was it not easy for them to, know whether they looked before or behind them?

But yes, my son, and surely. You question me so crudely, my son, and I have humour to my make-up, as so well you know. And you are serious still, while you should be smiling along with me. But I will not rally you more. Only visualise our environment not so materially, or I must tell you my tale in earth language. And I must say now “up” and now “down,” and again “forward” and yet again “behind.” But these are not adequate to enshrine the more subtle of our conditions, as you know. The perplexity of these

children lay not between the two directions “before” “behind.” For when they looked into other spheres they looked into infinity or towards infinity through those spheres. You mark me, my son; the operation I have described was not one exterior in environment to themselves. They were not bidden up and away to this Sphere or that other. This with us, as with you, would be a matter of going this way or that way—forward or backward, if so you will. But what they now were doing was of different process. It was the inverse of the other. For instead of moving about in an environment exterior to themselves, they did the other thing. They absorbed their external, mental and wilful activity into the interior of their own selves, and there found, for the time, their own environment. Their action was, you note, directed inwards upon themselves. Here was no such plain boundaries of realm and sphere as obtains in ordinary. It was this reversal of process which created their perplexity. They thought they had penetrated into the Sphere Eight or Nine, and found there conditions which were foreign to those spheres. So it was they blundered.

Another Experiment in Creation

Tuesday, February 10th, 1920.

Well, that was all very instructive, and it was recorded in order that these children might receive from their teachers afterwards some knowledge by object teaching. This is the way of it, that when these young scholars are put to such exercises of visualisation they are reproduced in some sort in their lecture halls, and the teaching is hung thereon. But not yet had I found what should serve properly for my present purpose.

So I went around them, laying my hand upon the head of one and other, until I came at what I sought. There were three of them about whom there hung a slight luminous cloud of mist whose tint was diverse from that of any of the others, but jointly akin.

Their haloes, I take it?

Not precisely so. This was not a permanent ingredient of their haloes, but an accretion drawn by them from that environment into which they penetrated in vision. The instrument

which they used to this end was the halo. The mist was of substance like but not identical. It was but a transitory phenomenon which, on the children re-assuming normality, would automatically gravitate to its own sphere from which it had been drawn.

These three I called to me and, the rest of the company being once more fully awake and attentive, I spoke to them thus : “My children, in these three I have found what will serve us at this time for our exercise in creative science. They have in concert visualised the same scene. Now they shall reproduce it and, as they do so, you shall join your will to theirs in unison. Be leisured in your doings, my children, and make the thing as perfect as you may.”

I bade these three, therefore, take their stations in the circle, one at each extremity of a triangle. Then we fell to work, the whole circle concentrating upon the spot whereon I stood in the centre of the glade.

I tell you, following, what happened in order due and sequence thus:

There arose about me a cloud which gradually condensed upon itself until it assumed malleable properties of substance. Slowly the top became thickened and more opaque and then, from the top, the cloudy mass fell in eight streams until the grass was reached, when, the process continuing, each thickened upon itself until eight solid pillars stood erect in support of the dome atop.

Beneath my feet I felt the ground arise until it was in level some one foot and half foot about the floor of this small pavilion. Here it stayed and, looking aloft, I saw that the dome was now of gold overlay within, and about five feet beyond my head above.

Arnel as a Greek Knight

Now that was not my idea primarily when I set them to work, that I be turned into a statue on pedestal. No. But, when the three were placed in triangle, at once I felt a message speed round the circle and then centre itself upon me. What it said was, “Be steadfast, good Arnel, where now you stand. We have use to make of you. Do us, therefore, this pleasure.” And then these young jesters added, by way of humour, “We will not harm you, gentle Arnel, as you stand steadfast and unafraid. We will deal tenderly

with you; of our love for you, good Arnel.”

That is the way of them, my son. They get an ancient man to teach them creative science and then mother him the first moment they note opportunity. I sometimes wonder if I be too fond to lead them orderly. But yet, my son, again I think love is so strong it cannot greatly err in excessive outpouring. And I doubt our Father and theirs loves them no bit the less for their pranking. But, this or that, so it was. I cease my prattle and get on with my story. But they be very sweet, these children, and so beautiful also, both the in and out of them. But yet again this is not narrative. To continue:

The process went on apace, for they were a large company in action, and soon the whole thing was complete. There stood the pavilion of translucent stone substance. The eight pillars were fluted, and the flutes were picked out in gold. Within stood I transfigured from my own self into a man clad in silver mail, helmeted and with greaves complete. A belt was upon my tunic about my middle, and a sword within reach of my right hand. A Greek Knight, forsooth; that is what they had made of me, these young ripsters, and stood me on a pedestal as well.

Well, well, God bless them, it was a happy notion after all. For, see you, my son. This was a reproduction of what those three had by vision brought down with them from the Sphere Eight. There, in a forest glade, is erected a statue of the Knight of England, but in Grecian panoply of arms. This, then, they had called into being in duplicate here in the Sphere Seven according to the laws of creative science which, operating in this way, issue in the production of the Presence Form.⁴

The New Jerusalem

It reminds me, somewhat, of the New Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John.

Truly, truly. As you will observe, the Presence Form may be projected by the operator into some place distant from himself. Or it may be drawn from a distance by one or more people operating in unison. This was achieved by the second method. That Model City of the Jerusalem as perfected in the heavens was also

⁴ See full explanation of Presence Form in Chapter 2

reproduced by some company of operators by this same means, that is, by the exercise of will in creative energy. But the St. John did not follow its descent as it came down from above the heaven in which he stood. You should read it thus, that he saw the city Salem in Presence Form as it had descended from the Sphere above into that wherein he stood. It was quite obviously of a piece in process with this of smaller and less elaborate detail that I have but now described to you. It was, as I will say it, materialised into visibility in the sphere wherein he beheld it, a reproduction of the permanent Salem whose location was in the Sphere next in order above.

What about the Angels he saw at the gates?

These also were living Angels but in Presence Form also, by their own consent and wilful co-operation reproduced with the city itself in replica.

A Relic of the First Crusade

And what was the meaning of the statue of St. George in Sphere Eight?

It was set up in response to the prayers for help of those who went eastward on the first Crusade. It was in the gardens of a colony of people whose special mission was to those Crusaders. These set up the ideal of the Knight as conceived by the soldiers of England. It was not for use as ornament alone. It was sensitised in a way I am not able to make clear to you. But I will put it into words thus: that the thoughts and appeals which the armies crusading addressed to the Knight were attracted here where they were tested and dealt with, as all such prayer is dealt with. And the focus of this business was the Statue of the Knight of England.

What is it used for now?

Well, my son, its use is not entirely of the past even now. There are still some of those old Crusaders lingering behind down there in the darker spheres.⁵ And these, on occasion, do still cry to

⁵ This immediately raises the question as to how can it be that Judas of Kerioth has reached the Christ Spheres, yet some Crusaders can still be in the dark planes? And the answer to this is very clearly set out in the Padgett messages. It is simply the rate of progress that can be achieved when one follows a path of Divine Love, as opposed to simply following the natural love path. The clearest example of this is given by Julius

their Patron. Such prayers are not of merit to match those offered to such as are of higher estate, and have less virtue of power than a sigh in the Name of Christ. But they be prayers nevertheless. And no prayer whether to God All Father, or to His Christ, or to His Operative Spirit, or to His Angel Princes is ever made in vain.

And is St, George a real person the Patron Saint of England?

I said not so, my son. I called him by no name. Yet, if you will, it is not amiss to do so. But keep it in mind that George was not always England's patron. There are others whose office that has been from time to time.

That company of whom I spoke, and who erected that Statue—I call it statue, but it was more than that word means to you—that company was the band in the Sphere Eight authorised by, and in touch with, those all whose special charge in the High Spheres was England and England's benediction. Not one Angel Knight alone but a shining company they be, my son, and I think they have sustained that charge right royally, and with not a little strength of purpose and of skill.

Do I appraise the matter justly, think you? Well, so let it rest therefore. By George of England, or by Knights of other names, England has been much favoured in benediction. And Amen to that say I your teller Arnel.‡

Caesar, who had been in the hells from his death in March 44 B. C - about 2060 years until he learns how to get out via Divine Love, and then he gets out in no time at all - in about 19 months. All because he is now following the Divine Love path. However it is possible to get out of the hells following the natural love path a lot faster than 2000 years, but certainly not as fast as 19 months, given how deep he was. G.J.C.