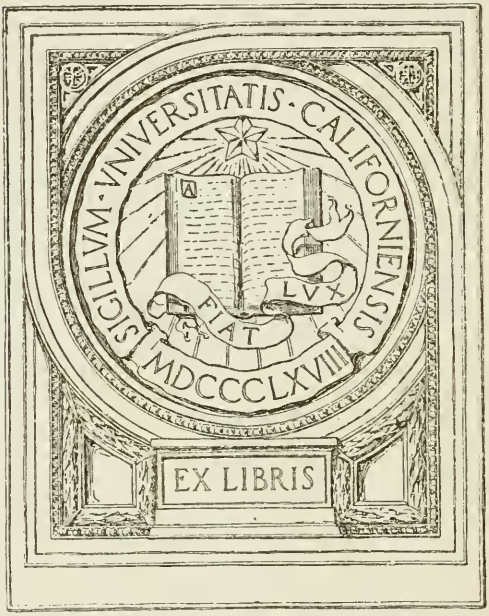
MAN IS A SPIRIT

J. ARTHUR HILL



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MAN IS A SPIRIT

A COLLECTION OF SPONTANEOUS CASES
OF DREAM, VISION AND ECSTASY

BY

J. ARTHUR HILL

AUTHOR OF "PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATIONS,"
ETC.



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PREFACE

FACTS differ in importance, but it is a fundamental article of the faith of science that all facts are important in some degree. The import of some of them may not be clear at first, but continued collection brings about the possibility of valuable inferences. An orbit cannot be computed from one or two points given; many are necessary. Similarly a number of facts—the more the better—may be required before we see their meaning. But there is a meaning, and it is worth our while to amass details patiently. This is the modern spirit—to inquire of Nature instead of building philosophic word-structures into the blue. Observation and record are the watchwords. "A large acquaintance with particulars often makes us wiser than the possession of abstract formulas, however deep," says William James in the preface to his "Varieties of Religious Experience." And "particulars" may be either subjective or objective. A dream is as much of a "fact" as a bomb is. It

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is a psychological fact; the other is a physical fact. Collection of psychological facts is a late development in science, and we have not got far yet, particularly as regards facts of "psychical research" kind. But they will turn out important, if we study them carefully.

The present volume, in the selection of its facts, may seem to start out from an assumption: namely, that human personality is more than a collection of material particles, or, crudely and popularly put, that there is a spirit in man. But it is not an assumption. It is an inference, cautiously made after years of observation, from another range of facts, some of which are described in an earlier volume called "Psychical Investigations." This present book, therefore, does not stand alone, even as regards its author. And its general tendency is supported by a huge mass of literature, of which the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research furnish the best illustration from the scientific viewpoint. The Society, of course, has no creed. It exists for investigation. But in the opinion of most investigators its results are strongly suggestive of the scheme presented by F. W. H. Myers in his great work, "Human Personality and its

Survival of Bodily Death"; and that scheme my own researches have led me to accept.

It is difficult to give in few words any idea of such a large subject, but the following may help.

Telepathy, or transference of ideas from mind to mind through channels other than the known sensory ones, suggests but does not prove super-physical action.

Clairvoyance, automatic writing, and trance speech often produce true matter unknown to the sensitive and sometimes unknown to any-one present. The supposition of telepathy from distant people, who do not know and are not known to the sensitive, is a reasonable guess in default of anything better, but it does not seem likely and in some cases it is unacceptable. And a few cases are on record—one in the follow-ing pages—of information being given which was possessed by no living mind, but which was possessed by the person purporting to communi-cate. Swedenborg describes an experience of this kind, which was taken seriously even by the sceptical Kant.

Apparitions are sometimes seen by sane and healthy people, at or after the time of death of a person not known to be ill or in danger. Vol-

ume X. of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. contains the result of many years' investigation of this phase, and the "chance" explanation is mathematically ruled out.

Many curious physical phenomena, such as movement of objects without contact, occur without the conscious will of those present, and information is given, sometimes going beyond the knowledge of the sitters.

Other phenomena occur or are alleged to occur. The scientific study of them has only just begun, and no certainty is yet attainable regarding some of them. Suspense of judgment is in many cases the correct attitude, but the result of an individual's experience may be sufficient to justify his acceptance of the spiritist explanation at least as a working hypothesis. As for me, I am always ready to change, if a more reasonable explanation can be given.

J. A. H.

Bradford.

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"What philosopher has not at one time or another cut the queerest figure imaginable, between the affirmations of a reasonable and firmly convinced eye-witness, and the inner resistance of insurmountable doubt? Shall he wholly deny the truth of all the apparitions they tell about? What reasons can he quote to disprove them?

"Shall he, on the other hand, admit even one of these stories? How important would be such an avowal, and what astonishing consequences we should see before us, if we could suppose even one such occurrence to be proved! A third way out, perhaps, is possible, namely, not to trouble one's self with such impertinent or idle questions, and to hold on to the *useful.* But because this plan is reasonable, therefore profound scholars have at all times, by a majority of votes, rejected it!

"Since it is just as much a silly prejudice to believe without reason *nothing* of the many things that are told with an appearance of truth, as to believe without examination *everything* that common report says, the author of this book has been led away partly by the latter prejudice, in trying to escape the former." [1]

"The same ignorance" [how an immaterial nature can be in an immaterial body, etc.] "makes me so bold as absolutely to deny the truth of the various ghost stories, and yet with the common, although queer, reservation that while I doubt any one of them, still I have a certain faith in the whole of them taken together." [2]

[1] Kant: "Dreams of a Spirit-Seer," preface; p. 38 of English translation of 1900.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 88.

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CHAPTER I

WHAT CONSTITUTES EVIDENCE?

IN the autumn of 1915, when the casualty lists were terribly lengthening, the Editor of the *International Psychic Gazette* asked a number of eminent men to send, if possible, "messages of comfort to the bereaved" for publication. Many helpful replies were received from men who, on one ground or another, believed in the survival of personality past death; but the most striking, to me, was the response of Mr. Edward Clodd. He said: "As the evidence that we possess seems to me conclusive against survival after death, I can say nothing on the lines which you suggest." (October issue of the *Gazette,* p. 6.) We can hardly doubt that it must give pain to anyone to make a statement like that, for it would strike a chill to the heart of any mourner; and

it is permissible to suppose that Mr. Clodd regretted his negative convictions. I wish to suggest that it is not necessary to hold them; that they are the result, not of evidence *against,* but of non-acquaintance with evidence *for,* or of materialistic prejudice. Hume said that miracles were contrary to experience; but he meant only that they were contrary to his own and that of those whose testimony he believed; which proves nothing, for there are others.

The evidence, we are told, seems conclusive against survival. The obvious question at once arises: "What evidence?" Mr. Clodd gives none. And indeed for a very good reason; namely, that there is none to give. There can be no evidence that there is no such thing as a white crow; even if there is no record of anybody seeing one, this furnishes ground for a provisional judgment only, for at any moment a white crow may turn up. And in the matter of survival, there are a few millions of people in the world who have seen their white crow. Mrs. Piper was Professor James's.[1] One piece of positive

[1] "The Will to Believe," p. 319; *Proceedings,* S.P.R., vol. xxiii., pp. 35-6, 106, 120-1. Cf. "Memories and Studies," pp. 188, 198, 200.

evidence shatters a negative presumption. One white crow disproves the proposition that all crows are black. One piece of spiritualistic evidence suffices at least to throw doubt on the negative presumption against survival. This presumption is based on ignorance or prejudice, not on knowledge; as with a cleric known to me who "could see no evidence for evolution." He did not want to see it. The ostrich was supposed to persuade itself that it had no pursuers by hiding its head in the sand. The existence of white crows can be disposed of if we decline to look at them. Spiritistic evidence can be ignored, as indeed it generally is. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," said the French General, watching the charge at Balaclava: the audacity of ignoring psychical evidence is similarly magnificent, but it is not science. It is not even fair-minded common sense. We cheerfully admit that it is possible to advance several different and more or less reasonable hypotheses in explanation of the phenomena, without invoking spirits; but the existence and significance of these phenomena can hardly be ignored much longer. There is room for differing interpretations, but it will soon have to be recognized that

there is something there to be interpreted. The negative dogmatizer is approaching extinction. Mr. Clodd belongs with von Helmholtz, whose words we now read with amusement. He once said to Sir William Barrett that "neither the testimony of all the Fellows of the Royal Society nor the evidence of his own senses would lead him to believe even in thought-transference, as it was impossible." [1] The experts were once equally sure that it was impossible for trains to run at the appalling speed of thirty miles an hour. And I am pretty sure that my grandfather would never have believed in wireless telegraphy.

But, putting aside mere ignorant prejudice, we may well ask why psychical evidence, though now obtaining serious recognition, is still looked on with some distrust and doubt; and I think there is a reasonable explanation and a reasonable cause of this. A large amount of evidence, particularly in recent publications, has been obtained through mediums, sometimes paid ones; and there is a natural tendency to regard such people as rogues until they are proved honest,

[1] Sir W. F. Barrett: "On the Threshold of a New World of Thought," p. 17.

and even afterwards. I sympathize with this, though it is mistaken in its over-cautiousness. Palmists and fortune-tellers are mostly or entirely frauds; but such people are not mediums. Of this latter class I believe the majority to be perfectly honest, though there is much self-delusion and erratic faculty. But it is certainly very desirable that evidence of this character should be supplemented by other evidence which is above all suspicion of dishonesty. Of course many of us are acquainted with private sensitives or mediums through whom is often obtained evidence even stronger than the best given by professionals; but it is usually private matter, and the sensitive, moreover, is under no obligation to take the world into his or her confidence. Mr. Clodd's ignorance of the existence of such persons is shown in a letter of his, dated December 31, 1916, to the *Yorkshire Post*: "I am tempted to ask whether communications from the departed are to be had only by payments to professional mediums." Evidently he doesn't know, and the tone of the letter suggests that he considers his question a knock-out—which is rather amusing to those who do know. It is unfortunate that Mr. Clodd, by the vigorous "rationalist" writ-

ings which so plainly show his prejudice, should close up the channels through which information might come to him. People naturally will not tell him things which they know would be received with derision instead of scientific and open-minded consideration.

But apart from private mediums who get communications more or less regularly, there are many individuals who enjoy evidential but only occasional enlargements of perceptivity. From time to time during the last twelve years I have received from such persons accounts of spontaneous psychical experiences of many kinds, from dreams which only just touch the fringe of the supernormal up to full-blown apparitions seen by several people. Further, I have had the opportunity of studying other accounts of a similar kind which have been sent to friends of mine. In particular I have to thank Sir Oliver Lodge for his kind permission to use material which has been sent to him. I need hardly say that in all cases I have received the senders' permission to print, but all names and places are disguised, lest the narrators' reputation for sanity should suffer; for it is extremely unwise, if we regard the opinion of the man in the street

at all—and few of us can afford to disregard it entirely,—to let it be known that we have experienced anything approaching a hallucination.

These accounts do not come up to what I conceive to be the evidential standard of the Society for Psychical Research, or I should have sent them there. But, though falling below the standard which the S.P.R. rightly keeps high, these cases seem to me good enough to print. In many of them the weakness of the evidence is due to accident or an unfortunate set of circumstances, as when important corroborative testimony is obtainable only from someone who is hostile to the subject and will not testify, or is away at the war and cannot be got at, or who has died. But a continued correspondence or, better, personal interviews which in some cases I have had, is often enough to give almost as much confidence in the narrator's reliability as would corroborative testimony by another person; and I have included no case without having been convinced by either such correspondence or interviews that the narrator is a person of sanity and integrity, whose word we should accept without hesitation in more ordinary matters. I do not expect readers to attach as much importance to the narra-

tives as I do, for I cannot give all the data which go to make up my estimate in each case; I can only hope that they will be read with a sort of provisional acceptance of them as perhaps at least partly true.

Before or after each case I indicate my own attitude to the various possible explanations of it, but this is only tentative, and readers may skip my comments if they wish.

CHAPTER II

DREAMS

IT may be urged, quite legitimately, that some of these dream-coincidences now to be related may happen by accident. Out of the immense number of our dreams it is to be expected that some of them will represent some real fact not normally known to the dreamer, without any supernormal agency being concerned. The dreams which miss—it may be contended—are forgotten; those that hit are remembered, and consequently count for more than they ought. The point is obvious, and in various ways its logic has been recognized from antiquity. Cicero quotes, for instance, the remark of Diagoras the Atheist, when shown the votive tablets in the temple of Samothrace, placed there by those shipwrecked mariners who had been saved from drowning. He was bidden to note how many had been saved by the power of the gods. "Yea," said he, "but where are those commemorated

who were drowned?" Like dreams which miss, there is no record of them.

But, even after giving due weight to this objection, all careful investigators are agreed that a chance explanation of all veridical (truth-telling) dreams is quite unacceptable. It sounds plausible in general, but it breaks down on examination. Most dreams are mere medleys, without any predicative or supernormal claim. Often they are absurd re-presentations of memory, as when Ben Jonson saw the Carthaginians and Romans fighting for a whole night on his great toe—a restricted battle-ground, Jonson's great size notwithstanding. We may ignore this kind, devoting our attention to those dreams that definitely state a fact not normally known or believed. And there is often a peculiarly vivid quality about supernormal dreams, differentiating them sharply from the vague romancings which are the ordinary product of our sleep mentation; a vividness and reality which lead the dreamer to write down an account, or to tell someone about the experience, before any verification comes. This feeling of reality often gives complete certitude that the dream has brought truth and that it is a unique or almost unique experience; for few people have many of them

in a whole lifetime. This instinctive differentiation between the true and the "ordinary" dream seems akin to the instinctive power, which a genuine clairvoyant usually has, of distinguishing between the work of his own imagination and messages really coming supernormally. And whether the verdical dreams are few in any one person's experience or are fairly frequent, as with the percipient whose account I quote first, it is a fact that in many cases the correspondence between the dream details and the actual facts is too close to be reasonably attributable to chance. But it is very important, in view of the untrustworthiness of memory, that people who have these experiences should record them and place the record in some other hands before verification. It is mainly through lack of this precaution that my cases are not up to the evidential standard of the Society for Psychical Research, and have, therefore (as I have said), to be presented in my own more irresponsible pages.

"I venture to offer you a brief account of several psychic or telepathic experiences, one of my father, and the others of my own.

"I have frequent premonitions in dreams, but these which I relate are the most striking. I am a healthy, normal woman, of cheerful disposition, and have never dabbled in things psychic, but feel that if I once relinquished self-control I would be quite carried away.

I

"My father was a North of Ireland man of Scottish ancestry, totally devoid of superstition, and a rock of common sense. He was in charge of a large police district in Central Queensland many years ago, when he was thrown from his horse and received serious internal injuries. From these he made a partial recovery and was granted a lengthy term of leave of absence. He was strongly advised to go to Sydney and consult a famous doctor there. This, however, was not an easy matter for him to undertake, as in his weak state he could not travel alone, and my mother had five tiny children, one only a few weeks old, so could not accompany him.

"He was very worried, trying to plan for the best, and also for financial reasons. One night he woke my mother and told her that he had just seen his father, who had been dead for

twenty years, and that he had said: 'Don't go to Sydney, George, for you will be dead before November.' This was early in July, and he died on September 8th following. My grandfather had been a medical student, but gave up his studies and entered the Army.

II

"I was once staying at the seaside and occupied the same bed as a girl friend on New Year's Eve. She woke me to ask why I was crying so bitterly. I told her that I dreamt I saw my brother Charles lying senseless on a rough bush track and a dead horse lying near him. Later she again woke me to ask the same question. I then told her that I dreamt I had received a newspaper by post and that my former dream appeared in it in a conspicuous paragraph, and that, on looking at the date of the paper, I found it was a month old.

"Next day my brother George came to see me, and on relating the experiences of the previous night he warned me to say nothing about it to my mother. After returning home I received a letter from Charles telling me that, just a month ago, on New Year's Eve, he had a bad accident. He and a friend were spending

the Christmas holidays on a cattle station when their horses got out of the stockyard and got away with some wild horses up a mountain. In galloping after them his horse fell and broke its neck, and he was found insensible, just at the time I dreamt it, and exactly the same length of time elasped before I was told of it as occurred in the dream.

III

"On another occasion I dreamt that an old friend who was in England with her husband would return a widow. This was verified within twelve months.

IV

"A very old friend, one hundred miles away, had an apoplectic seizure. We were all deeply attached to the old gentleman, and just at dusk I became very restless and anxious to know his condition. Sitting quietly in the gloom and thinking deeply of him, I felt everything seem to slip away from me. Presently the stars at which I was gazing became blotted out by a thin mist which rapidly became thicker and darker and began to take a rough human form. I came suddenly to myself with a feeling of terror and

rushed into the house. Soon after came word that he had passed away."

K. B. Elsworth.

We cannot lay much stress on the premonitory dream regarding Mrs. Elsworth's father's death, for various reasons. One is that a dream of that kind may act as a suggestion and may bring about its own fulfilment, if the person accepts it. Another reason is that our subconsciousness almost certainly knows more about the state of our health than our normal consciousness does, and consequently a premonitory dream of death may be due to subconscious inference from the known state of an organ. But, this notwithstanding, the form of the dream is rather significant. It was the dreamer's deceased father who gave the warning. Now I have had a good deal of evidence—of which some is given in my book "Psychical Investigations"—to show that relatives and friends *come to meet* dying people; and the form of this dream, therefore, fits in with what I have learnt by other methods. Consequently, while not regarding the dream as evidentially strong, its internal structure disposes me to look favourably on the face-value explanation.

In dream number two the brother seems to have informed his sister of his accident telepathically. He was insensible at the time, and there is reason to believe that such a state favours the production of telepathic phenomena, the spirit being partly liberated. And his sister, being asleep, was in a state specially good for reception. The predictive element introduces a more difficult question regarding the metaphysics of Time; but perhaps this part was just an accidental shot of the dreamer's subconsciousness, as dream number three may have been. The fourth experience, which cannot with certainty be called a dream, seems to have been an incipient phantasm of the dead, the freed spirit manifesting its presence to his friend.

Returning to the meeting idea, friends and relatives not only meet, but also stay with their loved ones a while after the crossing, helping to nurse them into consciousness on the higher plane; for there is reason to believe that we are born into the other life in a rather helpless state, somewhat as we are born into this; or that, at any rate, we need more or less attention, though usually only for a short time. My next case illustrates this idea. The father saw his daughter's

grief, found the man who had been killed—had perhaps been with him from death—and could link them up again in his daughter's sleep when her spirit was partially free from the prison of the body.

" I lost a very dear friend at Neuve Chapelle. In my great distress I prayed that I might see where he was; and that night I dreamed that I saw him, in a kind of hospital, looking very ill and tired, like one recovering from an illness. But what to me is the strange thing is that my father, who died nine years ago, was with me and took me into this room to see my friend. Now I had not been thinking of my father *at all.* I was entirely absorbed in the great grief I felt on learning that my best friend had been killed. Do you think all this was just an ordinary dream? It seems far more to me."

KATHLEEN CONNOR.

The next case is long and curiously sequent. It was published in the *Occult Review* for February, 1917, and I have to thank the editor and publishers for permission to reprint. Mrs. Guthrie is a lady of position and education, and I regard her testimony as good and credible in any ordinary matter. Her psychic sensitiveness

seems to have now nearly gone, for she has had no more experiences of the kind.

"In February, 1914, I became acquainted with a Captain Stuart, an Army man who had been through the Boer War. We saw little of each other, but each felt almost at once a strong sense of kinship and friendliness. As a matter of fact —though this may not be the cause—there is a very slight relationship, through a common ancestor several generations back. In July, 1914, before I had any idea of the European war-cloud which was soon to burst, I was presiding at a tea in camp, not far from my home. It was a bright, sunny day, and everybody was in high spirits except myself. I found myself inexplicably depressed. The thought, 'Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!' filled my mind without any reason. Captain Stuart was there, but I did not specially associate my feelings with him or anyone else. I went home to bed and wept miserably without knowing why.

"In July, 1915, Captain Stuart's battalion sailed for Gallipoli. We corresponded regularly, and I sent him parcels. I felt no special apprehension. On the night of December 9th, 1915, I went to bed at 10 P.M., but could not sleep for some time. When I did, I had a horrid dream

of muddy water and awoke in great discomfort and uneasiness. The room was in absolute darkness, the blinds down, and heavy curtains across the window. But presently I was surprised to see a big, bright light on the wall opposite my bed and moving very rapidly. It then disappeared, reappearing on the next wall, then on the wardrobe by my bed. I was frightened, and screamed for my friend next door. She was in almost instantly, white and trembling, and saying, 'The Light! the Light! What is it?' For she had seen the same light in her room also, on the door of communication. The blinds were down, and heavy curtains drawn, in both rooms; moreover, we were on the third floor, and no explanation by a light outside was possible. We spent the remainder of the night together.

"Four days later, on December 13th, came the news that Captain Stuart was wounded, but no details. And, since he was on the Staff, we hoped it was nothing serious. The absence of 'dangerously' or 'seriously' was reassuring.

"That night, Monday, December 13th, 1915, I dreamt that Captain Stuart was standing by my bedside. I saw him as plainly as I see the writing I am doing at this moment. His uni-

form looked very worn, and he had grey hairs in the black. His face looked wan, worried, harassed, troubled, lined, and he was very thin in the body, and his uniform was splashed. One hand was on my counterpane, the other was pointing to Heaven, and he was singing 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' Then I awoke. When my maid came in, the first thing in the morning, I said I felt sure that Captain Stuart had gone West, and told her my dream. The letters came in, and there was one from a relative of his saying that a wire had been received from the War Office announcing his death. He had been wounded on December 6th and died on December 9th. I went over to see the relative, and mentioned my dream and the hymn, asking if it was a favourite of his. She said she had never heard so.

"About a month after—during which time I constantly saw the light, only now always there was a second light close behind it—this relative wired for me over, and I went. On going into the room she greeted me with unusual gravity, saying immediately afterwards: 'What was the hymn you say Colin sang that night you saw him?' 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' I replied. She then gave me a letter which had arrived that

morning from one of the senior Staff officers giving the details. Captain Stuart was rendered unconscious by a shell-wound on December 6th, and died at 2 A.M., December 9th, without recovering consciousness. He was buried, wrapped in the Union Jack, at 4.45 A.M., with full military honours; and the hymn sung was 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.'

"I had never discussed religion or hymns with him. And I had never dreamt of him before.

"Some time afterwards I either had a dream or a vision—I don't know which—of my friend standing by my bedside. One hand had hold of one of my wrists, and he was urging me to go with him. He was in khaki, but it looked brighter and more cared for. I gave a cry, and woke or came to, to hear someone moving round the room to the door, which I distinctly heard open; footsteps (a man's, with jack boots and spurs clanking) going downstairs; the front door open and shut; and the clock struck five.

"Very early the next morning my friend came into my room very upset, and asked me if I had seen the light. I said 'No'; and she said that something had wakened her, and she had seen a large light on the communication door between

our rooms, though the room was in pitch darkness; then it moved along the wall towards the door; as it did so she heard something moving in my room, then heard my door open, footsteps as of a man in jack boots with spurs clanking downstairs, the front door open and shut; and the clock struck five.

"A few weeks later I was at my mother's, where Captain Stuart had never been. My maid slept with me. She had never seen Captain Stuart. On the third night, January 7th, 1916, I dreamt that he had come into my room and was bending over me with a smile and looking awfully well; and he seemed to want me to go with him. Then a shriek woke me or brought me to, and I heard my maid crying: 'The man, the man! No, no; you must not go!' It took me a long time to pacify her. She then told me that she had been awakened by hearing the door open, and, to her astonishment, in came a man in khaki. The extraordinary thing is that though the room was in absolute darkness she saw everything quite as plainly as if it had been broad daylight. The man, who she saw was an officer, came to her side of the bed and looked down at her. She stared up at him, too astonished to be frightened just then. When he saw her he looked an-

gry and turned on his heel to go round to my side of the bed, and she saw that when he leant over me a change came over his face, the angry look giving place to a smile. She thinks I then said, 'Coming!' Then she suddenly realized that there was something strange, and screamed (and she *did* scream). Then I woke or came to. Some days afterwards I showed her a photo of Captain Stuart. She recognized it without hesitation as being the man she had seen that night.

"I never saw the light or lights again.

"My next and (up to now) last experience was on the night of September 14th, 1916. Before going to sleep I had been thinking of Captain Stuart and wondering if it were possible to see him. The next thing I found myself in a narrow, lofty, whitewashed walled passage, with slate tiles, all beautifully clean as if just washed. At one end was a door, slightly ajar, evidently of some occupied room, for I could hear movement, voices, and laughter occasionally.

"Suddenly, in front of me, just across the passage, appeared an elderly woman whom I had never seen before, short, full figure, dress as of very bygone times such as I had never seen but

had heard of: the real old garibaldi fastened in to the big waist with a patent leather belt, and the garibaldi blouse and skirt were in pepper-and-salt colour. She had a white turned-down collar on, black hair parted down the middle and done up in an old-fashioned chignon, complexion pasty to yellowish, good-shape nose, bright black eyes. She spoke. 'Captain Colin Stuart is passing by and wishes to see you,' she said; and immediately a thousand voices seemed to echo her. I was frightened and did not speak. 'Are you ready to see Captain Colin Stuart when he passes by?' she asked; and a thousand voices echoed again. I could not speak, and she gave me a very serious look, saying, 'You must not keep him waiting when he passes'; and the thousand voices echoed this, too. Then she vanished, and there was silence, and I waited in fright as to whether I should see him as an awful apparition.

"I had not much time for fear, for from that room, where I had heard voices and laughter, there appeared Colin. I heard his footsteps, and in a moment he was beside me, and he gave a jolly laugh. Sacred and serious as this subject is to me, I cannot describe that laugh as anything but jolly. And, taking hold of my hand in one

of his—I saw the other was occupied—he led me down the passage and into a small, beautifully clean, three-cornered room with white walls, slate-tiled floor, huge old-fashioned fireplace, but no fire or furniture. It was cool, but not unpleasantly so. It was the room next to the one he had come out of. We only went just inside the door. Colin twisted me round in front of him so that I could see him well, and let go of my hand. It was then I saw that he carried a suitcase and travelling-rug in his occupied hand, which he never let go of once. He was in what I should call a lounge- or smoking-suit, beautifully cut and tailored, of Copenhagen blue, shirt cuffs and collar beautifully white; and as for Colin himself, he looked just splendid. He carried his head up, proudly and grandly, his hair was beautifully cut and trimmed, also his moustache. And his face! He had no lines, and there was no sign on that face of either care or fatigue, or worry, or pain, or as if he had ever known anything evil or trouble of any kind. He looked just as if he had had the most perfect long rest possible, and had had a splendid bathe. I was *so* delighted (no word had thus far been spoken between us) that I clapped my hands!

And I came to, with the sound of that happy laugh in my ears.

"I have given you my experiences, which have all come quite spontaneously. I have been to no séances or mediums. They may or may not be of interest to you, but to me they have been a great comfort. I am firmly of opinion that my friend is doing useful work on the other side and is all right. I do not believe in death, and have a great horror of the word for what it has been made to imply. I pray for my friend in the present tense.

"On each occasion when I have come to, there has been a feeling of intense fatigue which was unaccountable on any physical grounds, for I lead a placid and restful life, and besides, it is not like fatigue after walking or dancing. It is not only bodily fatigue, but the nerves feel done, absolutely tired and worn out. I had the same feeling when my father and brother died."

Some of the foregoing, admittedly, is not "evidential" in the strictest sense. There is nothing surprising in anyone dreaming that a friend is dead when he is known to be wounded, or in dreaming that he is going away. But, on the other hand, there are points which are strongly

evidential, i.e., which suggest the co-operation of some mind external to that of the dreamer. The light, seen by both Mrs. Guthrie and her friend, appeared for the first time on the night of December 9th. And, as it turned out, it was on that day, December 9th, at 2 A.M.,—twelve hours before the dream, etc., allowing for difference in time—that Captain Stuart died, though Mrs. Guthrie did not then know that he was even wounded.

And as to the next incident, Mrs. Guthrie had no normal knowledge on which inferences could be based, for she had never talked with him about hymns. The almost unavoidable explanation is either telepathy from some soldier present at the funeral, or the actual operation of the mind of Captain Stuart himself.[1] On this latter hypothesis he must have been consciously present at his own funeral, listening to the hymn sung. And there is nothing incredible about that. I know of various incidents which suggest that this often happens, and the Japanese seem to believe something of the sort. Apparently Captain Stuart came and sang it before the news

[1] And the telepathic theory is rendered unlikely by the fact that there is little or no good evidence for the "telepathing" of *someone else's* apparition.

could arrive normally, as a test message proving his real presence.

Then there is the queer fact of the maid having a waking vision which corroborated Mrs. Guthrie's contemporaneous dream—if it was a dream, for her state on these occasions does not seem to have been quite like ordinary sleep. There was no spoken "suggestion" from one to the other; each spontaneously perceived the same thing at the same time. I have obtained the maid's signed account, corroborating.

Further, there is the continuity *and the steady improvement in the spirit's condition.* This to me is significant. Mrs. Guthrie has no knowledge of spiritualism or mediums, but her experience is in line with what I have learnt in my own investigations. After passing over, there is usually no sudden transition to supernal realms of glory; no transmutation of man into seraph or even ordinary angel. No; he remains himself, and for some little time he remains very much in the state of mind last experienced; exemplified by Captain Stuart's splashed and worn khaki and wan and troubled look when first seen, four days after his death. Soon, with rest and attention and care, the spirit gets over the shock and pain incidental to its last hours in the body,

attaining gradually a state of fine and perfect well-ness. It will be noted how Captain Stuart, in his appearances, looked first "brighter and more cared for," and finally on September 14 was evidently in the most splendid form and ready for work and progress, as symbolized by suitcase and travelling rug, and by his jolly laugh. It is all in line with knowledge gleaned through other sources, and it is helpful to get this corroboration through a private person who knows nothing of the traditions or conventions of the subject. It may be said here that Mrs. Guthrie is, as she has said to me herself, "a Celt of the Celts," as is also Captain Stuart. Perhaps this has something to do with the experiences, for the temperament which we call Celtic certainly seems more open to psychical experiences than the stodgy Anglo-Saxon build, which happens to be my own.

Mrs. Guthrie also seems to have power of the "physical-phenomena" kind. I quote the following from a later letter of hers. After mentioning a desk in which are some of Captain Stuart's letters, she says:

". . . the last letter he ever wrote me, which

was on the day of his wounding—December 6,—will never stay in the pocket with the other letters, and on one occasion when I went to this desk during this summer I had a shock, for not only was the letter out of the pocket where I had put it, but the envelope was in one corner with the two sheets placed very tidily just below it, and two little notebooks, which had never been taken out of their different pockets in the desk, were at the other corner on the pad, very tidily packed on top of each other. The desk is kept locked, and I have the only key.

"Captain Stuart was very precise and tidy. This last letter, which reached me a month after his death, was different from any he had written me before. He was ordinarily very particular and courteous; this letter was cheery and flippant. . . . Did I tell you that about a month ago the room in which he slept during his one and only visit here is now a sitting-room, and one night just before we all went to bed (the others were tidying up the room, the door of which, opposite the fireplace at which I stood, was open) my attention was attracted—why, I don't know—to the door? First I saw a kind of nebulous

grey cloud which revolved into the half of my friend, and he was wearing the suit in which he came to us in July, 1914. I saw him only for a moment, and the others saw nothing.

"Some six weeks after my last dream of Captain Stuart I had a dream of my father, of whom I had previously only dreamt in the vaguest way, as it was ten years ago when he passed, a broken old man; but when I saw him in this dream he looked glorious, like Captain Stuart—so fresh, bright, clean, no trace of sorrow or suffering, beautifully dressed and groomed. And he also carried a suitcase—an extraordinary coincidence. He was coming out of a passage exactly like the one I had been in with Captain Stuart. Papa was coming out, and I was waiting at the entrance with a lot of women and children. We were on a beautiful rich plateau with herds of sheep, oxen, and goats, and the women and children were dressed in flowing white robes; one woman had a crook, and there was a child with very golden curls. Suddenly someone said, 'He's coming!' and out of the passage came my father. He looked splendid, glorious; they crowded round him, he greeted some of them, and then said: 'Where's Flora?' 'Here!' they an-

swered, and I was pushed forward. Papa kissed me, then held me back from him, and said: 'You have done a splendid work, Flora.' He drew me to him, kissed me again very tenderly, gave a happy laugh, and I awoke."

CHAPTER III

CLAIRVOYANCE OR TELEPATHY?

THE word clairvoyance has been used at times for almost any kind of supernormal perception, and it is usual to designate as "normal clairvoyance" the descriptions and names and messages given by a medium not in trance, though some of these are almost certainly telepathy from the dead. This kind of thing Mr. Myers well called "transcendental vision, or the perception of beings regarded as on another plane of existence";[1] though when there are veridical messages, indicating initiative on the other side, the total process evidently goes beyond "perception" on this. Our prejudices against survival, however, ingrained by a century of materialistic science, make us hesitate to invoke telepathy from the other side, and we are willing to give much credit to "clairvoyance," in the limited

[1] "Human Personality," i., p. xv.

sense of vision of the past or distant. On the other hand, this power of sensing without the normal sense-organs is so extraordinary that when it is a case of earthly clairvoyance—supernormal perception of something happening at a distance —we tend to fall back on telepathy, which wireless telegraphy has made easy to believe in, though the analogy is deceptive. And, obviously, things occurring at a distance are usually perceived by, or known to, someone, and this someone may have influenced the clairvoyance. As Myers pithily says: "Telæsthesia merges into telepathy, since we cannot say how far the perception of a distant *scene* may in essential be the perception of the content of a distant *mind.*"

The following case is an illustration of this:

"Strange Story in connection with a Railway Disaster.

"In the month of June in the year 1909 (the date of the month I forget, but it was a gloriously bright Saturday afternoon), accompanied by my wife, I caught the 2.30 P.M. New Westminster to Vancouver car, boarding it on 8th Avenue at about 2.45 P.M., as the car was not on time,

being about five minutes late. I wish to call particular attention to the time, as it has an important bearing on subsequent events. We could not have been seated more than ten minutes, for the car had not reached Central Park, when my wife exclaimed: 'Look! A train has plunged through Fraser River Bridge! What bridge is that?'—calling my attention to headlines in a newspaper, a copy of the *Vancouver World,* which a passenger occupying the seat in front of us was reading. In large black type running across two columns I read distinctly the following:

'ANOTHER TRAIN WRECK ON THE GREAT NORTHERN.
ENGINE PLUNGES THROUGH
FRASER RIVER BRIDGE.'

"Further details in smaller type followed, but before I could read them the man turned the paper over, and at the time we noticed that he did not appear to be interested in this part of the paper. There had been two accidents on this line in this vicinity only a few months previously, in one of which a number of Japanese had lost their lives, near Sapperton, so that an-

other mishap was somewhat startling; but, as I remarked, it was strange that I had heard nothing of this affair on the Fraser Bridge, as I had been at the Schaake Machine Works on Front Street all that morning, and anything so serious as this would have been the talk of the place; on the other hand, if it had occurred after noon, how could it have got into print in a Vancouver paper in time to reach New Westminster by 2.30 P.M.? After discussing the matter for several minutes, we concluded there was a big mistake somehow, and that if there had been a wreck on the Great Northern Railway it certainly could not have been on this Fraser River Bridge; so we dismissed the subject from our minds for the time being, and, after spending a pleasant afternoon in Stanley Park, returned to New Westminster early in the evening. Immediately on arrival at home, however, we were informed that there had been an accident on the Great Northern Railway that afternoon, the locomotive jumping the metals at the junction of the Y on the Fraser River Bridge when approaching New Westminster Station, and, plunging into the space between the two tracks, had disappeared into the river below, carrying with it the engineer and fire-

man, both of whom perished. Fortunately the couplings had broken, and the rest of the train was brought to a standstill in time to avert a worse catastrophe. Our youngest daughter, who had been on the river that afternoon, and had brought the news home, was much surprised that we had seen the report in print so early in the day; on the other hand, we contended that the accident must have taken place in the morning, or at any rate about noon; and it was not till the following morning, when, having to visit a mill on the Surrey side, I was driving a rig over the bridge and was informed by the toll-keeper that 2.55 P.M. was the time it happened, that I grasped the fact that the news of the accident was flashed to us at the time it actually occurred.

"As soon as possible I secured copies of the Saturday edition of the *Vancouver World,* but could find no report of the matter; and when the news was published in later editions it did not take the form in which we saw it.

"Neither before nor since have I experienced any similar incident of this nature—in fact, I had been accustomed to ridicule these stories as hysterical yarns—but the previous winter I had been reading several Theosophical works, much

to my wife's disgust, and, becoming interested in some of these weird narratives, and being a man of weak faith, I had expressed a strong wish to have practical experience of these things before I could believe that they were possible.

"The great outstanding feature of the engine plunging through Fraser River Bridge could relate to no other accident on the Great Northern Railway, and the time we had the news in the car must have been between 2.50 and 3 P.M. On this I have a most unwilling witness in my wife; in fact, one of the peculiarities of the incident is that we both saw it word for word alike.

"Now, what explanation can be offered for this remarkable and weird phenomenon? If I go to the Theosophists or Spiritualists I shall be told that some friendly departed spirit, wishing to encourage me in Theosophical or spiritualistic studies, had gratified my wish for practical proof of these apparently superhuman incidents; an ordinary Christian, if he does not doubt my word (which he most probably will do), might say that Satan and his angels had planned the whole business in order to lead me farther astray from the Orthodox Belief; but though I have elsewhere had distinct proof

that even to-day there is apparently a superhuman force working on this earth which can communicate with us, yet is it not possible that we may have latent powers or senses not thoroughly developed which will enable us to have knowledge of events happening many miles distant?

"I would gladly welcome a satisfactory explanation to this peculiar business, as I hate mysteries and would like to probe this matter to the bottom. At present it is a puzzle to me."

M. E. Carter.

Now, what is the explanation of that? We call it clairvoyance, perhaps; but what do we mean? As a matter of fact, we cannot tell whether the railway accident was subliminally perceived and projected hallucinatorily as a newspaper announcement, or whether the percipients became momentarily aware of the content of some distant person's mind. It is curious that both Mr. and Mrs. Carter saw the heading; but perhaps Mr. Carter's vision of it was a ricochet from his wife's, who was the first percipient, though she was the more sceptical of the two about these things.

But in ordinary fairness we must admit, while holding to clairvoyance or telepathy from a distant living mind as the most likely explanation, that a spiritualistic explanation may be the true one. The driver and fireman were killed instantly; and, there being some reason to suppose that in such cases the released spirit is more able and more likely to cause effects in the material world than in cases of gradual withdrawal by illness, it does not seem improbable that one of them communicated the news of the disaster to Mrs. Carter's subliminal, which then sent up its message as a hallucination; as some people, having forgotten something, can see it printed in a crystal in a moment of what is perhaps self-induced hypnosis. If human beings survive at all, and if telepathy is not primarily a physical process, telepathy from the dead seems likely to be easier than telepathy from the living, for in the former case there is freedom from the clog of the body at one end at least. So this case may have been a projection from the dead. We do not know.

The form of the experience reminds me of a dream that I had recently. I have no psychic faculty, and should much like to exhibit this

as my one ewe lamb of psychic performance; but I cannot honestly do so, partly because it was not exact enough, and partly because, even if it had been, the thing was not beyond my subliminal's guessing powers. I dreamt that I saw a newspaper heading: "Official: Landing of 300,000 Troops at Penzance." I reasoned seriously as to the troops' nationality, and concluded that an invasion by Germans at that end of England was unlikely, since we hold the Channel and the North Sea; and that therefore the men were probably the first of the army from America. Next morning I read that the first American unit had landed at a British port; but there were indications that it was not near Penzance, and the numbers seem to have been nearer three hundred than three hundred thousand. But perhaps I did receive some telepathic impact from somewhere, for a curious feature was that my waking self—I regret to say—believed Penzance to be inland until I looked at a map. But I renounce the case's evidentiality, not without regret, but with complete finality.

The next case seems to contain suggestions of true clairvoyance or non-telepathic percep-

tion of distant places, though the evidential quality is not high.

"I was at a Quakers' meeting one Sunday, about fourteen miles away from Bristol, at a place called Winscombe, where my old school, Sidcot, is situated. I was at work at engineering in Bristol at the time, and this particular Sunday morning I had gone out cycling. Just after the meeting began I was thinking of my special friend (Lloyd by name) who worked in the same shop as I did. And then I went over to Bristol and saw him! My mind left my body and took a journey through space to Bristol. I expected him to be out, so had a good hunt round the countryside, and found him outside Eastville Park with a friend of his. I verified the time Monday morning, and found that he was at the spot, at the time I came over to Bristol, where I had seen him. All the time I was there I was conscious, though I do not remember the journey either there or back. This latter may be easily explained if the speed of travel of the mind is of the same order as that of light. Then, also—and this is the part I wish to emphasize—the impression left on me is that I was poised in the air, and that I saw

not only my friend, but the roads, the fields, etc. Indeed, part of the country I then saw was new to me, and I have since been able to verify in person the correctness of my impression of most of it. It is some five or six miles away from my home. In fact, it suggests to me very forcibly what I should imagine a trip in an aeroplane would be like from the point of view of observing the country, except that my sight would hardly be quite so clear and we should travel slower. I have had other similar experiences, but only one or two that are really as clear as this, and I generally assume, unless I have good reason to think otherwise, that they are the result of imagination.

"So much with regard to the reception of impressions of physical matter. I still have something to say with regard to the effect of my mind on it. I used to go out cycling sometimes with my father and mother, and as they both had better bicycles than I had, and father was heavier than I, they used to freewheel faster. I found that I either had to pedal at intervals, or lean forward over the handle-bars so as to reduce wind resistance, if I wanted to keep up with them. I tried using my will to

help myself along, and found that if I was in a suitable mood I could keep up with them, and sometimes go even a little faster, on a slight downhill. This practically means to say that, translating into ordinary English force-units, my will exercised a force of two or three pounds' weight pushing me along the road. Really I ought to say pushing itself along the road, and incidentally me because I was connected to it. This is enough to tell me that the force of my will is a very difficult thing to detect, because it is so small in relation to the weight of matter to be moved, hence it needs a delicate experiment to make it evident.

"Of course, what I say here must be judged by the full facts of the case. I am only young (just turned twenty), and these experiments have been carried on rather as opportunities occurred to me than as a set plan of scientific investigation. I have always endeavoured to get at the truth of these questions, but can regard nothing as rigidly proved except that transmission of ideas from mind to mind can be as accurately and completely effected without the use of any one of the five senses as connecting links as with.

"My further conclusions with regard to the

relation of mind to brain I cannot regard as proven facts, but only as valuable indications of the direction in which the truth will probably lie when unearthed by accurate investigations in the future."

EDGAR ROBINSON.

The supposed application of force by will-power is not at all an absurd idea, for something of the sort occurs in "physical phenomena" as described by many investigators. If it really occurred in Mr. Robinson's case, the source of the energy was no doubt his own body, as in the case of Miss Goligher (Dr. Crawford's "Reality of Psychic Phenomena"), through whose instrumentality objects are moved without contact. The "how" is not understood, but the fact is established.

The next case gives an exceptionally good series of telepathic experiences between two living people, partly in dream and partly by waking impression and vision. The young man seems to be a remarkable sensitive, for he is practically always right; so chance coincidence is mathematically ruled out. The

romantic element in the story is scientifically regrettable, if humanly interesting; for we tend to suspect lapses from accuracy where feeling enters. But the two people are very systematic, and documentary proof is being preserved.

"*December* 27, 1915.

"I am taking the liberty of writing you (trusting you will not find it an intrusion on your time) about some very strange and wonderful psychic happenings that have occurred to me from time to time. For a long, long while—always, I think—this side of life has deeply interested me: and I eagerly read your books and others on the subject: but so far have found nothing in any of the data given therein so wonderful as the remarkable experiences between my most intimate friend and myself, and I feel I owe it to you, in your great search after the law of these strange phenomena, to give you at least some of the bare facts.

"When my friend was a boy still in his early teens, he—in a waking state—became aware one night of the shining appearance of a woman in his room: attracted and thrilled, but not affrighted thereby, he got out of bed

to go to her, but she stayed him by a gesture, smiling, and, being very sensitive to impressions, he realized that this was no being of flesh and blood; and in a while it vanished from his sight through the door. He describes it as a radiant being—the brow, hands, and breasts being, as it were, the nucleus of the radiance. The face was indelibly stamped on his memory. Six or seven years later, on meeting me, he recognized in me the material form of the astral body (?) that had visited him. In one sense this did not surprise him, as he had felt he would one day meet in the flesh what had grown dear to him in the spirit: and from that day to this his psychic knowledge of all that concerns me has been extraordinary, and at all times perfect.

"Three years ago, when he was on a visit to London, and I here, we both became aware one evening of some alien force that threatened to separate us. Each of us wrote that same night relating the experiences, and afraid one or other was about to die. Our letters crossed. In his he states that he went out into the garden to combat the fear, and that while there he distinctly heard me playing on the piano: mine told him that I played the piano

to try and drive away what was becoming an unbearable horror, viz., fear of being separated.

"Soon after he went quite suddenly to Canada on business. On his return journey, he says, the radiant form of me appeared on the deck and in the cabin two or three times.

"Many strange things occurred about that time: among others we dreamed a long, tragic, complicated dream on the same night, detail for detail; when he came to see me the following day, he told me he knew all that had taken place in my dream—he had had identically the same one! We were both speechless! (That occurrence seems to me one step farther on than most of the phenomena one hears or reads of—because dreams are not altogether subject to the control of the mind; and to transmit from mind to mind incoherent dream happenings is amazing and baffling.)

"In August of last year (1914) he was among the first to be called out to join the (naval) forces: and while in training at Walmer I went to see a clairvoyante, who told me I had been 'astrally united' to my friend six years previously to meeting in the flesh; she also told me many strange and wonderful things—bidding me 'keep my astral body' about my

friend, as it would safeguard him in danger. When he went with the Naval Brigade to the defence of Antwerp (of which I only heard through the newspapers), no one knew where he was for fifteen or more days, during which time I knew not whether he was alive: but I threw the whole force of my being into 'thought' and wrapped it psychically about him, determined to save him if possible. I wrote a postcard to Ostend on the chance of his getting it somehow, on which I wrote, 'Have Faith.' Some months later he wrote saying that when the horror in the trenches was at its worst, and he was ready to drop with fatigue and hunger and the sight of his friends dying, my astral body appeared to him, pointed on, and said, 'Have Faith,' and then went before him during the long march into Groningen, where he has been interned ever since. A few months ago the postcard I sent to Ostend was returned to me, having been to Berlin in search of him! My appearance must been at the time of writing that postcard (I have all the letters dated and in order of all the happenings I am relating).

"During his absence in Holland we have on two occasions dreamed the facsimile dreams

on the same nights: one of my days he described in its every detail, even to the name of a book I read aloud. He sees and describes even my new frocks!

"On May 1st, 1915 (11.15 A.M.), I was in a slight collision in mid-Mersey which gave me a shock; when the shock was over I turned to a friend and said, 'I should not be surprised if my friend in Holland knows all about it!' Three weeks later several postcards came to my people asking if all was well with me; and a letter to me, dated May 1st, 11.15 A.M., in which he says he received at that moment a shock of two ships colliding in mid-Mersey, on one of which I was aboard. (The sense of my safety did not come to him for a fortnight! Then it did—before receiving a word from me.) I have the letter dated and timed beside me here.

"Another time I received word from him that a firm of London publishers was returning some mystical poems I had sent them, and bidding me not to grieve, as they were in advance of their time. The MSS. came one day before his letter, which had been three weeks on the way!

"I could enumerate almost countless inci-

dents of like nature, but will just add one more. He wrote asking me, about two months ago, to try and get news of a seagoing chum of his, of whom he had heard nothing since war broke out, and asking me to write to this man's fiancée.

"I wrote, and received a fortnight ago a letter from him, telling me he had heard nothing of my friend in Holland, and that he himself had been out to India, where he had been seriously ill in hospital, but that he was well now, and back in England for Christmas. I sent the note on a few days ago to Holland (where it will arrive—if it gets there at all—in another ten days), but have received a day or two ago a letter from my friend, saying that through clairvoyance he has at last traced his chum, who 'has been in India, I feel sure, and very ill there,' but that he has 'seen him in a ship westward bound, due in England at Christmas'! So sure is he that his knowledge is correct that he even asks me to pass on the information to his chum's fiancée lest she should not know! His knowledge, too, of others is marvellous. I have heard him describe rooms and people he has never seen, to perfection.

"I wish you knew him. His is a rarely beautiful spiritual nature: and his gifts are quite uncultivated. He is a natural psychic and clairvoyant, and far in advance, I think, of many who have made these things a lifelong study. I have been with him during three trance states (which he beautifully calls 'conscious sleep'), and have heard him conversing with beings removed from our plane.

"Physically he is strong, vigorous, athletic (only twenty-one), mentally well balanced, and full of healthy activity; a keen nature student. It is simply, I think, the possession of a 'sixth sense' which makes him more, not less, of a man: and his power of vision into the occult is, I should imagine, of the first order. He believes absolutely in pre-existence, as I myself am inclined to do: and he explains his inner knowledge of me as the result of intimacy in former lives. But this is by the way. I wonder sometimes if psychic phenomena might ever be explainable—in part—on these lines of a pre-existence?

"Will you pardon me for this long letter? and if ever you desire a detailed, dated account of our experiences (if they are of any use) we will make them out in order after the war is

over (when all the letters on both sides are to hand) and let you have them."

(Miss) WINIFRED ASTON.

It may be asked why I include this and other telepathic experiences in a volume purporting to give evidences of survival. I do so because, in the present state of affairs, telepathy between the living seems to point to a conception of human personality which involves survival. We know of no "brain-waves" or wireless receiving stations inside our skulls, and distance in many cases is no impediment. For example, we may think of the collision jarring Miss Aston's nerves and brain, which sent up their message to her mind, which "telepathed" the news across in some non-physical way to her friend's mind, which sent word down to his normal consciousness and no doubt caused some sort of physical brain concomitant, as thoughts presumably do. This doctrine of the Self being greater and "higher" than its ordinary manifestation is rendered probable by many phenomena of supernormal power in hypnosis and the like, and some such view of telepathy fits in with it. Thus the brain, though necessary now and for our present kind of experi-

ence, is only an instrument or vehicle of some of our powers, and may indeed be a clog or hindrance. Communication down here, as compared with the direct superphysical communication up there, may be somewhat as writing is to telephoning—a slow and indirect process. The brain is not a necessary condition of the existence of thought or feeling. Spirit is the primary thing; and, if telepathic incidents take place between spirit and spirit rather than between brain and brain, such incidents supply, by implication, evidence for survival, and are a suitable introduction to evidence of more direct kind.

CHAPTER IV

OUT-OF-THE-BODY EXPERIENCES

IN some of the foregoing cases spirits are perceived, so to speak, from this side. We cannot experience "that side" permanently until we are dead. But some people have crossed temporarily and have returned to the body to tell the tale. We seem to be spirits in prison, either for former sins or for our discipline and instruction, or as a necessary part of our growth. "The shell is needed till the bird is hatched," as the Russian proverb says, and perhaps our cabined condition here is the equivalent of that early embryonic stage. But we seem to be less hermetically sealed off, for some few of us, even while "alive," can get out of our shell and temporarily live in a wider world, with immense increase of freedom and sense of well-being. This sometimes happens to specially-constituted people in illness, when the patient nearly dies. The most

elaborate case of this kind on record is that of Dr. Wiltse, quoted in Myers's "Human Personality,"[1] but I have received several confirmatory ones of the same general character, some of which I now quote.

"Some years ago I became acquainted with a stalwart ex-soldier of our Civil War. He was an artilleryman, and was sitting on the ammunition chest of his gun when it was hit by a shell from the enemy's guns and exploded. The man was thrown into the air and his body fell to the ground. He said that he was up in the air, looking down at his own body which lay upon the ground at some distance from him. He seemed to be yet connected with the body by a slender cord of a clear silvery appearance, and, while he looked on, two surgeons came by, and after looking at the body remarked that he was dead. One of the medicos took hold of an arm and turned the body on its side, and remarked that he was dead; and they both passed on and left him. Soon after the stretcher-bearers came along and found there was life in the corpse, and carried him to the rear.

[1] Vol. ii., pp. 315-22; from *Proceedings* S.P.R., viii., p. 180.

"After the turning of the body, he said, 'I came down that silver cord and returned to the old body and reanimated it, although my body was blind as a bat and my right arm was torn from my shoulder'; and he showed me on his face and chest forty-eight scars caused by the bursting shell. This man was living at St. Petersburg, Flo., and I think is yet living."

G. B. Crabbe.

This is at second hand, but the next comes to me from the experient.

"I want also to tell you of my one and only psychical experience. Years ago, when only seventeen, I was, in Calcutta, put under chloroform to have a number of teeth out. I presently felt I, myself, was in space above my body, round which were the doctors, dentists, and my mother, and I remember wondering why I was not being judged, since I was obviously dead. I had been brought up as a strict Roman Catholic and taught that individual judgment followed death. I had never read any psychical books or experiences. I was afterwards told that my condition caused alarm, as I would not come back to consciousness. I've never forgotten that dream (?) and, when

put under chloroform in September for my very serious operation, was anxious to see if anything of the same sort happened again. But it did not. I had no dream, and this time took the chloroform well. So it does look as if the soul *had* lifted from the body that long-ago time. I have no personal particular wish to survive after death. One gets so tired in this life! But whether one *does* or does not is the matter of greatest interest, especially so when those one loves have crossed over."

(Miss) Beryl Hinton.

"I shall be pleased for you to use my queer out-of-the-body experience in your collection, and am glad I mentioned it, since it has proved of interest. I do feel it to be remarkable, because I was a young girl with thoughts more on this world than the next. I knew nothing of psychical matters, and, having been brought up in the Catholic Faith, one would imagine, had it been a dream, it would have been coloured by the accepted orthodox idea of what the after-death condition would be. But nothing of the sort. There was I, above my body, around which were gathered the people present. I could not talk to them, and I remember so

distinctly wondering, 'If I am dead, how is it I am not being judged?' That I was out of the body I do not doubt. I am told they had some difficulty in restoring me to consciousness. In the long years that have passed since that experience, when doubts as to the future have assailed me, it has gone farther in my own mind to prove survival than all the books on faith I had read. It has remained a vivid memory, and when, after an interval of thirty years, I was again to be given chloroform last September, I was tremendously interested to see if this 'dream' or 'experience' would repeat itself; but this time the anæsthetic was very carefully given, and no sort of experience did I have."

BERYL HINTON.

The remoteness in time is the weakest point in the foregoing case; people ought to write down accounts of such experiences at once. The next case is much better in this respect, being recent. It is also fuller in detail, and it was not abnormal in the sense of being caused by shock or illness or anæsthetics.

"About five years ago I woke from sleep to find 'myself' clean out of the body, as the kernel

of a nut comes out of its shell. I was conscious in two places—in a feeble degree, in the body which was lying in bed on its left side; and to a far greater degree, away from the body (far away, it seemed), surrounded by white opaque light, and in a state of absolute happiness and *security* (a curious expression, but one which best conveys the feeling).

"The whole of my personality lay 'out there,' even to the replica of the body—which, like the body, lay also on its left side. I was not conscious of leaving the body, but woke up out of it. It was not a dream, for the consciousness was an enhanced one, as superior to the ordinary waking state as that is to the dream state. Indeed, I thought to myself, 'This cannot be a dream,' so I willed 'out there' (there was no volition in the body), and as my spirit self moved so the body moved in bed.

"I did not continue this movement. I was far too happy to risk shortening the experience. After lying in this healing and blessed light I became conscious of what, for want of a better term, I must call music; gentle and sweet it was as the tinkling of dropping water in a rocky pool, and it seemed to be all about me.

I saw no figure, nor wished to; the contentment was supreme. The effect of these sounds was unutterably sweet, and I said to myself, 'This must be the Voice of God.' I could not endure the happiness, but lost consciousness there, and returned unconscious to the body, and woke next morning as though nothing had happened.

"I had been passing through a period of mental and spiritual stress at the time, but had not been indulging in psychism, had never attended a séance or similar phenomenon, had not, as I remember, been reading anything to act by way of suggestion. I am in no doubt whatever—so vivid was the happening—that had the feeble thread between soul and body been severed 'I' should have remained intact, the grosser body being sloughed off for a finer and one fitted for a lighter and happier consciousness, for 'life more abundant,' in fact.

"I am afraid my letter is a very long one, and perhaps the experience is not a very wonderful one after all. Doubtless you are acquainted with many similar and more remarkable.

"I feel, however, I would like to make it

known in such times as these; and, apart from its scientific aspect, if it conveys any personal comfort the trouble is repaid indeed."

JOHN HUNTLEY.

In reply to my request for permission to publish, Mr. Huntley wrote interestingly as below:

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 29th ult. to hand.

"I agree that such experiences are helpful and should be known—especially at such a time as this. I am quite willing for you to include my account in your collection if you think the account is suitable for publication; it was written in a somewhat casual style, and not with the idea of appearing in print. However, I leave that to you.

"I procured your book, 'Religion and Modern Psychology,' and find it interesting and informing. I think, though—I hope you won't mind my saying this—the distinction between the supernormal consciousness (including nature mysticism, various forms of 'cosmic' consciousness and 'enlargement' generally) and the pure flame of Mysticism proper, the relation between Soul and Source in its highest

degree, might be more emphasized. I feel that supernormal happenings fall within these categories, and the second is vastly greater than the first group and distinct enough for the distinction to be made, since many (? all) experience the first under the influence of 'love,' music, religious emotion, nature, and even wine and drugs. Sankaracharya, the Indian Monist Philosopher of the 8th century, speaks of the gross veil or impediment of the self (the body), and the psychic veil of the self (lifted in the first group of experience), and, beyond, the Spiritual Veil or impediment of the Self, beyond which is the Self in its state of ecstasy (lifted for or by all Mystics—I'm jealous of that word—the Mystics of all Religions).

"Plotinus says much the same in the 3rd century. From certain personal happenings (I'm sorry to sound the personal note) I incline to think this is the truth. Even the account I sent is withered before a downrush of the 'Uncreated Light'—an ecstasy beyond description, love in a white stream that went through and through the body, wave after wave, not in any spiritual state as in 'The Vision,' but in the ordinary waking state, lying upon

my bed, and repeated within a month. So overpowering was this, so unutterably 'holy,' that I scarcely like to refer to it, it seems too sacred. This was assuredly the rending of the Spiritual Veil, the Vision of Paul, Plotinus, and others, and revealed as well to an (otherwise) quite ordinary, commonplace person.

"Thinking along these lines, I think the Dualist Philosophy is right, the worshipping of God external to the devotee, both in this life and the next—the Heaven, the Paradise of different Religions—so long as the Psychic Veil is undrawn, and he is a distinct personality. With the clue before us, we may say that the Monist is right when, in this or the next life (although not of necessity even in the next life), the ultimate Veil is withdrawn and Soul and God are mingled together in ecstasy beyond belief—consciousness remaining, however.

"I don't know if I have worried you with this long letter; the subject has run away with me, and one seldom gets an opportunity to enter into these matters, of absorbing interest though they are. If I have, please excuse my selfish infliction.

"I may add that I am not a 'Spiritualist,' or Theosophist, or Occultist forcer of these con-

ditions, but a member of the Society of Friends, and one of liberal views in matters of Religious belief.

"I hope your health will soon be re-established.—Yours sincerely,

"JOHN F. HUNTLEY."

I regard the foregoing as an extremely valuable and instructive letter, and I am free to confess that I have been gradually brought into line with its conclusions since the writing of the somewhat rationalistic book (published in 1911) to which Mr. Huntley refers. I now feel that, however it may be with this or that experience, the truest truth lies at least in the mystical direction; and though there are many qualities and grades, and though there must be moderation in seeking them—for we are here to live the earth life and to learn its lessons—we are nevertheless right in facing that way rather than the other. We shall return to this question in connexion with another case later.

CHAPTER V

VISIONS OF THE DEAD

AFTER considering these out-of-the-body experiences, and assuming for the moment that they represent something real, it is natural to suppose that death is the same thing, save that the withdrawal becomes permanent. Thus we no longer have the testimony of the one who has had the experience. He does not return to the body to tell the tale. But may it not be that someone left on this side, happening to have the "sixth sense," or whatever it is that is required, may see the departed spirit, or its spiritual body, or astral vehicle, or whatever we like to call it, as the returning experient saw his own in the first-hand cases?

Such visions are fairly common. I will quote a few, first discussing shortly the question of terminology.

There is no completely satisfactory word for the kind of phenomena which we now come

to. "Visions" will do for some of them, but they are not limited to things seen; sometimes they are things heard. "Sensory Automatisms" prejudges the question, involving the assumption that the phenomena are self-produced. "Hallucination" is almost equally objectionable, for to most people it implies subjectivity. Some attempt has been made to remove this impression, and, as used by some S.P.R. workers, it is non-committal; but Gurney's definition supports the popular view, for he calls a hallucination a "percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests." But that is just the point. Some hallucinations, though lacking a basis material enough to impress other people's senses, do undoubtedly point to an objective basis of some sort, as Myers himself thought. They are not entirely subjective.

Yet it is not always possible to prove objectivity. For instance, consider the following case:

"My dear wife died on September 1st last, and my little boy, aged six years, often talks to me about seeing his dead mother, and tells

me she often sleeps with him; and he also talks about her coming to his bedroom to see him. He is, I may say, a most level-headed little fellow, and has never been frightened with tales about ghosts or other things, and is also a most truthful boy. His dead mother was a most earnest Christian, and she brought her little boy up to believe in God the Father Almighty, the Eternal Lord, and yet he talks of these things, but only as if he is pleased to see his dear mother. I also have a constant feeling that there is something that she wants me to know, to tell me." W. YATES.

We cannot altogether dismiss the idea that the child's experiences may have been wholly due to a vivid imagination stimulated by his natural affection, particularly in view of their frequency. On the other hand, they may have had an "objective" basis, as the child thought. A similar story is related of Charlotte Brontë when a child of five.

"One day in the autumn or winter succeeding Mrs. Brontë's death, Charlotte came to her nurse, wild and white with the excitement of having seen 'a fairy' standing by

baby Anne's cradle. When the two ran back to the nursery, Charlotte flying on ahead, treading softly not to frighten the beautiful visitant away, no one was there besides the baby sleeping sweetly in the depths of her forenoon nap. Charlotte stood transfixed, her eyes wandered incredulously around the room.

"'But she *was* here just now!' she insisted. 'I really and truly did see her!' And no argument or coaxing could shake her from the belief."[1]

It seems very likely that the "fairy" was the baby's mother, still watching over her child, and momentarily visible to Charlotte. In view of what we now know about apparitions which are really evidential, we must not dismiss offhand such experiences as this, though non-evidential in the strict sense.

And the percipient is not always a child. In the following case it was an alert business man. The *happiness* of the released spirit is noteworthy, confirming the feelings of those who have quitted the body temporarily in illness, like Mr. Huntley, whose experiences have been quoted, and Captain Burton, whose ex-

[1] Marion Harland's "Charlotte Brontë at Home," p. 31.

perience will be quoted later (pp. 155-62). As to subjective hallucination—I cannot dismiss the incident offhand as subjective. In fact, I am not yet convinced that *anything* is subjective—i.e., wholly unconnected with, and independent of, anything outside the experient's own mind. If anything like what we know as causation extends throughout the mental as well as the physical plane, I think some cause, beyond material brain changes—dubious and hypothetical, but no doubt probable—must be allowed to be likely. In this following case I see no good reason for denying that the surviving spirit of the dead woman was the cause of the vision. The narrator is a good witness, and is editor of an American newspaper.

"The most surprising, solemn, and comforting event of my life was the seeing of the spirit of my dead wife.

"Something over four years ago (in 1907), at eleven o'clock of a bright, clear forenoon in St. Luke's Hospital in El Paso, Texas, my loved wife died. I was at her bedside when she passed away. I was bending over her at the time. Almost instantly, before I had hardly become erect, I felt a most peculiar

sensation. It is impossible to describe the sensation. It seemed as if some powerful penetrating rays were passing, with a rapid but steady movement not like a shock or flash, through my head and body, as far down as the lower part of the chest. There was no sensation of pain, heat, or cold.

"As this feeling came upon me I seemed to see in a mist like a white fog shutting out the things I would naturally see. This fog rolled away on all sides from the figure and face of what I saw. It was my wife, or at least her spirit. I saw the head, face, and partway down the figure.

"You *know* when you see anything. I *saw* this spirit just as clearly, plainly, distinctly, as I could see you if you were to come into this room as I write now, and stand about eight feet from me. There was no mistake about it.

"It was different light from ordinary daylight. It was much like seeing a person in an exceedingly bright, powerful white light made by some burning gas.

"The figure was erect or standing, apparently about eight feet or a little less away. My whole attention was concentrated upon what I saw; and now, after four years, I can

recall in memory the face and expression then, better than I can recall the face and expression of my wife when she was alive.

"The face of the spirit was more beautiful and glorious than anything I have ever seen on earth. *Relief* (for I know she must have dreaded death), *joy,* and victory were in the flashing eyes and wonderful smile. It was indeed the face of an angel. It was beyond description.

"The first thing I noted was the eyes, which were turning away from looking at me to look at her own form lying upon the bed. Why I was not to look into those joyous eyes I know not. She had a peculiar white streak in her black hair, and this I saw plainly in the spirit. I saw her teeth as she smiled looking down upon her form on the bed.

"There was one great difference in the face of the spirit, or rather, two differences between the face of the spirit and her face when alive. The spirit looked younger by twenty years. Instead of the poor, frail, emaciated face, there was the face of one in health, in the prime of life, and I distinctly saw a rosy colour in the cheeks. The whole form and face was shining, not with the steady light of a

lamp, but with streams of light that seemed to radiate from the spirit, blurring the outlines slightly and then restoring them to perfect clearness and shape. I once looked into a tube in which there was some radium—so I was told—and could see what I called throbs of light in the tube. Well, as I thought afterwards about seeing the spirit, it was as if I had seen it by throbs of light which made it seem as if the light streamed in every direction from the face and figure.

"The other difference I noted, besides the look of health and youth, was the greatly quickened intelligence of the spirit. The flash of the eyes was so bright, the smile and expression so vivid, that they made me feel like a slow, inferior being.

"The image did not last long—only a few seconds—but long enough for me to note with perfect clearness the things I have described. Then the being or spirit seemed to vanish as a cloud of smoke from my cigar vanishes or grows thin and invisible in the air. There was something horrible in this as the image grew thin and indistinct; it seemed like a floating mist, with hollows where the eyes were. It was like a ghost as that is often described.

"There is one more thing to tell you, though I did not think of it at the time. When my wife died I was sitting by her side, in a chair near the bed. I was looking at her face, which was nearly in front of me, but a little to the right and, of course, a little lower—say two feet—than my face. Well, I did not turn my eyes or face from that direction as I sat up more erect in my chair. Then, without turning my head or looking up, I saw the spirit *very much* to the right and somewhat above me, as much so as a person would be who stood on the bed at near the feet of the lifeless form. So I did not see the spirit by a light that came through the eyes. Still I saw it, and saw it plainly.

"As the sensation or influence came upon me I nearly lost my balance or power of keeping erect; but after it passed away I felt no ill effects. There came a wonderful calmness upon me.

"Of course I did not fully realize and comprehend all these things at the time. It was some time afterwards that I realized that I did not see the spirit with my eyes.

"Here is what I most firmly believe. Light is an impression made upon the brain, usually

by rays of light; but that in this case of my seeing a spirit the brain received an impression, the same as sight, and that this was done by the passing the wall of the skull of concentrated rays of some sort; and that by these rays I really saw something that existed, but which was invisible when only the ordinary rays of light were used.

"I am not a Spiritualist. I am a plain business man, successful in a small way. However, I believe in God and His Son Jesus Christ. I read the Bible and believe in prayer.

"One thing more: there were several others in the room besides myself, but none of them saw the spirit. They were all at the foot of the bed, while I was at the side, so that rays coming from the spirit would not pass through them."

The narrator regards his vision—quite reasonably, in my opinion—as a deliberate and purposed act on the part of the released spirit. Certainly it had a helpful consolatory effect. In fact, the narrator says, elsewhere, that he was so passionately devoted to his wife that he thinks he would have lost his reason at her death if he had not seen her spirit "in such

joy." The sceptic may say it was a subjective hallucination. Admittedly nothing can be proved either way. But, to my mind, the subjective hallucination theory seems the most unsupported of guesses—indeed, is little more than a collection of imposing polysyllables—while, on the other hand, there is sense and reason in the spiritistic interpretation. The mechanism of it —the *how* of it, ether waves or what not— remains obscure. But so it does on *any* theory. We hope to learn something of the process in due time, when we have amassed more facts.

The next case is similar to the foregoing, with the addition of a "guardian angel"—perhaps some pre-deceased relative, or a spirit specially occupied in looking after children on that side.

[*From first letter.*]

"I am sending you the date when my daughter Marjorie passed away. I have seen her since she passed from the flesh, and have spoken to my parents of it, but to no one else, as I am very reticent on these subjects unless the person is interested; but something urges

me to write to you, and if you care for me to describe what I have actually seen I will do so."

[*From second letter.*]

"Strange to say, there were two Marjories in the same class at Sunday school—mine being one of them—who died the same week with the same complaint, diphtheria. The night following the day she was buried—it would be about twelve o'clock—I was wide awake and casually looking up at the ceiling of the bedroom, and all at once there came to my notice a light almost like a star, and it gradually expanded into a beautiful girl-form shrouded in a burning glow. I sat upright in bed, intent on watching; then came another light and opened out in exactly the same way, and they stood, or rather hovered, side by side. And to the back of them was the outline of a Mother-Angel with wings, as though in charge of them. I particularly noticed that neither of the girl-forms had any wings at all, but they were full of life. Then I began to wonder which was Marjorie; but I had no sooner had the thought than one of the forms gradually folded up, as it were, and disappeared; and on looking round to my Sadie,

whom I was sleeping with, I saw the same thing appear right on a level with her face—the spirit of Marjorie, who had moved from ceiling to bedside to assure me it was her, and that she had come to see her little sister whom she loved. It struck me as the most wonderful thing that she knew exactly what I was thinking of and was determined to force herself to my notice by hovering round in different positions. . . . I watched her for fully an hour, and I am fully convinced that she is a Light in Heaven, and that this was nothing short of a vision to show me what child-life really was after it leaves this world; and, although I am only a bread-winner, I would rather own this secret than I would possess all the wealth of England, for it shows me how very temporary everything is in this flesh condition, and how very real everything is in the Spirit world, although not visible to the ordinary eye. If only that little scene on the wall could have been painted, it would have put away any possible doubt for thousands, of Life after Death. Possibly even this little account of a true experience will be a guide to someone in these dark days. I hope it may be."

(Mrs.) A. Holden.

In the next case—third experience—the withdrawal of the "spiritual body" seems to have been perceived.

"On three occasions I have had curious experiences. First, six weeks after her death I became conscious of my sister-in-law, standing in bright sunshine, rather taller than in life. She said, or transmitted, for I cannot imagine or recollect that I heard her voice: 'The other life is very different from what you think.' I was not afraid, and I spoke to no one about it. I had not loved her particularly, and I had not thought about the other life.

"On the next occasion I went to see an old friend who had lost his wife—a cousin of my husband's—again not a special friend. As I left him at his gate I was conscious of a wonderful companionship of great warmth, which went with me to the turn of the road and then ceased. But I said nothing; but, believe me, it was much more than seeing.

"The third experience, again different, was at the death of my only brother. His wife tended him, so I sat with my attention riveted on him for long hours except when his wife was forced to stand and move, when I held his hand. I saw then something like a film, or

a 'bellying sail,' leaving his frame and rising, and clearing as it rose till I could see it no more. When I sat between him and the window I saw it—when I sat with him between me and the window I could not see it. These experiences were divided by years, and I did not seek them; in two my emotions were not concerned. An old man, a clergyman, to whom I told my strange sight (at my brother's death) some years after, and who is experienced in some of the older wisdom which is now misdoubted, told me that I had seen the withdrawal of the astral body."

G. M. Vernon.

The following case bears out rather strikingly the evidence which I have had through sensitives regarding the appearance of spirits. Ordinary people not long dead seem usually to appeared dressed pretty nearly as in their earthly days; but more advanced and longer-dead beings are dressed in robes "white and glistering," as in the description of the Transfiguration. The experient in this next case does not seem to have been influenced by orthodox notions, for—as was natural in a free-thinker—she thought only of graveclothes!

"Some time ago I undertook duties that taxed me to the uttermost. Later, the injuries of an accident made it physically impossible for me to do them. Not knowing at that time how grave these injuries were, I day by day attempted the impossible. One night my pain was so great I could not rest in any position, so spent it kneeling on the bed, my head resting on a pile of cushions. Near dawn I fell asleep, but my own moaning soon awakened me; I heard myself saying in a kind of wail, 'I cannot lift it—I cannot lift it!' (The short sleep had been a nightmare dream of lifting heavy weights from the floor—and to lift anything caused me the greatest pain.)

"As soon as I heard my own cry I became wide awake, and, somehow, I at once knew I was not alone; looking to the door, I saw my mother quite plainly. My own feeling was delight; at once I cried, 'Is that you, Mumsie?' She was looking at me with an indescribable look of tenderness and compassion. She raised her hand, and in a voice of pity, but of firmness and command, she said (pointing, as it were, to the weights of my dream), 'Put them down and come away.' Meantime I felt astonished, and looked at her more carefully. It was then

I noticed she seemed to be fading away, but before going she repeated still more commandingly, 'Come away.'

"In a moment all my feeling of that duty and responsibility fell from me, and never returned; I felt my work there was done now that my mother had come from her grave to put an end to my agony of suffering. Having put my hand to a plough it is not my custom to look back, and I know I should otherwise have struggled on until in a short time I died, as my doctor can tell you I would have done.

"I have often dreamt of my mother, but in the dreams she wears her ordinary garments, and when I wake I know it was a dream; but when I see her when I am wide awake she always seems in long white garments—perhaps her grave clothes, they are very white—and there is always a light around her, and I always know I am wide awake. This is the most striking of these kind of appearances, though there have been others less vivid.

"In the matter of telepathy, that happens so often that I do not speak of it. People think one strange if one says much of these things. And it is strange they happened to me, for I would not believe in them until the absolute

truth of them has at last forced me to believe there is something more than nature and materialism—the supernatural; and that admission is the beginning of all religions. The greater part of my life I have been an agnostic, for in my small way I could not accept as truth what I had not realized to be the truth; but now my belief in God could not be shaken. Once one has proof of the supernormal, as I have had, all becomes easy.

"It is strange that such experiences should happen to me, for during my life I have liberally been sprinkled with such names as 'freethinker,' 'agnostic,' 'strong-minded,' 'too practical,' and the like. I do not know that they were deserved, I being only an ordinary simple person with a desire to find truth; but that is difficult when one's knowledge and opportunities for gaining it are limited."

MARGARET DAW.

In the next case a spirit was visible to two percipients, which is unusual. Unfortunately, the second one is dead, and we have no first-hand account of him. It will be noted that the experiences did not fit in with Mrs. Irvine's own ideas, which were orthodox. The modern

evidence supports the notion of Paradise as a pleasant intermediate state—where, e.g., the repentant thief would go at once after death (Luke xxiii. 43)—and not as the ultimate heaven of unalloyed bliss, for which few, if any, mortals are fitted at the end of their earthly sojourn.

"Some years ago I was very seriously ill. It was not thought possible that I could live; but suffice it to say that I had not the slightest fear of death. This is precisely what occurred. My husband was sitting by the bedside, and quite suddenly I heard my father's footsteps coming through the hall. They came through the hall, then on each step of the stair, and along the landing, and then I saw him go and stand at the foot of my bed with both hands folded, leaning on the bedrail. It was not a dream, nor was I in the least delirious. But he stood there, looking so radiantly happy. I looked at him and then at my husband. There was no speech at all between us, but we all understood each other quite clearly. It was mental communication.

"My husband said to me in surprise, 'Well, that is your father, although you told me you had buried him.' I said, 'We did bury him, in Rotterdam. I saw him put into the ground.'

"Then my father, with the most radiant smile, said, 'Oh, there is no death beyond the grave.'

"I answered in a flash, 'Isn't there?' He said, 'No; merely a stepping over the border. And it is so beautiful beyond.'

"But I never had any doubt about it. Still, it was a great joy for me to know that he was so supremely happy. And he repeated, 'Oh, it is so beautiful beyond.' And then he disappeared. But he seemed to convey the idea that no words could express—the joy and the bliss.

"The expression on his dear face was sufficient for me to know that. For I worshipped my precious father.

"He had had a terribly heavy cross to bear all his life here, and he did not deserve it. So good a man, so true, so upright, so cultured and refined.

"I always felt it an honour to be the daughter of so noble a man.

"I got better gradually, and I was sorry to find that I had to remain in this world.

"But I am absolutely convinced that his dear soul lives. I am for ever longing to go to him; so that death has no terrors for me.

"Later, during a much more severe illness, in the same year that Queen Victoria died, I saw also my father and my sister. She died two years after my father. His death took place in 1896.

"During this next terrible illness I saw them both sitting together at a small table, and it was spread with a spotless white cloth. They were not speaking, but looked perfectly happy and so contented. I put my face between the two and said, 'What are you waiting for?'

"My sister looked up with the sweetest smile, and said, 'We are waiting for you.' I said, 'Are you happy here?' She looked up again and said, 'Oh, so happy!"

"I then said to her, 'Would you not like to come back?' And the joy on her face was quite overcast as she said, with quite a shudder, I could never come back.' I said, 'Couldn't you?' She said, 'No! Never come back!' I said, "Not for Joe's sake? Poor Joe, he is so miserable.' It was her husband I had referred to. And she seemed to be quite a long time in realizing whom I was referring to. When she grasped it she gave such a loud groan, and looked at me with such reproachful eyes, which said so plainly, 'Why did you come and disturb me here?'

"That was all I ever saw in the way of departed spirits. I never craved to see them. I never prayed to see them. I believe if I had been told I should see them I would have been terrified. One thing that struck me forcibly was that they had no idea of time. They didn't know whether they had been there a day, or a year, or a thousand years. And that brings the words of the Bible to my mind—that 'a thousand years are as a day in His sight.'

"But what perplexes me is, they being in heaven (for to my mind they are; and according to the old orthodox faith in which I was born and reared), I believe they are at perfect rest and peace in that promised land; still, that being so, how then could my sister be made unhappy there—if only for one brief moment? She seemed to have quite forgotten her husband. He was passionately fond of her, and could not have been more kind or tender towards her.

"Why, then, did she groan at the remembrance of his loneliness? Through the space of all those years since 1901, I can hear that groan now whenever I think about it.

"We are told that there shall be no sorrow there and that God shall wipe away all tears.

And we sing in our hymns: 'Oh, what the joy and the glory must be, Those endless Sabbaths, the blessed ones see!'

"Why, then, can they be made to sorrow?

"Yet one other experience, if I do not tire you too much with the length of these pages.

"When a child of fifteen years of age I was also very, very ill, and on the occasion then I saw the most delightful Vision. Where my spirit was I cannot say, but I do think I have been permitted to draw aside the curtain and to peep into Paradise. Possibly the difference lay in my age, being then a child. But it was the most delightful scene. There were numbers of children, and some were weaving garlands of flowers, some were gathering flowers, and some were playing together. But what I heard then has never left me—the music, oh, the music! I shall never, never forget.

"No one can ever understand, perhaps, how sorry I was to recover. My father took me to the Continent as soon as I was able to travel, and he asked me to tell our relatives there all about it. I did so, and to many more besides. I would gladly die to-morrow if I could, if only to be able to hear what I heard then and to

see also what I saw then. I was enchanted with the Land beyond the grave.

"After the *Titanic* went down, and the news came through, I distinctly heard a message (I suppose from another world, for I do not know where else it could come from; it seemed to be whispered in the air). It was, 'There's something worse to follow.'

"And last February, on the 22nd, quite early in the morning, I awoke suddenly by hearing my name (Christian name) called so loudly—and then a second time—and even a third time—so loudly was it called that I sat straight up in bed and thought it was someone calling me from the road. Then, with my eyes wide open, I saw the most fearful blaze of fire; the whole city was surrounded with flames. It was a horrible spectacle. It really terrified me, and had the most haunting effect on me for fully fourteen days.

"A few days later a friend came to see me, but, she being of a highly nervous temperament, I never speak of such things to her. She was exceedingly pale and agitated, and asked if she could speak to me alone. I said, 'Surely you can.' Then she asked, 'Would I not laugh at her or think her foolish?' I assured her that

I never laughed at sincerity. She then told me the selfsame thing—that she had seen miles and miles of flame and fire; and she was unspeakably alarmed.

"Of course, I am convinced that sooner or later this will occur. But whether it will be this city or not I cannot say.

"I should be glad to know whether anyone else has had similar experiences. Last October I also became aware that an elderly lady friend of mine was in great trouble, so much so that she was on the verge of losing her reason. The knowledge came to me like a flash, and I set off at once on my bicycle to go and see her, for she has always said I could comfort her when nobody else could. When I arrived I told her, and also her daughters, what I had come for and why I had come, and she replied, 'Oh, Mrs. Irvine, it's perfectly true.' Then she regarded me very gravely and said, 'I do really think you are uncanny.'

"And this is what most people tell me. Therefore I am very reticent regarding these things. I have spoken to one or two clergymen, and others connected with the City Mission, and asked if they could tell why I should be so favoured, if favour it could be called. And

one replied: 'We all know the King, but the King does not know us. Those of his friends and servants who live daily with him in and about his Palace are naturally familiar with his ways. Is that not so?' I said, 'Yes.'

"Then he looked at me and said: 'Have you got your answer?'

"It puzzled me just at first to know what he meant, then I grasped it.

"As I have already stated in my previous letter, from the earliest days of my childhood I have drifted involuntarily to the things Eternal, and things temporal have no weight with me.

"My hand aches with writing, and I fear you will be tired with reading."

M. E. Irvine.

The foregoing experiences are not evidential in the strict sense, a normal explanation being at least possible. In the next case there is a certain evidentiality, for the percipient did not know of the death of the person who appeared; and, even if she could have inferred it, the detail about the thumb could not have been known. The weakness of the narrative is in its remoteness, which leads us to wonder whether

memories are reliable enough to have transmitted it to us correctly. But it was clearly a striking experience, and one not likely to have been much altered as to its main feature, which is the evidentially important one.

'I have been reading Sir Oliver Lodge's book, 'The Survival of Man,' and was particularly interested in Mrs. Severn's experience of communicated sensation, related in Chapter V., because of an experience that my aunt —long since dead—had when she was a girl. I heard the story more than once, and am quite sure of the details. My aunt was ailing and obliged to keep to her bed. Her great friend, Elizabeth S., was at the same time lying seriously ill a mile or two away. One day my aunt surprised her sisters by running downstairs in her nightdress. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'Elizabeth S. is dead. I have seen her. She came to my bedside and she has bitten my thumb.' Very soon a messenger arrived to say that Elizabeth had died, and the time coincided with my aunt's vision. Later, they learned that the dying girl had bitten her own thumb. This must have happened seventy or eighty years

ago. I have the greatest respect for my aunt, who was a saintly and very intelligent woman, and had, moreover, a sceptical turn of mind, but I never quite accepted the story as a real experience. Mrs. Severn's similar story makes me think it may have been very real.

"I think that possibly this may be interesting to you in your investigations."

(Mrs.) A. Wood.

This does not quite fulfil the requirements of Dr. Samuel Johnson in a very sensible passage on the subject, but it comes near, for the vision did convey knowledge not normally possessed or naturally inferable. This is what Johnson said:

"I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think I saw a form and heard a voice cry, 'Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished'; my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to

me. But if a form should appear and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence. imparted to me." [1]

The next case does very nearly come up to Dr. Johnson's standard.

"I may say first that I am an active man of business, well over sixty; that I have never even attended a spiritualist séance; but that when I was younger I was sufficiently interested in the literature of psychic phenomena to accept as proved that personality can express itself and present itself by means which are outside what we have been taught to regard as physical laws, and therefore presumably exists (perhaps not universally, but only under special development) independently of corporeal existence. On the other hand, I have a fairly keen perception as to the value of evidence, and amongst friends who have been attracted

[1] Boswell's "Life," p. 111 (Washbourne's 1847 edition). Johnson *ætat,* 54.

by professional spiritualists I have found frequently a great readiness for self-deception, and have been convinced that their 'mediums' are often charlatans whose powers are based upon a mixture of hypnotic suggestion, thought-reading, and craftiness. My attitude towards psychic phenomena is one of reservation. I do not doubt that unidentified and exceptional forces exist, but I have a full life and have been quite content to await the results of scientific investigation. Such things do not occupy my mind. My only personal approach to them is that throughout my life I have been conscious that I have with many people an intuitive and rapid perception of what is in their thoughts, or what they feel, whether they are in the house or in a given room. The perception is not referable to any of the ordinary senses. I think dogs do the same thing in their degree. The senses known to us do not exhaust the channels of perception and communication.

"Now for the facts which I venture to submit for your consideration.

"I have known for nearly forty years a gentleman named Henry Vint, the head of an important firm having offices in Lombard Street.

We have always been very cordial friends, but as we grew older we were both of us less in the City and our lives diverged somewhat, so that it may be eighteen months since we last met. In June last I met his partner in the street, and, knowing that one of Vint's sons had been wounded, I stopped to ask for news. He told me that Mr. Vint had taken his son down to the seaside. Next month I went to my house in Devonshire for ten weeks, and Vint's name was never mentioned there, so I had no kind of communication about him from any source from June onwards.

"On September 13th, two days after I had returned, I had been at a Board meeting in the City, and was hurrying down Lombard Street at 1.55 to another. My thoughts were entirely occupied with business, when I saw Mr. Vint approaching me a few paces off, quite as usual, coming from his office. I went forward to shake hands, but—he was not there! I was baffled for a moment, then instantaneously there came very clearly before my eyes (I can see it still) a picture of him, quite cut off from our surroundings, at a little distance, and resting on nothing. He appeared as a very sick and suffering man with flushed face. I was

filled with a sense of deep sympathy and sorrow for him, and felt so uneasy that I resolved to inquire after him. Next morning I learnt that he had been attacked with meningitis on the night of the 12th, or rather early morning on the 13th, for the attack began after midnight, and had died three or four hours before my vision. He had visited his office for the last time on the 11th, was very unwell, and walked with his partner's help along the same street where I saw him, supernormally, forty-eight hours later, when he was dead. I wrote down my account the day after my vision.

"The curious points seen: (1) The double appearance, first as an ordinary man among others in the street—the street which had been the centre of his thoughts for forty years—and next as a sick and very suffering man in a 'vision' detached from all surroundings and a little way off, so as to be somewhat under life size; a vision which I carried with me as I continued to walk, until I took my seat at the Board. (2) Although Mr. Vint had died three or four hours before, I did not *see* him as a dead man, but as a suffering one, and the vision did not make me think he was dead, but only that he was in trouble, and I felt exceed-

ingly sorry for him; I speculated whether some bad news of his sons at the front had crushed him and brought on some illness. (3) Although we had been friends, and he was a particularly kind and sympathetic man, there was no special relation between us to account for my experience.

"It appears to me that the hypothesis which best corresponds to the facts is (1) that V.'s 'persona' did return to the familiar environment after his death—his business life had concentrated on that street; (2) that it happened to me to come into local contact with the psychic influence created, and that amongst all others in the street I was the only one at the moment between whom and Mr. Vint there was enough friendship and sympathy to bring about perception of his presence and response as would have occurred in life; (3) that the 'persona' was still dominated by the great pain suffered a few hours before, and he desired that I should understand and feel for him; (4) that fifty yards away the clerks in his office knew that he was dead, and probably the news was known to others in the City also, consequently telepathy from some of them would have been reasonable if my impression had been of his

death, but, this not being so—for I had no thought that it meant death until I heard next morning—the telepathic theory seems unlikely. In fact, the cause of his death was not known that day, being revealed only by a *post mortem,* so the pain and flushed face couldy hardly be telepathic from anyone in the City.

"The first impression showed V. just as I usually saw him, in City clothes, walking as he usually did; the second was quite different, clearer and more persistent, but in a different plane—a vision of something out of reach, and it was a vision of what *had* passed some hours before, at his house in another part of London four miles away, during the night of acute suffering only alleviated by morphia.

"As to my own frame of mind, I was walking smartly, in an abstracted mood, bent on business, when my mind was suddenly switched off and was for the time entirely occupied by these impressions, though I know of no reason or suggestion that could account for them.

"Moreover, though I totally reject materialistic conceptions of Existence, my feelings and instincts, at the time and since, forbid me to believe either (1) that the whole experi-

ence was a pure coincidence, or (2) that it was supernatural. On the contrary, the occurrence was as matter-of-fact as if I had found a friend taken ill in the street."

Mr. Grey's careful account and thoughtful comments leave little that need be said. While mostly agreeing with his theory as to explanation, I should, however, say that in my view Mr. Vint's appearance was probably not in any way an asking for sympathy, nor, of course, was the manner of his appearance any indication that he was still suffering. Bodily suffering ceases when the bodily functions cease. On the other hand, I believe, on other evidence, that for some little time after death the spirit remains to some extent in similar conditions, and is likely to manifest them if perceived by a psychic sensitive. For some time after death Mr. Vint, though no longer suffering bodily, would think of himself as he had been when going through those stressful hours, and Mr. Grey saw his thought of himself, so to speak. Probably this thought fluctuated; he would sometimes think of himself as he was before his short illness, and Mr. Grey's momentary vision of him thus was a perception of *that* thought.

As to whether he meant to show himself to his old friend, of course we cannot say. I should doubt it, or at least I should say that it is not necessary to suppose so. In a similar case known to me the percipient heard loud knockings, without seeing anything, for a few hours after her brother's death by accident, some miles away, and she was frightened into serious illness. There is reason to believe that a released spirit does not always know what effect it is producing in the material world by the exercise of its new and changed powers; and the same applies to etherial effects, which is what "sights" are—adopting for the moment a physical view of the telepathic process. It is therefore likely enough that Mr. Vint did not will to appear, but, his thought being occupied with himself and the place of his old activities, that thought became momentarily perceptible to his friend, whose mind happened to be in a passive and receptive condition, and, moreover, was in harmony with Mr. Vint's by sharing the same locality-thoughts.

No doubt if Mr. Grey had had another vision of his friend a few days later he would have seen him younger and well-looking, cor-

respondent with his progress, having shaken off the unpleasant old earth-conditions, as Captain Stuart progressively shook off his Gallipoli experiences, in the narrative by Mrs. Guthrie already quoted (pp. 29-44).

Mr. Grey has had only one other psychical experience, and that was of a different order, perhaps even more interesting than the foregoing, for it was a precognition, and seems to involve a theory of the unreality of Time, to which I happen to incline. It does not prove this, of course—no single experience can—but it is one of many facts which suggest it.

Mr. Grey says:

"I was going to stay with friends, the father and mother of a young family, who all lived with my friend's father, to whom I was much attached. The old gentleman was away on a visit, and I was to occupy his bedroom.

"As I drove up to the house I saw with a great shock that all the blinds were drawn down, and I was filled with apprehension. Then my eyes seemed to clear, and I saw that I was mistaken; the blinds were *not* down. At eight o'clock next morning my host met me with a telegram. His father, who had left

home in good health, had died in the night. They were starting for Lancashire, and when I had helped them off I departed. As I looked back every blind was down, just as I had seen the house on arriving the previous evening.

"The thing sounds trivial, but on that single occasion I had a most depressing presentiment of death, which I have never forgotten, though it is thirty-six years ago."

The next three cases have similar evidential quality, true information being conveyed by the visions.

"Can you give me any explanation of the fact that, when anyone I care for very much is passing away, they call me with an audible voice? The first time this happened was some years ago. A young friend was ill a hundred miles away, but we had no idea that he was near death. One afternoon I was sitting quietly in the drawing-room with my mother when he came and stood beside me, saying: 'Good-bye, Fanny; I am going now.' I jumped up and said to my mother: 'Cyril has just passed away! Look at your watch.' She did, and the next morning we heard he had

gone, and at the very time I heard him speak.

"A short time ago I was nursing a gentleman at Hanley. Having left to go to Birmingham, one night I heard him call my name with a loud voice. In this case it was the same: he had died at that time.

"Now, within the last few weeks, the same thing occurs. I have had a brother living in Canada for several years. A few weeks ago I could not get him out of my thoughts; every night when I closed my eyes I could see him, and one night I awoke and could see a form in my room. Then I got really anxious, and sat down next morning to write a long letter to him. But, alas! before I could post it came the news of his death.

"In each of these cases, which are absolutely true and happened exactly as described, the person seemed quite near to me; in fact, far more so than when living in the body. I have been reading an article in which it is stated that the spirit remains in the place where it has lived. I do not favour this thought at all. I like to think of it rather as being free, not confined to any given place."

(Miss) Fanny Mill.

Some of the incidents next to be described suggest both the survival and the clairvoyance of animals. This raises many puzzling questions, which I do not feel called on to attempt to answer. I quote what is told me, and the reader may invent his own theory. I do not see any *a priori* impossibility about animals possessing supernormal faculties, nor about their having a sort of soul which survives. On the other hand, it is clear that proof of these things would be difficult.

"I am sending you a truthful account of my psychic experiences. You have only my bare word for the following, but it is true:

"My husband one day brought home a large white bulldog, and told me he was going to make a pile of money by matching this dog with another fighter. He was a dear, affectionate dog (name Carlo), and I loved him. He won several fights, then lost; and my husband poisoned him and threw his body into the river. Some years after this, when I had almost forgotten poor Carlo, one night something awoke me, and I saw a very peculiar light shining around where I lay. I sat up, and was greatly astonished to see Carlo, life-size, just as he used to look, sitting on the

rug beside the bed. He looked steadily at me for some time, then slowly faded away. The next morning my husband was arrested. Perhaps Carlo had come as a warning. (My husband is a bad man. I have left him and shall never return to him. He is in America.)

"My husband had a brother, Frank, who had been ill for over two years, but we had not heard that he was any worse. One night I had gone to bed, but could not sleep (my husband was out and did not come in till 4 A.M.), and I turned on the light and was going to read awhile, when I saw Frank sitting on the chair by the bedside. He looked so natural I really thought he was there, and I said aloud: 'Why, Frank, how in the world did you get here?' And as I spoke he arose from the chair and went slowly down as if through the floor. I was greatly troubled at this vision, and wondered what it meant. When my husband came in I told him what I had seen. He laughed at me and said I had been dreaming. Well, next day he came home earlier than usual and said: 'Janet, I just met my mother; she had come to tell me Frank died last night.'

"I see light—sometimes long flashes—with my eyes either closed or open. Before I feel the presence of a spirit I always see a light. When I feel them, as I often do very strongly, I always have the idea that, if my photograph could be taken at the time, another form would be seen in the picture."

JANET HOLT.

This is reminiscent of Mrs. Guthrie's similar seeing of a "light." There is some connexion, though I have not the least idea what, between a perception of light and these veridical psychic experiences, for the two are associated in accounts from people who know nothing of others' experiences and who are quite unaware of the frequent connexion. It may be that the spirit, in manifesting, is acting on the ether as we act on matter when we communicate with each other by speech, and that the first thing produced by such action is light, which is, of course, an etherial pulsation.

Somewhat akin to the survival of animals is the clairvoyance of animals, of which I now give a few instances.

"One July, about four or five years ago, I had been talking with a friend on the subject

of the possibility of summoning to oneself the spirits of the beloved dead by concentrating one's thought on them. I had never tried to do this, because I feared it might not be happy for the spirit if it succeeded. However, I was tempted to try. On a July evening, therefore, when I was alone, I made the experiment. It was still daylight enough to see everything with perfect distinctness. I sat outside a window that opens down to the ground upon a terrace. The nearest tree is a chestnut, a dozen yards away—there is a good deal of open terrace. In front of me lay my dog, a large and powerful, highly intelligent animal, mainly sheep dog, with about a quarter setter in his composition. He loved to lie there in the summer evenings, and we always had great difficulty in persuading him to come in at bedtime. I sat there and concentrated my thoughts on a specially dear friend I had lost some three years before. For one instant I felt a sensation—so brief as to be difficult to realize or describe—almost as if some touch came on my brain. I don't think I should have thought anything of it but for what happened next. Almost directly afterwards the dog became very much disturbed, in a way that was quite novel. He looked over

his shoulder, then in front of him in the direction of the chestnut tree; his head was drawn back as if he shrank from something—his eyes were full of fear. He looked as if he was watching something moving in the direction of the tree—his eyes seemed focussed on something near. All was, to my eyes and ears, absolutely still and quiet. If any animal or human being had been about the dog would certainly have rushed to bark at it, and also to growl, for he was most inconveniently determined to defend me from any danger, real or imaginary—particularly under such circumstances, my being alone. But instead of doing this he rose, and, walking past me through the open window, flopped down very decidedly in the middle of the room. Certainly he saw something invisible to me—something that alarmed and puzzled him."

(Mrs.) R. E. Weldon.

Perhaps Balaam's ass, after all, was not so unique a quadruped as one might think. The next case is similar to the last.

"Last evening I was sitting in my drawing-room with three lady friends; one had a little pet dog with her, and about 10 P.M. the dog

suddenly became excited and barked ever so—a most unusual thing. The dog could not be quiet. At last one friend, who is very psychical, said, 'Someone is here,' and went over to the direction where the dog kept looking, and sat down and closed her eyes. Presently she said, 'I see someone; he has on a helmet and a red coat, and he wants something.' Then suddenly this psychical friend went into what, I suppose, was a trance; she stuttered painfully and was quite unconscious, and said, 'Oh, it's dreadful. Help!' I said, 'What is his name?' She kept saying, 'Owen.' I know no one of that name. She was greatly distressed for his (whoever he was) trouble and danger. When she said, 'Help!' I replied, 'What can I do?' She said, 'Pray!' I then knelt and prayed aloud for us all and for him. She suddenly became calm and conscious, and did not know how she had been, though felt very upset."

E. L. Priestley.

The above occurred in a very old house in an ancient city. I think it was once a monastery or abbot's house. There seems no explanation of who the supposed spirit was, and there

is no special tradition of any haunt. In the next case the dog recognized the spirit, but apparently did not see it exactly as the human percipient did.

"I have had some unusual experiences, but will only trouble you with the following:

"My father, General Barlow, died in London at midnight on July 21st, 1898. The following night, at exactly the same time, I was lying awake (I had not been asleep) in a room opening into his; a large lamp was burning brightly, and my poodle was lying asleep by my low bedside. Suddenly my father stood by my side; my dog started up, went straight to the communicating door, and stood watching for, I suppose, a few seconds, then came back, looked at me with a most curious expression in his eyes, and lay down again.

"In the following September I had moved to Sandhurst, to a place I had taken for my father and of which he was very fond. In the afternoon of a bright September day I was sitting in the hall, which is lighted by large north and south windows, and my dog again lying by my side. Again my father stood by me, and said, 'Well, here we are in the new home;

I am glad.' Again my dog started up, did not look at me as he would have done had I spoken, but went at once to the foot of the stairs where he used to watch for my father, and stood fixed at attention; then came back, looked at me in the same strange way, and lay down close at my feet. I have read of cases where animals showed fear, but my dog showed only recognition; had he not recognized my father he would at once have warned me, as he always did if he heard any unusual sound. (Had you known him you would have recognized a very decided 'personality.')"

E. H. Barlow.

In most cases of haunting the experience is confined to one or two people, and subjective hallucination *plus* expectancy may be alleged. But in one case sent to me the spectre was seen on eight occasions by seven individuals—two of them seeing it at the same time, unknown to each other. The venue was the house of a sceptical doctor, who is an unbeliever no longer. I prefix to the narrative a more or less relevant and rather amusing letter which appeared in the *Medical Press* for May 30th, 1917:

"SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

"*To the Editor of the* MEDICAL PRESS AND CIRCULAR.

"SIR,—In your issue of May 16th you did me the honour to print a letter by me on the subject named above. The following excerpts are from the concluding paragraph: 'For myself I have been amazed by the revelation of the recent spread of so-called spiritualism, and believe this spread has been largely due to the influence of writings, some of which, unfortunately, have been issued by men belonging to the world of science . . .' 'The serious investigation of psychic phenomena is one thing; the putting forth of "spooky" stories with either a real feeling or a pretence of solemnity is another, and one which it might be thought would have been avoided by writers of authority through the dread of the dangerous consequences which are so obviously to be feared.'

"Since writing this I have had the opportunity of reading an article on the subject by Sir Oliver Lodge in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The Editor of the Journal has, it seems to me probable, given place to Sir Oliver Lodge's article with a certainty that

it would be tackled later on by one or other of the distinguished writers who contribute to his Review. The article, so far as its language goes and where language can express extremely vague impressions, is admirably clear, but even a half-educated doctor's wife should be capable of putting her finger upon weak and fallacious statements which it contains. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in telepathy, and assumes that 'a strong emotion or other appropriate disturbance in the mind of one person may repeat itself more faintly in the perception of another previously related or specially qualified individual, even though separated by thousands of miles.' Sir Oliver does not attempt to explain how the mental processes in one individual can take some concrete form and travel through space half round the globe, there to influence the organism of some selected individual. When he has done this his hypothesis may perhaps find some solid foundation. From the hypotheses of telepathy it is quite easy for Sir Oliver to advance to the hypothesis of 'discarnate minds,' and from this it is more easy to proceed to examine the powers of 'mediums,' having special qualities enabling them to act as intermediaries between inquirers and such dis-

carnate minds. Through fixing attention morbidly on problems of this kind quite beyond their mental grasp, the simple, weak and credulous readers may be easily led through the paths of 'spiritualism' to a final goal within the portals of the lunatic asylum. Is it not imperative upon scientific men to confine discussion of these questions to scientific societies and strictly scientific publications?

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"A Doctor's Wife.

"May 24th."

Being one of the simple and weak-minded individuals who are interested in "so-called spiritualism," I am naturally unequal to the intellectual task of deciding whether "a half-educated doctor's wife" means that she is the half-educated wife of a doctor or that she has the misfortune to be the wife of a half-educated doctor. If the former, we will not be so impolite as to contradict her. We may also agree most heartily that it might be well if the subject could be confined to scientific societies, for we might then hope to be spared the lucubrations of half-educated doctors' wives, who require a wireless telegraph instrument to be dis-

covered inside our skulls before they will believe, however good the evidence, that telepathic communication is possible. One wonders whether the good lady believes that sugar sweetens her tea, for assuredly neither she nor anyone else fully understands the process of solution.

The first letter, as it happened, called forth a sort of reply from a much more than half-educated doctor, who practises as a specialist in a certain large town. It was in his house that the eight-times-seen spectre appeared. Here is his letter in the *Medical Press* of May 30th, 1917:

"MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"*To the Editor of the* MEDICAL PRESS AND CIRCULAR.

"SIR,—The letter of 'A Doctor's Wife' on 'Spiritualism and Insanity' leads me to pen a short note to you on an allied subject. Spiritualism has for long been investigated by many and exploited by not a few. The medical profession as a body have looked on from afar, although many of its members have been ardent workers in the search after the truths of the

subject. One would like to see a committee formed of leading members of the profession who would scientifically investigate the subject.

"Personally, I have been (note the past tense) a sceptic concerning spirits, ghosts, spiritualism, table rapping, etc.; but a series of unaccountable incidents in my own house has caused me to ask myself if there be not something which possesses a basis of reality and fact.

"In my own house a spectre of a female has been seen on eight occasions by seven individuals during the past ten years. Only one of these persons who saw it was aware of its existence prior to seeing it. Once it was seen by two persons at the same time, though neither was cognizant of the other seeing it until they mutually related the incident to me next morning. The last but one to see it was a sober-minded, level-headed nurse, who was on night duty during the illness of one of my children. She saw it standing at her side at 3.30 A.M., and, though much surprised, was neither alarmed nor perturbed. Noises occur in one room overhead in the early hours of the morning, which, by their very intensity, remove all ghostly fears and make one inclined to laugh.

The bells in the house I have seen violently ring, and for a long time attributed such to action of mice or rats, but investigation of the power required to put the bells in motion puts this explanation out of court.

"I have slept for weeks in the haunted room, but with no success, and have racked my poor brains to try and explain the phenomena. One is told by spiritualists that the spectre is an earth-bound spirit, but how can a spirit make the noises like moving of furniture or ring bells in the middle of the day? Perhaps the latter have no connexion with the former, but that the spectre exists one can scarcely deny when the evidence of so many impartial observers supports it.

"The greatest drawback one experiences is the futility of help which one receives from those who dub themselves spiritualists or mediums.

"Thanking you for allowing so much of your valuable space,

"I am, yours truly,

"THECLA W. ALBUM."

Now comes Dr. Album's full account as given to me previously to the writing of the

Medical Press letter. As will be noted, there were further appearances between the two.

"I am a medical man, specialist, and in my house during the past seven or eight years a 'ghost' (!), having the outline of a tall white female figure, has been seen on six occasions by five people.

"(1) By my sister-in-law, one evening when playing the piano in our upstairs drawing-room; this was the first occasion, and it happened about seven years ago.

"(2) Next by a lady nurse, who also saw it in the same room, and she had seen it about a year earlier preceding her upstairs to her bedroom one evening, and on this occasion she addressed it, saying, 'Hullo! who's that?'

"(3) A man and his wife occupied the house during our absence, and when I called one day the wife said: 'As I was going to bed last night I saw a tall white figure preceding me up the stairs.' As she said this, and before I could reply, her husband ejaculated: 'Was that about 9.30 as we were going upstairs to bed?' 'Yes,' replied the wife, on which the husband added: 'I saw it, too, but did not say anything to you for fear of frightening you.'

"(4) On October 19th this year (1916) we had a night nurse on duty with our youngest, and had turned the drawing-room into a sick bay; and at 4 A.M., the nurse, who was intently reading a book by the fire, was startled to find standing by her right hand a tall female figure in white, who suddenly vanished. I asked her next day if she were frightened. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'only very much surprised and startled.'

"*Now, none of these individuals*—except the nurse—*had ever heard from anyone of the existence of this ghost,* as we make a particular point of never mentioning it to anyone, nor have we even mentioned it to our present domestics.

"There have been other occasions on which we fancy it has been seen: by a nurse attending at the birth of my boy, also a lady visitor staying alone except for the maids, who got a big fright one night, but will not say what it was.

"Again, when my boy was about two and a half to three years of age, he told us that 'such a nice lady had kissed him' as he lay in his cot.

"Neither I nor my wife have seen this creature, though we should greatly like to.

"I personally believe I saw a 'ghost' once, some years ago, when walking along a broad highroad one winter afternoon in Shropshire. I saw ahead of me what I took to be a man and woman dressed in black, and after I had overtaken them I turned round to have a look at them, only to find that they had vanished. I went back and examined the place where I had first seen them, over and over again, but could find nothing which could be construed to make up the appearance I had seen."

(Dr.) T. W. Album.

The next case, though only one percipient was concerned, is exceptionally impressive because the percipient is an exceptionally good witness. I cannot dismiss his story as being untrue or imaginative. His experience was real, and in my opinion his own interpretation is reasonable.

"My mother died in Penzance at 9 o'clock on the night of Friday, November 4th, 1897. At that time I was living in Sydney, New South Wales. At 7 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, November 5th, 1897—an hour synchronizing with 9 P.M. November 4th, English time—my mother entered my room, ad-

vanced towards my bed, stooped down and kissed me, and then slowly faded from sight.

"This was not a dream; I had been awake for an hour or so, thinking, not of my mother, but of a trip to New Zealand on which I had arranged to start that afternoon. I was aware my mother was seriously ill: she had been suffering from cancer for over three years; but I had received no communication from home to lead me to imagine her end was near, and the first intimation I had from my family came to hand five weeks later by mail. But I *knew* my mother was 'dead' the moment she visited me. Since that memorable day I have often had communion with her. She is—not seems, but is—very near to me at times; I am conscious of her presence, though there is no spiritual or other manifestation of her form; I can always visualize her features whenever I wish, without external aid; and her silent admonition, advice, guidance and sympathy have often been very helpful to me in periods of mental strain and doubt.

"I have never sought to command her presence; I never know when she will make it felt; and I am convinced that my consciousness in this respect is not influenced by imagination

or emotionalism. On the subject of her present state and environment I have never presumed to question her, nor has my mother ever volunteered any communication. I am content to wait, in the full assurance that I shall meet my mother when I cross the borderline.

"There is so general a disposition to treat with levity the subject of spiritual communion that I do not care to discuss it even with my intimates; it is too sacred a matter to be exposed to possible ridicule; but I am heartily glad to find eminent scientists approaching it with a sympathetic mind."

J. A. Stephen Arnold.

I have been given the exact addresses and other reinforcing details, but must suppress them because identities would be revealed.

CHAPTER VI

"MEETING" CASES

ONE of the things I am most sure of is the fact that we are met at death by friends who have gone before. This has been proved to me by many curious pieces of evidence, some of which are described in my book, "Psychical Investigations." On several occasions a spirit has communicated, giving his name and many identifying details, and remarking that he was waiting about for a relative or friend who was dying. And in all these cases the people in question were quite unknown to the sensitive, even by name.

If this fact of meeting is true, we ought to find contributory evidence of other kinds; and, as a matter of fact, we do. Dying people often see their waiting and welcoming friends. As Sir William Barrett says: "The evidence seems indisputable that, in some rare cases, just before death the veil is partly drawn aside and a

glimpse of the loved ones who have passed over is given to the dying person."[1]

A few such cases have been described to me, and I now quote them.

"In May, 1892, I lost by death my idolized mother, from pneumonia following influenza. While she lay on her death-bed I had a severe attack of the same complaint, which, of course, I could not nurse properly. Five weeks later my dearly loved father died. He had always been most tenderly attached to my mother, and on his death-bed, where he had been lying for many hours in a state of coma, he suddenly sat up, and, with flashing eyes, he stretched out his hands and cried with a clear voice, 'Mother!' —the name by which he always called her. All the previous day, while he was perfectly conscious, he waved me impatiently away when I went to one side of the bed, as if I was obstructing his view of something he loved to see, though he never said what it was. Could it be that she was there and he saw her? I could not grieve much at his death, for joy at the thought of their reunion."

H. M. MURGATROYD.

[1] "On the Threshold of the Unseen," p. 160.

The following case has a curious "physical-phenomena" incident, which is quite in line with similar experiences of a friend of mine, a materialist, who rejoices (or sorrows) in a wife possessing psychic faculties of various kinds.

"A male friend died in November, 1909. The next day, I and my little daughter being alone, caretakers of an empty house, we heard very heavy and slow (seemingly stiff) footsteps descending the stairs, but nothing was to be seen. It was broad daylight. So long as I stayed there I heard very loud and distinct raps about my room.

"When my husband lay dying he asked me in an awed tone if I saw the man who had been at his bedside. I replied, 'No, I had seen no one.' He drew his last faint breath with me only in the room, and after it had ceased a sudden smile came over his face.

"As regards the footsteps on the stairs, a natural explanation would be that noises echo through semi-detached empty houses, yet, though it might therefore have been a workman next door, etc., we never once heard again anything at all similar, though we stayed there four months longer. My little girl was in our living-room on the first floor, then came the drawing-

room on the ground floor; I was in the basement back-kitchen doing some washing, with my back to the door, facing the window. I heard the steps descending slowly, as it were, from our floor upstairs (this friend was particularly attached to my little daughter); when they reached the basement flight they were silent—another mode of motion may have been used—and I next heard them on the flat floor walking in the front kitchen, where all my boxes were. Somehow the slow, heavy, stiff sort of movement, directly I heard it, made me think at once of the dead, though only noon and a bright day; and as they came nearer I turned round and faced the door. Nothing appeared. I felt too scared to remain down there alone, but, before going up, went in the front room to make sure it was no human intruder. The room was perfectly empty and filled with sunshine. I then went upstairs, and just as I got near our first floor my little daughter ran out saying, 'Oh, Mummy, why have you been making such a noise coming upstairs? You frightened me.' This happened in November, 1909, but my memory is very good, and my daughter could corroborate it, though now she scoffs at such things, having turned Roman Catholic,

and says that the faces she used to see, and which I see now (the last eight years), are only imagination. You know the Romanist is not allowed to believe in any visions except those of 'Our Lady' and Roman 'saints.' All others are under a ban."

A. G. Pawson.

The next case was kindly sent me by Miss H. A. Dallas.[1] The percipient's mother is a friend of hers, and is an excellent witness.

"My friend Mrs. Sunmore related the following to me. She had lost many children, and one of her daughters was, at the time referred to, fading gradually away. A married daughter had recently died just after the birth of a baby, who had not survived her long. The married daughter I will designate as 'Violet,' the girl who was dying as 'Bertha' (she had been told of the death of 'Violet' and her baby). As Bertha lay dying she began to talk to her brothers and sisters who had died already, said my friend.

" 'Do you mean that she talked *of* them?' I asked.

[1] Author of several excellent books on psychical research, e.g., "Mors Janua Vitæ," "Across the Barrier," and "Objections to Spiritualism Answered."

"'No,' she replied, 'she talked *to* them; and then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh!" and "Violet and the baby!" I gave a little groan, but Bertha said, "Mother, you ought to be delighted!"'

"My friend was convinced that Bertha saw and talked with the brothers and sisters who had come to welcome her into their new life.

"You can use this or not, as you like. Perhaps it is not as striking a case as some others—in which the death was not known to the percipient normally."

H. A. Dallas.

The next narrative is similar and includes a "clairvoyance of animals" incident.

"When I was in London last I went to see an old friend who had lately lost her mother, and she told me that her mother had had such a great dread of death (what we call death), and had said she wished her daughters could go with her. But a day or two before her passing, when my friend was in the room, she suddenly called her, with a look of great surprise and happiness on her face, and said, 'Oh, look! do you see them?' and pointed out beyond the foot of her bed. And from then onwards

all fear left her. My friend is a peculiarly matter-of-fact, level-headed woman, and I am sure she was convinced that her mother did see what she could not see. I have myself seen a dog persistently watch an apparently empty chair, as if watching someone sitting in it. This happened many times. But the dog never seemed the least afraid. And if the 'visitant' were the spirit I think probable, this would be so, as there was in his character a very keen sympathy with all the 'creatures' and nature in general."

(Miss) M. E. Poole.

CHAPTER VII

METETHERIAL IMPRINTS

IT was thought by F. W. H. Myers that, when a particularly stressful and emotional event occurs, some impression is made on the etherial or "metetherial" environment, and that this persists and can be perceived, when conditions are favourable, by people with psychical sensitiveness, and that this may account for some stories of re-enacted murder scenes and other haunts, in which it seems unreasonable to suppose that the original actors are still concerned —for, however it may be with the murderer, we see no reason for his innocent victim to be re-enacting the painful scene. This "imprint" theory fits in with the facts observed in connexion with the use of rapport-objects in mediumship, though the exact *modus* of the phenomenon is still unknown; it may be that the rapport-object puts the medium in telepathic touch with its owner, and that the place

of a murder-scene puts a sensitive in telepathic touch with the mind of the murderer—dead or alive—who, as punishment, is still remorsefully re-acting his deed. We do not know, but the facts certainly indicate that supernormal perception of unknown facts is possible by reason of a sensitive being in a certain place.

There is a curious story of this sort in George Fox's "Journal," though it may be that Fox had known the facts and had forgotten them, his "subliminal" thus being the real source:

"As I was walking along," says he, "with several friends, I lifted up my head, and I saw three steeple-houses, and they struck at my life. I asked them what place that was, and they said Lichfield. Immediately the word of the Lord came to me, that I must go thither. . . . Then I walked on about a mile, and as soon as I was within the city the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, 'Cry, Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield.' So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, 'Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.' It being market day, I went into the market-place, and to and fro in the several parts of it, and made

stands, crying as before, 'Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.' And no one laid hands on me; but, as I went thus crying through the streets, there seemed to me to be a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market-place appeared like a pool of blood. After this a deep consideration came upon me: why, or for what reason, I should be sent to cry against that city, and call it the bloody city. For though the Parliament had the Minster one while, and the King another, and much blood had been shed in the town during the wars between them, yet that was no more than had befallen many other places. But afterwards I came to understand that in the Emperor Diocletian's time a thousand Christians were martyred in Lichfield. So I was to go, without my shoes, through the channel of their blood and into the pool of their blood in the market-place, that I might raise up the memorial of the blood of those martyrs which had been shed above a thousand years before." ("Journal," p. 57.)

There is a rather similar case in Herodotus ("History," I. chapter clxvii.), in which, however, the place seemed to cause only twitching, as with dowsers when water-divining, but

apparently causing it in animals as well as in human beings:

"The Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians, who had got into their hands many more than the Phocaeans from among the crews of the forty vessels that were destroyed, landed their captives upon the coast after the fight, and stoned them all to death. Afterwards, when sheep, or oxen, or even men of the district of Agylla passed by the spot where the murdered Phocaeans lay, their bodies became distorted, or they were seized with palsy, or they lost the use of some of their limbs."

But sometimes the locality seems to yield not only an influence but also impressions conveying definite information. Sir A. Conan Doyle once told a story of a curious experience of his own, which is of this type.

Walking over the Gemmi Pass, in Switzerland, he was struck with the suitability of the lonely Schwarenbach Inn for a story of mystery and crime. He proceeded to invent one. He pictured the murder of a son by his own father, the needy innkeeper, who had resolved to kill and rob the first lonely stranger, and who did not recognize his victim till too late. Arrived at the hotel at Leukerbad, Sir Arthur picked up

a volume of Maupassant's short stories, and found that not only had the French author been to the Schwarenbach before him, but that he had written a story about it practically identical with the one he had just been concocting! And, as Mr. Francis Gribble has pointed out,[1] neither novelist was imagining anything new, for their plot is the plot of Werner's tragedy, "The Twenty-fourth of February," *which is based on a real occurrence at the Schwarenbach Inn.* The thing had actually happened there!

Perhaps Maupassant and Sir Arthur had read and forgotten Werner's tragedy but had retained it subliminally. That is the orthodox psychical-research hypothesis, and may be the true explanation of this curious bit of history. But it is also possible that the more unorthodox and more picturesque theory may be the true one. A tragedy did take place at the Schwarenbach Inn; the psychical reverberation of the event still lingered there; the delicate sensitivity of two literary artists picked up these vibrations, and their minds reconstructed the scenes and circumstances of the tragedy. If they had had still more of the psychic faculty—

[1] "Travel and Exploration," August, 1910: "Some Alpine Passes."

had been genuine "sensitives"—they might have actually seen the murder as a hallucinatory vision.

But these cases merge into actual communication from discarnate minds, and it is difficult to decide where to draw the line between a haunt due to impressions on the metetherial environment, and one due to the actual agency of some discarnate person. There is probably a continuous gradation from no-consciousness to full consciousness at the spot; for in many haunts and apparitions there is an aimlessness about the proceedings which seems to indicate that the spirit it not quite all there. But in the next original case to be quoted there was a definite enough aim, and it seems reasonable to suppose that the old gentleman was there. The narrative is so orthodox a ghost story that I was naturally disinclined to take it seriously; but further correspondence with the people concerned has resulted in a weakening of my scepticism. Unfortunately, the case is remote in time, and cannot be made very evidential.

"I was sitting one night, alone, trimming a hat for myself for Sunday wear, and was hurrying to get it done before twelve o'clock, as

it was Saturday night. As the clock struck twelve the front door opened, then the parlour door, and a man entered and sat down in a chair opposite to me. He was rather short, very thin, dressed in black, extremely pale face, and hands with very long and thin fingers. He had a high silk hat on his head, and in one hand he held an old-fashioned, large silver snuff-box. He gazed across at me and said three times, slowly and distinctly, 'I've come tc tell you.' He then vanished, and I noted that the door was shut as before.

"All the family were out at the time. When they returned I told them—very much terrified—what I had seen. No one believed me, and they treated the affair with ridicule or indifference.

"About two years afterwards a friend of the family—a Mr. Drake—was there on a visit, and my mother, having no spare room, made up a bed for him on the sofa in the room downstairs where I had seen the apparition. Precisely at twelve o'clock he rushed upstairs into the first bedroom he came to, in a state of great fright, and told a story exactly like what I have just recounted of my own experience.

"This impressed my parents and led them

to attach importance to my statements of two years before. Consequently they at once decided to leave the house.

"Mr. Drake was then about thirty years of age. He had not been told anything about my previous vision. The house had no reputation of being haunted.

"A few years after we left, the house was pulled down. Underneath it—I *think* underneath the floor of the room in which the apparition was seen—was found a skeleton which corresponded to the form of the man seen by Mr. Drake and myself. Close to the skeleton was the brim of a high silk hat, and in one hand was a silver snuff-box which was found to contain certain deeds.

"My age at the time was thirteen. I was not timid or nervous, but was, on the contrary, an average girl, full of fun; and my mind at the time was occupied in thinking about going out to various places of amusement and enjoying myself. I was not thinking of ghosts or anything of the kind."

I have been informed of the exact location of the house in question, which was in a busy Northern manufacturing town. I have also received confirmation from the narrator's sister.

Unfortunately, I have been unable to obtain definite confirmation from the second percipient, Mr. Drake. I have communicated with him, and he does not deny that the thing happened, but he declines to say anything about it. I suspect that it is a matter of religious scruples. He is a Roman Catholic, and probably his director tells him that it was the devil and that he had better not talk about it.

There is a story very similar to the foregoing in a letter of Pliny the Younger—a clever and accomplished lawyer of the first century of our era, and a man who usually avoids these subjects in his writings, inclining generally to the fashionable non-religiousness of his cultivated contemporaries.

He relates that there was a haunted house at Athens which no one would live in because of the terrific noises at night, accompanied by the apparition of an old man with fetters on his hands and feet. At length, however, the philosopher Athenodorus came to Athens, and evidently being something of a psychical researcher—or, like Hadrian, *curiositatum omnium explorator* (a searcher-out of all strange things), as Tertullian called him,—he boldly

took the house, attracted rather than repelled by its evil repute. On the first evening in his new abode he settled to his reading and writing, concentrating his mind on his work in order that expectancy should not stimulate his imagination to idle terrors. But the noises began, nevertheless. Athenodorus went on reading. The noises increased and seemed to reach the threshold of his chamber. He looked behind him and saw the apparition, which made signs to him, apparently beckoning.

Athenodorus rather unkindly ignored the poor spectre, and turned again to his books. But the old man came and stood over him, shaking his fettered hands—perhaps making mesmeric passes. The philosopher gave in, got a light, and followed the figure, which led him to a spot in the courtyard and then vanished. Athenodorus marked the place, and next day had it dug up. Human bones were found with fetters on them. These were properly buried elsewhere, and the haunting ceased.

Pliny says: "I believe the word of those who affirm all this." And Pliny knew what constitutes evidence, being an advocate; so it seems likely that he had some fairly good testimony. Probably he was influenced to some

extent by two incidents which came within his own knowledge—two of his men-servants, one of them "by no means illiterate," on different occasions dreaming of visitants cutting their (the servants') hair, and waking to find themselves shorn and the hair around them on the floor. Pliny read an omen of safety into this. Many of his friends had suffered judicial murder under the tyranny of Domitian, and, as it turned out, an accusation was lodged against Pliny himself, and only Domitian's death saved him. "It may therefore be conjectured," he says, "since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me." [1]

However, without further details we cannot rely much on a story of that kind. Perhaps the slaves had an attack of somnambulistic barber-ism!

[1] "The Letters of Caius Plinius Caecilius Secundus," Book 7, Letter 27 (to Sura), in which the Athenodorus ghost story also is told. Lucian ridicules a rather similar tale, but places it in Corinth.

CHAPTER VIII

COMMUNICATION BY MOTOR RESPONSE

THUS far we have been dealing mostly with so-called "sensory automatisms" of the spontaneous type; but the experiences of non-professional sensitives are, of course, not confined to these. They include all the phenomena, such as automatic writing, and speech or writing in trance, which are observed in the despised race of mediums. But I do not much like the word automatic, for it seems to prejudge the question and to assume that the person is "doing it himself." As regards the physical process, he certainly is, for it is his muscles that are causing movement of pencil or vocal organs; but it is by no means certain that it is entirely his own mind that is determining the action of the muscles. Decision on that point must depend mainly on the character of the product. I append a good case of writing, from a retired Army captain, in which the agency

seems to have been external to the writer's mind:

"My father was scientist, priest, and poet, a man who concealed an iron will behind the most gentle and Christ-like of personalities, and he was more than a brother to me. I, who had traced Comparative Religions back through Isis and Osiris, the Medic and Persian, the Hindoo and Chinese, to their apparent sources in Yucatan, had become thoroughly agnostic towards anything Catholic, while retaining a firm belief in a First Cause and Spirit. This was a grief to him, though he was deep and broad and tender enough to appreciate the fact that 'there lives more faith in honest doubt' than in all the creeds.

"A week after my father's funeral I was writing a business letter, when something seemed to intervene between my hand and the motor centres of my brain, and the hand wrote at an amazing rate a letter, signed with my father's signature and purporting to come from him. I was upset, and my right side and arm became cold and numb. For a year after this letters came frequently, and always at unexpected times. I never knew what they contained until I examined them with a magnify-

ing glass: they were very microscopic. And they contained a vast amount of matter with which it was impossible for me to be acquainted. Their theology was unorthodox; the place which he inhabited was strangely real; he seemed to be looking in at me in prison: I was in semi-darkness behind prison bars. 'You are in the dream. I am in the reality.' 'I seem to speak to you in a dream.' 'I am a link in the great chain that binds Earth to Heaven. Laus Deo, what more could sinful man desire?' etc.

"Unknown to me, my mother, who was staying some sixty miles away, lost her pet dog, which my father had given her. The same night I had a letter from him condoling with her, and stating that the dog was now with him. 'All things which love us and are necessary to our happiness in the world are with us here.' A most sacred secret, known to no one but my father and mother, concerning a matter which occurred years before I was born, was afterwards told me in the script, with the comment: 'Tell your mother this, and she will know that it is I, your father, who am writing.' My mother had been unable to accept the possibility up to now, but when I told her this

she collapsed and fainted. From that moment the letters became her greatest comfort, for they were lovers during the forty years of their married life, and his death almost broke her heart.

"As for myself, I am as convinced that my father, in his original personality, still exists, as if he were simply in his study with the door shut. He is no more dead than he would be were he living in America.

"I have compared the diction and vocabulary of these letters with those employed in my own writing—I am not unknown as a magazine contributor—and I find no points of similarity between the two.

"My father imagined himself unknown beyond the confines of his country parish, yet I have discovered that he was better known in the large town of B—— than many of its resident clergy. Men of the world have said to me: 'If there ever was a Christ-like man it was your father.' Old ladies, who criticized his 'scientific and chemical' sermons, nevertheless adored him; and yet he wrote, 'With great difficulty have I attained the privilege' (of writing to me). 'Take care that you on your side are not unworthy.'

"I have never come up against any of the astonishing phenomena with which the spiritualists seem so familiar, such as levitation, the appearance in the flesh of the departed, etc., although on a certain Christmas night I saw most vividly my father standing behind my mother's chair. I tried to touch him, but an impenetrable wall of ice seemed to surround him, and my hand was numb and practically frozen for nearly half an hour afterwards."

(Capt.) J. BURTON.

There seems to be more in this phenomenon of coldness—so frequently noticed in many kinds of sittings—than can be accounted for on any theory of mere hallucination. It is experienced by people who are not expecting it and who know nothing of its frequent occurrence. Suggestion, therefore, seems an inadequate explanation. And there seems no *a priori* reason to expect such a phenomenon. The facts point to there being something really there—some change in the portion of space out there, or in the matter or ether occupying it. A thermometer ought to settle it, but when these things happen spontaneously and unexpectedly we can forgive the percipient if he

does not happen to think of sending for a thermometer until too late. There is a case on record where a young man saw a ghost and said, "Hello, here's an apparition! Let's study it." But he was an exceptional young man, evidently nurtured on the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. Ordinary people will show less presence of mind. But it is much to be desired that thermometric tests should be made when the "cold wind" is felt at experimental sittings.

[*Capt. Burton's account continued.*]

"Quite early in the history of the script I had a very fragmentary communication, from which I gathered that 'the letters which Arthur [my clergyman brother] wants were in my drawer of drawers in the bureau—only you cannot find them . . . under an ornament on my dressing-room mantelpiece. The key will open my escritoire . . . an important document and the letters. . . . You had better go to R——' (nineteen miles away). I put the script in an envelope and sent it to my brother, who was staying there. It turned out that he had been in O——, going through my father's financial concerns, and had come home much

worried by his inability to find certain statements of small investments, without the possession of which things were at a standstill. On receiving my letter he proceeded upstairs, found three keys under an ornament on the mantelpiece, and one of them opened the escritoire. With a key found there he opened the bureau, and after a search discovered a concealed drawer, divided into compartments (the 'drawer of drawers'), and there lay a parcel tied with red tape. The first envelope was marked 'Important document to be opened after my decease,' and beneath this were the letters wanted by my brother.

"Now, we none of us were familiar with my father's study—even my mother was only allowed in on sufferance as a special favour. I had never seen his bureau open, and but for this communication it is hardly probable that those letters would have been recovered."

The foregoing narrative seems to be specially evidential of the agency of a mind no longer incarnate, for apparently no "living" person knew the facts. The latent-telepathy hypothesis, according to which such things are received subconsciously during the lifetime of the

person who knew the facts, and reproduced after his death as "messages" from him, is a reasonably possible explanation in some cases, and is not impossible in this case; but, for my own part, I incline to a spiritistic theory.

The next experience described by Captain Burton is interesting as confirming the feeling of extraordinary well-ness which seems to follow the sloughing of the body at death. In character it belongs with the narratives in an earlier chapter, but, on the whole, it seemed best to give the complete narrative without any splitting up.

"I may say that two years before my father's death I had post-influenzal heart-failure, and on one memorable night I found myself standing at the foot of my bed, looking at myself and the doctor, and feeling very well and bright, though extremely puzzled at the situation. Then suddenly I felt myself dragged violently over the bed-rail, where I floated above myself; following which came a tremendous crash, then the doctor's voice saying, 'I believe he is coming round.' Afterwards the doctor told me he never expected me to become conscious again, and he considered me indeed absolutely dead for some time."

All this was before the present war, so it must not be hastily surmised that Captain Burton had been wounded and was suffering from hallucinations. Moreover, his account is confirmed by friends and relatives. Of the present struggle he remarks:

"In the early stages of the war I took up the sword I had placed on my wall many years ago, and had an opportunity of learning something of the splendid material of which the new armies are composed. I think, too, that my own psychic experiences proved a comfort and support to the splendid boys of my regiment, most of whom are now, alas, on the 'other side.' "

After this case of "amateur" supernormal writing the following case of an amateur trance —so to speak—may be a suitable sequel.

"My father had a boon companion in his younger days named Henry Powell. They were in the Civil War together, and both returned to their home in —— at its close. My father's name was William M. Farrar (he was a noted physician and surgeon here), but Powell always called him Archie as a nickname, for some reason or other. They discussed the future state

often, and each promised that, if it were possible to return, the one that passed first would certainly do so.

"I have a large picture of Powell in uniform, showing a very heavy drooping moustache. My father spoke occasionally of Powell in after years, and alluded to his peculiar manner of stroking his moustache: instead of using the index finger and a thumb he would form a letter 'V' of the first two fingers, place them to his lips, and spread them out. My father was not a believer in psychic things, but became so in his last few years.

"Powell died suddenly on the day of my birth in 1866. Thirty-one years passed without a sign of his continued existence, when one day a lady patient was with my father in his office (a woman under thirty, from another State), and she sank into a trance condition which my father could not understand. Then she looked up, spread her fingers across her lips, smiled, and said, 'Hello, Archie!' That was all. My father discussed it with me and I gave my views, and he was interested.

"No further news of Powell came until 1913. I was at a sitting for the direct voice, when one, purporting to be Powell's, said, 'Give my

love to Archie.' I asked, 'Did you give him a test some years ago?' 'Yes; but I could only say, "Hello, Archie!" ' I said, 'And the stroke of the moustache?' 'Yes; but that was for effect. I have no moustache, you know.' 'I didn't know that,' I said. 'Ask Archie; he will tell you. We are getting ready for him, and he will join us soon.'

"I asked my father about Powell's moustache, and he said he had shaved it off two days before his death, and he (my father) well remembered the unusualness of his appearance in his coffin, with the white upper lip. That was nearly fifty years before the date of my sitting; and no one present at the sitting had known Powell or had any knowledge of him except myself; and I had no recollection of his having shaved his upper lip, even if I had ever known it.

"My father died six months later."

HERBERT FARRAR.

I am the more able to accept the above as at least a possible occurrence in consequence of my own acquaintance with a series of similar cases. I know a young lady who is subject to short trances in which she often writes—or occasionally speaks—evidential matter claiming to come

from certain deceased persons whom she never knew in life. She is not a Spiritualist, has never been to a Spiritualist meeting, has never seen a medium, and has little or no acquaintance with the literature of the subject. She does not give "sittings" or receive any fee, but rather fights the influence, being somewhat unwilling to give up control. It usually comes on in the presence of a Mrs. Firth—also well known to me—whose father purports to be the usual control.

I cannot give details, because they are private; but I know them, and I admit that to me they are conclusive. The conditions have been rather specially good, for Miss Nairne (the sensitive) did not become acquainted with Mrs. Firth until two years ago, and the latter's relatives are at a distance and mostly even now unknown to Miss Nairne. Yet Mrs. Firth's father gives messages not only concerning matters known to Mrs. Firth, but also concerning matters affecting his widow and his other children which Mrs. Firth and Miss Nairne know nothing of; e.g., informing her of his widow's illness, and desiring Mrs. Firth to go to her at once—instructions which were confirmed by a telegram from her old home soon afterwards.

If Miss Nairne gives way to the influence when it comes, a short but deep trance ensues, and her hand "writes it off"—i.e., the pressure or tension is relieved—and she awakes feeling well and happy. If, on the other hand, she resists, she feels ill, and sometimes has ultimately to succumb to a longer trance which leaves her exhausted. This happened rather alarmingly on one occasion, and Mrs. Firth remonstrated with the controls, who, however, said they were not responsible. They say that Miss Nairne has "a floating spirit," readily detachable; and that they often find her on their plane when no one has called her or tried to communicate through her body. And indeed she seems to spend most of her nights over there, for she can bring back the recollection of where and with whom she has been, and these are often evidential. Mrs. Firth's father and brother are Miss Nairne's closest friends on the other side—though she never knew them on this—and they often give messages to her for Mrs. Firth, which are handed on next day and found to be appropriate.

CHAPTER IX

A PERHAPS INCREDIBLE STORY

THE fact that psychical experiences are relatively uncommon is no proof that they are negligible. Eclipses are uncommon, and they cannot be produced to order; but they can be carefully observed and dated when they occur, and this process has enabled us to understand them. So with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and many other things. And it is not only the great and spectacular events that are important; very often the apparently trivial incident has led to great discovery. The huge electrical industries of to-day may be traced back to Benjamin Franklin's kite and to the frog's leg (I hope the story is not mythical, as some say) which twitched when in contact with two metals, earning Galvani the jeering title of "the frogs' dancing-master." The harnessing of steam began when Watt noticed the kettle-lid jumping. And the fall of an apple is alleged to have suggested to Newton the explanation

of lunar and planetary motion. To a truly scientific mind no fact is unimportant. All are to be studied, and surface appearances may be deceitful; the little things may turn out great in their consequences. Patient study, without prejudice, is the right course.

But I am ready to admit cheerfully that it is difficult to keep a really open mind in face of some alleged happenings. Events differ in credibility according as they conform to types already regarded as admissible. I accept Mr. Grey's narrative (pp. 106-15), partly because of his mental build and, so to speak, solidity, and partly because his experience fits in with other even more evidential incidents. But the next case is different, and I hardly know what to think about it. The lady is intellectual, educated, of high character, and sane enough so far as one can judge; yet . . . to quote Plutarch, the narrative "may perhaps not so much take and delight the reader with its novelty and curiosity as offend him by its extravagance." [1] On the other hand, if I tell the tale I can at least shelter myself behind Herodotus, who, even when expressing his own disbelief, considered it his duty "faithfully to record the

[1] "Lives," i., p. 37 (Everyman ed.).

traditions of the several nations";[1] and it has turned out in some cases that his disbelief was wrong and the tale was right. So I will not err on the side of a timorous suppression.

"To make my dreams intelligible to you I shall have to go into a little biographical detail. My father was a Wesleyan minister very much beloved, especially amongst the poor and sorrowful. In those days Wesleyan ministers were very poor, having a bare living provided for them. I was the eldest daughter, and my parents gave me the best education that they could, with the understanding that I should help to educate the younger children. At twenty-three I became the head of a large private school for girls. I was very happy in my work, for I loved it dearly, and between my girls and myself there was a strong friendship. I always felt that the formation of character was even more important than intellectual training, and I had discovered for myself many of the modern improvements in education, and put them in practice, long before they were generally adopted. It was hard work, because my own education was only that of an ordinary girls' school, and

[1] "History," i., p. 177 (Everyman ed.).

I had to supplement it by constant study to keep myself up to date. I generally worked till late at night, using the drawing-room as my study.

"One night I was sitting there correcting some papers, all the rest of the household having gone to bed, when there came a very gentle ring at the front-door bell. Wondering who could be calling at such a late hour, I opened the door and admitted a gentleman whose name I did not catch. I took him into the drawing-room and seated him by the fire, taking a seat opposite him, where I could see his face. He was well dressed, in black, and I thought he had probably come about placing a pupil with me. We began to talk about the school and my aims and methods. There was something about him that drew me out. He listened with the closest attention and evident interest. There was something about his eyes that I can never forget; they seemed to read my heart, and they were full of sympathy and friendliness; and before long I was confiding to him my hopes and fears and difficulties just as if he had been a brother.

"I don't seem to remember much that he said—just a word or a question now and again to show his sympathy and draw me out. I had

been burdened with anxiety about one girl. She was just verging on womanhood, and, having a strong individuality, was a kind of leader among the others, and her influence was not always good. A few months before, a change seemed to come over her, and she became much more thoughtful and tender, so that I had great hopes of her. But she had been home for the Christmas holidays and had been very much indulged, and passed through a round of gaiety, and all her good impressions seemed to have been lost; and she was giving and causing a good deal of trouble in the school. But now the burden seemed to have been lifted, and I felt I was not alone in my efforts.

"Another thing was troubling me. I had a friend who was passing through great trouble. He had recently gone into business in a neighbouring town, and things were not going well with him because he was short of capital. I had lent him what money I could, but it was not enough to help him out of his difficulties, and he feared he should have to become bankrupt. I told my new friend about him and begged him to call and see him; and he promised to do so, and then rose and left me without my having remembered to ask for his name. But one thing

he said remained with me. I had urged him to come again soon, for he had helped and cheered me so much. He replied that he should always be near me and I should see him again soon.

"After he was gone the conviction grew upon me that he was the Lord Jesus Christ; and from that time prayer became very real to me, for I always saw before me that loving, sympathetic countenance. A few weeks after, I had a visit from my friend, who asked, 'On such a night, just before midnight, were you praying for me?' It was the night when the gentleman had called, so I said I was. 'Well, I had sat up late over my accounts, and was growing more and more perplexed and troubled, when all at once a sense came over me of a loving presence, though I could not see anyone. My mind was calmed, the difficulties seemed to clear up, I saw a way out, and I said to myself, "My friend is praying for me." I went to bed and slept peacefully, which I had not done for many nights; and matters after that took a turn for the better.'

"Some considerable time after, one summer morning I woke just at dawn and lay awake for a time, remembering it was Sunday, and worshipping my dear Father in heaven. By

and by I must have dropped asleep, for it seemed to me that I woke in a glorious place. I don't remember many details, save that it was very light and very beautiful, and that I was surrounded by all I had ever loved, without any slightest cloud of misunderstanding or darkness. I thought, 'This must be heaven,' though how I got there I did not know. I wondered whether I should see the Saviour, when all at once my eyes were attracted to a blaze of glory, and there, seated upon a throne, was the Man who had visited me and whom I had been praying to as the Lord Jesus Christ. The face was the very same, and the eyes seemed to rest on me with loving welcome. He was surrounded by glorious beings who seemed to be coming and going continually. I stood and watched, and from time to time a messenger came with some tidings that caused His face to beam with joy, and I drew nearer to hear what they might be. I was feeling such a glow of love and gratitude to Him Who had brought me safely home that I longed unspeakably to do something to show my gratitude, and I thought, 'If I could only bring that look of joy to His face I would be willing to bear anything.' Just then a messenger came telling Him of a poor

drunkard who had been led to trust in Him and had given up the drink. Another told of a child who had given her young heart to Him; and again that look of unspeakable joy passed over His face. I burst into tears, saying to myself, 'If I had only realized when I was on earth what it meant to Him for a sinner to be saved, how I should have worked!' And I woke myself with weeping, and rejoiced to find it was only a dream and I was still on earth where there were sinners to be saved.

"The great charm to me about 'Raymond' is the proof that such work will be still required after we pass over.

"Hoping that I have not bored you with my long story,

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"H. M. MURGATROYD."

The apparition of the Master Himself, in the habiliments of a modern Englishman and speaking our tongue, naturally lends itself to the ridicule of the scoffer. It is so easy to say that it was a hallucination or that Miss Murgatroyd, over-tired, fell asleep and dreamt it all, and that her friend's sense of a helpful presence was just a chance coincidence. And indeed I admit—

nay, I cheerfully agree—that this case is not evidential. It depends on the word of one person, and, however excellent that person may be in heart and head and in entire reliability as to ordinary things, we nevertheless cannot accept an unconfirmed statement on such momentous matters as are here involved. I therefore do not ask anyone to believe the story. I present it as a human document, leaving it at that.

But, while not asking for belief, I venture to suggest that suspense of judgment might be wiser than complete rejection of even such a strange story as this. If Jesus ever lived at all —and few doubt that the Gospels give at least some sketchy outline of a Person Who really existed—and if the dead can at times make themselves manifest to the living and can give them help, there is nothing *a priori* impossible or incredible in the narrative. Certainly it was of an extreme degree, but it was not unique in kind. If Jesus is alive and able to order His goings, it is reasonable to suppose that He will often be with those who love Him and are trying to follow Him. Usually, as with other non-terrene beings, He will not be perceived, but special conditions may bring Him into manifestation, whether on the road to Emmaus or

in modern England, in some hour of quietness and passivity and abstraction from insistent sense-stimuli.

And this experience of Miss Murgatroyd's is not unique. I know of other cases. The Master seems to be manifesting Himself with increasing frequency to His faithful ones, though these are not always church members or even "professing" Christians; and the experiences have been unexpected and surprising. It seems to me that a Second Coming is not the absurd idea that we have often thought it; but it will not be so much a coming down on His part as a going up on ours. Perhaps the Western human race is now evolving or rising psychically into a plane in which the Master is always manifest; and Miss Murgatroyd and her co-seers are the advance-guard, the first to rise, if only momentarily, above the matter-mists which always blind the spiritual sight of more ordinary souls. I suggest this, not as an idea to be accepted as fact, but as a possibility which, though it would have seemed to me unutterably absurd a dozen years ago, now appears at least as a hypothesis to be borne in mind and to be treated with serious consideration.

CHAPTER X

MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES

HITHERTO we have been dealing with experiences more or less evidential, and certainly referable to the senses of the percipient, though perhaps to some extent supernormal. I mean that the phantasms seen, e.g., by Mr. Grey, though supposedly seen with his eyes, may really have been due to some inner perception of a not understood kind, externalized merely by force of habit in a familiar form. The sense of sight is perhaps the most importantly active in ordinary life, for, if it is less continuously so than that of touch, it is incomparably more useful; and it seems likely that with most people a supernormal perception, if strong enough, will externalize itself as a visual hallucination. The facts support such a hypothesis.

But there are other experiences, not sensory ones, which come within the range of our present discussion, because they suggest, though in a non-objective and non-evidential way, the

existence of a spiritual world beyond the present one. As in the out-of-the-body cases already quoted, the mystical experiences are unanimous in affirming that this spiritual world is a great advance on our present state. It is the next rung on the ladder of evolution.[1] Books such as the late Professor William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" may be referred to for a large collection and full discussion. Here I must be content with a few isolated instances bearing out the earlier quoted experience of Mr. Huntley (pp. 71-7). The first was sent me by an old friend of mine, who took notes of his wife's talk while she was regaining consciousness after an anæsthetic.

"Beatrice is babbling the wildest stuff just now. I've written some of it down; it might interest you.

" 'What a long, long way! I didn't know it was so far. I'm *so* sick. Nasty man, Dr. MacKinnon; just stupid. Ether is the devil's own invention. *He* made it. Nobody else

[1] Perhaps the snake or rat or blue-devil experience of the dipsomaniac is a temporary reversion to a lower plane of unpleasant inhabitants, as educative punishment stimulating the soul to turn and fight its physical appetites and to climb instead of falling. I cannot feel altogether content to dismiss these things as "subjective." That word is no explanation; it is only an assumption.

could. Why doesn't God give the devil ether? It is real heaven beyond, though. I'm glad I've been—had the experience. Why *does* God keep us here? Nasty little world! Beyond, we are *all one,* with no single entities. Here we've all our individual little pains and nastiness. Well, well, well! I know more now, and it is something to know a better world awaits us.' Here she wept copiously and said, referring to the tears, 'Why don't you use these to water your plants with? How one's identity gets lost—merged in one common whole! Oh, why did I come back? What a world beyond! . . . '"

This is very reminiscent of a case of anæsthetic revelation quoted by James, which gave the experient an unshakable certainty and sustained him throughout the remainder of his life. Apparently such experiences sometimes bring such a sense of enlargement that the feeling of personality—the old personality, at least—is lost; but there is clearly such a feeling of joy and more abundant life that the change is not annihilation of the ego, but the gain of a larger Self by release from the old limitations. The pupa has momentarily fluttered its wings in the sunlight and has seen the wider horizons.

Tennyson describes his own occasional trance states, hypnotically induced by repeating his own name, in "The Ancient Sage," and the experience was similar to these anæsthetic revelations.

Not that anæsthetics always bring them. In my own two experiences I had nothing revelational. In one I remember nothing; in the other I retained a sort of consciousness, but knew nothing except first a sliding-back sensation as if I slid backwards out of my body as I went off, then a soaring through interstellar space with a booming in my ears, then a distant report which I interpreted as two planets colliding (though it was probably an extra big tooth being drawn), then a drop down into my body. It was a curious and novel and mildly pleasant experience, but with nothing specially revelational about it. The sense of personality was lessened, and I had no fear or self-consciousness; but, on the other hand, I had no feeling of inner enlargement, but only of greater external freedom of movement. Evidently I am not of the right build for revelations.

The next case gives the experience of a more promising subject, and is rather exceptionally

interesting. The narrator is well educated and a very good witness, and, moreover, her experience tends to support survival of an enlarged personality rather than an absorption or personality-annihilation.

"My own conviction of the undying life of the soul, and so of what we call a future life, is not founded on the sort of evidence required by those who seek for belief in it from communication with the departed. I believe in the fact of this communication, but I arrived otherwise at the conviction.

"I was brought up in the Evangelical school of Christianity, and in a very strictly Puritanical fashion, but I discarded the theology when grown up (in fact, began to question even in the nursery), and with the theology the certainty of future life went overboard. But I did not cease to think it probable. I must always, too, have had a mystical tinge, though knowing nothing of the subject of mysticism. I have read a great deal of science and philosophy, but, oddly enough, I did not know anything of mysticism, not even exactly what is the content of the word as used now, till after the experience I have to relate, which happened in 1909.

"For nearly fifteen years I had been acquainted with a man who was related to my husband, and in whom I recognized so much greatness of mind and character that I used to think him the only really great man I had ever known, though I have known many good and fine men. It was said of him, by one who had known him from childhood, that 'nothing mean could exist in his presence.' He was very generous-minded, and always elicited the best from the people he met. He was very learned and very modest. I knew him under various conditions—unmarried, married, and a widower with stepchildren—always with increasing admiration and a very great respect, and also increasing friendship—not an intimate friendship exactly, yet I suppose it was potentially more intimate than actually. He died at about sixty, and I saw more of him during his last illness, or rather, perhaps, saw him more intimately, than ever before, and realized more than ever before the depth of the feeling that I had for him, the extraordinary light and beauty his personality shed around it; and I realized also that I was able to give him the sort of understanding and mental sympathy that lightened the heavy burden of illness and suf-

fering—that, in fact, the kinship was felt on both sides. I have long felt sure that the kinship of souls will cause them to 'gravitate' to each other in the next life, as 'Raymond' says they do.

"I have to describe this friendship in its kind and quality, otherwise what follows would hardly be comprehensible.

"In May, 1909, I heard suddenly of his death; it was a great shock, though hardly unexpected—yet we hadn't expected it then, as he always said when writing that he was better. 'Nobody could help loving him,' my husband said most truly; and several people said it was the greatest privilege of their lives to have known him.

"I got through the duties of that afternoon in a state of mingled grief and exaltation; and when at last I was able to get away alone, and think, I realized that, for the first time in my life, it mattered supremely to me whether death was the end or not.

"In Masefield's poem, 'The Widow of the Bye Street,' the widow says, 'All the great things of life are quickly done.' I little knew at that moment what great things I stood upon the brink of in the next few minutes.

"I faced the question: 'Am I to tear him from my soul, and to think of him as a memory only, or as living still?' But there thought seemed to stop. It seemed that he was part of me, and if I was alive he could not be dead. And then I became aware of depths existing in my own nature that I knew not of, had not experienced before. I reached down, or up, to that in myself which is undying, indestructible, and it was linked to another indestructible soul with enduring links. I felt that self of mine to be eternal, self-existent, and death but an incident passing across it, as a cloud may drift over the sun. Then I began to reflect on how much love there must have been in his nature, that he should be so much beloved by all. And suddenly something happened—and with a shudder of awe I saw Love, as the Divine origin of all things, revealed to me, a secret, ever-flowing river of Being. It was a flash of mystic insight, and from that moment everything was transformed. I felt I had reached Reality, I had Found.

"All my life I had been seeking, and the quest had been rendered doubly difficult for me because, as children and young people, we (a large family of nine) were brought up very re-

served, intellectually rather forced, but emotionally quite untrained—a very attached family, but reserved in the expression of feelings. The result of this was that for long the pre-eminence of love in the cosmic whole was hidden from me; yet love was always singularly attractive because, I suppose, we had been starved of the manifestation of it when young. However, it had the result that I lavished on my children what I wished I had had myself.

"With the Divine depth thus revealed to me the depths of my own soul were in communion. Divine Love, transformed and transforming, was the life-blood of my soul; it seemed to flood my whole being, breaking down barriers and melting hardness, purging and renewing and filling me with more love for my fellow-creatures than I had felt before, though always interested in them and seeking to help them. In the days and weeks that followed I lived in great stress and strain, for, while my ordinary life went on, fresh spiritual knowledge poured in upon me. It seemed to me to be the new birth of which Christ spoke. I had, as it were, been thrust into the spiritual world, and knew by direct sight and experience. It was a new point of view, as if one viewed life

from above and within, in a new spirit. Some things I had known before intellectually or intuitively yet took a new meaning, and were experienced instead of only known. I cannot recall much in detail of that strange time, but it was one of extraordinary happiness in spite of my grief—sorrow was transmuted into joy. Afterwards, when I began to read and hear about mysticism, I found I knew what the mystics know, and could recognize by a small sign whether any person or writer had any mystical experience. I understood how hard Christ had tried to show man how to live this spiritual life which He lived—I understood the nature of the life of Love.

"Besides all the spiritual excitement, I suffered some distress for a time because, though I knew pretty well just what I had meant to my friend, I was not so sure that he realized how much he had meant to me. After a few days, perhaps within a fortnight of his death, I awoke as usual, early, about four o'clock in the morning; but that day, instead of feeling, as my first feeling on waking, the realization of loss, I awoke intensely happy. This awakening was very gradual, and as I came out of sleep I was sure that I had been with him, and that he had

assured me that death is not entire separation, but that in the depths of one's nature there is still communion. As I became further awake some beautiful words said themselves in my mind, as if they had been put there for me to find. After this experience I felt perfectly content, relieved from all uneasiness. This awakening was not out of a dream. My dreams are just dreams. Two or three times after this I awoke with words in my mind. Once they were these: 'The heart cannot imagine nor the mind conceive the beautiful things that are coming.' Those three last words I was not sure of—they seemed to be the meaning, yet I was not sure I did not supply them as I became more awake. I have also had the curious experience of having my mind, as it were, divided into two parts, one which was in a condition of vision, and the other looking on; and the one which had vision could also say things which were a surprise to the one which was audience.

"To return to the mystical revelation. I seemed to see Life whole—I mean the spiritual life, but this earthly life also as the creation of the spirit. I saw how the life of the spirit has its own nature, which it lives freely, and that there are profound spiritual laws (and in this I

use the word law as we do when we speak of natural law), and the nature of the life of the spirit is the inverse of the natural life, for its nature is to give freely, while natural creatures want to take and to get. And afterwards, by brooding over the Life, I could come to know fresh knowledge about it. It was thus that I came to see that there is in every man a Christ seed from which the real spiritual man is to grow. I arrived at this before I read it in books. So when I read in 'Raymond' that 'there is a little of Christ in everyone,' it was more evidential to me than what is usually called evidential. I read all poets who have the inner knowledge, particularly Shelley's 'Adonaïs' and some of Swinburne. But still the main impulse and the guiding and enlightening came from within, and presently it urged me in a definite way. I had got very tired, and fortunately was able in July to get away alone for a fortnight. During this time I became conscious of an imperative, intuitive something urging me on to make a sacrifice. I knew it must be done. This intimate knowledge is very strange, but it is quite convincing. I have never doubted any of the revelations of that time, and they were always confirmed by their agreement with the

teachings of Christ and of great saints and mystics. The conviction that possessed me was that in the love of the spirit—the real, enduring, pure love—there is not, and never can be, any selfish desire. Love is not perfect till it can resign. All desire to appropriate must be purged from it; until this state had been achieved there could be no peace.

"But in the achievement there came a wonderful peace and a freedom that could come in no other way. Long afterwards I came across 'Theologia Germanica,' and the thesis of that wonderful book is that 'the I, the me, the mine, and the like' must be abandoned before we can make our will one with the Divine Will. Later I came to see that only when we have abandoned everything, everything is ours. I am telling you these things to show how true and how wonderful the inner guidance was.

"For some months I went on trying to live in the spiritual plane, feeling the greater reality of it, and the temporary and comparatively unreal nature of our lives here. But it wouldn't do. I became perplexed and worried and strained, and about Easter-time the next year I found I must do what I have read since that others in like case have had to do—I had to

'let go' and come to earth again. I found I couldn't live my earth life properly if my interest was centred on another plane. I am sure I was right. I have learned since that what we have to do here is to use the material as a vehicle for the spiritual, but we have to be immersed in the things of this world sufficiently to be thoroughly interested in our life here. But I had acquired a sense of certainty and of freedom and of power. I felt different, and I saw that my friends noticed a difference and that I could give them something that I couldn't give before. In some ways it made life more difficult. One had a higher ideal and standard, and one wished life to be better. It would be easier if everybody else felt the same. I have much sympathy with St. Paul when he says, 'How to do that which I would I find not, for what I would not, that I do.' But I find also comfort in the way he did: 'It is not I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' I wanted to make others understand and feel what I felt, but I found that the experience is not one that anyone can command—it is a gift. I can't command it myself. I suppose that if I had doubted my own intuition or rebelled against the sorrow I couldn't have had it.

"You see now that my belief in a life continuing after death, and my idea of it, rest on this experience, and I criticize the various accounts received largely by their content. I don't know anything about what you might call the 'natural history' of that life, its bodily conditions; but when I read, as I read in one account, 'there is no compulsion here,' I am sure it is true, for freedom is the essence of the life of the spirit, both here and there; a spirit is not forced, but goes where it can, and is what it can and as it can be, according to its state, which also it can gradually alter. Love transcends all law—'l'âme seul ne connaît point de loi'—though, being free, it will obey law if it sees good to do so.

" 'Love,' says Swinburne, 'that binds on all men's feet or chains or wings.' It is two different kinds of love that bind chains and wings. The love that can bind or be bound is not the supreme love.

"I do not think there is anything more to tell, or, rather, that I can or need tell. I hope I haven't conveyed the idea that I feel myself to be infallible! I ought to explain that my consciousness and self-consciousness must have been full of material for such a revelation of

reality, for I knew a great deal of the Bible, particularly the gospels and some of the epistles, by heart, so there was the mental furniture ready to be converted into something more real. There is a difference between experienced knowledge and acquired knowledge, and that difference is what I felt and saw. There is something about spiritual knowledge as it has appeared to me intuitionally which I find it hard to describe. I am not much endowed with mathematical ability, but I know, and can see in those who are, how mathematical knowledge is a thing seen in its relationships; it is a direct knowledge from which, when you have it, you can infer further results. Well, spiritual knowledge seems to me to have the same sort of quality. You see, and you can infer. What you can't do is to describe, unless you are a poet. When I try to put it into words it always seems so poor and so flat. It loses quality. You see it when you are raised above your usual self, and one's words seem unfitted to convey it. A nightingale's song, and bluebells with the sun shining through them, conveyed to me one spring day what heaven is like, better than any description."

(Mrs.) R. E. Weldon.

This is an echo of much that is in all mystical writings, even such as those of Richard Jefferies and Walt Whitman. Jefferies continually exhorts us to "think outside and beyond our present circle of ideas," [1] and Whitman assures us that though "Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first, be not discouraged, keep on. There are divine things well envelop'd. I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can express." [2] And "I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least; nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself." [3]

Pythagoras, similarly feeling the larger self, said: "The ancient theologists and priests testify that the soul is conjoined to the body through a certain punishment, and that it is buried in this body as in a sepulchre." So the dead are not dead but released:

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd,
And goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier.[3]

[1] Jefferies, "Story of my Heart," p. 180.
[2] Whitman, "Song of the Open Road." [3] "Song of Myself,"

From our present point of view it is certainly different from and luckier for some of us than what was supposed by last century's orthodoxy. Whitman was a prophet, and his insight is now being confirmed by collection and examination of such facts as those presented in this volume.

One other matter of detail remains to be mentioned, because there seems to be uncertainty about it, and because my own experience seems to traverse many statements which I have seen about it.

Although it may truly be said that there is no necessary connexion between morality and psychic powers, and that a medium or sensitive may be of only moderate character or even worse, I think there is something to be said in qualification. The facts seem to indicate, in my opinion, that there *is* a connexion. It is perhaps least marked in physical phenomena, which often are manifested in the presence of not very advanced mediums, though even here we must not be too sweeping, for against Eusapia we have to set Stainton Moses, Home, and Miss Goligher, and other non-professional mediums mentioned, for example, by Sir William Barrett in his book, "On the Threshold of

the Unseen"; and, indeed, Eusapia perhaps offended by her manners rather than her morals, and one cannot expect much of either from a Neapolitan peasant. But in the less physical branches of mediumship I incline to think that, on the whole, psychic power goes with spiritual elevation. This latter may not show itself in traditional ways, as of church-going or pious language. It may be tinctured with minor defects, such as a rather childlike vanity; it was so in Home and with some mediums I have met, though not in the one I know best, who is entirely and remarkably free from it. But, even if so tinctured, the spiritual quality remains. There is an unselfishness and kindheartedness and unworldliness. They may be ignorant, as, indeed, they usually are; but they are good people.

Similarly with the non-professional sensitives whose spontaneous experiences I have been quoting. The result of correspondence with them has been to impress me with the fact of their elevation of character. They differ in education and many other things, but they are alike in goodness and spirituality. And this bears out the opinion of F. W. H. Myers that psychic faculties represent a forward step in

evolution, not a reversion as some philosophers have thought. We are growing towards the light; the veil is thinning; some of us now see through in gleams, and a few with a certain amount of steadiness, as in the mystical cases quoted at the end of my series; and in due time perhaps all the race of spirits who have sojourned enmattered on this planet will have risen beyond the necessity of further education in this low plane, and will live in that higher order which is now being perceived by our highest souls—those peaks which catch the sunrise first.

This is admittedly speculation, and speculation is a thing I am not fond of. But in this case it is based on a fair amount of carefully studied fact, and may perhaps be therefore allowed the name of scientific inference. It is, of course, no new thing; it is in the Bibles of all the religions. But truth has to be re-stated in every period, in the new language, and harmonious with new facts, outer and inner. Science is discovering the spiritual world which it temporarily denied through short-sighted concentration on the material aspect of things. It is now learning that the Real is in the Unseen.

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