

REINCARNATION

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF
REBIRTH OF TWO AFFINITIES
RECORDED BY ONE OF THEM

*He or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain
Hopes in vain.*

FKL
BL
S15
.R428
1924

INDIANAPOLIS
PUBLIC LIBRARY



INDIANA UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES
BLOOMINGTON

LONDON: CECIL PALMER
14 16 & 18 BLOOMSBURY ST., W.C.1

1921

W

R 129.4
Ann.

BLONDEL, ADRIEN
VIRGIL, 1804

^g
William Allen Wood

9 Ja 31 1904.

67 34

To
MY AFFINITY

*Happy he who passed through the Mysteries:
He knows the origin and the end of life.*

PINDAR

822429

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>FOREWORD</i>	ix
P A R T I	
CHAPTER	
<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	3
I. THE SHRINE OF ISIS	13
II. A SYRIAN QUEEN	29
III. A STAUNCH FRIEND	32
IV. A ROMAN MOTHER	39
V. MY WIFE	48
VI. A LIFE'S QUEST	54
VII. MISUNDERSTANDINGS	61
VIII. BUTTERFLIES	86
IX. THE REIGN OF TERROR	97
<i>EPILOGUE: MY LITTLE GREY LADY</i>	125
P A R T II	
<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	131
I. PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES	136
II. WIFE, FRIEND, AND COUNSELLOR	141
III. AN IDEAL HOUSEHOLD	148
IV. PASSING FANCIES AND ENDURING LOVE	155
V. REFUGEES	158
VI. ROBESPIERRE	162
<i>CONCLUSION</i>	165

	PAGE
<i>APPENDIX</i>	
A. PREPARATION OF PROBATIONERS	185
B. THE INITIATION OF A PRIEST	191
C. THE INITIATION OF A PRIESTESS	198
THE MYSTIC EXODUS FROM EGYPT	207

FOREWORD

*There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb on the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death.*

LONGFELLOW

LET this book go forth into the world and deliver its message to those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and wisdom to understand. Let it proclaim widely that there is no death for the human ego, but only change and continuity of life. I make no comment, but let these chronicles speak for themselves. They are not fiction, nor the flight of fancy or imagination ; they are the records of solid facts of human life, which can be verified if needs be.

I wish to express my everlasting gratitude to my spirit-guide, philosopher, and friend Cedric, the High Priest of the ancient Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, who has taken such infinite trouble to collect and transmit to me the facts constituting these narratives. He is the real author of this book, and I only regard myself as his scribe on the earth-plane. He assured me, although indeed it needed no assurance, that he had been at considerable pains in looking up the records of the past and in interviewing, as far as possible, the actors concerned in the stories, who are dwellers in spirit-land.

It has been a labour of love on Cedric's part and mine to try and do our share in the upliftment and teaching of the human race. Although, as will be explained later on, the compilation of these old records of my incarnations entailed at times a great deal of suffering, it has helped me spiritually. I consider it indeed a great privilege and a blessing that I was

chosen to be the mouthpiece and instrument of higher powers, and to be given a revelation such as few men have ever received.

The name of my affinity, my own name, and that of other persons for obvious reasons must be withheld. Therefore I can only call myself

CEDRIC'S SCRIBE

PART I

INTRODUCTION

*Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.*

WORDSWORTH

IN my researches into the occult, extending over many years, practically from the time when I was a youth, one fact has powerfully impressed me, namely, that man's imagination is not stronger or more fanciful than some of the facts and phenomena which the universe at certain times reveals to him who has the eye and ear of the spirit opened and is able to discern the causes and powers which quietly work below the surface. Thus the truth of the old saying that facts are stranger than fiction has often been brought home to me in my occult studies. If that fact is borne in mind, and the reader can overcome bias and prejudice, this book will teach him some valuable lessons.

The following narratives of successive incarnation of two affinities, of whom I am one, were revealed to me in quite an unsought and unexpected manner during a period of about three months. I have at times during my life had glimpses of incidents of some of my incarnations, but never before have I had any connected stories.

The manner of receiving these narratives was very curious. I had for some little time been engaged in treating a patient hypnotically for partial blindness, and with his consent at times did a little experimental

psychic research work. One day he behaved in a strange manner, and I came to the conclusion that he was being controlled by an intelligence stronger than myself. On being asked what the matter was, he said that he was "overshadowed" by an ancient Egyptian, whom he described, and whom I at once identified as one of my spirit-guides, who in these narratives is Cedric, the Chief Priest at Heliopolis (Chapter I), and later also Abbé Péronne at Bordeaux (Chapter IX). As he has been associated with me and guided me during the whole of my present life, I was pleased that he had manifested in this unexpected manner. My subject then said that Cedric wanted him to see a temple scene of Ancient Egypt, and to describe it to me in detail, of which I was very glad. He then described the shrine of Isis in the temple of Heliopolis, with the High Priestess standing at the altar and a priest prostrating himself before her. He said he could clearly discern the features of both the priestess and the priest. He then slowly and significantly added: "That young priest, sir, is an incarnation of yourself. The priestess I recognize as Mrs. . . . There is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to the identity of the two." I was greatly impressed and astonished, although, on my part, spirit-recognition of the lady, who is a valued friend of mine, had taken place more than a year previously (as narrated in the Epilogue of this book). I also had had previous intimation of the fact of our being affinities from my wife and other spirit friends. My subject added that Cedric wished me to know that there was an important and interesting story connected with that scene which I ought to know, and, moreover, that the lady in question and I had been incarnated together many times, and that he wished

me to have a record of all these joint reincarnations, which he would give me in full detail. I gladly availed myself of Cedric's offer, and with the consent of my subject these narratives were taken down during a period of about three months in much fuller detail than they are given here. I have conscientiously kept to Cedric's own words as far as possible, and have made no attempt at correction or addition, historically or in any other particular, so that the tales should be passed on as nearly as possible as I received them. On that account they make no claim to literary merit. They are written and handed down at Cedric's special request, and he says that he is only the messenger or mouthpiece of Higher Powers for the purpose of proving that Reincarnation is neither a belief nor a doctrine, but a truth, and that the life of the human Ego does not begin at the cradle and end at the grave, but is continuous and independent of the body, which it inhabits and uses for its manifestation while dwelling on the earth-plane. This physical body is not our Self or Ego, but its clothing, which wears out, is cast off and another put on as soon as the Ego has rested from its labours, has assimilated his or her lessons, and is ready to gain fresh experience in another incarnation. If we bear the fact of Reincarnation in mind we gain at once a wider outlook on life, and are able to treat the incidents and accidents of our everyday life, which so often distress us, more rationally, and can gauge them at their true value. Many of our failings, such as fear, self-seeking, covetousness, pride, impatience, jealousy, and many other mental and moral defects can more easily be remedied in the light which is shed on our lives by the certainty of Reincarnation. We can rise higher, and our aspirations, being more spiritual, become desires to do our best towards the

upliftment of our fellow-pilgrims. We are thus more tolerant and more ready to give them our help and to disseminate knowledge and love. With this object in view I was asked to write down these records.

During the time I have been taking down these stories I have suffered spiritually a great deal. I have seen myself in my true light as I was in ages gone by, and felt sorrow and remorse at the idea that I should have so often caused suffering to that lovable woman whom it pleased God to associate with me. She has had a hard struggle against many physical obstacles and psychic barriers. Her peculiar temperament, the beauty of her face, and the fascination and the charm of her manner were often more of a disadvantage than a help to her, and aroused feelings of jealousy in me when I found other men attracted. I need not say more about the character either of my affinity or myself, but leave it to the reader to form his own judgment. I have depicted them exactly as the two were described to me.

My friend, guide, and teacher Cedric, while giving me these stories used another spirit of the name of Telmedeaux as an intermediary between himself and my subject. This was done partly because, being a spirit from a very high sphere, Cedric's vibrations were too strong to communicate directly with my subject, and also because while functioning on the earth-plane he knows only the ancient Egyptian language and French. He spoke to Telmedeaux in Egyptian, and the latter translated and communicated it to my subject in English.

These stories not only prove the truth of Reincarnation to those who are sufficiently advanced to grasp it, but they depict the spiritual fall of the two affinities from a higher to a lower state of spirituality,

with the subsequent aspirations of their spirit, and the struggle for the mastery over physical desires or passions and over mundane limitations and circumstances. There will be observed the spasmodic endeavours of the two spirits at times to be united on the earth, as indeed they are whenever they return to the home of the ego : the spirit-world or summerland. They are seen to be labouring under great disadvantages, for from the time she was incarnated as Alma, the High Priestess, at the Shrine of Isis down to the present day the woman was always developed on a higher plane of psychic understanding (which spirit-gifts come to her intuitively and inspirationally) than her affinity.

The cause of their spiritual fall was the fact that at their initiation, when being admitted into the inner circle of the priesthood, they took solemn vows to dedicate their lives to the worship of the Gods (it matters little what symbol is used to express the Spirit Reality which underlies the cosmos as presented to our circumscribed minds) and the upliftment of men, and to preserve and devote their material bodies pure and undefiled to the highest service.

It must not be thought that the priesthood, although their office and profession was a sacred and solemn one, was a privileged class, and that it was only on that account that the simple breaking of the vows which admitted the candidate to their community constituted a spiritual fall : that is not the case, for the breach of man's conventions and ordinances are of minor importance. The serious consideration is that, by entering upon these solemn vows, the spirit is lifted to a plane which is far higher than that on which he had prepared himself by long and patient training and spiritual aspirations, and so became a consecrated

vessel in the service of God. If those vows were taken before spirit maturity and full self-control was reached the priest could not for any length of time maintain the high status which he had prematurely reached, and a spiritual fall would result. This is exactly what happened in the case of Alma and myself. This spiritual fall was punished through man's laws by making the unfaithful one forfeit his physical life, for it was not considered right that the flesh should go unpunished for the sins of the spirit committed in the flesh. Therefore a priest was hanged and a priestess suffered death by being beheaded. The spirit hierarchy, however, does not punish in that way, but instead it causes the transgressor to rise again by giving it the opportunity of gaining further experience, strength, and training in subsequent incarnations. The deliberate breaking of spiritual laws (in the scriptures called the "sin against the Holy Ghost") may entail forms of lower incarnations, not in any animal existence, as has erroneously been supposed, but by being incarnated in lower states of society, by having to do hard menial work, and by having to combat adverse circumstances. There is no vindictiveness entailed, but such incarnations give just the experience needed for spiritual upliftment and development and the strengthening of character. Another form of regeneration of the fallen ego is that it is kept for considerable periods in nubeculistic or adolescent states, as mentioned in Chapter VI. It may here be mentioned that these priestly vows were taken against the laws of nature, and that no healthy and natural man can be expected to lead a life of celibacy without physical strain and distress. As a matter of fact, in the early times of the Egyptian priesthood the priests were eunuchs, while the power

of generation was taken away from the priestess before she took the vow. At a later date, however, it was considered by the great ecclesiastic conferences, held from time to time, that only a perfect man or woman was fit for the service of the Gods, and the practice of mutilating the initiates was discontinued and the vows of celibacy substituted, for both sexual pleasures and parentage were considered incompatible with the exercise of sacerdotal offices and the highest service.

Alma and Cyrus then were really the victims of an artificial and pernicious system, and in obeying the strong promptings of natural desires experienced a spiritual fall, from which they had to rise again by their own efforts and by a variety of experiences during a number of joint and separate incarnations. As these stories only deal with their joint experiences as affinities, the separate incarnations are omitted.

I would ask the reader here not to form a wrong judgment as to the morality which these narratives show in one or two places, but to remember, as a regrettable fact, that man's self-control over his natural sex-desires has made little, if any, progress during the ages, and morality has only changed its form and aspect ; in substance, however, it is no better than it was during the earlier periods dealt with in these pages. While the people of old made lesser efforts to hide nature's promptings, we moderns make great attempts to hide immorality in all sorts of conventional ways and systems, under which, nevertheless, it flourishes amazingly and is tolerated as respectable. Marriage in olden times was more a matter of a moral contract and true love than an ecclesiastic, social, and legal contract, such as it is to-day, and, moreover, sex-relationship was less artificial and perverted than it is

at the present time. Man lived nearer the earth-plane and was more natural.

As these narratives are the chronicles of two affinities, a few remarks on the subject of affinities must conclude this Introduction.

Much misconception exists with regard to affinities or soul-mates which I would like to clear up as far as possible.

In the course of our earthly lives we often meet men or women to whom we are powerfully attracted physically, intellectually, or spiritually, according to their and our own sympathies, aspirations, constitution, and development. There may be only one or there may be several such people. We may have become fast friends, or even a married union may, under favourable conditions, be contracted between a man and a woman who are thus specially attracted to each other. Yet, such persons may not be affinities, although by their mutual sympathies and common interests they may live very happily together. Such was my own experience, for in my present incarnation I enjoyed twenty-seven years of very happy wedded life with a high-minded, lovable woman who had very little in common with me in intellectual pursuits, and was a chronic invalid during the greater part of the time. I knew that I was not her affinity, but our common aim was to make each other happy, and that was most beautifully realized, for we gave out to each other all the love we possibly could. Since her passing over to the summer-land she has realized the fact, which I concealed from her, that she was not my affinity, but was only my physical wife. Our love since then has increased, and our close spirit-communion continues without interruption.

Affinities may be defined as two kindred human

egos, male and female, which are permanently connected through spiritual attraction and causal relation. They are in close, though not always apparent, spiritual relationship, and their connection is due to a common origin. They are the two differentiated halves, male and female, of one spiritual whole or divine Ego or Monad, living for each other and progressing together, and may be regarded as the expression of the two attributes of the divine spirit-life—wisdom and love—respectively, the heavenly Osiris and Isis. In the course of their evolution they incarnate together or separately, from time to time, to gain fresh experience on the earth-plane.

It happens frequently, as is so often apparent in these narratives, that during their embodiment affinities do not always completely harmonize. Such apparent disharmony may be due to a variety of material causes and circumstances, such as a great difference between their ages or social positions, bodily constitution or defects, such as nervous derangement brought forward from a previous incarnation, which might manifest in defective life-expressions and in differences in sex-attractions. All such imperfections are, however, of the body only, and when the two egos again reach their spirit home they will shine forth in all their glory of youth, strength, and beauty, and they will see each other in the white light of truth. Whatever the experiences and vicissitudes, and the psychic and spiritual difference during their earth-lives may have been—in the beyond, there will be true recognition and full appreciation of each other, and a happy spirit reunion.

The relationship between the two affinities during their incarnation counts for very little. Love and the desire for their harmonious union in the spirit spheres

is ever increasing, and is the irresistible bond which ever unites the two egos, yet in that ultimate union of love and of mutual interchange of ideas and ideals their separate individuality and identity is preserved through all changes.

Let it then be clearly understood that however many close friends of the opposite sex we may have, there is only one affinity for each ego, and that the two exist and keep together for all time. During their earth-lives, when they meet, their auras are interlocked by their spirit-friends, so that if they should by any circumstances be separated during their incarnation they will come together again. Any deliberate separation on earth will cause an unnatural strain on their auras, which is felt as unhappiness, and there will be the secret and inexplicable yearning for reunion. Soul-mating is the union of the two egos only on the highest or spirit plane, and is permanent and unchanging. While matter and form are temporary and fleeting, spirit is pure being and eternal, and therefore the spirit-union of affinities is not affected by time or environment.

Of affinities alone may it truly be said : " Those whom God has joined, let no man separate." Nothing and no one on earth, or in the beyond, has the power to separate them for any length of time.

CHAPTER I: THE SHRINE OF ISIS

*A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command :
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.*

WORDSWORTH

*The sanctity of oaths
Lies not in lightning that avenges them,
But in the injury wrought by broken bonds,
And in the garnered good of human trust.
'Tis a compulsion of a higher sort,
Whose fetters are the net invisible
That hold all life together.*

GEORGE ELIOT, "Spanish Gipsy"

IN the reign of Artaxerxes, Pharaoh of Egypt of the XXVIIth (Persian) Dynasty, about 450 B.C., there was a celebrated oracle at the great Temple of the Sun at Annu (Heliopolis) in Lower Egypt. This temple was rebuilt, after its decay, by Rameses III about 1290 B.C. The oracle was instituted in a beautiful shrine, dedicated to the Goddess Isis, which stood separate from the main temple. For many centuries the oracles of the Goddess were there pronounced, yet never before had they become so famous as when they were delivered by a young High Priestess named Alma, who was held in great repute through the length and breadth of the land of Egypt, not only for her wonderful wisdom, but for her exceeding great beauty. She was of royal descent and directly connected with the royal house. She was the only daughter of a nephew of the reigning Pharaoh Artaxerxes, whose brother married a foreign princess. His eldest son married into another branch of the royal family in a distant part of Egypt, and Alma was his child. Her descent accounted for her serene and royal bearing, which distinguished her so much from

amongst the other priestesses. From her childhood she cared little for the pomp and glory of the royal court, but loved to roam by the Nile alone or to worship in one of the glorious temples. She devoted herself to a life of meditation and of seclusion from the rest of the world. The spirit-world to her was a very real and beautiful world, to which she had access whenever she cared. At an early age, when most girls commence to feel attracted to the other sex, she decided to consecrate her life to the worship of the Gods as a priestess, and to devote herself to the service of suffering humanity and the upliftment of those who are ready to enter upon a higher life. Much against the will of her parents, who had intended her for an exalted social position according to her royal rank and great beauty, she decided to enter a priestesses' training college at the age of fourteen, where she assiduously prepared for her initiation into the priesthood seven years after. Her remarkable psychic powers, her inspiration, and the wonderful self-control and wisdom she displayed eminently fitted her for a very high position in the priesthood, so at the early age of twenty-eight she was raised to the rank of High Priestess and was appointed to deliver the oracles at the Shrine of Isis in the Temple of the Sun at Annu. She was placed in sole charge of this famous shrine. It may here be remarked that the vows taken by a priestess were binding for seven years and the appointment made for a like period.

In a very short time after Alma had taken up her position at Annu this oracle became so famous that it was thought that the Gods had specially favoured it, and were there pronouncing their will through the instrumentality of the young and beautiful High Priestess. Even the Pharaoh himself had such im-

plicit confidence in the infallibility of this oracle that he would not make war or undertake any important affairs of state without first consulting it. He employed a young priest or temple scribe as his confidential messenger to consult the oracle. This priest's name was Nipshe. He was a handsome and exceedingly clever man, a little over thirty years of age. Nearly every day he was in consultation with the King, whose questions he framed, wrote out on papyrus, and submitted to the oracle, bringing back the replies upon which often the fate of men and even nations depended. Thus the destinies of Egypt were powerfully influenced by this young and wise High Priestess.

The almost daily meeting with, and consultations of, the beautiful Alma were not without effect upon the feelings of the young priest, but upon the exalted mind of Alma no impression was outwardly apparent. Her wisdom and her serenity of mien were ever sphinx-like. The oracle pronounced, she would invariably dismiss Nipshe with grace and dignity, never giving him any chance to say aught to her, except what was absolutely necessary in acting as the Pharaoh's confidential messenger.

This went on for a year or two, when one day Nipshe, as usual, came with a question on an important matter of state to which the monarch required careful reply. These messages from the Priestess to the Pharaoh were akin to the indulgences practised by the Church of Rome and, in a way, though usually unwittingly, sanctioned or condoned such acts of the King as were not just. The office of a priestess included the offering of sacrifice for pestilence, famine, locust-plagues, and other national disasters to which the land of Egypt was prone. The office was one of great responsibility, and it was filled with con-

scientiousness, ability, and dignity by the beautiful Alma. On the arrival of the King's messenger, who was a temple scribe, it was part of the temple ceremony for the High Priestess to emerge from the priestesses' retiring room, which was close to the altar, and to step in front of the latter, where she robed. Her priestly vestment was very beautiful, and consisted of a purple robe, elaborately embroidered in fine needle-work of gold. It was fastened on the right shoulder by a gold ornament, and brought down to the left side, and there wound around the waist, where it was held in position by a girdle plaited of camel's hair; thence it hung down in graceful folds to the ankles. The left arm and breast were bare, and the arm could be raised either for symbolic signs or for swinging the censer. Her head-dress was of gauze, most beautifully embroidered with lotus flowers of gold. Alma looked divine in her transcendent beauty, and would naturally arouse feelings of admiration in any man.

When receiving the monarch's messenger her office consisted in taking the papyrus containing that message from the prostrate priest and laying it on the altar; then, after a time, she would hold it up to the moonlight, for these ceremonies were mostly performed in moonlight, which is very strong in Egypt. She would then bring it back to the priest, who would reverently kiss her hand and await her message, which she would give him orally while seated on the throne in front of the altar. Alma had a peculiar way of sitting, which, while it was not very dignified, was highly characteristic of her. She sat in the right-hand corner of the throne, her right arm resting on its arm and the hand gracefully supporting her chin, while her little feet were drawn up and tucked under

her robe on the left of the seat. In her left hand she then held a gold ankh, or the Crux Ansata. Thus seated she would give her answer to the King's message.

Kneeling on the steps in front of Alma, with his head prostrate to the ground and his priestly staff beside him, was Nipshe, the messenger of his royal master. Possibly he consulted the oracle oftener than the affairs of state would require, but to catch one glimpse of Alma's divine face, although there never was a smile on it, was heavenly bliss to him. The oracle pronounced, Alma rose, took the censer from an acolyte, swung it a few times over the prostrate priest's head, and handed it back; then, raising her little hand, she slowly said: "Now depart—peace be with you." She then resumed her seat upon the throne. On this occasion the priest did not rise as he was wont to do. Alma repeated the same words. Still Nipshe did not rise. Alma then quietly asked: "Can I do aught else for thee, O messenger of the mighty Pharaoh, thy master? If so, speak, and I will hear."

Nipshe slowly raised his eyes and, looking into the priestess's face, said: "Alma, ask the Gods to tell me if there is any evil in pure human love? Will it harm a priest to love a pure, spiritual woman?"

Alma, hearing her name pronounced by the priest for the first time, winced for a moment, but her face instantly relapsed into its placid expression. She beckoned the acolyte to retire, and then slowly said: "A woman's pure love will harm no man, though it is incompatible with a priest's office to love any woman, for, by his vows, he has for at least seven years dedicated his love to the Gods. Yet, his love for a woman may be more sacred and more uplifting to him than

B

the observance of his priestly vows. Therefore, if he so will, let him love, hope, and persevere—now depart in peace.”

Nipshe rose. Alma's eyes and his own met, and he passionately said : “ Alma, divine woman, if I love, hope, and persevere, canst thou reciprocate the feelings of my heart ? Hast thou ever felt the happiness of being loved and adored by a spiritually-minded man ? ”

Alma rose from her throne and, without losing self-possession or saying anything, slowly went towards the entrance of the priestesses' ante-room on the right of the altar, over which hung a rich and beautifully embroidered curtain bearing the symbol of the sun, the emblem of the Temple of Annu. She was about to draw the curtain aside with her left arm, which was encircled above the elbow with a fine gold bracelet, when Nipshe, who had followed her, fell on his knees, and with his arms encircled her ankles, so that she could not move.

“ Nipshe, thou must desist and regain the self-control incumbent on a priest and I will forgive thy transgression.” The young priest passionately kissed the little feet esconced in dainty sandals : “ Alma, send me not away without a ray of hope. My pure love will uplift thee, and open a new world and an unknown heaven to thee.”

Nipshe's passionate appeal to Alma's womanly feelings at last found, after a moment of silent struggle, a response, for the High Priestess in her innermost heart was a woman, after all, whose feelings would be aroused by a man who could vibrate on a high spiritual plane near her own. Affected by this sudden and unexpected appeal to the tender feelings of love, she could not longer resist, and stroking Nipshe's

head she then lifted him up. He saw that she wept. A short passionate embrace, and then Alma recovered her composure and hastily said : " This is a moment of madness, remember that thou art on the Pharaoh's business—depart," and then she quickly disappeared behind the curtain.

Nipshe stood still for a moment, then left, a sad but happy man, for what was to be the outcome of it all ? Was there any hope of winning Alma ?

Several times he again had to consult the oracle, but no sign in her face or demeanour gave the slightest indication of what had passed between the young priest and the High Priestess, or that she looked with favour upon him. Yet the strong and constant thoughts of love he sent her had their effect on her, and at last his perseverance was rewarded and a secret meeting in disguise by the banks of the Nile was arranged. Many meetings at intervals followed, fraught with dangers, for their discovery would have meant their ruin and ignominious death, but strong love is ready to overcome all difficulties and dangers, for is not the reward worth all risks and even great sufferings ?

Meanwhile Nipshe's great gifts of wisdom and will-power made him indispensable to the King, who, in spite of his youth, promoted him to the great honour of High Priest and appointed him to the office of confidential adviser to the Pharaoh. His name by which he was now generally known as High Priest was Cyrus.

The clandestine meetings of Alma and Cyrus continued at intervals for several years, until one day there was a rumour amongst the priestesses that there was evidence that the divine Alma, the High Priestess, was to become a mother. She was openly taxed

with it, and at last found it useless to deny the fact. Nature had laughed at the High Priest and High Priestess, for in spite of their high station they had the passions and feelings of love of every ordinary man and woman of flesh and blood. They were apt to lose self-control and let Nature have her sway. The ordinances and conventions of man, however, were thereby severely outraged. Although Alma strongly refused to divulge the identity of her lover, Nipshe bravely came forward and confessed his guilt.

Both Alma and Nipshe were summoned before an ecclesiastic conclave of high priests over which Cedric, their Chief at Annu, presided. They unreservedly confessed their guilt of having broken their vows and fallen from their high estate to the state of the uninitiated or common people. There seemed to be sincere regret among the high priests at seeing the handsome man and the beautiful woman, now disrobed and deprived of their dignities, in this sad plight, both realizing their positions so keenly. Cedric had at one time been Cyrus's teacher, and he was always his close friend and counsellor. It was now his sad duty to deliver to the two the judgment here recorded.

"Alma and Cyrus—you both have by ability, aspiration, training, and development attained to an exalted spiritual estate which fitted you for the highest position and honours in the service of the Gods and of humanity. You sought and succeeded in obtaining, by your ambition and the exercise of strong will-power, the secrets and occult powers of a much higher degree than that for which you were really fitted, and before your experience, your self-control, and your education on the lower planes were completed. You were therefore unable to maintain the exalted

position to which you prematurely aspired and ascended. You have knowingly broken those solemn vows which you swore in the presence of the Gods at your initiation and at your elevation to your high positions in the priesthood. You have outraged the ordinances and the conscience of mankind. You have experienced a terrible spiritual fall. You have now reverted to a much lower state of spirituality, from which you can rise only by long suffering of pains and sorrows extending over a number of incarnations. The occult powers which up to now you were able to exercise, and even the memory of them and of your initiations, will be blotted out from your minds during many of your future incarnations, until such times as your education in the lower spheres is complete and you have attained to mastery of your lower nature. You will then be able to vibrate on the highest planes without fear and danger of again falling away and thereby injuring yourselves and others.

“This is your first meeting and incarnation on the earth-plane. You developed through mutual co-operation and, alas! together you have given way to low, carnal thoughts and passion. You have acted against your reason and your conscience, and you have lost self-control and self-respect.

“It is therefore right and proper that you should conjointly make amends for your grievous misdeeds, and that you should together again ascend to the higher plane of existence from which you have fallen. The Gods have therefore decreed that you should again incarnate together many times, often without knowing anything of previous mutual associations and co-operations. Some of your experiences will be gained in high places, in power, amidst wealth, and as rulers of men, but at times in lowly positions and

in sorrow and suffering. During your incarnations you will often wrong each other through ignorance, misunderstanding, jealousy, and self-seeking.

“When you two have learned to master your lower-self, when your aims and aspirations are identical and your paths on earth lie side by side, when you have realized the truth that it is possible to dwell together in the flesh in pure divine Love of the Spirit without any carnal desire, and regardless of any social position or earthly relationship, and in the service of man—then, and not till then, will you regain the high spiritual state from which you have now fallen. Your mundane education will then be complete, the earth will have no further experiences to offer you, and neither of you need then incarnate, unless it be by your own free-will and through your desire to do so for the purpose of the upliftment of those who are yet undeveloped and are suffering.

“Your last incarnation will be that during which there will be mutual recognition of spiritual kinship, which one or both of you will realize, even though you may perhaps never express it in language.

“Although misunderstandings and consequent suffering will often be your fate during your incarnation on the earth-plane, you will nevertheless be living united in perfect happiness and harmony as true affinities during the intervals when you return to the spirit-world. All that which you suffered during your earth-lives will then only count as so much experience, as so many steps in the ascent to a higher spiritual life. There will then be mutual understandings and perfect love between you, and you will assimilate in your individualities the knowledge gained during the sojourn in the physical world. During your incarnations you will always vibrate on

more or less different planes, but during your last incarnation a perfect attunement between you will be reached.

"As you have so greatly outraged the feelings of those who looked upon you as spiritual guides, as you have violated the recognized ordinances and conventions of human society as at present constituted, you must pay the full penalty of your misdeeds in the flesh. I cannot save you, if I would, from the doom which awaits you when you will be brought before his divine majesty the Pharaoh. You will have to expiate your crimes by forfeiting your lives. You reap in the flesh the harvest you have sown by the spirit.

"During your next incarnation, in order to commence the expiation of your misdeeds and in order to commence your reascent, you two will be separated and suffer much pain and sorrow in hard menial labour; moreover, it will at other times be necessary for you to incarnate separately, so that your development should be equalized and you may the better be able to vibrate together on the same plane.

"Now depart, and may the Gods, whom you have offended, have mercy upon you both."

Cedric spoke slowly and deliberately, and at times with great emotion. As Cyrus listened all the surroundings seemed to disappear, and Cedric's words reached his innermost self directly. Every word was there branded on his spirit and he realized his awful position. When Cedric stopped speaking his glance and the stillness of the pause recalled Cyrus to his senses. He gave one look at Alma. In all this terrible ordeal she looked divinely beautiful and serene. Whatever may have been her feelings, nothing in her appearance betrayed them. Her eyes, which bore the expression of love and pity, and his met for a

moment, then merciful nature shut off Cyrus's consciousness, for he could bear no more.

When he came to he was lying on some cushions in an ante-chamber. His mind was in such an awful whirl that he felt he was going mad. He realized that the past could not be recalled and the consequences of his misdeeds had to be faced. He did not trouble so much about himself, but he felt that in giving way to his feelings of love and seeking happiness therein he had caused Alma to descend to him to a lower plane, and to be involved in a great spiritual fall. The thoughts of it were maddening. He passionately called her name several times and then felt a hand gently and soothingly laid on his brow. He opened his eyes : it was Cedric. "My poor friend, try and compose thyself—Alma is and ever will remain thy very own, thy soul-mate, though the paths of you two will often lead in different directions during your earth-lives."

"Canst thou not give me some help and greater consolation with regard to Alma?"

"Yes—I will help you both, whenever opportunity offers, for this probably is my last incarnation on earth, but I can help, and from the spirit side influence those that require upliftment. I will be near thee and Alma when you two have regained your spiritual status, and will help you both to remember your past associations and that you are affinities. More I have no power to do, nor would it be good for thee did I try to fight thy battles, for thou must work out thine own salvation."

Cyrus spent a restless night, and the next day he was taken before his royal master, the Pharaoh, with whom he had for several years been so closely associated. The King's attitude towards him had entirely

changed. He treated Cyrus as an outcast and a criminal. The full report of his misdeeds had been submitted to the Pharaoh. He first viewed Cyrus with scorn and contempt, then gave way to an uncontrolled outburst of wrath and of vile invectives. He never gave Cyrus a chance to say aught, nor indeed had the latter anything to say in self-defence.

"Away with the vile wretch—cast him into the darkest dungeon for two moons, then let him be hung on the tallest upas tree, and let his carcass be devoured by the birds of prey, so that no trace shall remain of him, who has wronged the Gods, his monarch, and the conscience of his fellowmen, and defiled the sacred order of the priesthood!"

Cyrus was at once led away and cast into the dungeon, and the Pharaoh, in great anger, signed the papyrus containing the death-sentence of his confidential adviser.

Alma was now led in between four slaves. She had been deprived of her priestly robes, and was instead clad in a black gauze wrapping which enveloped her from her brow to her feet. Her face was barely visible, but her bearing was still serene and queenly.

The Pharaoh greeted her with withering scorn—it is too painful to repeat what he said to the beautiful Alma. He condemned her to be beheaded on the same day as Cyrus was hung, so that they might keep each other company.

On hearing her doom, Alma prostrated herself at the feet of the Pharaoh and imploringly cried out: "Spare my life for six moons, O mighty lord, for the sake of my unborn child, for it cannot be thy wish that an innocent child should perish with its mother."

"I, to let the bastard of a High Priestess live?"

Never—not one day longer shalt thou tarry on this earth than I have decreed—away with thee ! ”

Alma did not rise. She had swooned on hearing her child's doom pronounced. She was carried to an ante-chamber and left there till she regained consciousness. She was then put on a litter borne by four bearers. They stopped at the entrance of the dungeon in which Cyrus had meanwhile been placed. The door was half open. Alma was told to look into the gloomy chamber, but was not permitted to enter, nor was Cyrus allowed to approach too near the door. For a moment they looked at each other silently. They felt that this was their last meeting on earth. At last Alma spoke with emotion, but there were no tears in her eyes, for she had somewhat regained her queenly bearing. “Cyrus, beloved,” she said, “they will kill our bodies as the price for our seeking happiness in the wrong way, but they cannot destroy our souls. You and I felt the happiness of being man and woman of flesh and blood for a little while, and descending from the heights of pure spiritual life, a re-creation and an experience which we probably yet needed. Let no regret of the past trouble thy heart—we are separated now. In the spirit-land we shall be united again and live as one ! ”

“Alma, forgive me for having caused thy downfall. I feel so utterly wretched at the thought of it—forgive, oh, forgive me ! ”

“I have nothing to forgive, for is not the happiness of thy human love worth all I now have to endure ? ”

The door was now pushed to by the gaoler, and that was the last Alma and Cyrus saw of each other before their execution.

Alma was taken to her house, where, as a special privilege for her great services, she was to be kept in

close confinement until the sentence of death was carried out. On her return she laid down on a couch in utter physical and mental exhaustion. Her maids tenderly washed her face and hands, and then brought her refreshments of fruit and wine, but she beckoned them to take it all away, nor did she take any food that day. After a while she rose and paced the apartment in evident emotion and despair. She noticed a roll of papyrus in one corner of the room. It contained some writing of Nipshe. She took it up and commenced reading, then put it down again. She could not concentrate her thoughts on it.

The evening had advanced, the sunset glow which had tinted the landscape had gradually faded, and now the full moon rose over the Nile. Alma could see in the distance the little palm-grove where Cyrus and she had so often met. What memories of happiness it recalled—all now a matter of the past! For a moment she looked back into the room, and there the beams of the moonlight silvered a small statue of Isis, which stood on a bracket. Alma rose and prostrated herself before the image of the beloved Goddess, whose Priestess she felt that she still was, in spite of the fact that man had presumed to deprive her formally of that office. Isis, the beloved Isis, was not so inhuman and cruel. Isis was a woman, and understood a woman's love and feelings for the man whom she held so dear, and who loved and adored her. Alma poured out her heart to the Goddess; then, rising, kissed and fondled the statuette. A wonderful calm took possession of her mind; it was divine peace. The rising sun found Alma peacefully asleep on the couch with the statuette of Isis clasped in her arms.

At the elapse of two moons Alma was beheaded and Cyrus was hanged, as decreed by the Pharaoh,

on the poisonous upas tree, which was then indigenous in Egypt.

Such was the incarnation and spiritual fall of Alma and myself, as I was then known as Nipshe or Cyrus, the High Priest.

I will pass over my next incarnation, for I was a galley slave till death released me from degradation and suffering.

Alma was incarnated as a menial slave. She also suffered terrible hardships and died young. As was foretold by Cedric, the High Priest, we did not meet during that incarnation, but we were again happily united in the spirit-land, for whatever may betide us on earth, whether incarnated together or separately, our love and our happiness in the beyond, united as we always spiritually are, as affinities, know no bounds.

CHAPTER II : A SYRIAN QUEEN

*Soul, that in some high world hast made
Pre-natal unbewailing choice,
Thro' earth's perplexities of shade
Sternly to suffer and rejoice.*

PLATO'S "REPUBLIC"

MY next incarnation was in the ancient kingdom of Syria in the reign of King Miguel. I was a priest of great learning, practical wisdom, and indomitable will-power. My name was Kezra. I was yet young when I was brought under the notice of the monarch while the country was at war. He soon found out the exceptional abilities I possessed and raised me to high position and power, appointing me confidential adviser to himself.

The woman who was Alma, the High Priestess, in my incarnation in Egypt now was Iris, one of the wives of the monarch, and in fact his favourite. Shortly after my appointment to the dignity of the monarch's private adviser I met her, and both she and I recognized the affinity of previous lives, for possibly we were several times incarnated together prior to our incarnation in Egypt, but as I have no record I cannot speak with certainty. There was considerable caution and reticence on both sides with regard to our mutual recognition, but when doubt gave way to unconditional confidence our affection and our happiness was very great, but we strictly kept our love on the spiritual plane. There was, however, great danger of the monarch becoming cognisant of our secret, and although our public meetings had need to be formal, and I had to pay her the homage due to the Queen, we frequently met clandestinely and disguised in a grove leading down to the river. These

meetings were times of great happiness, for although the Queen still maintained some little reticence—probably transmitted from the time when she was incarnated as a High Priestess of Isis in Egypt—and never quite revealed her true feelings to me, yet I sensed them and understood. I simply adored Iris, and made no attempt to disguise the fact. My only regret was that she was another man's wife and I could only be her lover, and might be rejected at least during my incarnation, whatever might happen during our sojourn in the spiritual world, an idea which constantly haunted me and has frequently caused me anguish of mind in subsequent incarnations with her. Our blissful meetings went on for many moons until, by an unhappy chance, we were nearly found out. At least we were suspected, and the rumour reached the King's ears, who personally watched us and found out that there was something between us. There was a great scene, and the King held a Council of the principal dignitaries of State. Both the Queen and I were summoned before the Council, over which the King presided. There were no proofs other than that the Queen and I met. This, however, was sufficient to cause temporary banishment from the Court. The Queen was sent up-country to one of the King's residences under the care of an elderly, watchful woman. There she lived in strict retirement for the time of four moons.

It then happened that the armies had been successful in their warfare against the Amorites. On my banishment the King, who still valued my services, sent me as adviser to the generals who conducted the campaign, and so it came to be my good fortune to convey the happy news of the victories personally to the King. I did not fail to take the opportunity

to convince him of the share I had in procuring the success.

The King, with whom I had always been in great favour, was so pleased that he at once restored me to my former position and conferred further favours upon me. There was a great public banquet, and all the people joined in the festivities and all the prisoners were pardoned. What pleased me most, although I dared not even show the slightest sign of my feeling, was that the King recalled the Queen from her banishment and reinstated her in her position. I did not see her again for a very long time, which caused a great void in my life, for my great love for her prevented me marrying, and I remained a bachelor. After a little while she had a son. There were great rejoicings at the King having an heir, and she was exalted above all other women.

Our love for each other was too great to allow of perpetual separation, and we again managed to meet clandestinely at rare intervals. Through our love being starved, owing to unfortunate circumstances and long separations, the expressions of our feelings were not always on such a high spiritual plane as formerly, and I have to confess to my shame that, as a result of our intrigues, Iris died in childbirth. It was soon rumoured that I was the father of the child, a son, and moreover the likeness which the infant bore to me was so striking that, although no actual proof was forthcoming, there was little doubt as to the actual fact. The consequence was that one morning on my leaving my office, where I transacted State business, I was assassinated by the brother of the King.

CHAPTER III : A STAUNCH FRIEND

*Thy Love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working.*

E. B. BROWNING

ANCIENT Greece was the scene of our next incarnations. It followed close on our Syrian incarnation over 2000 years ago in the time when Alexis II was King.

My affinity was then incarnated again as a very beautiful, graceful woman of wit and wisdom and many accomplishments, which in every respect admirably fitted her for her post of chief lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Her name was then Padrona.

I was again of a very studious disposition and fond of book-learning. I accumulated a great store of knowledge of philosophy and all the sciences then known in ancient Greece. My name was Pperanio.

Through the fame of my learning I came under the notice of the King, and he appointed me the head of all the universities in Greece. At that period of the history of Greece the nation was gradually drifting away from learning. Till then they had been to the fore in philosophy, in arts and the sciences, particularly in astronomy, but at the time of our incarnation the Kingdom of Greece was more given up to all kinds of sports, to archery, and to feats of strength and endurance. The Greeks were never intended for a nation of physical strength, but to lead other nations in will-power, the realization of beauty, and in symmetry of form. Instead the men of Greece distorted their bodies by developing abnormal muscles. The women soon imitated them, and many sacrificed their natural beauty for an unnatural craze.

In giving me the appointment of Chief of the

Universities the King's object was that I should use my powers and influence to raise the youths of Greece to a higher mentality, and thereby bring the nation back to a higher level of thought and living. For this office my learning and my high spiritual gifts were eminently suited, and I became a power for good in the land.

At that time a mysterious plague ravaged the people of Greece. It was more deadly than any sickness ever experienced. Old and young of both sexes died after a very short illness, and the doctors were puzzled to understand or to treat this mysterious disease. The King promptly called a large Council of rulers and of all the wise men of the nation. To show the esteem I was held in by the King, it may be mentioned that when on the Council assembling I was found to be absent the King immediately required the reason of my absence and a chariot was sent to bring me to the palace. A heated discussion as to the mysterious illness took place in which the Council divided itself into two parties one of which was composed chiefly of the priesthood present. The priests' theory was that this plague was the result of sin which was visited by the Gods with severe punishment, but what the sin was they did not know.

The learned men, among whom I was, on the other hand discovered the true origin of the awful visitation. It was the consequence of vice imported from over the borders, from what is now Turkey. It was a venereal disease far more deadly and rapid in its effect than our modern syphilis. The same illness is mentioned in the Bible when the children of Israel were smitten by it.

Fortunately it has quite disappeared and has not been known for centuries. The astronomers present

c

at the Council, however, dissented from the other learned men, and argued that the disease was caused by the stars. Mars and Jupiter, being at a certain angle, threw off the poisonous gas which had reached the earth and entered the bodies of men, causing this dreadful affliction. While the Council were yet sitting, one of the members was stricken with the plague to the consternation of those present, and died before he could be removed to the courtyard of the palace.

At the end of the meeting I had the happiness of meeting Padrona for the first time in this incarnation. We met face to face at the foot of the grand staircase immediately after the conference. It was at the fourth moon of the year. There was immediate mutual spirit recognition between us and great joy, though unexpressed at the moment. She invited me to an ante-chamber to the left of the great hall, and ordered refreshments to be brought in, in the form of grapes, which she herself with her dainty fingers pressed into a silver cup, and various other fruits such as adorn a king's table.

I arranged to meet her immediately after taking in my parchments. She pointed to the skies and asked my opinion as to the cause of the mysterious plague. I gave my opinion, according to my knowledge, but I did not satisfy her. She pointed to the stars, and said that she was certain that they had influence on man's disease and on his destiny. Padrona, with that wonderful psychic eye, could penetrate beneath the surface of phenomena and discern causes by her marvellous intuition and inspiration far beyond the knowledge of all the wise men that had gathered there, and that wonderful contact with the spirit part of the world has ever been her privilege, a gift of the Gods,

whose High Priestess she has remained throughout all her incarnations. Our incarnation in dear ancient Greece was a particularly happy one, for although we never married we were very fond of each other. Many golden opportunities were placed in my way of uplifting those who were ready for higher developments, and dear Padrona, with her mutual insight into the working of the human mind and her tact and wisdom, greatly helped me in my life's work. Our aims and aspirations were parallel, and I soon learnt to fully understand her. Our attunement to each other's vibrations was perfect while we were associated in work. I was assiduously given to study, and made a speciality of the revival of the knowledge of mythology. Padrona was no great believer in book-learning, yet she was of great assistance to me in unravelling and interpreting many deep mysteries and intricate problems of mythology, which, after all, is but the symbology and cosmogony of the world expressed in beautiful and poetic imagery. My beloved Padrona could often discern the spiritual reality underlying the myths and legends, where I could only see a beautiful tale without any special meaning. She gave out more to me in wisdom than I could return to her, yet I know that I repaid her in another form—that is, in my unbounded love and adoration.

At the conclusion of the dreadful visitation of the plague I was sent on a mission to the King of Abessynia. I was away for several months, for in those days a journey of that kind was very slow, and full of difficulties and dangers. Part of the way had to be covered on camels. During my absence one of the Court favourites, a general, a powerful and clever warrior, tried hard to win the love of Padrona. Her

gentle nature abhorred fighting and killing, and therefore she paid no heed to the general's wooings. She tried hard to elude him. At a great ball, which was given as a kind of thanksgiving and to celebrate the cessation of the plague, the general met Padrona. He then was very persistent in his attentions to her, in spite of the fact that he already had three wives. She now told him point blank that she could have nothing to do with him because her heart was in the keeping of another—her affinity—who was far distant on business of the King and country. The general, who was of great will-power and violent temper, was very much upset at Padrona's firm refusal, and secretly contemplated subjugating her.

Just two moons after this episode I returned from my mission. I had been very successful, and King Alexis was delighted with the manner in which I had accomplished a difficult and hazardous task. As a reward for my services, he made me a present of a beautiful palace outside Athens. Then comes a very interesting episode in showing the faithful character and foresight of Padrona. Unfortunately it ended in disaster for her, and in our separation during the rest of this incarnation. Again we were not destined to be united in wedded union.

The general, when he found that he could not prevail upon Padrona to forsake me, and that on my return she was more passionately attached to me than ever, plotted with some of the members of my household to remove me. At first assassination with a dagger was contemplated, but was found too public and therefore inexpedient, for it might have caused the people to think that I was a martyr. Finally my death by poison, at a dinner I was going to give, was decided on. Padrona, who was a highly-sensitive psychic,

with her quick eye of spirit perception, foresaw the danger which threatened me. She had a vision in which she saw various dishes prepared for the feast. She saw a mysterious powder being handed to the cook, which he put in a dish specially prepared for me. That evening, after the guests had arrived, Padrona, through her wonderful resourcefulness, managed to have the dishes changed, and so it came about that the general ate the portion prepared for me and I ate his. The general became a victim of his own plot and died in agony through the poison. The plot for my assassination was discovered and, moreover, incriminating papers being found on the body of the general led to his being buried in ignominy, and his name was struck off the roll of honour.

Dark clouds now overshadowed my noble Padrona. She came under suspicion of having caused the death of the general. The Queen sent for her, and she was confronted with the charge of intriguing with the King. Such an unfounded accusation was too horrible for the high-minded Padrona. Kneeling before the Queen, with tears streaming down her beautiful face and her heart torn with anguish, she did her best to meet the charges of infidelity with the King. The Queen was hard to convince, in spite of all the confidence she formerly had in Padrona's high character. She told Padrona that she would forgive her if she could fully convince her of her innocence. Padrona, who was given three days in which to prepare her defence, consulted a companion of a former incarnation, and a great friend, a woman of the name of Verona. They discussed the matter, and thought it best that Padrona should openly tell the Queen that she had no love at all for the King, but that her heart and soul was given to Pperanio. Although the Queen was ap-

peased as far as any intrigue between the King and Padrona was concerned, yet she was in a hidden and violent rage on account of secret designs she had with me. I had reciprocated the Queen's love, and she would not brook Padrona's rivalry, and therefore the latter fell in disfavour, left the Court, and made her abode on the borders of the Aegean Sea. She led a secluded life in a convent-like institution. The rest of her life was dedicated to religious and charitable work and to meditation. She and I never met again in this incarnation. She passed away at the age of thirty-two, a victim of a severe earthquake.

I survived her by ten years. I was not quite fifty when I passed out. I had been thrown from a horse. Although I was not killed my spine was badly injured, and I suffered for a long period, not only from constant severe pain, but also from mental torture caused through my inactivity. Many a time I begged of those who attended me to put me out of my misery. I passed away at the fall of the year, after five months of awful suffering.

Padrona was waiting for me in the summer-land.

CHAPTER IV : A ROMAN MOTHER

*Love should be purified by pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again:
So let us now take heart and go,
Cheerfully, through joy and woe.*

THERE were at least three joint incarnations of my affinity and myself in the fair land of Italy. Between our incarnation in Greece and the first one which took place in Italy we once or twice sojourned separately on the earth-plane. As these narratives, however, are records only of our joint incarnations I have not troubled to record any of these separate ones.

We were incarnated together at Rome, at the time when Julius Caesar was Emperor, about half a century before the present era. Although, according to our reckoning, the birth of Jesus of Nazareth did not take place for fully fifty years after the story here recorded, it was a time when the known world was discussing the problems of a new religion, the foundation of which was afterwards traditionally attributed to the humble Jewish teacher. The dominant idea of the rulers then was to devise plans to put this new cult down, for fear that it might become a menace to the form of government then in force. It was really the commencement of that great and deadly struggle between the Christian Church and the Roman Empire for the conquest of the human race in which the Church, weak at first, ultimately triumphed, and the mighty Empire fell.

My name was Alexander, and I held an important post in the Emperor's Court as one of his most influential and trusted councillors. I was in frequent consultation with Julius Caesar as to the best means and method of putting down this menacing religion

which found so many adherents. Was it intended to found only a spiritual domain, or was it to establish an earthly kingdom to menace the Roman Emperor? Was the Messiah spoken of to supersede the recognized Emperor? I was very busy trying to solve these problems, and for that purpose searched and expounded some of the old books of religious teaching, law, and prophecy, since known as the Old Testament, many books of which are now lost and others of which have no right to be there.

My philosophic learning enabled me at last to reassure the Emperor, and to point out to him that he had nothing to fear, that the expected Messiah would not lay claim to the throne of the Roman Empire. It clearly was a new form of morality and of worshipping a supreme God, which was built up on the foundations of old doctrines. My conclusions proved correct, long after my passing out, and they were of great comfort to the Emperor.

I was friendly, and came in constant touch with, another Court official, a general of the name of Galatino, who was an entirely different type of man. He was the head of the bodyguard, and his office consisted in selecting the finest built men among the soldiers, who were to become gladiators. They had to be strong men without spot or blemish. To this warrior a daughter was born and named Phœbias (Daughter of the Sun), so named from the colour of her hair, which had the sunlight glistening in it. This daughter was a reincarnation of the noble and spiritual Padrona of Greece. She was very beautiful in looks, and of gentle manner and winning smile, beloved of all. There was the same formation and expression of the eyes, and the same contour of countenance as she bore in Greece, and which she always has had.

There is not the slightest doubt in the psychic identity of that noble woman throughout all her incarnations here recorded.

The tremendous difference in appearance and in character between father and daughter was often the subject of conversation, for the father was a strong man physically and in will-power, and delighted in physical superiority and in everything massive. The daughter, on the other hand, was distinguished by her gentle simplicity and spirituality.

It was the general's second wife who bore Phœbias. When she was born both the general and his wife were disappointed at not having a son, for they used to amuse the Court by the playful way in which they discussed their plans and what they would do with the son and heir they expected, whether they would bring him up for the army or to become a sailor. They were mixing freely in the life of Court festivities constantly held by the Emperor.

I came in frequent contact at that period with the general's wife, who herself was a very beautiful and high-minded woman of singular charm, and was greatly admired at Court. She and I had intrigues, and she bore a child, a boy, of whom I was the father. He was born two years after Phœbias. General Galatrino had no idea that he was not the father of the child, and consequently there were great rejoicings in the household at the birth of a son. Subsequent events, however, aroused his suspicions as to the real state of affairs. He at once communicated by special messenger with the Emperor, and asked for a private audience, which was granted after a few days. The general laid his grievance before the Emperor in course of conversation, but the latter was inclined to take the matter as a joke. He asked on what founda-

tions Galatrino's suspicions were founded, to which the latter replied that he had undeniable information from one of his much trusted servants. The Emperor suggested that an interview should take place between Galatrino and myself, which suggestion was carried out. Being armed with suggestions and words for my defence from the Emperor, with whom I stood in good grace, I urged in my defence to the general's accusation that Rome needed population. The general became very angry, and demanded of me if he was not capable of being the father of his wife's children. From the important position I held as a medical man, I knew of one of the secrets of the general's life, and pointed out to him that fatherhood had been impossible to him subsequent to the birth of Phœbias. The general had to admit that I was right, and when his anger had cooled down he not only forgave me, but decided that, in honour of the striking resemblance which the child bore to me, it should take my name : Alexander. It should be observed here that in consequence there appear two Alexanders at that period of the history of Rome and Italy, which might be taken to relate to one and the same person, but as shown above they are two separate individuals.

Now there was a great disparity in age—twenty-one years—between Phœbias and myself. As a matter of fact that was so in several of our incarnations. In this particular case much hangs on this difference between our ages.

In spite of what had occurred the general and I were not bad friends. The child of which I was the father grew up sturdy and bright, and was no disgrace to Galatrino, who decided to give him the best possible education, and to bring him up to become a general like himself.

When Phœbias was a damsel of sixteen her psychic eyes were opened, and she sensed the fact that she and I had met in previous incarnations. Although this recognition first came from her side, there soon was mutual recognition, for it was easier in those days to connect with the past than at the present time, when the strenuousness of life has for generations clouded man's occult memory. After our mutual recognition many pleasant conversations took place, and Phœbias constantly strove and did her best to meet me secretly in secluded groves in the garden, where we spent many happy hours together. Phœbias had told me that she had heard of a famous astrologer at Athens, who was much sought after for divinations, and finally prevailed upon me to take her there.

The astrologer's house was outside the City of Athens, standing well back from the main road on rough ground. At the back of the garden, down a winding path, there was a small octagonal building of rough granite, forming a room about twelve feet across, according to our present measurements. In the centre of the room, let into the ground, was a large bowl hewn out of solid black granite, which was filled with water from the river near-by. On two sides of the bowl there were stone handles, as if the bowl could be lifted by them. Those wishing to see the future in the water would kneel on a rush mat, with their back to the entrance, and, facing eastward, would grasp the two handles in order to bring their face within a few inches of the water. After breathing upon the water, past, present, and future events and conditions would be revealed on its surface. One of the rules was that only one person at a time could be present in the room. Phœbias went in first, and she saw, or believed that she saw, her likeness of

former incarnations. Then steadily my face appeared in the water—then two faces in bas-relief, hers and mine, and explanations of former incarnations were given. As is natural to the fair sex, Phœbias wanted to know the future. The astrologer intimated that before he could reveal to her any future incarnation she must fully know the present one. The present incarnation was then revealed to her, and showed me asking her father for her hand. She was exceedingly happy at that, for by merit and effort I had climbed to great power and, on the other hand, through her beauty and charm of manner, Phœbias was a great favourite at Court, and a marriage between us, in spite of the difference in our ages, seemed very desirable. There was, however, a barrier which had to be surmounted, and that was—her mother.

The mutual recognition between Phœbias and myself, and our remembrance of former incarnations, was gradually fanned from a vital spark into a mighty flame. Such a remembrance of former incarnations takes place on but rare occasions, and only when psychic conditions are very favourable and it is possible to separate the material body from the spiritual body, so that the latter should be able to function quiescently on the higher planes. Phœbias, in this and in all her subsequent incarnations, was always naturally, and one might say almost supernaturally, gifted at probing into the mysteries hidden from ordinary men.

At that time the conditions of life in the general's household were very animated, for he was participating largely in society functions. The Roman Court at that period was full of life and gaiety. Moreover, the Emperor was laying plans for acquiring world-power: it was his intention to invade and to conquer what is now known as the British Isles.

One of these great Court functions, at which the general, his wife, and daughter were participating, had just finished, and the guests were leaving for their different homes, including Galatrino and his two ladies, when a serious dispute took place between the general and another high court functionary. It happened to pass at the moment, and the general, wishing to settle the matter, asked me to take his wife and daughter home. I gladly undertook this pleasant task, and on reaching home, and after Phœbias had retired to bed, I had a long talk with the mother. I revealed to her the secret that only Phœbias and I knew of—our joint reincarnation. The mother was very much upset at this revelation and became very angry. She reminded me that I was her lover, and that I was the only man who had satisfied her longings and given her a son, and, moreover, that Phœbias, her daughter, was quite innocent of our intimate relation in the past and of what had taken place, and that I was the father of Phœbias's own brother.

Next morning Phœbias was early summoned to her mother's room. She was closely questioned about her relations with me and asked whether she really loved me. Phœbias decidedly and unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. The mother then disclosed to Phœbias her designs to give her in marriage to the son of a wealthy landowner. Phœbias would have nothing to do with her mother's intentions and designs, and against all persuasions and entreaties remained firm and resolute, stamping her little foot and finally bursting into a flood of angry tears. The mother then informed her that the matter would have to be discussed with the father, and the decision left in his hands.

Very soon after a family gathering took place, and

I took the opportunity of asking Galatrino for the hand of his daughter. The general was not at all disinclined to give his consent to our marriage, but unfortunately his wife entered the room at that moment and, hearing of my proposal, gave way to a violent fit of passion and finally, on her knees, begged her husband to withdraw his consent to our union. The general gave way to his wife provisionally. He decided that the matter should be considered, and finally settled one way or the other in twenty-one days. The stipulation was that in the meantime I was to hold no communication with or to see Phœbias. He was so emphatic on that point that, as a matter of precaution, he sent me away on a mission in connection with state affairs.

Before the stipulated time had elapsed Phœbias, through the great strain on her mind, fell ill. Doctors were sent for and anxiously discussed her sickness—she was very ill indeed, and nearly passed away. Directly afterwards the mother was also taken seriously ill. The doctors were in serious consultation with the general, and asked him whether he had forbidden the proposed marriage between Phœbias and myself. The general said that was so ; he, personally, had no objection, but there was the obstacle of the former relations between his wife and myself. The doctor then warned Galatrino that if he did not withdraw his refusal his daughter would be no more. The general was ready to relent, but the mother was obdurate and pointed out to the general the relationship there would be between Phœbias and her brother, if she was married to me, both children having been born of the same woman—Phœbias having the general as her father and the boy, Alexander, having me as his father. Surrendering her daughter to me,

her former lover, to become my wife, was more than the mother could bear.

Nothing was decided at that moment, nor was it ever necessary, for the culminating point in the story of this incarnation is not in the union of Phœbias and myself in marriage, but in our separation through the death of Phœbias, for the beautiful, frail, and fragrant flower she always has been through all her incarnations was not strong enough to stand such a great mental and spiritual strain. She drooped and passed out in that illness before she had reached her twentieth birthday.

I survived the sweet Phœbias for twenty-five years. In her memory I constantly lived, and led a useful and strenuous life devoted to the welfare of the state. During the last ten years of my life I was the husband of the mother of Phœbias, whom I married after the death of the general. It proved to be a very happy and harmonious union.

Alexander, my son, became a very brilliant soldier, although his mother had other designs for him. He, however, preferred gaiety and a life of action, such as the army had to offer.

Although fate decreed that Phœbias and I should never be united in wedlock while living on the earth in this incarnation, she and I met again in happy union of souls on the spirit side of life.

CHAPTER V : MY WIFE

*Don't look for the flaws as you go through life ;
And, even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

AFTER I passed away from the scenes and activities of my earthly career at Rome I did not incarnate for a period of about half a century, which brings this narrative to a little beyond the middle of the first century of the present era.

In a beautiful place of rest and harmony, at a spot overlooking the bay at Naples, and down to the right of the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there stood at that time, in its own grounds of several acres, a fine Roman villa. It had a prominent portico, supported by massive pillars, standing out from the main building. On either side of the house there was a spacious veranda, having mosaic pavements of coloured stone, four feet in width. Beyond there was a wide gravel-path and then a grass-lawn. Owing to the great heat of the summer, on which this narrative opens, the grass looked brown and scorched. The building was not high. There were a number of large rooms on the ground-floor, the doors of which opened into a square hall, which was immediately behind the main porch. In the centre of this fine hall, which was a feature of the home, there stood a large marble statue of a Roman gladiator, with helmet and plume, with a riding-whip in hand and a large sword at his side. The statue faced the visitor as he entered the hall from the main porch. At the back of it there was a wide marble staircase of eighteen steps leading to the upper floor. It was winding, branching out to the right and left, and at the top there was a wide landing

This noble house was the habitation of one Valerius, who held an important command in the fleet of galleys which then had Naples as their home port. He was married to the third daughter of the chief of the galleys (equal to a commodore of the fleet) who had sole charge and command of it. She was a very beautiful and accomplished lady named Juvena, and was very spiritually-minded. Her husband was a man of the world, given up to gaieties and festivities, fond of convivial society, and was often away from home for long periods. Through the great contrast in their character, the husband and wife were out of touch and harmony, although, both being noble-spirited, they never actually quarrelled.

She was alone in the grounds on a beautiful evening at the end of the summer. All nature seemed at rest, the sun was setting across the bay, tingeing the placid sea with gold, and Vesuvius sending only a slight curl of smoke towards the deep blue sky. On that night Juvena sent a messenger to Valerius, who was attending a Court function, asking him to come home at once, as she was about to become a mother. She was anxious, as probably most women are, that her husband should be near at hand. He felt annoyed at having his pleasures interrupted, and sent a curt message back to say that he could not come. That night Juvena was delivered of a son which nearly cost her her life. She was delirious and hovering between life and death for three days. When news was brought to Valerius that he was the father of a son he was wild with joy, and at once called for a chariot to drive him home. There he found his wife unable to recognize him and constantly crying for Valerius.

He at once called for the child, which was brought

D

to him. As the child cried the mother regained consciousness. She freely forgave Valerius for his neglect and coldness, and he promised to mend his selfish ways.

It was doubtful if the son—it was I—would live owing to the fretful nature of the mother. Valerius, however, was anxious that his heir should be saved if possible, and called in the best medical aid, and thereby my life was ultimately saved. I was named Marcia. I grew up, spoilt by father and mother, for I was selfish and undisciplined and had my own way in everything, whether it was for good or for evil. It will ever remain an interesting problem whether it is not better, instead of “breaking the spirit” of wayward children, to let them gain their own experience in their own way, even if it be through suffering, which will lead them gradually to a higher spiritual development. I grew up a sturdy, strong, and lovable boy, in spite of all my tiresome pranks. My father, knowing the dangers of the service and the temptations it had, decided to have me educated for the practice of the law. Roman law was then, and always has been, held in the highest esteem by all nations. Such a profession would ultimately carry me to the highest court circles.

Up the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, at a distance of about ten miles from the house of Valerius, there was another house the owner of which was a citizen named Paulus, who held an important position under the Government. He was a land-surveyor and tax-assessor, whose duty it was to fix and to collect the land-tax. He also was blessed with a beautiful wife, named Celia, who bore him a daughter, who, when she grew up, far exceeded even her mother in grace and beauty. She was the reincarnation of my affinity.

The name that was given her was Venetta. Her features, expression, and spiritual character were in every respect the same as in former incarnations, so that there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt of her being the same individual. Her hair, however, was dark and her eyes brown.

Unfortunately, soon after the time of her birth a dispute arose between the two families in relation to the appointment of some taxes, and messengers were constantly sent backward and forward to settle the matter. There was also a dispute with reference to the boundary and the land. After about three years the matter was finally settled, and the friendship between the two families renewed.

I, Marcia, the son of Valerius, was carefully tutored until I was sixteen ; the girl Valetta was then ten years of age. She was often down at the house of Valerius, which was so much nearer the sea, and was a frequent and welcome visitor. The two mothers were great friends, almost like sisters. One summer's evening a family gathering was held at the home of Valerius at which the two fathers, two mothers, together with other friends, were seated in the garden engaged in general conversation. Suddenly there was a vivid display of meteoric showers. One brilliant star shooting across the sky from over the sea, while at the same moment another came from the opposite direction. The two meteorites crossed exactly over the house—the two mothers were startled. Venetta's mother, who, although she was born in humble circumstances, always had the reputation of being a clairvoyant and a diviner of fate, gave, as her explanation of the startling event, the prediction that the son and daughter of the two houses were bound to come together in matrimony. The two fathers laughed at the idea.

I was at that time sent away to go through a special course of studies in Athens. I passed my examinations and was given a Government appointment at Athens in connection with the land-court, which had to gather and administer the tribute money payable to the Roman Empire by Greece and other countries. Venetta and I did not meet for four years. While I was at Athens she was at Rome, but a reunion between us took place at some great festivity held at Naples, when various Roman sports were held. Valerius reminded Paulus, the father of Venetta, of the shooting-star incident. They decided to call the young man and to ask him whether he intended taking Venetta for his wife. I agreed to think the matter over, and to give an answer at the end of my term of office, but gave no reason for not giving a decided straight answer, which the two fathers expected of me, as was then the custom. For, in those days, the father took a more prominent part in choosing a son's wife. The real cause of my hesitancy was that I had formed a friendship in Athens with the beautiful daughter of the principal innkeeper, which ripened into a romantic love affair. I decided to resort to asking the advice of a famous woman living at the outskirts of Athens. She was eagerly sought by all sorts and conditions of people, for she possessed great psychic gifts. I paid her a visit, and she took a piece of charcoal and drew rough sketches of the two girls. On the bosom of Venetta she made a mysterious mark, and, turning to me, said : " That, sir, is your affinity." This decided me, for I at once returned to Naples and, in this our second Italian incarnation Venetta, my affinity, and I were united in a very happy wedded life. We had a family of three girls and two boys, and we led a peaceful life of great spiritual development.

I was sixty years of age when I passed away, and the lovable Venetta survived me by two years.

It is most rare that father and daughter ever again reincarnate in the same relationship, but my second daughter of this Italian incarnation, named Celia, is now my only daughter in my present life. She is the child of another wife, now passed on, who was not my affinity.

Since Cedric gave me the above record of the joint incarnation of my affinity and of myself at Naples I have discovered the other members of that household. They are all incarnated at the present time, and as this is probably quite a unique example of group-incarnation, I am giving fuller particulars about them in the second part of the book, in the chapter entitled "An Ideal Household."

CHAPTER VI: A LIFE'S QUEST

*Now! it is gone—our brief hour's travel past,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!*

S. T. COLERIDGE

AFTER a long period of some centuries of re-incarnations, especially if they have been very active ones, the ego of man passes into a dormant state of existence, a period of spirit-rest, comparable in earth-life with the trance state of existence of the chrysalis, before it unfolds and emerges in the higher development of the beautiful butterfly. The ego during that period, which may last for many centuries, is in an adolescent state and floats in the ethers as a potential nucleus or monad. This state is in the spirit-world called Christophorlanthus, which is a combination of Greek and Persian and means the Christ-bearing or chrysalis stage, the dormant or potential state of man's existence, as just explained. I was in such a trance-like state of existence for a considerable period after my second incarnation in Italy. This was then followed by one or two incarnations, but none were of any importance. Sometimes I was alone and sometimes I was incarnated at the same time as my affinity, but there never was any recognition of our spirit-relationship nor was there any recollection of our past incarnations.

About the end of the sixth century I was embodied as the second son of an Italian merchant, named Fereri, not far from the present site of the city of Messina in Sicily. He was a wealthy and honourable man, trading with different ports of the Mediterranean and other parts. My name was Ferozzo. Special

care was taken in my training, for I was intended to follow my father's calling. At the age of twenty-five I was sent on a voyage on one of my father's ships to Alexandria. The master of the vessel was anxious that I should see as much as possible, and for that purpose took me round to show me the sights outside Alexandria, especially the ancient tombs, in which I took a great interest. On our way back one day he called on a famous seer named Krishna. This man, although yet young in years, bore a fine reputation as an astrologer for the accuracy of his horoscopes. The captain asked him whether he would have a favourable voyage back. The advice was that the voyage should be deferred for three days as a storm (monsoon) was gathering and about to break. This was found to be correct. I took great interest in all I saw and heard. Our sailing was postponed for three days, and through this delay I was anxious to go back next day to the astrologer and to have an interview with him myself. I was taken into a small room about seven feet square with a dome-shaped roof in which there were different elaborate carvings on panels. They mostly took the form of hideous beasts, the creations of the imagination. Each one had a special meaning. The sitter had to sit on a three-legged stool under one of these panels. In the centre of the room there was a small table. The seer, after making certain signs, would lean across this table and gaze into the eyes of the sitter. Thus he was able to read the inclinations of my soul, and he told me that my father was training me to become a merchant as my eldest brother was not inclined to that calling. I must confess that I was not myself disposed to follow the life of a merchant closely, although I had so far made the best of it, for, studiously inclined, I wished rather

to take up the studies of ancient history, especially that of my own country.

The seer asked me a few simple questions. He asked me whether I was aware of the fact that I had lived in the land of Egypt before. I was startled at this question, and explained that this was my first visit to Egypt. The seer said : " My son, I am not speaking of physical life, but of a higher spirit-life ; a previous life of yours, when you left a mark, however small it may have been, on the history and the traditions of this country, in which you at the moment are a sojourner." He then in full detail unravelled to me the story of my first incarnation with Alma in Egypt about a thousand years before. I was highly interested and not a little mystified. I asked permission to put a few questions to him. The first was : Whether it was possible to meet, to recognize, and to be recognized in after-incarnations. The seer replied in the affirmative, and added that much depended upon their spiritual development, and upon their desire for inner knowledge and light, whether the two affinities recognized each other or not. It was only given to such as, seeking recognition by the proper channels, put aside all prejudices : to such, moreover, as believe that the soul is immortal, and that it is not merely dormant in the cold clay after death.

The next question I put was : Whether he could tell me if Alma was incarnated at that time, and, if so, where I could find her. He shaded his eyes and, as it were, looked across vast plains, and then solemnly said : " Yes, she is incarnated at the present time as the third daughter of humble folks, living up the mountains in the northern part of Italy." He could give no further information about her at that time—he, however, had seen her and described

her to me, and advised me for the present to let things rest.

After my interview with the seer I went back to the ship in deep thought, with a longing to be once more united to my affinity. The captain noticed my strange demeanour and thought I was ill ; that I perhaps had caught the fever then prevalent at Alexandria. The ship set sail and, after a fine voyage, safely reached home.

On my return I could not settle down to attend properly to my father's business, for I suffered from restlessness and a burning desire to get away to the north of Italy in search of my affinity. Though my father then had no business connections in that direction, yet in the winter I nevertheless set out on that journey, and in due course arrived in those parts. I made the acquaintance of a man and his wife living in the mountains, and put up as their guest. For three weeks I was snowed up in that house, and finally set out on my return journey a sad and disappointed man, for I had not discovered her for whom I sought so ardently.

Soon after my return home I was sent off again to Alexandria, in the same ship and with the same master. On my arrival there I went at once to visit the seer, quite unknown to the captain. The astrologer rebuked me and pointed out to me that he could discern that I was looking for purely material gratifications, and that such desires were the causes of so many unhappy marriages, which had for their object the simple satisfaction of material life. To have a happy spiritual union the soul must yearn for knowledge, for development, and pure spiritual love. He then held before my face a piece of square cloth of a brilliant red and with certain mystic signs in each

corner. He asked me to look into the centre and to tell him what I saw there. I saw his two eyes. What did I see in the right eye? I replied that I saw a magnificent landscape in the Italian Alps and the outline of various buildings. The sides of the rocks were covered with vines. I also discerned the figure of a man, a woman, and a girl there. The latter was beautiful. I eagerly asked who the girl was. He told me that she was my affinity, and he gave me her name as Trephena. I carefully sketched on paper what I saw, making particular notes of the surrounding mountain-paths. Soon after my return to Messina I set out again to northern Italy in search of my love. It was not an easy task. Though seeking so eagerly that lovely face, I did not succeed in finding it, and the journey was lost. When I returned home I felt very despondent, and I had a very restless, unhappy time. At last my father became angry. He wanted me to go on another journey, but I was not eager to go. One day he called me into his counting-house, where he had a serious talk with me. He asked me why I did not take a keener interest in his business and why I was not married? To the latter question I made reply that I was away from home so much. My father pointed out that the master of his ship was also away from home very much, yet he was happily married, and the father of a family. He suggested several very eligible families who had daughters amongst whom I might choose a wife, and therefore there was no reason why I should remain single and so restless. None of those he mentioned, however, could compare in beauty to the girl I had seen in the vision on the magic cloth of the seer at Alexandria. This I told my father, adding that she was the daughter of simple peasants, which made him very angry with me.

Nothing daunted, I set out once more on a journey to the north of Italy in search for her whom I had never seen in the body yet loved so dearly. This time, though I did not see her, I discovered that she was married. I at once returned heart-broken. Simply to please my father I married and settled down to a loveless, yet not exactly unhappy, married life. It was an ill match because of the want of affinity between my wife and myself; moreover, I alienated her by my constant dabbling in occult matters, in which she took no interest. My brain became mixed up with all sorts of uncanny things which, in my ignorance, I would better have left alone.

Many years elapsed before I met with her who was the embodied spirit of the affinity of my last incarnation. That meeting took place at Rome at a great festival. She and her husband went there. There was again the instant mutual recognition of our souls. We met just for a short time, and in that brief interval a flash of the eye sufficed to carry the message from soul to soul of the real, unmistakable, and lasting affinity between us. I never saw her again in that incarnation. I promised to visit her home, but in a great avalanche she and the whole of her household were overwhelmed and swept away. Her spirit was released in the prime of life at fifty years of age. The disaster and her passing out were revealed to me on a voyage to Alexandria, when I was out at sea. I eagerly sought the seer, then a very old man, on my arrival at Alexandria, and informed him of my vision. I asked him what was the use of it all. I was a sad and disappointed man. He took up the red cloth again and held it in front of me. I again saw his eyes in the centre—the left one this time was the more brilliant, and in it I saw a vision. “My father,” I

said, " I see masses of mist, and in the midst of them there is the form of a lovely woman, parted from her body. She looks at me in love and yearning and holds out her hands to me, for she knows that although destiny had decreed that we should not be united in this life yet she remains, and ever will be, my affinity through the ages to come. Her pure spirit is very beautiful to behold."

After my return I again went to northern Italy to make inquiries, and found that my vision was correct. Trephena, and even her home and family, were no more. I myself passed from that incarnation in the year 661 at the age of seventy. I survived my affinity by ten years.

CHAPTER VII : MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Quarrels would not last long if the fault were only on one side.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

*In loving thou doest well ; in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, the heart enlarges, hath its seat
In reason, is judicious, and is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayest ascend.*

JOHN MILTON

MY third incarnation in Italy was followed by another extended period of rest in the spirit-realms, after which several unimportant incarnations took place, some in France, but most of these without my affinity. When we two did meet there was no close earthly-relationship, neither was there ever the slightest recognition of spirit relationship or any recollection of our previous joint incarnations—we simply were good friends, as mundane friendships go. One of these minor incarnations took place in Southern Austria, in the latter part of the fourteenth and the first decade of the fifteenth centuries. We were both members of the mystic brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, then newly founded from among a few of the remaining members of the persecuted Knights Templars, by a Pole, who was inspired and an initiate. He adopted the name of Christian Rosenkreutz. My affinity was one of the very first women initiates of the order, but her initiation for some reason was left incomplete, and was to be completed by a Rosicrucian in or out of the order during a later incarnation.

My own Rosicrucian initiation was completed by the founder of the order, of which I was one of the first four members, who were known by the first four letters of the alphabet. My affinity and I met fre-

quently, and we were intimate friends, having great community of interest and aspiration. We both possessed wonderful healing powers and did useful work among the suffering. Neither of us ever married in that incarnation, neither was there any spirit recognition or recollection of previous joint incarnations. We had the happiness, however, after passing out, of coming together and of full recognition on the spirit-side of life.

In the early spring of the year 1616, the year William Shakespeare died, I was once more embodied, this time as the second son of a wealthy merchant in the City of London named Thomas Farmer. He lived in a good house with ample grounds on what then were the outskirts of London, known as Moorfields, on the road running to the north of the City to the village of Islington. My Christian name was Edward. My father was a successful, happy, jovial man, full of goodwill towards everybody. He was fond of the good things of this world, and enjoyed life to the full. My mother was a saintly woman of Puritan disposition, and her good influence made itself felt during all my life. I was carefully brought up, and after some travel became, at an early age, a partner in my father's business.

In the year 1629 a family consisting of father, mother, a girl of ten, and a serving-maid stopped at the famous Tabard Inn, in Southwark, over London Bridge. The man was a wealthy shipowner of Dover, named William Payne, who owned several sailing-vessels doing regular trips between Dover and the French ports. He owned a large old house and warehouse where at present the Priory Railway Station at Dover is situated. They had then just lost a son, their second child, and came to London

to buy a house. Soon after their arrival at the Tabard Inn Mistress Payne gave birth to a daughter, a fine babe. Owing to her lovely skin and the lilies being at that time of the year in full bloom, the little girl was christened Lily. That child was my affinity.

As she grew up her winning ways made her a great favourite with everybody, and her parents were very proud of her. Her father's business brought him in contact with very influential people and even with the Royal Court, and so it came to pass that he had the gratification of having his daughter, before she was seventeen, presented at one of the last Courts held by that unfortunate monarch Charles I. Those were troublesome and sad times, with the strife going on between Catholics and Puritans, and the Civil War near at hand in England, and the Thirty Years War still devastating Germany.

Lily had grown into a very beautiful girl, self-possessed, with a merry expression, which she inherited from her father, abundant chestnut hair, deep blue eyes, and a fine complexion, which needed no artificial aids. She was fairly tall, graceful, and of full figure. Indeed, her beauty attracted the attention not only of the Court, but of the King himself. The mother was not anxious for her daughter to enter Court circles, for she foresaw not only the danger and temptations which always threatened those attending the Court then, but the social and political horizon was at that time very dark. The father, however, was a very ambitious man, and did not rest until his daughter was introduced into society. At the season of her presentation at a court, she attracted the attention of a worldly-minded young wealthy Court gallant, named James Rochford, who greatly fascinated her by his handsome appearance and polished manners.

At that time the Paynes lived in a fine house, which was their property, at a spot not far from Camberwell Gate and Camberwell Green, standing well back from the road leading to Brixton and Croydon. It was an old place with large rooms on two floors, and also grounds of four to five acres, with a number of out-buildings.

On certain evenings it was found that a disguised horse-rider came down from London and turned the corner of the house and disappeared. Her mother discovered that this was the courtier with whom Lily was enamoured, and that she met him clandestinely at the bottom of the old garden. The mother was very anxious and warned Lily of the dangers, but all to no purpose. To avoid her daughter being ruined by an unscrupulous and wealthy courtier, the parents decided, greatly to Lily's grief, to get her out of harm's way by sending her to their house at Dover, in the care of an old servant, named Annie, who had been in the family for many years. This trusty woman looked upon the girl, whom she had known from babyhood, with the fondest affection, but was not capable of fulfilling the duty allotted to her of acting as a guardian. She gave way to every whim of the lively young girl, and finally helped her to send an incautiously worded letter secretly to her courtly lover. The letter had to be sent by the postboy on the London coach. He was promised a good reward if he succeeded in delivering the letter and bringing back a reply. She carefully described the house, situated in Charterhouse Street, where the young gallant was leading a dissolute life of drinking and gambling, of debauchery and pleasure. In this incarnation Lily took her views of life from her father, and tried her best to enjoy life with all its gaiety and

worldly attractions, which was the reason of her great admiration for this man of pleasure.

On receiving the letter young Rochford sent a reply back by the postboy, and decided to set out for Dover the next morning. He only, however, reached the Tabard Inn, where, meeting some of his friends, he indulged in a drinking bout, and in consequence was unable to proceed further that day. He managed to set out at five o'clock next morning on his horse, a high-spirited roan. At about midday he had reached Gravesend, where the beauty of the Kentish Hills, sloping down to the winding river, attracted him—for with all his faults he was of an artistic disposition—and he decided to have his midday meal at an inn called “Ye Milton Arms” at the village of Milton, close to Gravesend. The owner of the inn at that time was a widow. Her daughter was a lovely girl named Mary, who gracefully waited at table. The young courtier at once paid great attention to the handsome maid, and became so infatuated that for the time being he thought little of Lily, and decided to stay the night at Milton. He tried his best, with his experience of the world, to ruin Mary, but she had been previously warned by an old woman that before the summer was out a courtier would try to undo her and she must be careful. The girl was pure minded, and the tempter failed in his base designs and left next day for Dover in great anger and disappointment.

Lily, who had been anxiously and impatiently waiting for her lover, asked for an ample explanation why he was two days overdue ; when he had left home, where he had stayed, whom he had met, and so forth. Rochford told her that his horse had been lame, and he made other silly excuses, but Lily, who was very astute, was not satisfied with his reply, and would have

R

nothing further to do with him. She was a noble and high-spirited damsel, and in after-life no doubt could often look back with satisfaction on her resolute decision (although it must have been a sore disappointment at the time) which saved her from the snare of this unworthy man. She was at times very frivolous, but was not to be so easily caught. She was, however, so heartsick and disappointed that she at once wrote a long letter to her mother, imploring her permission to return to London, and telling her openly of the danger she had escaped. She returned early that winter, but not without a very exciting adventure. Her disappointed lover spared no expense in having her movements closely watched, and resolved to have her abducted should opportunity offer, which came on her journey home. The coach, on passing a spot now known as Bromley, in Kent, pulled up at a roadside inn. Two men, who had evidently travelled from London on horseback, alighted at the same time. One was a young, strong fellow, his companion was a much older man. They made inquiries of the innkeeper about the coach and its passengers, but could not obtain the information they wanted, and so they plied the driver of the coach, an old veteran, with questions. It was quite against the rules for coach-drivers to give any information about their passengers, but strong drink and a very liberal tip loosened the driver's tongue.

The two men had been sent by the Court gallant to secure Lily at all costs, and to bring her to his house in Charterhouse Street. The fuddled driver finally agreed to stop the coach some little distance down the road, where there was a cross-lane leading to a farm. A horse was tethered to a peg near-by down the lane. The driver did as arranged, getting down under the

pretence of attending to the harness. The coach stood under some overhanging trees in darkness. Suddenly the door opened on the near-side, and Lily was bodily lifted out by one man, while the other quickly threw a cloak over her head and shoulders to prevent her screaming and struggling. She was carried down the lane to the horse that was tethered there, when, by the timely intervention of one of her spirit-guides, the moon brilliantly shone forth and somewhat disconcerted her captors. She managed to free herself, to scream at the top of her voice, and was instantly dropped to the ground. The two men then quickly rode off and left Lily, who escaped with bruises and a terrible fright.

Soon afterwards I, Edward Farmer, was, through certain business relations I had with old Payne, introduced to his family circle. Lily made an instant and deep impression on me, and I fell desperately in love with her. I was a handsome, well-built, and muscular man with dark crisp hair, brave and courteous in manner ; altogether I was considered to be a well-balanced and moral man. Lily reciprocated, and I soon sought her hand. There was no recognition then of our spirit-relationship or of former incarnations; it was purely material attraction which brought us together.

Lily was a regular attendant at the old church of St. Mary Woolnoth at the corner of Lombard Street, and there I met her on two or three Sundays, when one Sunday her father, who very seldom went to church, much to Lily's discomfort went with her. It was quite unusual for him to do so, and she, of course, did not want him, but he would go. In coming out of church, probably prompted by Lily's strange behaviour, the father put his hand on her

shoulder, and said : " Where is he ? Who is he ? What is his name ? " Lily blushed and pretended she did not understand her father's questions, but he asked : " Who is the young man who usually walks home with you after church ? " Lily reluctantly pointed to me as I was hiding behind one of the stone pillars at the gate of the church. The old gentleman beckoned to me with his walking-stick to come forward, and in a friendly way arranged to meet me next day, Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, in the coffee-room of the Tabard Inn at Southwark. This was a favourite meeting-place then of many merchants and business men. When I arrived I found him drinking a bottle of sack, which I shared. The old man asked many questions, including what my prospects were, and told me that he had great ambitions at one time as to his daughter taking up a high position in Court circles, but as circumstances, through the political upheaval, had altered, his views had changed, and he was only desirous that, for her own happiness, she should marry the man of her choice, which evidently was myself. This was in 1648. I was then thirty-two years of age, being thirteen years older than Lily. After several other interviews and careful inquiries about me, old Payne was at last satisfied as to Lily's choice of a husband, and gave his consent to our early union, making me a proud and happy man.

Very soon after, the old gentleman, who was a keen sportsman, met with an accident at a hunt in Richmond Park. He was thrown from his horse, broke his neck, and died almost instantaneously. His wife and daughter waited in vain for his return that night, and great was their grief when the news of his death was brought to them early next day.

Mrs. Payne, in order to economize, decided to return

to their old home at Dover in the spring. I felt extremely sad at this decision, for, pending our marriage, I greatly missed Lily's society. To reach Dover in those days meant making a formidable journey by coach or on horseback, which could not be done without considerable expenditure of time and money. One day, when I could bear Lily's absence no longer, I resolved to travel to Dover by a carrier's wagon, carrying goods. It was slower but cheaper travelling, and would answer my purpose of combining business with pleasure. The wagoner decided to stay for the night at "Ye Milton Arms" at Milton. I did myself very well at the well-kept inn, and was charmed with beautiful Mary's society, who did her best to make me comfortable. Womanlike, she wanted to know all about me, and when I told her I was on my way to Dover to see my lady she inquired her name, which I did not mind telling her. She seemed surprised, and said she had a letter bearing that lady's name which a very bold and handsome courtier, who a year or two ago had stayed at the inn, had accidentally dropped and left behind on his bedroom floor. After some hesitation, and yielding to my entreaties, she produced the letter. It was the letter which Lily had sent him by the postboy, asking him to come to Dover. I instantly recognized her characteristic handwriting, and felt much perturbed. For some time I had great hesitation whether to pursue the journey or whether to give up my love, but finally decided to proceed, to present the letter to Lily, and to ask her how she could have written such a letter, and then to act according to circumstances. I felt very distressed and miserable, but finally resumed my journey to Dover. Instead of seeing Lily at once, as had been my original intention, I spent

some time in making inquiries about the Paynes' household and the visitors calling there, whether a courtier had been there lately, and whether Lily had been seen in any man's company. I heard nothing detrimental. I stayed the whole time at a good inn at the foot of Snaregate Street, which ran up the hill. This hostelry was frequented then by seafaring men and merchants. One morning, after all my fruitless inquiries, I went into the large coffee-room to the left of the entrance hall. I was heartsick, and sat down to write several letters, one of which was to Lily. I read it, tore it up, and threw the fragments into the fire. I then called for a bottle of sack and wrote her another letter, which I finished, sealed up, and despatched by an errand-boy. He was to wait and bring back a reply with all speed.

Lily and her mother just happened to be engaged in a serious conversation about the girl's future when the maid handed her my letter. The mother closely watched Lily's expression from the opposite side of the table while the latter was eagerly reading the letter. There was always great frankness and mutual confidence between mother and daughter, and so Lily, when she had finished reading, handed the letter to her mother. The letter was strangely worded and puzzled Lily. What answer was she to send? As Edward was in Dover, was she to see him? The mother advised her to send a reply inviting him to call that afternoon. Lily quickly wrote and sealed a note, which was handed to the boy in the hall. This boy was a careless, good-for-nothing lout, and on his way back met other boys, with whom he commenced larking and fighting. When he finally reached the inn he had lost Lily's note, but this did not in the least disconcert him, for he quickly concocted a story,

and simply told me that the lady was out and he left my letter with the maid.

The day dragged on slowly, for I was waiting for a reply from my love, and, on the other hand, Lily was expecting me. She had with her own hands prepared some dainty refreshments, but the time for the appointment had long passed and I had not come. She became impatient, and several times asked her mother what she thought of it. The mother was very consoling, and said that probably I was delayed through some important business, but she had no doubt that I should ultimately come. Meanwhile, as the day wore on, I was impatiently waiting for a message from Lily, which never came. All seemed to be shrouded in mystery. Night came, but no reply. I was pacing up and down the coffee-room, enveloped in moody thoughts, when the London coach arrived and the passengers alighted. This momentarily attracted my attention, and then I sat down having a fit of the blues. Some little time afterwards someone recognized me and gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder. "Why, man, what on earth is the matter with thee? What for such gloomy mien? What ails thee? Why art thou moping? Art thou love-sick?" It was a stout, sturdy young man with ruddy, jovial face. His name was Wilson and I knew him well. Before I could reply he called across the room for a bottle of port. I knew Wilson as a sterling good fellow whom I could trust and who would give me sound advice, and so I at once unburdened my heart and told him of the letter I had sent to Lily in the morning to which I had had no reply. Wilson seemed readily to pick up the mystery, and his fist came down on the table while he exclaimed: "I'll soon unravel that mystery. Send for the young devil

who brought the verbal message." The boy was brought in and Wilson sternly questioned him. "Who took the letter from thee? What did the maid tell thee? Give me the exact words?" The boy floundered and could not give a satisfactory reply. Wilson exclaimed: "I'll bet the lady wrote a reply and a letter was given thee! I'll take thee by thy ear to the house, and if thou hast told lies I will thrash thee within an inch of thy life." The boy became frightened, and admitted having lost the note and having concocted the verbal message. Wilson gave the boy on the spot a well-deserved thrashing. I was sorely troubled, and asked Wilson what I had better do. He advised me to go up to the house at once, as no doubt Lily had invited me, and would be perturbed and unable to solve the mystery of my non-arrival. Although it was very late in the evening I set out, and soon arrived and fully explained everything. My explanations and apologies were accepted. I then looked fully into my love's eyes, when they dropped and looked on the floor. I was agitated, for something seemed to tell me that maybe I had not made the impression on her that I thought I had. I was alone with her at the moment, and we were having an animated conversation about pleasant events of the past when the maid tapped at the door and announced to Lily that a gentleman, who did not wish to give his name, would like to see her for a moment. She hesitated at first, and then went, closing the door and leaving me in gloomy wonderment as to who the man could be and what he wanted with my love. She soon returned, but to my surprise vouchsafed no explanation. I deemed to notice a coldness in her, such as I had never seen before. What could it all mean? I could control my feelings

no longer. I asked her a plain, straight manly question—whether she really loved me. I told her of my great love and devotion to her, and as I spoke I watched her face. Her eyes were all the time down-cast, and she kept still and did not speak. I implored her to break the suspense and to give me a reassuring reply. She coldly asked for one week to consider. I wanted an answer there and then. Why should there be that suspense, which was more than I could bear. It was all to no purpose. She was cold and resolute, and finally became impatient, but remained firm in her resolve to have a week in which to consider her reply, during which time I was not to attempt to see her. I might write her a plain letter if I thought it absolutely necessary, but I should receive no reply. My mind was all the time agitated, wondering whether it would be wise at that time to show her the letter which Mary had given me at Milton or whether I should withhold it. I wisely kept it back, and finally, heartsick and in great emotion, left the house and went back to the inn.

I went into the coffee-room and sat down to brood. All was dark and hopeless. Another hearty slap on my back brought me to my senses and indicated that Wilson had returned. “Well, friend, tell me frankly all thy troubles—what is the result of thy errand?” He sat down and I told him all; moreover, I showed him Lily’s letter to Rochford, which Mary had given me at Milton. Wilson was a jolly, good-natured fellow who had a good circle of friends, in whose company he enjoyed the good things of the world, including wine. He candidly told me that he was not quite in a fit state of mind to give advice on serious business, except that he and I had better go to bed and sleep over the matter. He then bade me good-

night. I felt there was no sleep for me, for with all her troublesome moods and tantrums Lily was all the world to me.

So I sat up in the coffee-room. At midnight, just after the watchman had called out the hour, a horseman rode up to the inn and rang for the ostler, saying he had travelled a long distance and required accommodation—in fact, the best room in the house. He was shown into the coffee-room. I was too deeply concentrated on my sorrows to notice him at first, but I soon discovered to my discomfiture that he was the hateful courtier, Rochford. I rose, took a candle, and went up to my room. Rochford followed almost immediately and took the room next to mine. It was the largest room in the house, over the porch, containing little, but good, furniture and fine ornaments, such as sterling silver candlesticks and snuffers. He was very noisy, but did not really disturb me much, for there was no sleep for me. I did not undress; only took off my boots and threw myself on the bed, where I tossed about till five o'clock, when I again went down to the coffee-room.

The landlady was in the room, and, after wishing me "good-morning," she told me that she thought I looked pale and ill. Without waiting for my reply, she added: "Aye, lad, I know what's wrong with thee, for I have had love troubles myself when I was a lass. Perhaps I can help thee. Come into my room." I gladly accepted her kind and motherly invitation, and confided to her all that troubled me, showed her the Milton letter, and told her of the arrival of Rochford during the night. She was very much interested, and told me she felt very sorry for me. She remembered her own daughter's fate, for she was dragged down by an unscrupulous courtier.

She happened to know Lily slightly, and promised that, for the sake of the beautiful girl, she would help me, although for the moment she hardly knew what was best to be done. She finally suggested having Rochford watched by an old man, named Joe, who was a stableman at the inn. He was a trusty and shrewd old soul. He was called, and gladly undertook to find out the gallant's business.

At nine o'clock Rochford came down to breakfast, and the landlady stood talking to him for some time concerning the latest news about Cromwell's doings. Joe took the opportunity of going up to Rochford's room and looking into his bag, in the hope of finding perhaps some compromising letter or scrap of paper, but found nothing. Rochford paid his bill after breakfast and rode off. Joe decided to follow him, but as Rochford had a fine horse, and Joe was old and at best an indifferent rider, he sent a younger man to spy. The latter found that Rochford went to a low, long, and rambling cottage with a thatched roof facing the sea and about half a mile from the Paynes' house. The tenant's daughter was a very beautiful girl. The landlady advised me to go and see Lily, show her the Milton letter, and ask her to end this moody misery by openly telling me what it all meant. I decided to follow her advice.

Meanwhile, Lily and her mother, who had been out for a walk, saw Rochford riding towards the cottage. Knowing the man's knavery, they decided to go up to London and to return when my week's respite was up. They hastily booked two seats in the stage-coach, and before I left the inn Joe brought me news that Mistress Payne and her daughter had been seen entering the coach bound for London. I was upset and sorely perplexed at this unexpected turn of

events, and could not decide whether to return myself to London. At last I decided to return on horseback. I made my way through Milton, where I stopped. Mary was glad to see me, and I was not long in finding out that she really was desperately in love with me. She had misinterpreted my pleasant ways with her and, moreover, jumped to the conclusion that her giving me Lily's letter had had its effect. She was simple-minded, and openly asked me did I return her love, and had I given up the high-born lady who had played with me? Her passionate questions so disconcerted me that I decided to go on at once. Mary, however, pointed out that it was a wild, stormy night, and pleaded that I had better stay. I was then having my supper in a room at the back of the house, and was gently rapping the table with my knuckles—a peculiar habit I had. As I watched Mary, bonny lass that she was, with brown eyes and a wealth of hair, I felt I could not resist her. Suddenly there was loud knocking at the door, and a messenger from the royal courts came in. He was a bumptious man and said he wanted someone—a Roundhead. He gave the description, and asked Mary if such a man was in the house, meanwhile eyeing me closely. Mary answered that I was the only guest in the house. He said that I did not answer the description, nevertheless in an insolent manner demanded of me: "Who art thou? What is thy business?" I felt nettled, and plainly stated who I was, but refused to tell why I was at the inn.

The man then said: "Although thou art not the man I want, I will make it my business to find out what is thy little game at this inn"—so saying he went out and slammed the door. Mary was anxious about my safety and burst into tears, but I bade her not to have any fear.

A few minutes afterwards Rochford arrived at the inn on horseback. I at once smelt danger at his sudden disappearance from Dover and arrival at Milton. He strode into the room, and Mary instinctively shrank from him and came close to me, as it were for protection. Rochford, probably in order to impress Mary, came up to the table and impertinently said to me : " I have met thee, sir, before. I want to know what thou art doing, prowling about here ? " I replied that it was not his business to ask me what I was doing there and that I would not tolerate his insolence. Rochford retorted that I had insulted him, and in a loud voice called for the landlord, demanding of him to expel me from his house.

Mary's step-father was a jovial man, far from being timid, even if confronted by men of Rochford's demeanour. In a laughing way he said : " Boys, life is short, and I cannot have quarrelling under the roof of ' Ye Milton Arms.' As ye cannot agree together one must leave. I will toss a coin—head up the gallant goes, tail up the merchant." Both Rochford and I were sportsmen, the landlord's proposition appealed to us, and we agreed to it and shook hands. The coin was spinning and stopped head up. Rochford had to go, and he did, in anything but good grace, cursing his bad luck and the landlord's stupid way of settling a quarrel.

When he had left I told the landlord and Mary that I had no doubt that Rochford, knowing I was his rival with regard to Lily, meant to do me an injury and perhaps might kill me, for life was cheap in those days, but the landlord did his best to console me.

There were two roads from Milton to London. One skirted the Thames by Erith and Belvedere, the other lay further inland. Late that night a coach

drove up to the inn for shelter as the night was rough, and after consultation with Mary and her father, I decided to leave my horse and to proceed to London in the morning by that coach, which was a private one. I had breakfast at four o'clock in the morning and the coach left soon after. Mary was astir in good time, and as the coach started she quickly slipped a small parcel into my hand. I put it into my coat-pocket and later on opened it. It contained some tasty refreshments, on the top of which was a note. It was a passionate avowal of Mary's undying love for me. I felt heartily sorry on reading her letter. I knew her sweet, even temper, and that her love for me would not be moody, but earnest and constant. I was wondering what I could do for the girl, whom I highly respected. The situation she placed me in was most embarrassing, and I wanted to be fair and gentlemanly to her. On reaching London all my thoughts, almost night and day, were concentrated on Lily and how I could clear up the misunderstanding so unfortunately hovering between us ; especially whether it was wise even to reveal to her that I possessed that Milton letter. One evening I went out to supper, and meeting two trusty and intimate friends told them my troubles. I thought I had better consult someone who could give me quiet and unbiased counsel. One of them thought that Lily hitherto had not treated me as considerately as she might have done had she really been in love with me—therefore, why did I want to force the girl into marriage with me, which would afterwards prove an unhappy one? As I knew so many eligible girls, I ought to remember the old saying that "there were as good fish in the sea as came out of it." The other friend's advice was more in accordance with my own feelings, for he

suggested that I should give the girl another chance by arranging a meeting and insisting upon a straight statement as to her intentions. I accordingly wrote Lily a note, and sent it to her home at Camberwell, where she was then staying with her mother, asking her to meet me in the porch of old Bow Church in the Chepeside before the Sunday morning service. This was then the favourite meeting-place for young lovers, where many proposals were made, many lovers' quarrels arranged, not a few of which may have ended in partings and broken hearts. Unfortunately fate would have it that the meeting between Lily and myself did not take place. A heavy storm broke just before, and, lightly clad as she was, she had to take shelter until long after the time of the appointment. She then decided to return home. I braved the storm, and although I got wet was in Bow Church porch in good time. I waited and waited, and as Lily did not turn up I was down in heart and felt very resentful. As I looked out of the porch I saw a friend passing and hailed him. The sun then had come through, and after a short consultation we decided to walk along the river to Chelsea. There we went to an inn, now the "Cremorne Arms," by the river close to the old church about 1650, and called for a bottle of wine and other refreshments. In my mind I was seriously asking myself what was the use of still persevering with that wayward girl. I returned home late that Sunday evening a disappointed and despondent man.

Early next morning I sent her a note asking for another appointment, but by a mischance the letter never reached her, and therefore I waited in vain for a reply. In the middle of that week I was coming from Fleet Street and accidentally met Lily just outside old St. Paul's Cathedral. I was only too glad

to hear her explanations and to be near her once more. I asked her to come into the cathedral and to sit down for a chat. The old church was at that time used for many other purposes besides worship, and might aptly have been called a den of thieves rather than a house of God. We went in and sat down on one of the benches, on which I particularly noticed many names and initials which had been deeply cut out by desecrating hands. Lily sat almost facing me, and after a long and earnest conversation our eyes met fully and seemed to be momentarily riveted—spirit-recognition between us took place, and we remembered having been incarnated together many times. Feeling extremely happy we left the cathedral and went to Holborn, where there was a noted coffee-house. We went to the first-floor and sat down by a window commanding extensive views. I called for refreshments.

Unfortunately I committed a fateful indiscretion there. I produced the Milton letter, and although I only mildly asked Lily what she meant by writing that letter to Rochford she very much resented my indiscreet question and gave way to sobs and tears. She demanded to know how I came into possession of that letter, which she had long forgotten. Where a few minutes ago was happiness and understanding now reigned confusion, complication, and bitter resentment. Lily, however, was quick in regaining self-possession. She had on her journeys to and from Dover stayed herself at Milton, and asked me how often I had been there. Why did I go three miles out of the way to stay at Milton instead of keeping to the shorter coach road to Dover? I pointed out to her that the scenery at Milton was exceedingly pretty. Lily, however, remembered pretty Mary,

and taxed me with running after her. She said if she had been attracted by and had written to Rochford, had I not been attracted by the innkeeper's daughter at Milton? Lily's womanly intuition had led her aright, and she asked me further: "Thou hast possession of a letter of mine, canst thou swear upon thine honour thou hast never had one from Mary?" I could not look into Lily's face and tell an untruth, and so produced the letter which I found in the parcel that Mary had slipped into my hand when I sat in the coach. Lily read it and a quick reaction took place: she who had a little while ago been so sweet and loving parted from me coldly, but civilly. Oh, the fool that I was!

Lily was then kept under strict surveillance by her mother, for Rochford was very persistent in his attentions if he had the slightest chance. He was, moreover, unscrupulous and assiduous to master the girl if he could. Therefore several weeks after the above unhappy meeting between Lily and myself, during which time no communications took place between us, the mother decided to take Lily to Dover, really in order to keep her out of Rochford's way. I heard of it, and decided to go to Dover and thence to France on business, and on my way to call on Lily, so that I could make up the quarrel. I felt very miserable, and constantly blamed myself for heartlessness. When at Dover I had not the courage to face Lily, and decided to call on her on my way back. I proceeded without seeing her. While in the gay city of Paris, where I had many friends and was a welcome visitor, I met a very charming young lady named Wilhelmine Lacroix, whose father was a merchant doing business with my firm. I made a favourable impression on her and a strong attachment was

F

formed. I must confess to deeply falling in love with her, so much so that I seemed to forget my affinity across the water. I argued with myself that Lily seemed more drawn by Court attractions, such as Rochford could offer her, than the plain life of a simple merchant, and, moreover, had placed so many obstacles in the way of my winning her affection that I was committing no wrong in reciprocating Wilhelmine's evidently sincere and pure love. She was then about to join a party of friends to cross the Channel to visit London, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of returning home in her company. Half way across the Channel we encountered a terrific gale, and our small sailing-vessel was hopelessly driven down the Channel beyond the cliffs of what is now Eastbourne, where, however, she managed to anchor, and we were all glad to get ashore. The ship had been much battered about, and all the passengers had been ill and suffered great discomfort and privations. We were kindly sheltered and hospitably treated in the nearest houses. Wilhelmine was taken to a large house, where she became very ill. There were no doctors near at hand, and the lady of the house recognized the sickness as cholera, which was not uncommon then. Before medical help could be procured Wilhelmine, to my great grief, had passed away. I stayed for her funeral, and then with other passengers made my way to London.

I sent a note to Lily, who I was told was staying at Camberwell with her mother. The note to my surprise was returned unopened without any explanation. I decided to go to the house and see for myself, so I rode on horseback early next morning to Camberwell, and in the front garden I met Mrs. Payne. She looked very grave, and with tears in her eyes informed

me that Lily was in a rapid decline. The doctors had come to the conclusion that with the fall of leaf she would pass away ; there was no hope or help for her. I was staggered. When I last saw her some months ago she seemed in perfect health. I asked to see her, but the mother would not let me. At my entreaties she promised that I might see her next morning if the doctor gave his permission. I rode away full of deep regrets, angry with myself for many unkind and thoughtless actions which might have caused any sorrow to Lily. I tasted no food that day, and when night came flung myself on my bed without undressing. I could not sleep and was early astir. It was a lovely summer's morning and I decided to walk to Camberwell, where I arrived about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Payne looked very sad and there were traces of tears on her face. She took me to the bedroom. Lily was terribly altered. The ravages of the disease had left her a mere skeleton, yet there was the same beautiful face, now with an ethereal expression. I kissed her dainty hands and was rewarded with a sweet smile. A bright light shone from her expressive eyes, and in a whisper she said : " Ours has been a strange mixture of life. I have loved you, but not constantly—other lights have flitted across my path and I have at times used them to try to make you jealous, so that you should love me yet more. You have also been fickle in your love to me, and I tried hard to conceal that I minded. We might have been happy together had we been wise, but it is too late now, regrets will not avail. The time is not far distant when I shall pass away to the land of rest, where sorrow and tears are unknown. There, dearest, I shall await you."

I knelt down by her bedside, and although I was a

strong man, I gave way to a flood of passionate tears. "Lily, darling," I said, "your life seems to be ebbing fast away while I am left a healthy, sturdy man to mourn you ; you are being snatched from my hands like a beautiful flower. It was to be so—it is the fate dealt out to us for our inconstancy to each other."

The time allowed by the doctor for the interview had expired, and Mrs. Payne came to remind me of it. I rose. Lily gently pulled me down, put her thin arms round my neck, and imprinted a passionate kiss on my lips. It was the first and last time I ever kissed her. Not another word passed between us.

Outside the room the mother placed her hand on my shoulder and said : "It was my desire that you should become Lily's husband, and it would have come to pass but for that unscrupulous Court butterfly dodging Lily's footsteps. Such men are the curse of this land. In a short time Lily will be beyond such temptations." Without saying anything I stooped down and kissed the mother of my dying love.

That was the last time I saw Lily, for the end came quickly. As I reached home one evening a short note from Mrs. Payne awaited me to say that Lily had passed away in her sleep.

She was laid to rest in the churchyard about a mile from her home, which for her harboured such a strange mixture of joy and sorrow. Lily was twenty-four at the time of her decease.

I felt as if all the joy of life had gone out of me. My friends after a time tried to persuade me to select a wife from among the many eligible girls whom I knew, but none could compare with my Lily. Moreover, within a year, one night as I lay awake thinking of her suddenly I saw a vision of her standing at the foot of the bed smiling at me, and then the vision,

after a few moments, faded away. I thought it was only fancy, but Lily after that manifested to me very often, and I could distinctly sense her speaking. She and I were in constant spirit-communion until I passed over myself at the age of between fifty-nine and sixty.

After Lily had gone I led a very quiet, contemplative life. I just managed to keep my father's business going, but had no ambition to make money. I spent much time in study and meditation, and wrote one or two small books. I hardly ever saw any friends except occasionally I visited Mrs. Payne. Once or twice I went to France on business. On one of these journeys, soon after Lily's death, I went to the inn at Milton. I was told that Mary had married a well-to-do farmer named Lawrence, and lived on a large farm the other side of Gravesend. I never saw her again.

(See Part II, Chapter II: Wife, Friend, and Counsellor and Chapter IV: Passing Fancies and Enduring Love).

CHAPTER VIII : BUTTERFLIES

It is the troubles of life, the mistakes, the sorrows, the sin, the shadow-mysteries of the world, that sound in our hearts the greater strings.

H. FIELDING

THERE are no definite or stated periods for reincarnations. The intervals between two incarnations depend on various circumstances, but mainly on the kind of life which the individual has led on earth and also on his or her spiritual development. An active life full of joy or full of suffering will probably be followed by a longer period of rest and assimilation of experience in the beyond than an easy, quiet life. Moreover, if during the later period of earth-life the interest in material affairs and the desire for fame or wealth has slackened, and, on the other hand, if aspirations are turned more towards spiritual development, the ego passes much sooner to higher spirit spheres, and is sooner ready to take up a new earth-life and to be embodied again. It may happen, therefore, that the ego may rest in the beyond or float in an adolescent state for centuries, or one or more incarnations may follow each other in quick succession, as will be seen in the present narratives. A deceased infant may be born again to the same parents within a short time. There is so little known on the subject, even in the spirit spheres, that hard and fast rules cannot be laid down.

After my incarnation in London, when I passed out in 1676, I was soon embodied again. I was born once more in 1696 at Plymouth, the only son of a merchant and owner of coasting vessels trading between the Channel Islands, Cherbourg, and various other French, Portuguese, and Spanish ports.

My father was very prosperous and a strong, healthy, good-natured man named Thomas Tregonin,

which is an old West-country name that can to this day be seen in Devon and Cornish churchyards. I was given his Christian name, and for short was usually called "Tommy." My mother was a quiet, kind-hearted woman, a minister's daughter. We lived in an old roomy house between Plymouth and Devonport. My father had a counting-house and warehouses in Plymouth. When he was not away on voyages he was in the habit of riding daily on horse-back backward and forward between his house and his place of business.

About a quarter of a mile from our house, standing well back from the main road, there was another large house. It had been empty for several years and the large garden had run wild. When I was about five years old another merchant, named D'Arcy, bought the house and had it restored and the grounds laid out again. Mrs. d'Arcy was an exceedingly handsome and accomplished woman, a favourite in society at Plymouth; moreover, she was supposed to have peculiar psychic gifts, and could tell fortunes and prophesy all kinds of events. Her husband was a good business man, but was not his wife's equal in education and learning. They had an only child, a girl about two years younger than myself. She was a plump little thing with light-brown hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful oval face, and was considered an exceedingly pretty child. She was very coy and coquettish, and, moreover, wayward and spoilt. Her name was Marie.

That girl was my affinity, incarnated again at the same time as I, but during that incarnation there was not the slightest spirit-recognition on either side, nor did we come together in any earthly relationship. A few facts about this short incarnation, however, make a pretty story.

Mrs. d'Arcy and my mother became fast friends and they liked Marie and myself to play together. I did not at first take to Marie, for she would have her way, and if I did not promptly obey she used to settle matters by giving me a hard slap in the face. I never retaliated, but at times if she were too vigorous I would cry till she kissed me and promised never to slap me again.

When we were old enough we were sent to an old dame to school. She was about seventy, and although she had had a good education and had in her young days moved in good society in London, she was not much of a teacher, and was unable to manage Marie, but I gave her little trouble. When not at school, and in the summer when the weather was fine, Marie and I freely roamed some woods close to our homes. We were together almost every day for several years, in fact, until I had to leave home and go to sea.

Marie was very fond of nature and evidently, like her mother, was psychic. She used to see fairies dance round large toadstools and point them out to me, and call me stupid because I could see neither the fairies nor the toadstools. I always called these visions of hers "stuff." She heard voices in the woods, and told me the birds could talk to each other and that the trees and the flowers were alive. She would never gather flowers on that account, although she loved them and did not object if I plucked them for her. She was a highly-strung and interesting child, and there was a constant exchange of ideas between us. She was, however, psychically more highly developed. At times my father took us for a short trip out to sea. That was a time of dreaming for Marie, who would sit still for hours gazing at the sea without speaking a word, while I was busy helping

the sailors. So we grew up together until I was about twelve, when an event occurred which, although in itself unimportant, yet more or less shaped our future. A wedding took place in the neighbourhood, and it was arranged that Marie and I should each have a large basket of roses and, as the bride and bridegroom stepped out of the church, we should strew the roses on the path in front of them. It was fine sport, and, moreover, we were asked to the house and regaled with cakes.

Next day was Sunday, and Marie and I were dressed in our best clothes and after dinner went to play in the woods. That summer was very hot and there was quite a plague of butterflies, wasps, gnats, and other insects. I was keen on chasing and killing butterflies, an occupation which Marie, who usually shared my sports, utterly loathed. She respected life, and would not have any living creature hurt or killed. That afternoon she seemed very quiet and thoughtful, and seated herself on a log under a tree. She was busy for some time making a daisy-chain. After a while she called me to come to her.

I found her with one of her mother's pudding-cloths over her head in imitation of a bridal-veil and a double daisy-chain on top of it. She had tried to imitate Hetty's bridal attire.

"Do you admire me like this?" she asked.

"No, you would frighten a scarecrow itself."

"Tommy, I hate you!"

"Then I have time to catch more butterflies," and with that I wanted to run away.

Marie beckoned me, and with a confidential air said, quietly: "Tommy, I want to tell you something very important." She wanted me to sit down by her on the log. I asked her to make haste, but she said

if I would not listen attentively she would not tell me at all. I obeyed. She then said : " I was so gone on Hetty's lovely wedding-gown yesterday that I want one exactly like it, if not better. Will you help me to get it ? "

" I can't," I retorted impatiently.

" Yes, you can if you like. I have thought it all out."

" How ? "

" By marrying me."

" Oh, but I can only play with you, I can't marry you, for I shall want to marry a real woman, not a girl like you."

" I shall be a real woman one day, and a good-looking one, too. I know I am pretty even now, for Willie told me so yesterday at the wedding, and he is a sharp boy."

Willie was two or three years older than I, and his father was a man of the name of Davis, the owner of several tin-mines outside Plymouth and Devonport.

I was anxious to resume the butterfly-hunt, and when Marie saw that I would not obey her commands she wheedled, and, moreover, told me that she would wait till she was twenty-one, the same age as Hetty.

" I will marry you if you will let me catch more butterflies."

" Promise ! "

Now, the single word " promise " was a favourite expression of Marie's when she wanted to enforce obedience. The promise had to be kept to the very letter, but if she made one herself there was always a little womanly latitude in carrying it out.

" Promise ! " she repeated.

" All right," I said.

"Tommy, I'll help you to catch butterflies"—and the butterflies had a bad time of it that day.

As time went on Marie did not forget to remind me now and then of the promise she had extorted from me. After a time I confided in my mother, and as she seemed smilingly to approve I thought it was sure to be right for me to marry Marie when the time came, although I felt somewhat afraid of her becoming my wife. She had dominated me quite enough while she was my playmate.

When I had turned fifteen my father thought the time had come for me to be taught his business as a merchant and shipowner. I was at first to have a thorough training in navigation and to see foreign lands, and so I was sent out on a vessel going to the Mediterranean. I made several voyages, and, moreover, did good business for my father. During that time I saw very little of my home and of Marie, who gradually grew up to be a very beautiful woman.

Whenever I left home to go on another voyage almost Marie's last words were: "You remember your promise—you will be true to me?"

This went on for several years. On coming home about my twenty-first birthday—Marie was then nineteen—I noticed young Will Davis hanging about her, and she appeared to encourage him. It was the first time in my life that I felt the poison of jealousy working in me. I consulted my mother, who told me that young Will hardly ever saw Marie while I was away, but that Marie seemed to encourage him while I was at home. Probably it was done in order to make me jealous, so as to extort more homage and obedience. At last I could bear the open flirtation no longer and spoke to Marie about it.

She seemed very independent, and told me that

since our childhood days I had never positively told her whether it was really my intention to marry her. On the other hand, Will Davis was very much in love with her, and although he had not actually proposed a little encouragement would bring it about.

I told Marie that my next voyage to African ports would be a long one, but if it pleased God that I should return I had the intention of giving up the sea and settling down in business in my father's counting-house.

"You must bestir yourself then and be home before my twenty-first birthday or I shall have Will."

I did not like Marie's cold and calculating attitude, but I loved the girl dearly, and told her that if I were not home at the time stipulated I was willing she should marry anyone she pleased.

A few days afterwards I started on what I intended to be my last long voyage. The vessel was to go on a long coasting trip round the west and east coasts of Africa. On our homeward way we were driven in a gale on the rocks in a desolate spot on the eastern coast of Africa. We were in that lonely spot over twelve months, suffering great privations, until we were discovered by a Portuguese merchantman and taken to Lisbon. I felt most unhappy at this long delay in reaching home, for Marie's twenty-first birthday was passed by many months. However, I sailed for home by the first vessel and arrived at Plymouth in the autumn. I landed on a Sunday afternoon, and without delay made my way home.

I went a little out of my way so as to pass the woods where Marie and I used to play together. As I came near I saw the figure of a woman seated on the self-same old log, and sure enough it was Marie. Full of joy I ran towards her, but she quickly rose from the

log and seemed at first to repel my attempts to give her a kiss.

"Marie, what is the matter with you?"

She pointed to a new wedding-ring.

"Marie!" was all I could exclaim.

For a few moments we looked at each other without speaking, for there seemed to be strong mutual feelings of regret, of resentment, reproach, and the realization of steps taken that could not be retraced.

Marie suddenly hid her face on my shoulder and sobbed convulsively.

"Marie, why did you do it?"

"I wanted to punish you for your tardiness, that's all."

"And you have punished yourself?"

"Yes, and I have blighted both our lives."

I took Marie's face into my hands and imprinted a number of passionate kisses on her lips. I felt that so many years of close association gave me a right to do it, and Marie did not attempt to resist. We sat down on the old log.

"You married Will Davis then?"

"Yes, and he has deceived me. He has turned out so different from what he was before I married him. We have absolutely nothing in common; all our ideas are different. You know I half live in the spirit-world, and he is quite worldly and ridicules my ideas and will not even listen. He is hopeless. We have not actually quarrelled and just tolerate each other, but more than half of my time I stay at my old home. If I am with Will for a week I feel as if his very presence would stifle me and I have to leave him. I believe he would like to make me happy, but his love for me now seems to be ebbing fast. He cannot understand me and thinks me queer. But *you* know I can

be understood, don't you, Tommy?" Marie asked pleadingly, and then added: "I hope to be a mother about next Easter, and with a child to love and to care for I may be happier."

I felt almost heart-broken at not only having lost Marie, but at finding her so unhappy.

Under the circumstances I made arrangements to take a fine vessel out to South America, and within two weeks again left home, never to see Marie again.

At Easter I was in a South American port, and on Good Friday had retired for the night, lying in my bunk, when I saw a shadowy figure by the door. I felt very creepy, but looked, and to my surprise saw Marie with what appeared to me a little naked babe in her arms. She looked at me with a very sad expression, and after a few moments disappeared. I took it to be a mere hallucination, and did not mention it to anybody for fear of being ridiculed.

After a successful voyage we reached Plymouth one Sunday afternoon late in the autumn, just about a year after I returned from my previous voyage. I walked home without delay. As I passed the churchyard at the end of our road I saw my mother going in. I ran after her, and there was an affectionate meeting between us. I had caught her up just by the side of a new tombstone. When I had finished kissing and hugging her my eyes caught the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MARIE DAVIS

Aged 23

Who died on Good Friday, the 7th day of
April 1721, and her infant Son who never
breathed on this sorrowful earth.

With an exclamation of horror at this unexpected sight I threw myself on the grave and gave way to sobs. I never before realized how passionately I had loved Marie, although through almost daily association with her during the years of our childhood my love did not so much show itself in actions as in thought and feeling. Through what she once called "tardiness" I had lost her as a wife, and now she was gone from me altogether.

I sought consolation in hard work at the counting-house, and I made several long voyages to distant parts. I had no intention of marrying, although I had several good chances. A few years after Marie's death my father and mother passed away within a very short time of each other. I was very much attached to the old house, and especially to the surroundings, where somehow Marie's spirit seemed to float about, and so, after a little while, I reluctantly decided to marry after all. The woman I wooed was the only daughter of Thomas Browning, a shipwright and timber merchant at Devonport. Her Christian name was Jane. She was very good-natured, even-tempered, and full of common sense. She was well built, fairly good looking, and always enjoyed good health. She was not in the least psychically developed, and therefore in our inner soul-life we had nothing in common; the aim of both of us, however, was to make each other happy, and in that we admirably succeeded. She bore me three bonny children, two girls and a boy, but I did not live to see them grow up. After ten years of married life, when I was forty-five, I went on a coast trip to Scotland in a new vessel which Jane's father had built for me especially. At her tactful suggestion I called the vessel *Marie*. She was a lovely craft. I intended taking Jane and the children

with me on the trip, but Jane was afraid of equinoctial gales, and the idea was abandoned. Her intuition was correct, for we had hardly rounded Land's End when a terrific gale sprang up. We ran up the Bristol Channel for shelter, but in the night the vessel had lost two masts and her rudder, and we were wrecked off the coast of Lundy Island. With the rest of the crew I jumped overboard, and remembered no more till I found dear Marie standing smiling by my side in spirit-land. Not till then did I know that she and I were affinities, and had lived together on earth on many previous occasions.

"You left your physical wife behind, but you have regained your spirit-wife," she lovingly said. Our happiness was very great and all earthly sorrow vanished.

I may say here that in my present incarnation, from my earliest childhood till I was about fifteen, I had very vivid recollections of the terrible experience I had in the shipwreck at Lundy Island. Visions of it, with all details, came into my mind at frequent intervals, and when I was a little child they would often terrify me, for I could not explain them at all, and, moreover, could not make my mother understand what I saw and experienced mentally. These visions ceased for a few years altogether after I turned fifteen, but I have had them on several occasions since. I did not connect them with any previous incarnation until I knew more about the subject, and got to know the above story of my incarnation in the west of England and the wreck at Lundy Island. Evidently at times we carry distinct recollections of the experience of previous lives in our present memory.

CHAPTER IX : THE REIGN OF TERROR

*A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
Which makes women angels ! I live but for you ;
We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest laws.
If I am an angel—why, you are the cause.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

*Come away, beyond the storms
Ever shines the blue ;
Come away, beyond the forms
Ever dwells the true.*

GEORGE MACDONALD

AS mentioned at the beginning of the previous chapter, there are no definite periods or intervals for re-embodiment, and therefore there need be no surprise that yet another incarnation of my affinity and myself followed almost immediately upon the one in the west of England.

For the purpose of this narrative there is no need to go into the history of France in the eighteenth century, but let it suffice to point out that the fearful upheaval among her people known as the French Revolution was not spontaneous and unexpected, but was the outcome of a long and deep ferment which had been at work at least during the whole of that century. It was the friction between two classes of people—the nobles and the peasantry or untitled people. The nobles had accumulated wealth, land, and power, and usurped these possessions to the detriment and oppression of those who were without these privileges and amenities. The common people became restive and resentful, and the nobles, by their high-handed demeanour and extortion, were fast sowing the seeds of discontent, which ended in the night of revolt and bloodshed at the end of that century.

G

One of these hard-hearted, empty-headed aristocrats was the Comte de le Roy, who then owned very large estates in the country between Nancy and Paris. He was a worldly, pleasure-loving man who spent most of his time in drinking, gambling, with women, or in the glitter of the court of that weak and apathetic monarch, Louis XVI. He derived a very ample income from his estates, and as long as it was sufficient for his extravagant pleasures he cared nothing how his tenants fared. The management of these estates was left entirely in the hands of my father, Andrew de Quincy, himself a man of the people, an upright, kindly man who did his best, as far as his unreasonable master would permit him, for the tenants of the estates. He was trusted and highly respected, not only by the comte but also by the tenants. He was married to a high-minded, good, and well-educated woman, who encouraged her husband in doing justice by the oppressed as far as it could be done. In January of the year 1763 she gave birth to a son—myself. I was christened Pierre. There was great devotion between my mother and myself. I was carefully trained physically, intellectually, and morally, and she was very proud of me.

Soon after my birth the harsh treatment which my father had to mete out to some of the tenants at the command of the Comte de le Roy resulted in very strong feeling against the latter, and one day a deputation waited on my father asking for adjustment of an intolerable state of affairs. My father told them that he was willing to do all in his power to redress their wrongs, but that he was only the instrument in the hands of an unreasonable overlord. My father, at the risk of earning the displeasure of the comte, pointed out to him in plain language all the hardships

and wrongs his tenants had to endure, and, moreover, told him that he, in common with other landowners, was sowing seeds of discontent which must ultimately involve the fair land of France in civil war. Among the many grievances was this: that the daughters of the tenants were usually looked upon by the landowners as fair objects of sport and passion, and many became the victims of their immorality. My father's entreaty fell upon deaf ears, and he was laughed at by the hard-hearted, foolish aristocrat.

At the time there lived a family consisting of husband and wife and a little girl at Bordeaux. The man's name was Paul Lagos and the woman's Jean or Jeanette. Although both were natives of France, yet they were not purely French, for the father was of Spanish extraction two or three generations back, and the mother was of Greek descent. Their little girl Annetta, born in June 1770, inherited certain characteristics of both Spanish and Greek blood, as was evident in her appearance. She was an exceedingly pretty child, a brunette with beautiful features, a wealth of dark chestnut hair, and very expressive hazel eyes. She had very winsome, but wayward, ways, and was admired, petted, and spoilt by all who came in contact with her. That little girl was the incarnation of my affinity.

Paul Lagos was a prosperous wine-merchant, and Bordeaux was then, as it is now, famous for its wine trade. Lagos not only dealt in the wines produced in the district, but imported from Spain, Portugal, the Canary Islands, and other parts. He was a very conscientious dealer, and had established a great reputation among the nobility for his fine wines. This was really the connecting link which brought the families of De Quincy and Lagos together, for my

father had to go to Bordeaux to select and buy choice wines to fill his master's cellars, who entertained very liberally. On such occasions, when away from home, he was at liberty to discuss freely the social and political problems which now occupied the minds of most people. On one of these occasions he had a chat with a well-known old woman of more than eighty summers, who used to sit on an old barrel on the quay at Bordeaux. She was a storyteller of past events and a seer of future ones, and chatted with passers-by, who rewarded her with small coins. De Quincy was in the company of Lagos when the old hag foretold to the two men the horrors of the coming revolution, and that they and their children would suffer terribly in it. Lagos treated the prophecy with incredulity, but De Quincy, who had a better insight in the way matters were drifting, was pondering and felt anxious. The two men on reaching Lagos's house took wine together, when De Quincy particularly noticed little Annetta, then about five, who was very friendly and chatty. A strong friendship sprang up between the two fathers, who had many ideas in common, and in the end Lagos was invited to visit the estate of Count de le Roy, near Nancy. One of De Quincy's objects was to keep in political touch with men of the coast, such as Lagos, so as to find out which way the wind was blowing, and to warn his master, to whom he, after all, was loyal, of any impending danger. A few weeks afterwards Lagos went to Nancy, and was well entertained at De Quincy's house. The latter was invited on a return visit to Lagos, and was asked to bring his wife and Pierre, who was then about twelve years old. This return visit to Bordeaux was paid about a month after Lagos had been to Nancy.

When the two families met, I, the boy, and the girl immediately became very great friends. The extraordinary attachment between the two children was noticed by everybody, for we romped and played together at the quayside or in the country lanes near-by during the whole of the visit, which lasted three days. It appeared to be more than a mere boy and girl friendship, young as we children were.

On the two families parting promises for the maintenance of their friendship were made. The two men looked anxiously into the future and anticipated trouble, but the women were not told nor did they really know.

A period of five or six years elapsed and we children grew up. I was then assisting my father on the estate at Nancy and Annetta was lightening her mother's household work, for in those days girls had to commence domestic duties much earlier.

At that time the men in France formed debating societies and clubs to deal with the political problems which year by year became more intricate and threatening. Even the women held meetings, and one large gathering of them was arranged at which delegates selected from the different departments were to discuss the most pressing problems and most needed reforms. Amongst these delegates was the mother of Annetta and my own mother, both well-educated, capable women.

My mother, Madame de Quincy, took a very active part in that gathering, which was held at Dijon, and the two women met and renewed their friendship, but it was then difficult to arrange a family meeting, as De Quincy had a hard master to deal with and it was not easy to keep his tenants quiet.

I grew up a fine sturdy specimen of the best man-

hood of France, and mixed freely with the men and boys of my own class and the peasantry, visiting wine-shops, as was the custom, and discussing with an open mind political and social problems, plots and counter-plots. Among my companions was a bright youth named Jacques, who was even more in touch with the common people, who told me that the time was coming fast when men like De Quincy's master would no longer tyrannize over the people, but would be driven from the soil of France and the people would rule instead, and there would be justice and equity for all—*Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*. I was much impressed and told my father, who in turn beseeched the comte to redress the many wrongs of his tenants and to help save France from bloodshed and revolution. The master was obdurate, and laughed and jeered at his bailiff's statements and entreaties. He retorted that before long the peasants would be taught their lesson, and the malcontents, including perhaps Pierre, would find themselves either in gaol or exiled. Such was then the spirit of the aristocracy of France.

I took a keen interest in politics and was highly respected by all who knew me, and was often entrusted with secret missions. I was in immediate touch with the secret political workers amongst the clerics and the middle-class people. My soul was filled with the desire to help the masses, but I was essentially a man of peace and not a hot-headed advocate of bloodshed.

On one of my secret political missions I had to go to Bordeaux, and on my visit I again met Annetta, who by that time had grown up into a very beautiful woman. When I saw her I quite lost my head, and the little spark of boy and girl attachment burst forth into the full flame of a man's love.

Annetta did not appear to reciprocate readily my

passionate declarations of love, for, as a matter of fact, her beauty had attracted the attention of a young and handsome man named Count Henry de Visme, the only son of a wealthy landowner who owned extensive vineyards, and lived in a fine chateau some ten miles south of Bordeaux. This young fellow had no serious intentions, but only regarded Annetta as fair game for sport, but she, in her simplicity, either did not see it or maybe felt strong sex-attractions for him. I soon became aware of young De Visme's attention to Annetta, and my soul was fired with intense jealousy and suspicion, particularly as Annetta treated me with studied coldness. I made several secret journeys to Bordeaux to get information about De Visme and to watch him and Annetta. While at home I took a very active part in politics, and became vice-president of one of the many political societies which then met in the inner room of various wine-shops, usually situated in the narrow thoroughfares leading off the main boulevards along the river Seine. The aristocrats became more and more oppressive, and information was often laid at these secret gatherings against private families and ways of redressing their wrongs discussed. Thus I gradually worked myself up to become a skilled organizer, debater, and political leader. At one of these gatherings the first letter of information opened contained serious complaints about Count de Visme. Next day I wrote a letter of warning to Annetta and asked her to give up Henry. I dispatched the letter by messenger, who was to call back in three hours for a reply. Annetta's answer was couched in cold, half-hearted terms, and she wrote me that she did not want to sever the connection with Henry, although she had by no means forgotten the boy and girl affection between us.

I was not satisfied to let the matter rest at that, but decided to see her. I wrote her another letter and arranged a meeting. Annetta by that time got weary of my persistence, and at the interview an altercation between us took place. In the course of bitter words which were exchanged Annetta and I were steadily looking into each other's eyes—we stopped speaking, and I took Annetta's dainty little hand and gallantly kissed it. We had looked into each other's souls, and instant spirit-recognition of former incarnations took place. It was one of those rare instances of psychic recognition which are vouchsafed only to those who have risen high above the material plane and have attained to profound inner knowledge. Neither Annetta nor I realized what had really happened. I simply was staggered, while Annetta lifted her hand to her forehead as if in a dream. Something had flashed across her mind, but she could not explain what it was. We two suddenly felt at peace with each other.

Both Annetta and I were puzzled, and the former suggested consulting a very learned old priest at the east end of Bordeaux. He was Abbé Péronne, who ministered for about fifteen years at the Church of St. Agatha, which had been built by the English community. He was known not only for his great piety, but also for profound knowledge of mystic subjects. He possessed many curious old books and even papyri of ancient Egypt, which he alone was able to decipher. Annetta made an appointment to consult him and I also begged an interview.

Annetta saw Abbé Péronne after the ten o'clock mass, when the worthy father placed his hand upon her shoulder and looked with great surprise into her eyes. He then led her to his house adjoining the church and, taking a very ancient book, looked into

it for a little while; then, turning to the girl, said: "Annetta, my child, this is one of the very rare occasions of soul-recognition, for in spite of what the Church teaches there is neither heaven nor hell, but everlasting life and spirit progress. You have been incarnated on this earth many times."

"Father, what do you mean?" was Annetta's perplexed question.

"I tell you this, but I cannot prove it to you by the doctrines of our orthodox faith, that you and I have met before in a previous life, but more I cannot tell you to-day." He then courteously dismissed the puzzled girl with his blessing.

An hour later I kept my appointment and explained to the old priest the feeling I experienced when looking into Annetta's eyes. Was it only blind love and passion which had stilled our quarrel, or was there something more beneath it all? Father Péronne asked me to look through the window. "How far can you see, my son?" he asked. "Do you think that all you see is all that exists in the world, and do you think that one life's little circle commences and ends in three score years and ten? Is it not more likely that our spirit-self survives the changes of birth and death? There are differences and changes in material and form, but the spirit is permanent and unchangeable." I was as puzzled as Annetta. I could not understand the old priest. I again saw Annetta and, after bidding her farewell, returned to Nancy. At Paris I had plenty of opportunities of discussing the matter of re-birth mentioned by the priest with people who had some knowledge of occult subjects, but came to no satisfactory conclusion. After a while I decided to see the old priest once more, and to have another interview with Annetta. At an

early date I went to Bordeaux and made an appointment to call on the priest. I asked him many interesting questions, but the father's replies were not quite clear and convincing. At last I became a little impatient—patience not being one of my cardinal virtues—and looking straight into the dear old man's blue eyes I asked him to speak plainly, and to tell me the truth about Annetta's and my own spirit-life. The priest placed his hand on the top of my head and said : “ My brother, you and I were priests together in one of the glorious temples of ancient Egypt nearly two thousand years ago, and with us was incarnated a woman, the High Priestess of the Shrine of Isis, whom to-day you know as Annetta. You have recognized her and I have recognized you, too.”

The reader is here referred to Chapter I, “ The Shrine of Isis,” respecting this very remarkable triple reincarnation.

So impressed with the desire to bring Annetta and myself together in closer soul-union was the old abbé that he made an appointment with us both, unknown to each other, to meet in his study. The kindly father asked us both to kneel on the opposite sides of a small square table. He pronounced a fervent blessing, but instead of making the usual Christian sign of benediction by uplifting the three positive fingers of the right hand and making the Christian cross he made over our heads the sign of the *crux ansata* or ankh, the handled cross, which is the Egyptian symbol of life and reincarnation, and then said : “ I had not incarnated since you two and I were living together in ancient Egypt, my ego having rested until now, when a higher power bade me to go on a special errand of love to the earth-plane once more to uplift those who are ready and to succour those who are

suffering and sit in the valley of the shadow of death ; for times of great tribulation are at hand for the fair land of France. You two have passed through centuries of punishment for your spiritual transgression in your incarnation in Egypt. I am glad to meet you thus again and to bless you, though I cannot see in the astral light that even in this incarnation you will be united in holy wedlock as I should have wished."

I left the priest's house interested and wondering. Annetta, who was always keen and alert to dive beneath the surface of the superficial and to unravel the hidden mysteries, was not quite ready to accept the wise old man's dictum that she had been incarnated with me before; moreover she was not satisfied with me, and probably wished she had been Henry's affinity. We cannot, however, choose or change our affinity as we can our clothes. All the response I could obtain to my repeated entreaties that she might become my wife after having found out so much about our reincarnations was a request that I should give her time to reason out matters for herself, and that she would consider my marriage proposal during the next few months. One of her reasons for her cold and disdainful attitudes was that she then had a passionate love-letter from De Visme in her pocket, but this I did not know.

I left Bordeaux very despondent, and at Nancy at once threw myself heart and soul into political work, and also helped my father with his difficult work on the estate. I wrote one or two letters to Annetta, but received very cold and curt replies. One day a messenger arrived with a letter from Madame Lagos that young De Visme had insulted Annetta, when the latter asked him to state his real intentions, by saying that she could be his mistress but he had no intention of

marrying during the present troublesome times. Annetta was much upset, for she was really fond of the young man. The latter one day asked her for another interview, which she foolishly granted. The base man then tried to abduct her, but Annetta struggled and jumped out of the fast-going coach. She fell heavily, and the heartless scoundrel left his victim bleeding and terribly hurt on the ground. She was carried home, and, in addition to her injuries and concussion of the brain, brain fever was brought on through all the troubles of her love affairs. She was constantly calling out for "Pierre," and the doctors thought if I saw her with all speed she might recover.

I showed the latter to my father and mother. Matters on the estate had at that time assumed such a threatening aspect that they begged of me not to leave them for a single day. We had a long discussion lasting well into the night, but ultimately my love for my affinity prevailed over the love I had for my parents, and the next morning I set out for Bordeaux. On arrival at the Lagos's house I was soon shown into Annetta's bedroom. She was then in delirium, piteously calling for me. I put my head close to hers and gently whispered in her ear : "Annetta, darling, I am here." She instantly stopped calling and opened her eyes. When she saw my face close to hers she mustered all her strength, put her arms round my neck, and kissed me passionately. All she could say was : "Pierre, you are my own for ever." She sank back on her pillow and went into a deep sleep, from which she did not wake for over twelve hours. Next day the doctor said that the crisis had passed and that he hoped for a speedy recovery. On hearing the good news I immediately went back to Nancy. When I reached the outskirts

of the estate an old man stopped me and asked me to flee, for the mob the night before had burned the chateau to the ground. What had become of my father and mother and the count he did not know. I urged my tired horse on, and when I arrived found the sad news to be only too true. The tenants had gathered outside the chateau and had peremptorily demanded immediate and full redress of all their wrongs. The count, who was terrified, asked my father to step on to the balcony and to try and pacify the angry mob, but in vain, for they demanded to see their landlord. He refused to speak to them, and then a fusilade of stones broke the windows. While the massive doors, which had been barricaded by the servants, were being shattered my father helped to disguise the count and he managed to escape on horse-back through the back gate of the mansion. Before, however, he could reach the boundary of his estate he was recognized and shot dead. The infuriated tenants resented my father helping their hated master to escape, and he was so ill-treated that he died within a few hours. Meanwhile the mansion was pillaged and burnt. A similar fate befell the house in which we had lived for so many years and in which I was born. My poor mother, who was suffering from heart disease, died from the shock when she saw the chateau ablaze.

So in one disastrous night I lost father, mother, home, and practically the greater part of my livelihood, for I was paid very well for the work I did on the estate.

I at first decided to return to Bordeaux, so as to be near Annetta, and to make my home there, but going into Paris I met some influential political friends, who knew my oratorical and organizing powers, and

they persuaded me to throw all my heart and soul into political work. I was a man of high ideals. I knew the reforms which were required to raise the people, and I felt that they could be accomplished without the destruction of property and loss of life if there were a better understanding between aristocrats and people. I heartily and conscientiously worked for that ideal and favoured neither side. In consequence I had friends and foes in both camps, but I did not care so long as I could further the cause of truth, justice, and brotherly love; moreover, I was very courageous, particularly as I felt that the only person I lived for was my darling Annetta.

Overwork weakened me, and one morning I felt too ill to rise. A doctor was sent for, but for several days could not find out what was the matter with me. Finally he diagnosed it as a complication of brain fever and inflammation of the bowels. I believe it was what we now call typhoid fever. My constitution being strong and the attack mild, I was permitted to receive a few visitors after a week or two. To my surprise and delight Annetta and her mother were shown into the room. My love's presence acted like a tonic. She still looked very ill, but her manner had quite changed, her coldness was gone, and she was very sweet.

Her father had sold his business and had retired. At Annetta's strong request he had bought a large house close to the Bois de Boulogne. When I was sufficiently convalescent I was invited to stay at this house until I had quite recovered. Within a few weeks I was able to go there, and the six weeks that followed were the happiest of that incarnation. It was a lovely spring; Annetta and I were together in the woods every day, making plans for our coming

marriage, which was to take place in the autumn. Was there ever a happier couple than we two ?

Before long I was able to take up political work again, and I did it with a will, for I felt I had a mission to fulfil. Late one evening I was returning tired from a meeting when in one of the side streets I was suddenly pounced upon by two soldiers, led by an officer, and arrested. I saw that resistance was useless, and yielded. I was put into a carriage with blinds drawn. The officer offered no explanation ; only told me he was obeying orders. He then blindfolded me so that I had no idea where I was being taken. After a long drive I was conducted into a house and the bandage taken from my eyes. I was in a plainly furnished room with two candles burning on a table and a large couch on one side. After a few minutes a benevolent-looking old gentleman came in and told me I need have no fear ; I was only required on the King's business, but he would not tell me anything else. He said that escape was impossible as sentries were posted outside the door and window. When I told him that I had had no supper he said that I should have everything for my comfort. In a short time half a cold chicken, half a bottle of good wine, and other refreshments were brought in, together with pillows and rugs to enable me to make myself as comfortable as possible for spending the rest of the night on the couch.

Early next morning I was asked to prepare to go with a high officer in a coach to Versailles. He was a jovial young man. As he took his seat by my side in the coach he placed a large pistol across his knees, and told me that he had strict orders, should I make the slightest effort to call assistance or to escape, to shoot me without mercy or warning. I told him

I would not give him the opportunity of carrying out his instructions, and he proved a chatty companion. When we arrived the officer and I were taken through long corridors to an ante-chamber. I was not able to learn for what purpose I had been brought there. After waiting for at least two hours an official called out : " Pierre de Quincy, His Majesty the King commands your presence—follow me."

I was ushered into the presence of the King. Although I had never had anything to do with royalty, I was cool and self-possessed. His Majesty eyed me with curiosity from head to foot, and told me he had heard of my great abilities as a public speaker and organizer, my profound knowledge of social and political problems, my firmness, and the esteem in which I was held by Government officials as well as by the leaders of the people. He was desirous of adding a few capable men, such as myself, to his Government, and he at once offered me a fine post amongst his personal councillors on a very liberal income. My first thoughts were for Annetta, and I was sorely tempted to accept, but the next moment I remembered my ideals of truth and justice to my fellow citizens, and that I could not therefore conscientiously bind myself to support either side. I wanted to have a free hand and to be independent of political bias and parties. I gratefully declined and frankly stated my reasons. The King seemed very affable, and used all his powers of persuasion in order to secure my services, offering me a still higher salary and great social distinctions, but my spiritual ideals conquered all material considerations. The King had a lengthy discussion with me and freely I offered him my advice. Suddenly the Queen, Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin were announced, the Queen looking

haggard and careworn. She eyed me with curiosity and apparent distrust, yet, as she came near me, she stretched out her hand. I sank on my knee and kissed it. That reassured her, and she smiled. The King briefly explained who I was, and that I stoutly refused all temptations to enter his service. The little Dauphin suddenly said to me : " Even if you will not become a minister, you will help my papa, His Majesty the King, against his enemies, won't you ? " I replied I would faithfully promise ever to remain loyal to the King. That terminated the audience.

The unfortunate King gradually lost all power, and not long after this audience he and his queen, by order of the revolutionary leaders, were confined to prison. Annetta had heard rumours that information had been laid against me, and that I had helped the King to plot against the people. She advised me to flee, but I had no fear and scorned to run away while having a clear conscience. Our wedding had been postponed for many months, partly through the political troubles, which made me extremely busy, and partly through a protracted illness of her mother, which ended fatally. Annetta wanted then to look after her father, who was getting feeble and needed her care, until other arrangements could be made. This was about Christmas 1792. Some weeks after I was suddenly arrested as a suspect and cast into prison—the dreaded *conciergerie*. I simply disappeared, and it was a long time before I could manage to get a note secretly carried to Annetta to let her know where I was. My sudden disappearance, and the suspense of my fate coming so soon after her mother's death, had made her very ill, and although she was only twenty-four then, her hair showed slight streaks of grey and she looked haggard and worn. With great difficulty she managed to see

H

me. It was a touching interview, which I shall never forget. Annetta was very sweet and self-possessed. Sorrow had chastened her. At the time Marat was in power. Annetta's mother had known him very well years ago when he was a fellow medical student of her brother's and had paid her some little attention. Both Annetta and I had high hopes that Marat would grant my release. Annetta promised to do all she could to see him at once. However, before she had succeeded in interviewing the much guarded and dreaded man Charlotte Corday's dagger had done its deadly work and Marat was no more. This happened on July 13, 1793.

I need not here chronicle the events in the history of the French Revolution at that particular period, nor is that indeed necessary for the purpose of this narrative ; suffice it to say that Robespierre after a time followed at the head of the State and kept the guillotine going. He was merciless with all who had anything to do with the King and his Government, but shielded himself behind his committee. Although I did not know why I was in prison except that I was a "suspect," and had had no trial, I knew my life was drawing to a close. My darling managed with great trouble to get two brief interviews with me, the last one about ten days before my end. How ill and thin she looked, all colour and life gone out of her face. At our last interview, which lasted twenty minutes, she spoke dreamily of our happy time in the Bois de Boulogne. She also reminded me of all which the dear old Abbé Péronne had taught us about survival after death and reincarnation. What a comfort it was to both of us to think that although we could never be united on earth we should survive and come together in the spirit-land !

Weary days and sleepless nights went by one by one, turning into weeks and months. I was in the depths of despondency. It was not only the uncertainty of my fate, but my inactivity which gave me so much time for brooding, that brought me slowly and surely to the verge of insanity.

In the *conciergerie* there was another prisoner, a faithful fellow-worker of mine in the Girondist cause, a fearless and noble woman. In her present incarnation she is Lady ——. She has wonderful psychic gifts, and first saw the scene of the trial told here below, which Cedric afterwards gave me in fuller detail. He visualized her death-warrant, moreover, on which her name in the left-hand top corner reads Jeanne de Martineau. When I was in the prison I was not at first aware of her fate. Then an intimate friend of mine with some difficulty managed to pay me a visit, and told me that he had seen her. He was a former deputy, and I believe his name was Boldieu, but I could not get that with certainty. How I welcomed that man as he entered my cell! He was the first human being I had seen for a long time that had any sympathy with me. He had just left Jeanne, and informed me of her imprisonment. He told me how bravely she bore up. My heart bled for her, and I thought I would emulate her example and be brave, too. My courage lasted till my friend was told by the gaoler that time was up and that he must go. Blank despair then clouded my mind. I took the opportunity to give him a few instructions as to the disposition of the little property I had, and made him promise to look after Annetta should she require assistance. I was told that she was in poor health through her anxiety about me. I little knew they were my last depositions, and

that it was the last day in the flesh. Whether Boldieu knew that I cannot tell. He was kind, optimistic, and encouraging, and of the same cheerful temperament as he is in his present incarnation, in which he is Dr. M——.

It was a dull, damp morning in October 1793. The "Tribunal Révolutionnaire" was held in a long, low-pitched, smoky, grimy room. At one end there was a rough deal table covered with a dirty red cloth full of holes. Behind it sits a villainous-looking man with a slouch hat and a dirty jumper. He is the president of the court. He hammers the table with a rough piece of wood to command silence. By his side are two other men supposed to be judges, and further still on the left, on a rough bench, are four jurors. At another small table sits a *greffier*, or scribe. At the further end of the room there are a number of dirty, passionate men and women, the scum of the people. They are there as accusers, as witnesses, or have somehow managed to gain admission to satisfy their curiosity and their blood-thirsty feelings.

One by one the victims of the Revolution are ushered in for their mock trial. They one and all are candidates for the guillotine. Their conviction and sentence are a foregone conclusion. A few minutes for each prisoner is sufficient to seal their doom—life here is cheap. The death-warrant signed, they are removed to an adjoining room, and in batches they are put into tumbrils. A procession of these then makes its way to the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution, now the Place de la Concorde. The bronze fountain on the south side at present stands on the site where the guillotine then was erected. The hoarse and passionate shouts of derision of the masses of people who watch these sad processions make the

doomed men and women, many of whom are of gentle birth, shudder with horror.

The doom of Jeanne de Martineau and Pierre de Quincy was at hand. I was called early that morning after a sleepless night, and told that I should have to appear before the tribunal. I made my toilet as best I could, for even now, as ever before, I was careful about my appearance. Some hours passed before I was taken to the dingy waiting-room where there were other prisoners awaiting trial. Here I unexpectedly met Jeanne. We embraced and kissed each other, the first and the last time on earth, and for some time our feelings would not let us speak. We then talked over past events, especially those immediately preceding our arrest. Jeanne appeared very brave for a time. We had worked well together in a noble cause and braved many difficulties and dangers, and we had no regrets. We both knew that our time was up and felt resigned. In fact I was glad in a way to be done with all that uncertainty. Jeanne and I felt that our friendship was of a spiritual nature, which the accidents and exigencies of life, yea, death itself, could never change. Although neither of us knew anything definite about life hereafter, yet we made a compact to meet again and to maintain our friendship, if it were possible. After a while Jeanne's love of life in the flesh made itself felt for a few moments, and she realized our hopeless position. She passionately clung to me to save her if we were tried together. I readily promised, if it were possible, but I felt as helpless and hopeless as Jeanne.

"Pierre de Quincy, appear before thy judges," called out a voice. I was ushered in and keenly scrutinized by the members of the tribunal. I was comparatively well dressed in a long dark-brown coat

with hair brushed straight back and tied behind with a black silk bow. I appeared to be a gentleman in comparison even with my judges. The crime I was accused of was that of working against the free government of the people in order to enslave them and bring them back to aristocratic and monarchical government. I calmly answered my accusers, none of whom I knew or had ever seen before. My oratorical powers stood me in good stead and I made an able defence. It exasperated one of my accusers, a villainous-looking man clad in a dirty jumper. He dealt me a heavy blow on the head which stunned me and rendered me silent. That evil-looking man was in the pay of the Jacobins. While I was in that dazed condition sentence of death was pronounced on me, and the man who silenced me rubbed his hands with glee, for he had earned his blood-money.

While the president of the tribunal was signing my death-warrant Jeanne was brought in. She was in a half-fainting condition. She saw me in my dazed state and was horror-struck. Her condition was so hopeless for the moment that she was told to sit on one of the benches while four other prisoners were tried and sentenced to death. Then her turn came. She only yet half realized what was going on about her, but knew intuitively that her doom was sealed. She was of noble origin, and was accused of carrying messages and documents written in code from one chateau to another and working in the cause of the Girondins. She was a highly-educated girl devoted to the monarchical cause and a true aristocrat. She was passionate and fearless, and in her disguise was well able to act her part. She and I were intimate friends and co-workers, and she was accused of hiding some of my incriminating papers. Possibly she did,

but she made no defence. When the president pronounced her death-sentence she swooned and fell forward, nobody attempting to save her. In falling she cut her head open against the rough edge of the *greffier's* (registrar's) table. Blood flowed down her cheek and stained her spotless upper garment. Her hands were tied behind her back, and nobody offered to staunch or wipe her blood. There was one man in that dingy court-room who looked at the helpless girl with satisfaction. He had had evil designs on her and wanted her to become his mistress, but as she was too pure and high-minded to listen to him he did his best to wreak vengeance on her, and succeeded.

I did not meet Jeanne after our mock trial, for as soon as a sufficient number of the victims of this perversion of justice had filled the room they were taken into the courtyard, where a number of tumbrils stood waiting to proceed to the Place de la Révolution for execution.

I was placed in the first of these vehicles, my hands being tied to its side to prevent escape. Jeanne de Martineau was in the third. She was calm and still somewhat dazed, partly through her fall. She, like myself, was only half-conscious of the masses of people who gathered to watch this daily procession of the victims of human brutality. Many in the crowd would wearily and sorrowfully watch for hours for these sad processions to see whether any of their friends were in the tumbrils.

Annetta was one of these watchers on the morning of my trial and execution. The cart on which I was seated in a sort of half-conscious dream came to a momentary halt owing to the crowd getting in the way. Suddenly I was startled by a frantic cry : "Pierre, Pierre, darling, they must not kill you, my

boy—the brutes.” It was Annetta’s voice. There she was in front of the cart being kept back with difficulty by two soldiers who tightly held her arms. She had evidently been roughly handled, for her hair was dishevelled, her dress was soiled and torn in front, so that it exposed her bosom. Her eyes were staring wildly in abject terror. I was paralysed with horror and could not utter a sound. To my cup of suffering, which was already full to overflowing, must there then at the last moment be added that bitterness !

The cart moved on. I looked back and saw that Annetta had caught sight of Jeanne, whom she knew. There was a momentary smile of recognition, a parting blessing sent by spirit to spirit, then Annetta fell to the ground evidently in a fit. That was the last I saw of my beautiful Annetta in this incarnation.

Another half-hour and the curtain was rung down on my life drama.

Jeanne and I followed each other in ascending the scaffold—not a word was spoken. I was made to stand between two guards, and turned first one way, then another, to witness the execution. I saw the blood on Jeanne’s face and dress, the effect of her fall in the court-room. Her face, which hitherto had borne an expression of terror, was suddenly transformed. Her colour returned. She looked calm, and there was a smile of innocence on her countenance as she once again caught sight of me at the last moment. She demurred somewhat to being strapped to the plank. A few moments and all was over. I was the next victim under the same cruel knife. Her blood and mine mingled and sealed our union as friends.

Cedric (who as Father Péronne had quitted the earth-sphere a year or two before) was standing by Pierre. As Jeanne’s head fell and her spirit was

liberated, she saw Cedric, who received her and passed her on to the care of ministering guides. He then came back to me. A few minutes afterwards I passed over. I saw Cedric and Jeanne, then looked at my headless, bleeding corpse, gave a shudder, and passed into an unconscious rest for nine months. I was then in my thirty-first year.

Poor Annetta, left helpless by the soldiers, was taken charge of by two elderly ladies, who picked her up and, with the assistance of some men, carried her to their house near-by. A doctor was called in, but she had several fits during the day and did not regain consciousness. He gave her a soothing draft late in the evening. One of these charitable ladies sat up all night with her, and when morning broke it revealed the fact that Annetta's hair had turned white during that single night. She was staring wildly about and shrieking terribly at times. The doctor gave her another sleeping-draught, but whenever she woke she shrieked with terror and wanted to protect Pierre. After three days the doctor pronounced her insane. She refused to disclose who she was, and there being no means of identifying her there was nothing but to send her to one of the public mad-houses, which were then full to overflowing. There after about two years' great suffering and misery, in her twenty-seventh year, she succumbed to the continual ill-treatment to which the insane were subjected in those days.

Her father wandered about for months in search of her, and the feeble old man finally died from grief and exhaustion.

I constantly visited Annetta in my spirit-body while she was insane, and she would embrace and kiss me and talk to me rationally and lovingly for the time

being. Her subconscious mind was not only rational, but clairvoyant and clairaudient. It was only that her reason was not co-ordinated with her higher self which was the cause of her insanity.

After the release of her soul she was for some time resting peacefully in spirit-land to become attuned to the new life-conditions. Our parents, myself, and several other spirit-friends were lovingly guarding her. When she woke she looked about in wonder and, catching sight of me first, said : " Pierre, dearie, so they have not killed you, after all, then ? "—" They killed my body," I replied, " but they can never kill my spirit. Probably you do not realize that you died on earth and are reborn in spirit-land. There is no suffering, no sin here, and no misunderstandings nor separations between affinities—nothing but happiness, progress, and realization of our highest desires and ideals." There was a sweet smile and an expression of great happiness on dear Annetta's face when she realized that she and I again met together under the perfect conditions of the spirit-world.

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER IX

SINCE this chapter was written Madame de Quincy, my mother in the incarnation described therein, has manifested to me through a lady friend, who is possessed of wonderful psychic gifts, but knows nothing of my affinity or of my reincarnation. Madame de Quincy spoke in perfect French, with which my friend, who was entranced, is not in the least conversant. Madame de Quincy, among other things, said that she had not again incarnated because she was in a very happy state of existence in spirit-land with her affinity. The time since I was her son in the flesh had passed very quickly, and she loved me as dearly now as ever. She stood by me at my execution by the guillotine. The real purpose, however, of her manifesting to me, through my psychic friend, was to testify that —, the lady mentioned in the Epilogue, was none other than my own Annetta, whom I loved so dearly, and that she is and ever will be my affinity. She added that there could not be the slightest doubt about that being the fact. She appeared very loving to me, and evidently very happy to come into close spirit-contact with me.

Cedric described Madame de Quincy as a fairly tall, handsome woman, a brunette with well-defined regular features and large brown, expressive eyes. He particularly noticed her beautifully small moulded ears. He searched her out in the spirit-world in order to obtain a few facts connected with this incarnation, and she desired to be once again brought into close contact with me, hence her manifestation to me through my psychic lady friend.

Madame Lagos, the mother of Annetta, has also manifested to me since these chronicles were originally penned, in order to testify as to the identity of her

daughter in her present incarnation, upon which she has not the slightest doubt.

She spoke in French and seemed very vivacious. Cedric described her as five feet five inches in height, well developed, rather plump, with an oval face of a pleasing contour and very fair complexion. Her eyes are hazel colour, her hair is very profuse and of auburn colour.

EPILOGUE: MY LITTLE GREY LADY

*What would you have done, I wonder,
Had I gone on my knees to you
And told you my passionate story,
There in the dusk and dew?
My burning, burdensome story,
Hidden and hushed so long;
My story of hopeless loving—
Say, would you have thought it wrong?*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE last chapter of these chronicles cannot be written, for it is being lived at the present time.

My affinity and I met on this earth two years after my physical wife passed over into the spirit-world. In fact, my wife attached herself to my affinity as a spirit-guide and companion in obedience to the dictates of a higher power, and became very fond of her. She it was who brought us together, and soon after revealed to me, somewhat regretfully, our spirit-relationship.

My recognition this time of my affinity was spontaneous as soon as I saw her. It took place at a casual meeting, when our eyes fully met. A direct look from her beautiful and expressive eyes was the vital spark which kindled in me the flame of the spirit-memory of our association in past incarnations. For the moment I did not know what had happened. I seemed to be in a dream, and experienced a feeling such as I had never had before and cannot describe. I recognized something familiar in her personality, and was drawn to her feeling instantly a deep, spiritual love for the sweet and gentle woman, as if she was my very own, although she had only made a few commonplace observations. It was a romance, and I need say

no more about our first meeting, except that it will ever remain one of the sweetest memories of my life.

There has been no spirit-recognition on her part. So far she probably only accepts our affinity as a possibility, but not as a fact. We are good friends—nothing more—nevertheless I love her very dearly, although she does not reciprocate my regard for her, indeed, she often treats me very coldly and moodily. Yet beneath all her strange behaviour I can sense the vibrations of her great and lovable soul, and I understand. She is married, and is a high-minded, cultured gentlewoman. As in previous incarnations she is psychically developed above me, and is full of wisdom and understanding, a mystic and an occultist.

She is a very beautiful and dainty woman, and displays all the traits of character and manner depicted in these narratives. Judging from these alone there can be no doubt as to her identity. My faithful guide, philosopher, and friend Cedric, with whom I am in constant spirit-communion, has, moreover, repeatedly assured me that there is no chance of any mistaken identity in her case. I have had similar assurances from other spirit-sources, including my wife, also from my mother in my previous incarnation, Madame de Quincy, and Madame Lagos, Annetta's mother, as mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter.

My affinity brought into this incarnation the effects of her terrible sufferings at the close of the last incarnation, during the Reign of Terror. Just before reaching her maturity she had a nervous breakdown, which lasted a considerable time, and turned her beautiful light hair grey. This, in conjunction with her lovely, smooth complexion and beauty of features and contour, makes her resemble one of the dainty grey-wigged ladies who graced the Court of France

in the time of Marie Antoinette. Her Christian name is symbolic of a little fragrant flower of the woods, whose delicate perfume is one of the delights of this material world, but I like to call her by the name I gave her when I first set eyes on her : *My Little Grey Lady*.

PART II

INTRODUCTION

For no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.

Rom. xiv, 7.

IN the first part of this book I told the stories of the joint-incarnations of my affinity and myself. I now intend to speak of a few people whom I met during these incarnations and again during my present visit to the earth-plane. This brings me to one of the interesting phases of reincarnation, namely, group-incarnation, of which generally very little is known even to students of the subject.

No human being ever treads the path of earth-life in solitude. He meets and associates with others, and is attracted to them through ties of love, blood-relationship, marriage, community of interests, and similarity of aims and ideals. Such ties bind egos together not only during their earth-life, but also in the spirit-spheres, and they are resumed from time to time when these egos return to the earth to gain further material experience.

We might use here an apt analogy by way of illustration. Most of us are attached to some institution such as a church or other place of worship, and to one or more clubs or centres of social, political, educational or artistic interest and activity. At each of these institutions we meet a different set and a different class of people. So in a similar way each ego belongs to several groups of spirits, which are united through sympathetic and harmonious soul-vibrations. From time to time we incarnate with one or other of these groups in order to share the experiences of that particular group at a certain time and at a given part of the globe. Suitable arrangements to incarnate together at the same period and under favourable con-

ditions are made with their guides while the egos are yet dwelling in the spirit-spheres. It is wonderful how this super-conscious attraction and sympathy draws such kindred spirits together, and how circumstances shape themselves in order that two or more of them should meet again on the earth. I have been privileged to inquire into several of such meetings. Often they appear to be accidental or coincidental, but in reality the faithful helpers on the spirit side of life are largely instrumental in paving the way for these meetings. Thus, many egos meet time after time on the earth-plane, and are then great friends or co-workers in science, art, industry, invention or other pursuits of human activity. Maybe that they only remain in close spirit-communion and social intercourse.

This fact of group-incarnation and periodical meeting of egos on the earth will explain the often unaccountable close friendships which have suddenly been formed by two people and maintained perhaps for the rest of their lives. They may only recently have met, yet they seem to be quite old friends and feel as if they had known each other all their lives. In all probability they are indeed old friends in previous incarnations, and feel and know it in their innermost self or super-conscious mind, but their present conscious mind has no record of it.

I have investigated many such cases, but in the next few chapters will give only brief personal experiences. The recognition has sometimes been mutual. In other cases I have been recognized by my old friend, or the recognition was on my part.

Group-incarnation explains a great many friendships and attachments formed often between people of widely different social position, age or nationality.

The change of sex is also a very interesting aspect of reincarnation. Occasionally we meet women who in their appearance, dress, temperament, and tastes are decidedly masculine, and, on the other hand, we sometimes meet men of a decided feminine type. Such persons are frequently despised and shunned by their fellows ; they appear to be enigmas that cannot be understood. Reincarnation, however, gives us the clue to the apparent mystery.

In the introduction to the first part of this book we explained that each human ego is a differentiated half of one whole, male and female, mind and love : spiritual affinities who started on their rounds of reincarnation as separate individuals, and often meet as such on earth. Ultimately, however, when their education on the earth-plane is completed and reincarnation for them ceases, they will consummate their spiritual affinity in the highest spirit-spheres, yet they will ever retain their separate individuality and freedom of action.

During these incarnations one or both of these egos at times change their sex. This is done for various purposes, but is more the exception than the rule. One might say that it is an individual peculiarity of some egos. They may feel that they have some special work to do, or mission to fulfil, which they could perform better if, during that particular incarnation, they functioned in the other sex. This change of sex is only one of the physical body and organism. Such egos retain essentially the mental and spiritual characteristics of their original sex, to which, moreover, they always ultimately revert.

The super-conscious recollection of such a change of sex, especially if one incarnation happens to follow the previous one quickly, is often very strong and power-

fully affects that person's life-expressions. It has given rise to the notion of the existence of what is termed the "intermediate sex." Some who propagate this idea aver that those who belong to the "intermediate sex" are more highly evolved mentally and spiritually, and have a special mission to fulfil with regard to the upliftment of the race. That, however, is but a flight of fancy. You will meet with persons who, through the experience of thinking, feeling, and functioning in both sexes, have raised themselves to a very high pinnacle of idealism and refinement of expression. On the other hand we know the soft, effeminate type of man and the coarse, masculine type of woman, the former a woman in a man's body, the latter a man in a woman's body, with whom very few people can harmonize, and who often make themselves the laughing-stock of the ignorant. Maybe that several incarnations in a body pertaining to the other sex are necessary before perfect use and expression can be attained. I have given one or two examples in the following chapters, and I have met with a number of other cases, but no doubt the reader is also familiar with such examples in his own environment.

This change of sex is exceptional, and it may safely be asserted that the great majority of egos retain their original sex throughout all their incarnations. I myself have never functioned in a female body, and do not desire to do so.

Some reincarnationists assert that it is necessary for the perfect education of the ego to have the experience of functioning both in the male and the female body. Such, however, is not the case. The two affinities pool or combine, as it were, their separate experiences at times. The sex characteristics are,

moreover, retained by each ego, even when reincarnation for them has for ever ceased and they have reached high celestial development. Cedric assures me that sex exists in the highest spirit-realms, but there is then no physical attraction such as we know on earth. Sex in the spirit-spheres is spiritualized and very beautiful. The mutual attraction of male and female then is just as strong. The men spirits are far more gallant, and the female spirits far more attractive, than they were on the earth, but these qualities are of the spirit and not of the body. They are free from the circumstances and limitations of physical life, and at liberty to form any union they please. There is no compulsion, no jealousy, no social, legal or ecclesiastical ties or contracts to observe or to break, but only divine love, which is ever the bond that holds two or more spirits together of their own choice. Even the two affinities, although they are spiritually very closely linked together, can act independently and enjoy perfect freedom of movement and life-expression.

CHAPTER I: PRIESTS & PRIESTESSES

*But this man because he continueth ever hath an unchangeable
priesthood.*

Heb. vii, 24.

THE priesthood of Ancient Egypt was one of the most wonderful institutions of mankind. It was a loyal body of men and women whose calling it was to propagate knowledge, to heal the sick, to dispense justice, and to minister to the bodily as well as the spiritual needs of the people. They were the advisers of the rulers and often astute statesmen, and held the balance between the Pharaoh and the people.

It is true that the Egyptian priesthood was corrupt at times, but it would be unjust, taking it as a whole, to make any general accusation. For instance, the aim of the College of Heliopolis, of which Cedric was the chief priest about the middle of the fifth century B.C., was to bring out the best in the students who graduated there. Other colleges, on the other hand, were run on commercial lines, ordaining priests whose moral standard was not high and who afterwards became the favourites of the Court and condoned unjust acts of the Pharaoh. They took an active part in the Government, and were often used for the suppression of political opponents and parties. The moral status of the priesthood depended largely on the reigning monarch, who chose the priests who surrounded him according to his own standard of morality. They were often required not only to condone, but even give their blessing upon, the Pharaoh's misdeeds and acts of immorality and tyranny.

As in the olden times, so to-day the priesthood has two divisions. There is the sacred ministry of the priesthood, the servants of the living God, who do their best to help in the upliftment of the human race.

These are the esoteric priests. They generally have great gifts of consolation and of healing, and often are not attached to any particular denomination.

Then there is the professional priest, the minister of religion, who makes a business of the priesthood. Beyond the denominational college training he usually knows little or nothing of the mysteries of esoteric religion or of the realities which underlie symbolism, the key to the kingdom of the inner causes. He does not understand the workings of the mind or the power of thought, and propagates cut-and-dried doctrines given to him at college. These are without vitality and do not appeal to the thinking or feeling masses or help them in the pressing needs of their daily life. These esoteric priests are the blind leaders of the blind.

Nominally the priesthood of Ancient Egypt long ago passed away with the glories of their once magnificent, but now ruined, temples. In reality, however, the Egyptian priesthood is more alive at the present time and a greater factor in the upliftment of the race than it was some thousands of years ago. The priests' power for good lies in the fact that they do not exist as a temporal organization or institution, but are ruled, and their activities directed, from the spirit-spheres. Nevertheless, the more advanced of the members are known and know each other in the flesh, as many of my friends among them can testify. Those who know each other have often graduated in the same college or ministered in the same temple. Nearly all of whom I know personally were my own contemporaries at Heliopolis. Cedric, to whom I am indebted for practically all the contents of this book, is known to them as he is to me. As of old, he is their chief spiritual guide and friend, and directs their

activities as far as their own development and circumstances permit. He helps them to uplift those whom they come in contact with, and to disseminate spiritual knowledge and happiness in as wide a circle as possible.

In a beautiful and secluded spot in Sussex, not far from the sea, there stands a picturesque modern house in a delightful garden of old-fashioned flowers. It is situated at the edge of wild woods which slope away from hills affording extensive views of the surrounding country. The house is tastefully and artistically furnished, and has one room which extends to a conservatory and is filled with beautiful growing plants and flowers all the year round. In that room a gentleman spends most of his time reclining on a large comfortable couch. He is a professional man who fell a victim to pioneer scientific research work, which rendered him a chronic invalid. He has very profound knowledge of the occult side of life and especially of reincarnation. He is very happily married to his affinity. The two have met no less than fifteen times on the earth, and each time they were united as husband and wife. They have an adopted son, who I believe has also incarnated nearly every time they have and been their son ; or, at times when they incarnated separately, he was the son of the one that came to the earth-plane. It is very rare for two affinities to unite invariably as husband and wife in earth-life, and rarer still for three egos to be so persistently attracted to each other while on the earth.

In one of their incarnations the lady and gentleman in question were my contemporaries. This was at Heliopolis. They were acolytes at the great temple and we were close friends. One or two others belonged to a happy circle of friends in whom Cedric,

then the chief priest of the temple and college, took a personal interest. He still visits my friends in their country home. On my first visit the lady, who is very psychic, instantly recognized me as the old Egyptian friend of herself and her husband, and Cedric subsequently confirmed the correctness of her psychic vision.

A frequent visitor to that happy home is a gentleman—a public man and well-known lecturer. He is also psychic, and has personal recollections of his own reincarnations. He, too, was incarnated several times in Egypt as a member of the priesthood. He and I not only met in Egypt, but in the French Revolution, where we were co-workers in the Girondist cause. He was guillotined in September 1793. He recognized me, and Cedric verified the recognition.

Another member of that circle of friends at Heliopolis is a psychic and spiritual woman who devotes her time faithfully to the upliftment of those who are seeking her help. She is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and has profound occult knowledge. She has several times clairvoyantly seen and described ceremonies at the great temple of Heliopolis, in which she herself took part and knelt next to my affinity. She and I are good friends.

Another lady with whom I am acquainted was incarnated at that time, and held a minor position as priestess at Heliopolis. She is only slightly psychic, but is very artistic and a clever painter. She has had a romantic incarnation with her affinity, who was a knight in one of the crusades. She became his faithful page in order to protect him. They were killed in battle at the same moment. The story is very beautiful, as it displays wonderful devotion on her part to her affinity, but is too long to be given here in detail.

I also know a number of other good people who are initiates of Egypt's ancient priesthood, but the above will be sufficient for my purpose. Taking them as a whole they are high-minded, altruistic people who have a wonderful philosophy of life. They generally have special gifts—mostly psychic—the power of healing, and several, in addition, are talented in music or art. They one and all are distinguished from among their fellows in some way, especially in their mental and spiritual make-up. Some of the foremost reformers and statesmen, the true leaders of the race, were, and are, reincarnations of members of the priesthood of Ancient Egypt.

CHAPTER II : WIFE, FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR

*Friends given by God in mercy and in love,
My counsellors, my comforters, my guides,
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires, in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.*

POLLOK : " Course of Time "

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?

Paul. I Cor. xv, 55.

A FEW years ago I became acquainted with a high-minded, spiritual woman who was afflicted with an incurable disease—an extraordinary osseous growth. This not only necessitated a number of serious operations and made her a cripple, but caused her constant pain for over twenty years. There was a wonderful harmony of souls and mutual sympathy between us, which ripened into a close friendship. I was able many times to bring relief and happiness into her life in spite of physical torture.

For some little time I felt that she and I had met in one or more previous incarnations. One day, when we were both very quiet and poised and her pain was a little easier, it suddenly came to me, as it were, from my super-conscious mind that she had been my wife in the long past in Messina.* I had hardly had time to realize what my super-conscious recollections meant when she quietly said : " I want to tell you something. I wonder whether you know the connection which existed between you and me long, long, ago ? "

" Yes, I know," I replied.

There was mutual and simultaneous recognition—we both remembered.

* See Part i, Chap. vi, " A Life's Quest."

A year or two after this incident J—— was slowly passing out of her crippled body. Her spirit had very little hold on it, and at times into her mind came pictures of her past incarnations such as are indelibly imprinted on the super-conscious mind of every human being. Our conscious and circumscribed brain-mind has not usually the means to reproduce or recollect them, except perhaps in early infancy, when the child-mind has yet hardly contacted its new environments.

A few days before she passed out she told me that she had clear recollections and visions of our joint incarnation and life as husband and wife at Messina, and would tell me something about them if she got a little stronger. That, however, was not to be. It would have been an interesting and valuable contribution towards establishing the truth and facts of re-incarnation.

I was privileged to meet this beautiful soul on another occasion during one of my earthly pilgrimages, and now give the story of that meeting on the earth-plane.

In the seventeenth century there was a wayside inn outside the city of Rochester, well on the London side of Rochester Castle-ward on the bend of the river Medway. From the inn a glimpse of the river could be seen through the trees, and beyond the hill, which would identify the spot on which the inn was then situated, for it no longer exists. It stood on the left side of the road and was facing the beautiful river view.

The owner of the inn in the early part of the seventeenth century was a worthy man of the name of John Payne. The inn had good accommodation for horses and carriages. The stable-yard was on the London side of the house, which was known by a characteristic

signpost which stood at the far end of the grounds. It was a quaint sign of a queer shape resembling a harp, and bore the inscription: "Ye Rochester Tavern. John Payne."

John Payne was a hearty, go-ahead sort of fellow, well in advance of most of the people of his period. He cultivated a goodly number of acres up and down by the side of the road. He believed in, and practised, what to-day is known as intensive culture, but he did so in his own way by a scientific selection of seeds, and according to his care and his wisdom they brought forth some a hundred, some sixty, some thirty-fold. He co-operated with nature, and knew that given a fair chance and good weather he would get an hundred-fold if good seed were selected and sown.

That is wisdom which men will do well to apply to spiritual as well as natural "seeds"—those little seeds we call thoughts—on which all our acts and habits in life depend.

In one of Payne's fields he grew the finest wheat ever selected, and his pride and pleasure was to discuss his achievements in farming with neighbouring farmers in the coffee-room of his inn. Among other things, he believed in rich, well-tilled soil. Unfortunately he did not commit to writing his discoveries and practices in agriculture and the practical work he did, and so they were lost to posterity.

In the year 1619 his wife, who was much younger than he, died about three weeks after giving birth to her fourth child—a girl. This was a great blow to Payne, who was very fond of her and lived very happily with her. His sister, Frances Payne, who was then twenty-five years of age, was living in London as companion to a lady who resided in a quaint house near old Chelsea Church. Hearing of her brother's

trouble she immediately left her situation and joined him, acting as housekeeper and mother to the baby and the other children.

The little babe was christened Martha. When she was grown up she was known by her fine head of dark hair—almost raven black—which, when uncoiled, hung about her shoulders like a cape. In stature she was a little taller than she is in her present incarnation—about five feet six inches or more. She was well-proportioned in build, of a bright disposition with a merry smile and a twinkle in her eyes, for she saw the funny side of life. She was a very warm-hearted woman, and ever loyal to what she believed to be her duty. She was at times very impetuous, a failing that often caused her sorrow and regret when it was too late, but that was due to her quick temperament. At heart she was kind, and had high ideals which she tried hard to live up to.

To those who wonder why some people are born with certain physical defects, which may handicap them in certain directions for the whole of their physical life, the present incarnation of this good woman affords an answer. Through her physical defects she was crippled during the last few years and could hardly use her right leg at all. She was obliged to spend most of her time reclining on a couch, and her distressing condition would not permit of her lying flat in bed during the night as all normal people do. In consequence of her crippled state she had to exercise much patience, which curbed her natural impetuosity and afforded her the experience which she most needed for her spiritual development. It was a severe lesson, but not more than she could bear, and her spirit emerged none the worse.

My first meeting with Martha Payne occurred in

this wise : About the year 1644 I passed her on the road to London while she was travelling by coach to Rochester. Passing through Streatham on horse-back I had to ford a small brook which crossed the road. At times it only formed a small pool at that spot, but sometimes it grew into quite a big stream. My horse, which was spirited, shied at the water, from which the sun was reflected in thousands of small scintillating rays, and it refused to pass through. I was a good horseman and tried to force him, but he reared and danced. Mistress Martha was in the coach from London, which at that moment neared the brook. The horses, in evident sympathy with my horse, jumped and pranced and backed the coach in quite a dangerous way. The frightened passengers got out, fortunately without coming to any harm. Mistress Payne stood by the side of the road, and I led my horse after giving him a good trouncing. She was impressed with my appearance, for I was always a woman's man, and she complimented me not only on my good horsemanship, but also on my horse. We did not exchange names, and I passed on.

Our next meeting was also accidental. On one of my travels to Dover * my horse cast a shoe on approaching Rochester. I stopped at the nearest inn, which was "Ye Rochester Tavern." It was then kept by Martha's brother, after the death of John Payne. Martha was the hostess.

It was the late autumn of the year 1646. She then was twenty-seven and I was about thirty. I was standing waiting in the stable-yard while the horse was being shod when she came out of the house and greeted me. I recognized the face again, although she did not at first remember me as I wore heavier winter

* See Part i, Chap. vii, "Misunderstandings."

clothing. I returned her greeting, and added : " We have met before." In doing so I lifted my hat and scratched my head, which was a curious nervous habit I had at that time. After a few moments we both remembered the circumstances of our previous meeting at Streatham. I was fond of joking, and while exchanging pleasantries with Mistress Payne was slashing my jackboots with a riding-whip.

Out of this second accidental meeting a deep, life-long friendship grew up between us. On my travels to and from Dover in those years I often went ten or twelve miles out of my way to call at Rochester Tavern. Martha was my trusted friend. I confided in her, and she gave me sound advice in the troubles I had through my unhappy love affairs with Lily, as described in Part I, Chapter VII. There was great mutual attraction and harmony between us, which was never disturbed for one moment in that life-long friendship. There was mutual confidence and comradeship, but never any love affair between us. Martha understood me, and gave me that womanly sympathy which I sorely needed in those years which had so much yearning of heart and sorrow for me.

Our friendship continued after Martha Payne married Samuel Taylor, who had a merchant's business in London. Wool was the chief commodity he traded in, and he also farmed at Rochester. His hobby was sheep-farming, for the special fine wool his sheep yielded.

Martha and Samuel Taylor had three children : one son and two daughters. It was a happy marriage, for Samuel was a good man. He understood and even encouraged the friendship which existed between his wife and me. I confided my innermost secrets to her, and she was quick to see and help. I invariably

acted on her advice, which was always full of common-sense.

I took a great interest in the son, and at his birth suggested that he should be named after his father—Samuel. On his first birthday I presented little baby Sam with a golden guinea.

Martha Taylor passed away at the change of life through a very severe cold which was wrongly diagnosed and not skilfully treated.

CHAPTER III : AN IDEAL HOUSEHOLD

*For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when
it is past and as a watch in the night.* Ps. xc, 14.

*Now ! it is gone—our brief hours of travel past,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How.
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now !*

S. T. COLERIDGE

THE household at Naples of which I was the head about two thousand years ago and which is the subject of Chapter V, Part I, was in every respect a happy and ideal one. All its members were spiritually developed and had but one aim in view : to be happy and to communicate happiness to each other and to those of the outside world with whom they came in contact.

All the members of that household are again incarnated, and I have the pleasure of knowing them. Only one is closely related to me in this incarnation—my present only child, who was my second daughter at Naples. It may be remarked here that it is but very rarely that two spirits incarnate in the same physical relationship, except in the case of affinities.

Some of the former members of my family of long ago are unaware of our spiritual relationship, and if told would probably shake their heads in utter scepticism. It does not matter—time will come when they will know. Scepticism cannot change or harm truth, which triumphs ultimately. “For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face ; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

First of all there is Venetta, who at Naples was my wife—the only time I was married to her in all our joint incarnations. She is again incarnated, as will be seen in the Epilogue of these chronicles.

My eldest daughter at Naples is also in the flesh again—a close friend of my daughter and myself—a doctor's daughter and a neighbour at the present time. She is a high-minded, cultured woman, and I am happy to think that one time I was her father.

Next to her was a daughter who, as mentioned before, is my only child in this incarnation. Her name then was Celia. She was in looks and disposition very much as she is now, and harmonized wonderfully with me in every respect. She was also incarnated in Egypt as a medical priestess, possessing great healing powers, and attached to a temple near the present city of Khartoum. That was some time after my own incarnation at Heliopolis.

At Naples she married a student of one of the universities—a good man, with whom she lived happily. They had no children. She died just before she reached her seventieth year, about the end of the first quarter of the second century of the present era.

In my household at Naples there was an adopted child—a daughter—a wonderful girl as far as her disposition and her mental and spiritual development were concerned. She was the daughter of a close friend of mine in that incarnation of the name of Pausetto. He and his wife went on a long journey to the north of Italy and left the girl, their only child, with relations to be taken care of during their absence. Pausetta and his wife lost their lives by being swept away by an avalanche when passing over the Alps, and thus this child, Pauline by name, was left an orphan. She was not wanted by her relations, and therefore not treated very kindly. She was considered a tiresome, self-willed child. She was a little under four when she lost her parents. My wife and I decided to adopt her, as she was the daughter of one of

my best friends, and to bring her up like one of our own children.

Although she was no stranger to my house, her father having been such an intimate friend, yet she was at first very shy and constrained. She was at once lovingly taken in hand by Celia, who was four moons older ; and Celia ever mothered Pauline. The two were always quite inseparable.

When Pauline was eighteen she had a persistent suitor. The man was not acceptable to her and she rejected him, but he persisted in his unwelcome attentions. In order to escape him she entered a convent and led a life of contemplation and usefulness. She was a fine needlewoman, and rejoiced in making garments for the poor. She also was very good in ministering to the sick in the epidemics so prevalent in those days, when hygiene and sanitation were not understood and practised by the masses.

Death has not separated those two inseparables Celia and Pauline, for they are together again in close intimacy and harmony as co-workers in a noble cause. I dare not give particulars for fear of disclosing the identity of Pauline, whose name is known all over the world, and whose father's name was at one time a household word, but he is now in the spirit-spheres.

Next came a son. I know but little of the details of his incarnation at Naples, except that he was as troublesome as he was loving in disposition, of high ideals—which at times were not practicable. In a later incarnation he was accused of practising black magic, and his eyes were put out. In the present time he holds a very prominent position amongst progressive thought and life movements. He is doing wonderful work, and his name is well known both in Europe and America. More I cannot say.

Whether the next child was a boy or a girl I am not certain, but both are again in the flesh, and I know and love them. I believe the boy came first ; a fearless young dare-devil, also full of high ideals and restless disposition, whose escapades caused his mother and me much anxiety at times. He lost his life at an early age, but I am not certain how it happened.

That same spirit again incarnated the middle of last century in Italy. He had an adventurous career as one of Garibaldi's trusted friends and lieutenants. He died at an early age in the sixties of last century. In his present incarnation he—or I should say she—is a woman. In many ways—that is, in fearlessness, resourcefulness, and spirit of adventure—the man is apparent, although in looks, grace, and disposition she is a credit to her present sex. I may add that her identity was established by Garibaldi himself, whom I called in the presence of Cedric.

The fifth child of that household at Naples is also again incarnated, and I know her intimately and have taken pains to convince myself of her identity. Moreover, she was my sister in my incarnation at Athens when I was the chief of the university, but I have no details of her incarnation at that period. I had then, however, a favourite student who knew her and who again incarnated at the present time. He recognized her several times in hypnotic trances, and her identity was subsequently confirmed by Cédric. Previous to that she was recognized and identified by my daughter, and is a close friend of ours.

At Naples she was a pretty girl with blue eyes and flaxen hair, the pet of the family, being the youngest daughter. Her name was Quinetta. For short we called her by a pet name Quina (almost like the modern Queeny). She was of a lively, loving temperament,

and very fond of her parents, particularly of her father. In her inquiring turn of mind, her impetuosity, and temperament her character then was identical with what it is in her present incarnation.

An incident in that girl's incarnation was clairvoyantly seen a year or two ago by my present daughter and its truth afterwards established by Cedric. I give it here.

Quinetta was on a visit to Rome, where a courtier who was attracted by her beauty and brilliancy of intellect and conversation made love to her and promised her marriage. He was, however, of a fickle mind, and at the same time successfully wooed the daughter of a rich patrician. Quinetta heard of it and upbraided him for it. He denied it. . . . Quinetta managed to gather full proofs and again taxed him with it. He was this time unable to deny his unfaithfulness and treated Quinetta with scorn and derision. This was more than the high-spirited girl could bear. She drew a hidden dagger, stabbed the faithless lover in the breast, and left him apparently lifeless by the seashore where they had met, and then fled. The man was not killed on the spot, but died after lingering for about four months.

To the grief of her parents Quinetta disappeared and was not heard of for some years. The most diligent search for her proved unavailing. One day, however, a merchant from Milan trading in the south of Italy brought a letter from her in which she said that she had hidden herself in Milan, and that she intended getting married to a good and faithful man. She begged her parents' forgiveness and wanted her father's advice as to whether she ought to disclose her rash deed to her future husband or keep silence. I travelled to Milan as soon as possible, and myself

told her intended husband what had happened, and was present at her marriage.

The man she stabbed is again in the flesh, and they have met as friends, but more I must not disclose, for obvious reasons.

Quinetta had an incarnation in America. Her father, whose name was Jackson, was one of the founders of Jersey City about one hundred and twenty years ago. (I may here remark in passing that exact names and dates are at times difficult to get, and should not be relied on without verification.) Jackson was a hard, narrow-minded Puritan, yet a just man, and this girl, whose Christian name was Martha, was his eldest daughter. She looked after his comforts and also ministered to the sick, for she possessed great healing powers and could also give spiritual help when needed. Her views were somewhat advanced, and did not always harmonize with the strict Puritanical laws as observed by her father. That often led to bitter arguments and angry scenes, especially as Martha was never inclined to view Sunday as a day of gloom. Often when her father was getting ready to go to chapel to preach Martha would offer to sew a missing button on his clean shirt, but he would say : "Nay, my daughter, could I go and preach when thou breakest the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day?" To which Martha would reply: "It takes up less of the time of the Sabbath to sew on the button than to hunt for another shirt." She would likewise sooner jump on a horse to ride to see the sick, who lived some distance, than walk, in spite of her father's protestations about the non-observance of the Lord's day.

In her present incarnation she still shows traces of her former Puritan discipline, but in spite of that

she has very high ideals and advanced social and philosophic ideas, and is an accomplished musician. In her main characteristics she is the same as Quinetta and Martha. My daughter first recognized her as a former sister, and I have since had ample opportunities to verify her identity, about which I have not a shadow of doubt.

Another friend of mine, a very psychic lady, has also distinct yet quite independent recollections of that incarnation at Naples, and Cedric has been able to verify the correctness of her vision of the distant past. She had no family connection with us at Naples, but was a servant at a friend's house, where she saw me at times as a visitor. She distinctly remembers my family and the house and grounds where she then lived.

Thus, then, all the members of my family of nearly two thousand years ago are at present incarnated though not united or even related to me; my daughter excepted. If you accept this statement as a fact and in the same serious spirit as I am giving it, and not as fiction, does it not teach us the lesson of the transitory significance of even the bitterest experiences which we may have to go through during our incarnation? Not only is our ego permanent, but spirit is divine and cannot be hurt or injured. It knows neither time nor death, and, moreover, it will again be united with those that it loves and with whom it can harmonize and be happy.

CHAPTER IV : PASSING FANCIES AND ENDURING LOVE

*Love much. Your heart will be led out to slaughter
On altars built of envy and deceit—
Love on, love on ! 'tis bread upon the waters ;
It shall be cast in loaves at your feet
Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ON one of my journeys between London and Dover about the year 1650,* when on horse-back, I met a young and pretty girl, fair, with blue eyes set in an oval face, who was on her way to London. She was travelling by herself in a light farm-cart, which had come to grief through the deep ruts at a cross-road. No one was near, and the poor girl was in a sorry plight. I dismounted, tethered my horse to a stile, and went to her help. I mended the cart so that she could proceed. It was a laborious task, which took over an hour. We had a pleasant conversation, in the course of which I asked her name and other particulars, and finally expressed a wish to meet her again. She readily gave me an invitation. Some months after this accidental meeting I paid a visit to the farm which was her home in Surrey, between Caterham and Reigate, nearer the latter town. Her name was Annie Lovell or Lovett (I cannot find out for certain which is correct), and she was the daughter of a farmer, the eldest of a large family of fourteen children. Her mother died at the age of fifty, and Annie had the responsibility, which she conscientiously discharged, of looking after this large family. The task was not rendered any lighter by her father, who was a quick-tempered, selfish, and hard man who had little love for Annie and the rest of the

* See my London incarnation, described in Part i, Chap. vii.

children. He was a skilful breeder of cattle and horses.

On my first visit to the farm I took a fancy to a fine horse—I was a good judge of, and took a great interest in, horses in that incarnation. I wanted to purchase it, but the farmer would not part with it, but offered to sell me its offspring. I would not accept, and no business came off.

I spent a happy day at the farm and found Annie a lovable, generous-hearted girl, but with one failing—intense jealousy—which caused her ultimately great heart-burnings and sorrow and grief to myself. I made love to her really unwittingly, not meaning anything serious. Men are ever accused of acting in that way. They are rarely heartless or callous, but do not realize that a woman's feelings and love nature are constructed on a different plan by the great Architect of the Universe. She is more highly developed on the plane of love than man. It is the real world of her soul, while man seldom stays in that realm permanently unless his feminine nature is developed and reason and feeling balanced.

I was loyal to Lily, but Annie, owing to the loveless treatment she was accorded by her father, rather encouraged me in my thoughtless attentions, which did not grow less at subsequent visits. When I told her of Lily she was much upset, and expressed hatred of the rival she had never seen. She thought she had more claim to reciprocal affection than Lily, who had been so persistently fickle and unkind, but my heart and mind held on to my affinity, and I had to terminate an unhappy love affair which was primarily only intended to be mere friendship. There was at least one heart broken over it.

Annie in her present incarnation is a great friend of

my daughter and myself, and if I have thoughtlessly and unintentionally wronged her in the long past all is now forgiven and forgotten. It was I who recognized my woman friend of long ago, and Cedric subsequently confirmed the correctness of my super-conscious memory and furnished me with interesting particulars of which I have given a mere outline.

A neighbour of Annie Lovell was Annie Moore, wife of John Moore, also a farmer. A close friendship existed between the two Annies, and Mrs. Moore, being much older, often helped and advised her younger friend in her arduous task of looking after such a large family.

About 1650, while on a visit to the Lovells, I went with Annie to an open-air festival, a kind of picnic, on one of the Surrey hills—probably Boxhill—and then was introduced to Mrs. Moore, who was a handsome woman. It was towards the close of the summer, and we spent a happy day together. I made a favourable impression on Mistress Moore, which was rather strengthened on subsequent occasions. Annie somewhat anxiously and jealously watched us, so that neither of us ever went further than the secret mutual admiration which existed between us.

Physical death has not obliterated that mutual regard, for Mrs. Moore is again incarnated and well known to me. I have had the pleasure and privilege of being her guide, philosopher, and friend when she required both physical and spiritual help, which I was able to give her. We have been good friends ever since, although we rarely meet.

Recognition in this case was mutual, simultaneous, and quite unexpected, when one day we momentarily looked into each other's eyes—the windows of the soul.

CHAPTER V : REFUGEES

*For human hearts are divinely strung
And framed diversely, waiting for the power
Of kindred souls ; and on each chord is hung a wondrous dower
Of song and glory, which, if touched aright,
Would fill the world with light.*

J. R. LOWELL

IT was in the French Revolution, probably in the year 1792, when the following episode took place and I came in touch with a woman who at the present time is again incarnated and known to me.

There were at that fearful period of France's history so many schemes, plots, and counter-plots at work among her unhappy people, so many axes to grind, that men were used as tools by momentary leaders soon to perish with them. I was ever ready to do service to those who required my help and friendship in their sufferings. Thus I was often instrumental in getting people away from the scenes of violence daily enacted in Paris, of which the following is an instance.

Among others, I assisted a young, frail girl of seventeen or eighteen and her mother to get away from France and to find a new home in England. She was a pale, delicate, and refined-looking girl, with long flaxen hair and clear blue eyes : very much the same as she is in her present incarnation, except that then she was haggard in appearance and expression through the suffering she experienced amidst all the sorrow and anguish of the Reign of Terror.

Mother and daughter lived in and owned a corner house overlooking the Place de la Révolution, now the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine for so long did its daily murderous work. They occupied the third floor, while the rest, as most French houses, was let out in flats. All day—and often part of the

night—and in the early morning they could hear the shouts of the mob ; the passionate cries of derision, of triumph, of horror, of victory, and of defeat. From their best room in the front of the house overlooking the square a full view of the guillotine could be had. They seldom, therefore—and then but for a few moments—went into that room, but lived at the back of the house. What these two women of gentle birth and nurture had to endure would baffle description. They were always compelled to listen to these sounds of horror, even if not actually seeing the scenes of turmoil and bloodshed. They were constantly in fear that they themselves might become victims of the chaos and anarchy of which the end was not in sight. All this preyed on the mother's mind until she could bear it no longer without losing her reason, as so many people did at that time. At last the daughter, whose name was Philippa—I cannot find out her surname—went to a friend of her father's ; a man of the name of Francis de Scala. She implored his help to leave Paris. He told her that it was practically impossible for any one of the better classes to leave the capital at the moment ; nevertheless, he would see what a friend of his could do. Francis de Scala was a man of mixed origin, a clever, astute politician, upright, honest, and scrupulous to a fraction, a man of high ideals working for the upliftment of the people, but abhorring violence and bloodshed. He and I were co-workers in the Girondist cause, close friends, and in constant touch with each other. He told Philippa that if any man could help them it was his fearless and resourceful friend Pierre de Quincy. He there and then gave her a letter of introduction to me, which she took to my lodgings early next morning. Although Cedric has given me full details of the location of the

neighbourhood and the house where I then lived I have at the time of writing not satisfactorily identified it, as the locality has since been entirely changed and modernized, and old landmarks have been obliterated. It was an old house with a wineshop over which I lived. My room was at the back of the house just over the back-bar ; there was no ceiling as we know them in modern houses, but simply boards were laid over the rafters, so that, by arrangement with the keeper of the shop, I had opportunities to listen to the conversation of any parties who came and were connected with any of the political movements. I thus gained much useful information.

Philippa came to me with De Scala's letter, and when I saw the aristocratic-looking, sorrow-stricken girl as I was reading the letter, and peered over the top of the paper, I took compassion on her. I at once promised the trembling girl that that night, before the day was out, she and her mother should be conveyed from the scene they so much dreaded to a place of safety. A look of heartfelt gratitude from the girl's beautiful blue eyes was ample recompense for me. *It was a look such as I have again seen in her present incarnation*, and which awakened in me the recollection of our previous short meeting here described. That was a recognition—a communion of souls—which is as far removed above all material consideration and circumstances as the blue vaults of the heavens are above the earth below.

I at once set out to accomplish the by no means easy task. I made arrangements with the proprietor of the wineshop that at nightfall of that day a cart should come to take away two large empty wine-puncheons, and that it should pull right into the yard instead of stopping outside the house. The two casks were

specially prepared by having one head removed and by being amply padded with straw for the reception of the mother and daughter. Thus hidden away they left the wineshop at nine o'clock that night to be taken to a small village some distance away to the south of Paris. As nothing then was safe from robbery Francis de Scala and I decided to walk a good distance alongside the cart to protect it and to prevent marauders from taking possession of the two precious barrels. We armed ourselves with cudgels, and they were indeed needed on that exciting exploit. The two women eventually reached the village that night, and found shelter with a friendly farmer. He helped them to disguise themselves, and gave them employment on his farm for some weeks until they managed to get a conveyance for the coast. They ultimately reached Marseilles, where they set sail for a strange land and found a happier home in England. That was my first and last meeting with Philippa in that incarnation. Although I could and did assist others in those terrible times I could not help myself when the crisis came, and fell a victim to the guillotine.

Philippa—I cannot give her present name—came to me again in this incarnation in deep distress. She was suffering intensely in her soul far more than in her body. She wanted a guide, philosopher, and friend. She required practical sympathy. I understood her needs, and was able to restore in a great measure, if not entirely, her peace of mind.

There has been no recognition on her part—only friendship—and I have not told her.

L

CHAPTER VI : ROBESPIERRE

O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolence, pleasures—of virtue, and such like, lived not in that age.

“ French Revolution ”—THOMAS CARLYLE

AT my special request Cedric once promised me that he would afford me the opportunity of meeting one or more of the present reincarnations of former historic personages. This promise he kept quite unexpectedly.

I gave a lecture on a psychic subject a year or two ago, at the end of which a lady in the audience rose and asked a question. Although there was nothing whatever in her appearance to give me a sense of fear, yet I felt intensely nervous and uncomfortable, and could not account for that apparently ridiculous state of mind. A few days after I gave a private demonstration in hypnotism to a few interested people. The same lady volunteered as a subject, and I put her to sleep.

She at once asked in French for Catherine Théot, who was the medium whom Robespierre consulted, and then said that she was Robespierre. There was neither time nor opportunity to pursue the investigation further that evening, and several people, although astonished, treated the matter with scepticism.

I asked Cedric for information, and he vouched for the lady being in reality a reincarnation of Robespierre. He further told me that it was thought by the high spirits, who foresaw the Great War and the subsequent upheaval of humanity, that the ego of Robespierre might take an active part in it as a social and political leader and again cause great bloodshed. For that reason his sex was changed at the moment of conception.

A few days later I again had an opportunity to put the lady in question into a hypnotic trance at her own request, and in the presence of some of her personal friends not only obtained most interesting and valuable information about her life as Robespierre, but got her back into former incarnations as a crusader and in the Roman occupation of Britain.

She recognized me as one of her former political opponents and told me that I richly deserved what I got, *i.e.* death through the guillotine. She said that she had no idea of self-aggrandizement, but had acted in what she believed to be the interests of France. The desire and necessity of maintaining her power and of self-preservation had caused her to be the tyrant which she appeared. She left the arrest and condemnation of political opponents and suspects to her committee, and signed death-warrants only as a matter of routine. She was caught in a political maelstrom and perished in it, but denies that she was the monster which historians depict her to be. She said she was the victim of inexorable circumstances.

There, indeed, was the spirit of Robespierre living in all that happened some hundred and twenty-five years ago, and feeling his power. He was speaking in the exultation of glory and in remembrance of the orgies of that time. There was no remorse, but rather self-justification. He was not afraid of me now, for we had met under conditions of mutual harmlessness. He disliked having incarnated as a woman.

Be that as it may—remember, dear reader, that the human mind and its motives are ever a sealed book to every other mind, and we have neither a standard to judge by nor the right to condemn others—the lady that about one hundred and twenty-five years ago was Robespierre is now a cultured woman of good

social position, has literary attainments, and is a brilliant conversationalist ; withal she strikes one as being a cynic, and to be of an unsympathetic disposition—two chief characteristics of Robespierre. That at least is the impression she gives her acquaintances, and she has a large circle. What she is to her intimate friends I cannot tell. No doubt there were likewise two sides to Robespierre, and history rarely deals with the real soul-life of those who figure in her pages : she can only record their outward appearances and acts, and their influence on the human race.

There is not much facial resemblance between Robespierre that was and his present incarnation. There are one or two marked points of resemblance, one of them being the formation of the back of the head, but delicacy forbids that I should describe them in detail. Suffice it to say, in my own mind I have no doubt that the lady in question, for whom I have nothing but the highest regard, is indeed a reincarnation of that historic character which so prominently figured in the French Revolution.

CONCLUSION

*My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space ;
And while I stay I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MY task to put reincarnation before my readers as a truth, and not as a mere theory, is nearly completed. I cannot hope to convince many readers, nor have I set out to do so. Indeed, I feel that many will not only be sceptical, but will probably ridicule or even condemn the whole idea. That, however, is to be expected when one deals with a difficult and controversial subject like reincarnation. Let me here give a warning. The truth will never be discovered either by the prejudiced sceptic or by the credulous enthusiasts, but only by the honest and patient investigator and thinker ; by those who can preserve an open and receptive mind, and are not afraid to follow truth wherever it might lead them.

There are many people who not only do not believe in reincarnation, but positively object to it on various grounds. I have carefully examined such objections, but generally speaking most of them are founded on sentiment rather than on scientific or philosophic reasons.

One of these objections is to the theosophical theory of Karma or the idea that we have to suffer for the errors of past lives. That would be a palpable injustice, and is teaching based on a half-truth. We unlearn our mistakes and purge our wrongdoings in the spirit-spheres, and return to the earth "with a clean bill of health." The fact remains that during our earth-life we are masters of our fate. We build up our character with its propensities for right or wrong

thinking and feeling and rational or irrational life expression. Such propensities remain a more or less permanent characteristic of the ego, and manifest during the next and probably during several subsequent incarnations. We are indeed the masters of our fate—the captain of our soul. Let it be here said, however, that the tendency is ever on an upward spiral of spiritual development towards fuller self-expression; more efficient helpfulness to others. My researches into the reincarnation history of several egos have convinced me of that fact. There is often slow, yet always steady, progress. Even apparent periodical retrocession in one, or part of one, incarnation does not really count for much in the soul's onward progress and evolution, but may just teach the lesson it needed. These particular errors of judgment, impetuosity, wrong thought and feeling will not be repeated. One must take a broad and impartial view of the reincarnations of any particular ego instead of judging by one prominent epoch in a long career.

Many people who are leading unhappy and disappointed lives say that they have had quite enough of this life and have no wish to return. Such objections are sentimental and excusable. When these people reach the spirit side of life, and see the real motives of their actions, their irrational thought, their uncontrolled feelings and passions, the errors, follies, and selfishness which have led to avoidable sorrow and disease, and have learnt that we can make our lives either heaven or hell according to the way we conduct ourselves, they will unquestionably be glad to have the opportunity to return again to the earth in order to make good.

Earth-life is desirable under all circumstances. If that were not so thousands of people would daily com-

mit self-destruction, and the world would soon contain only happy and satisfied people. The fact, however, remains that under all kinds of difficulties, disadvantages, and vicissitudes the ego tenaciously clings to its vehicle of flesh. There is an almost invincible desire for earth-life deep down in the super-conscious mind. The dissatisfaction and desire to end it all is only the natural unwillingness of the conscious mind, the personality, to learn the hard lessons of right thought and action.

Man is spirit, and spirit cannot suffer or hurt. The ego is divine and permanent, and cannot go under however hard life's lesson may be. You, friends, who object to reincarnation, please try to grasp these facts. Probably you will be among those who will be most anxious to come back when you have had your rest and assimilated your lessons on the other side.

The theory which tries to substitute ancestral memory for reincarnation overlooks the fact that the children of any given family are not all alike, but often widely divergent in physical, mental, and spiritual make-up. There may be a dunce and a genius, an honourable man and a thief, in the same family. Science tells us that genius is sterile, and is neither inherited nor transmitted to the offspring. The child of good parents may turn out a profligate.

Heredity and environment probably count for little compared with the character we bring over from previous incarnations. We are each attracted by, and are placed in, just that environment and in that family which gives our ego the best opportunity of developing those qualities which are needed for its ultimate fullest life-expression. Hence springs what is generally noticed as family likeness,

The earth is a kind of jumble school of the human race where all sorts and conditions of men and women meet : some to learn life's arithmetic, some its algebra, and a few its mathematics. The latter are the mystics, the poets, and the dreamers. They are nearer the reality than the rest of humanity. The others are too material, although perhaps progressing very rapidly in science, art, and commerce. Progress on the idealistic or spiritual plane is, however, very slow indeed. It is just in the latter direction that a higher life, and consequent peace and happiness hereafter, may be looked for, and here knowledge of reincarnation can help us tremendously. If we realize the fact that our life and happiness, not only in the spirit-world but in future incarnations, depend on our thoughts and conduct in the present existence, and that we build up our soul day by day, we shall be careful to make the best of our opportunities. We shall want to live a life of harmony, beauty, refinement and purpose, and to help our fellow men to rise to a higher level of self-expression. Moreover, those to whom life has proved a disappointment—who have failed in the realization of their desires and ideals—may have the knowledge and satisfaction that they will have other opportunities to express the best which is in them. Those who have been in a more favoured position—the older souls who are higher up in the scale of evolution—will know that they will have a chance of further usefulness and of gaining fresh experiences on the earth if they wish. Take such a man as the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was full of love for his fellow men ; surely he wishes to return for another turn of usefulness on the earth ! Then Sir Isaac Newton, George Stephenson, Florence Nightingale, Shakespeare, Beethoven—great souls taken at random as they flash into my mind. Do you

think that their career on earth is ended for ever? Surely not.

There is, however, no compulsion for reincarnation if an ego does not desire to return. Broadly speaking, it may be said that the life on the earth is the time of sowing, of physical activity, of gaining experience through the functioning of the spirit in matter. The life in the spirit-world is the time of reaping, of rest and freedom from physical limitations, and of assimilation of earth experiences. The lessons which earth-life has to teach can be gained only slowly, and at second-hand, if an ego shirks the return to activities in a body of flesh. Even when an ego has learnt all that the earth has to teach it, it often wants to return in order to help others. Such are the teachers and leaders of humanity who come back to the school of life to train the younger souls and to save them from unnecessary sufferings. Such great egos were Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and many other shining lights among men. They reached their exalted position after very many incarnations, and they returned again of their own free-will for service to the race. If reincarnation were understood and accepted as a truth, instead of treated as a questionable doctrine, there would be much more depth of pure spiritual love in married life. In the real union of two spirits there is something far more sublime than mere sex-attraction, which is ephemeral yet is mostly the only thing which brings man and woman together. There can be no lasting happiness in married life unless the two are mated on three planes : physical, intellectual, and spiritual. There should be the attraction of the body, community of interests on the intellectual plane, and harmony in religious views, and equality, as far as possible, in

social standing and education. Lastly, their spiritual aspirations and ideals should run parallel instead of being diametrically opposed and causing cross-currents. True marriages are in truth made in Heaven—the kingdom of the inner causes.

In the knowledge of reincarnation man would naturally try to lead a more spiritual life, regarding physical circumstances and experiences only as a means of development of his spirit-self and as mere passing episodes of a long, long life of which the tomb itself is but an incident and not the final ringing down of the curtain. He would knowingly prepare himself for another incarnation by eliminating weakness of character, and guiding his conduct through reason and love. The seeds would then be sown for a happier life when he returns to the earth once more after a rest in the spirit-spheres. And be it here remarked that his desires, aspirations, ideals, propensities and talents, in fact the whole of his character and life-expression, are the result of the accumulation of the seeds he has sown in past lives which have come to fruition.

As mentioned before, reincarnation is entirely optional on the part of the ego; there is no compulsion. The choice is made at the time of physical death when the life-cord is severed. That is the supreme moment which determines the future and the fate of the soul which has just freed itself from the material envelope. All during the life on earth there is a most intimate intertwining and interaction between spirit and body, thought and feeling—these pairs continually warring for mastery. The main factors which determine the choice whether or not to reincarnate are the feelings of the material body, which strongly influence the departing spirit. The final decision may be prompted by introspection and retrospection, by the feelings of

anguish, of remorse, of joy, or of regrets at leaving life's work unfinished and many desires unrealized. There is then a great yearning to have an opportunity to complete unfinished labour, to do better, to be happier, and to see Mother Earth really as she is—beautiful, bountiful, and full of joy—and not, as most people see her, through the begrimed spectacles of irrational life and conduct. There might be a strong desire on part of the ego to reincarnate in some particular sphere of action in order that it may have another chance of realizing some unfulfilled desires or ideals, for let it be remarked here that there is no real desire in the human heart that will not in God's good time be realized to its full. This is one of the assurances which reincarnation gives us.

The chief pivot, then, on which the choice of reincarnation depends is this close reaction of body and spirit on each other, and the ultimate decision is made at the moment of physical death, and sometimes rests with the guiding spirit who receives the liberated soul; sometimes it is come to by the ego itself, and at times by the two in conjunction. The decision is as swift as thought, for thought is indeed swift when free from material limitations, and, moreover, there is no fear, no hesitancy, but freedom of choice and clearness of vision.

The happy people—let it be stated here that happiness and contentment are the result of right thought and feeling of a developed spirit—those who have made the best of their life on earth, who have had ease, peace, and plenty, very often have no desire to return for further incarnations, for they have attained to self-mastery or self-direction and the earth-sphere has no further lesson to teach them. When they leave the earth they soon rise to the highest spirit realms, and

the earth for them gradually loses all its attractions for ever.

When, however, a spirit that has rested in the spirit-spheres is ready and desirous to reincarnate a guiding spirit is deputed, who then carefully selects the parents, environment, station in life, and vocation which are most suitable and afford the returning ego the best opportunities to develop itself and to realize its desires. This choice of position rests more with the guiding spirit than the reincarnation ego, and sometimes many years may elapse before a suitable environment can be found which will exactly answer its requirements.

In its descent into material existence the reincarnating ego does not assume denser and denser spirit bodies, as is taught by some schools of thought. It is brought directly from the spirit-spheres which have been its celestial home, a pure living ego, a vital spark without an envelope or vehicle. It is planted direct into the physical body, which, by a natural process, has been prepared for its reception in its mother's womb, usually at the moment of conception. Only the spirits of the higher orders ever see or know of the method by which egos reincarnate. It remains a mystery to spirits in the lower spheres, who, in fact, seldom have any knowledge at all on the subject of reincarnation unless they were familiar with it while living in the flesh. This is the reason why spiritualists so often receive negative replies to their queries about reincarnation. To assist in the return of the egos to the earth-plane is a labour of love ; a great privilege much coveted and granted only to very competent and loving ministering spirits of the higher spheres. Therefore the reincarnating spirits are always in good sympathetic care.

It is an interesting problem to account for new egos

and the gradually increasing population of the earth, and I will give the information that has come to me from those who are in a position to know.

The human body, such as we know it—the physical envelope through which the ego functions—has through æons of time evolved from the lower plane forms of the animal world until it became a fit abode for a self-conscious spirit. The human ego, however, has not had its origin in a world below the human standard of self-consciousness and reason, however rudimentary it may have been in the dim past. However that may be, not even the highest spirits are in a position to supply reliable information on that point, but can only speak definitely of the origin of new egos as they make their appearances on the earth at the present time and for thousands of years back.

One way in which new egos come into being is that in very old egos which still constantly return to the earth there is often a combination of many conflicting desires working in various directions, and often on inharmonious planes, all desiring expression. Such egos might be likened to the well-known Jack-of-all-trades. Such spirits often shed their superfluous desire, and are themselves thereby modified. A kind of division or splitting-up takes place—like the eyes of a potato, which are cut off and produce a crop of new potatoes. This, however, must only be regarded as a very crude, though apt, illustration. These offshoots, psychic atoms, vital sparks, or whatever you might like to regard them, are double entities or monads: “Male and female created He them.” When sufficiently evolved and filled with the desire of earth-life they divide into a male and a female ego—the two affinities—and are in God’s good time im-

planted into the little casket which awaits them on the earth to begin their rounds of incarnation.

The gathering together of these various spirit materials and moulding them into new monads accounts for the initial difference in character, disposition, and aspirations which from the very start make each human soul a unique being unlike any other man or woman in the world.

The new egos are usually found among the rural population and among the lower working classes, whose desires hardly ever rise above the level of the material urge of life, their emotional feelings, and the promptings for the reproduction of their kind. Such people attract new egos who, when starting on the rounds of reincarnation, are content to live the same kind of life as the parents: they are of the earth, earthy, for every child in its development is more or less on a level with the parents. The educated classes are the recipient of the reincarnating egos.

The kind of ego which is brought forth is determined chiefly by the desire of the mother, but the father naturally has his share in its attractions, and it will resemble him, too, in many of its traits, especially if it happens to be a female ego. There would also be a great difference in the mental qualities and spiritual status of the ego according to whether its attraction was the result of mere gratification of sex-passion or the deliberate and holy desire to attract a beautiful spirit in order to give it the opportunity for further developments on the earth. In many parts of India both the parents prepare themselves by prayer and fasting in order to keep their feelings pure and holy before the act of sex-union.

So-called love children—often the offspring of unmarried mothers—if there has been real love for the

father, prove to be egos of a much higher order than those who are the children of a conventional loveless marriage.

Years ago many little boys had a remarkable likeness to the little boy on the poster of Pears' soap, which was a reproduction of Millais' picture called *Bubbles*. This was due to the psychic impress made by that picture on the mother carrying the unborn child, to which the mental picture was transmitted and had its effects in moulding the child's features. At another time many "little Lord Fauntleroy" were born into the world with the impress of the character of that imaginary little nobleman, the chief character of the famous novel. Such instances might be greatly multiplied.

One lesson here which reincarnation should teach us is obvious and important, and if seriously taken to heart by would-be parents would do more than anything else in raising the race to a higher plane.

Parenthood should not be undertaken lightly—children should not be unwanted and the outcome of chance or accident, or the product of the mere gratification of sex-urge. They should be attracted as the expression of ideals, of holy mental desires and spiritual feelings, to bring into the world a lovely divine child, a joy and comfort to its parents, between whom it should form a beautiful and holy bond of spirit-union.

The attitude of mind and spirit of both father and mother are of the utmost importance, not only at the time of conception, but even during the months before birth. The mother's mode of living, her state of mind, her moods, her surroundings, her reading, her enjoyments, her conversation and the treatment she receives at the hands of her husband; yea, her very thoughts should be absolutely ideal in every respect,

for they will all leave a permanent impress on the child. The child's education begins at its conception. The father's state of mind will also telepathically impress itself on the unborn child's mind, and therefore a cheerful, poised, and loving attitude of mind and conduct on part of the husband while his wife is pregnant is most important. Such is prenatal culture. Just ponder over this and realize its importance, all ye would-be-parents, ye ministers of religion, doctors, and social reformers. No man or woman should ever think of marriage or parenthood unless they are fully conversant with its obligations and privileges. A knowledge of reincarnation will cause many people to realize their responsibility and keep them from acting thoughtlessly or indifferently.

A phase of reincarnation of which little is known, but which is of great interest, might be mentioned here.

At times two egos are incarnated simultaneously in one physical body. One of the two egos might remain more or less dormant for some time during childhood before it manifested itself. So-called dual personalities, the puzzle of the medical profession and the psychologist, are such dual incarnations, in which the control and outward manifestation is exercised alternatively by one or the other of the two egos. They might differ considerably in character and developments. A typical, though fictitious, example of such a twin incarnation is Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

It might happen that two affinities are incarnated in the same body. Such incarnations are usually short-lived. However, at times they produce geniuses or prodigies in some vocation if they work harmoniously together. It is probable that in some of the

highest leaders of the human race two highly evolved spirits, male and female, were jointly and harmoniously incarnated in a perfect vehicle of flesh. These dual incarnations, however, are very rare.

Many of my readers may perhaps wish to make researches into the truth of reincarnation. For their benefit I will suggest four lines of investigation. Philosophy and sentiment can with equal success be used for and against it. They prove nothing, and to my mind can be dismissed.

I would suggest inquiries:

First, into the psychology of the child-mind. I had most distinct recollection of my previous lives when I was a small child, and I have been told by other people that they had had similar recollections and visions. The child's super-conscious memory is fairly clear, but gets dimmer as it comes into contact with the world of phenomena and as its present conscious mind develops through its new experiences. I knew a little girl of two who constantly spoke of another "mammie" and "daddy" she knew somewhere else, but could not say where. Probably she had a recollection of another existence. I could cite other similar instances. Researches in that direction require patience and understanding on the part of the mother of the child which appears to recollect its former incarnations. The recollection of a previous existence by many children called Winzas, in Burmah, is accepted as an indisputable fact, and has been proved to be so, its data often being verified beyond dispute. It is rare, however, that the memory of past incarnations is retained beyond the years of childhood.

Secondly: Researches should be made into the pre-natal recollections of adults, and data should be verified wherever possible. There are many persons whose

M

super-conscious memory is clear and embraces one or more previous incarnations, but in most cases they are diffident in speaking on the subject on account of the rebuff and ridicule with which they are often greeted by the ignorant and the sceptic.

Such a pre-natal memory is often stimulated on meeting with those whom they had known in previous earth-lives, as I have mentioned when speaking of group incarnations. The stories forming the second part of this book afford a number of examples of such super-conscious recollections.

Thirdly : Probably the most fascinating line of investigation is that of the regression of memory, which can be carried out through hypnosis and where possible by the subsequent verification of the data. This method of research was conducted by De Rochas and others, and is by many considered the most scientific one. I have myself followed it and found it to produce highly interesting results, although I have not always verified the data, which entails a great deal of time and expense.

It may be briefly mentioned here that there is the inner-self, permanent ego, super-conscious mind—by what name you like to call that part of ourselves which not only exists but persists through all changes. In this imperishable monad is stored all the knowledge, experiences, and memories of all incarnations from the very beginning of the ego's career.

These memories of the past are indelible. Under favourable circumstances, such as a deep hypnotic trance or through the powerful psychic influence of another ego which it has met before, these records can repeatedly be caused to divulge their contents like the records of a talking-machine. The memories comprise the present incarnation back to the earliest

childhood, even at times to pre-natal or foetal existence, and also previous incarnations sometimes to about three thousand years back. I have never succeeded in going further back than that, neither have I been able to evoke any memory of an ego's life in the spirit-spheres between the incarnations.

I have put many persons into a deep hypnotic state, and under such a condition it is possible to make them recollect their experiences chronologically from the age of about eighteen months onward. Before that time the sense impressions are seldom deep enough to leave a permanent record. It is then possible by diplomatic manipulation to bridge the gap in time spent in the spirit-spheres. The memory of the previous incarnations is then evoked, commencing with the death and the immediate preceding events and then gradually going back into his or her childhood in that incarnation. The memory of names, dates, places, and various circumstances will in most cases be found to be quite clear. A good plan is to work backwards in stages of ten or twenty years. Not too much should be attempted at one sitting. I am, however, only giving a very crude outline of the *modus operandi*, and not any working details.

Another method of research is to hypnotize a suitable person, for preference one that knows nothing about the subject, and to use him or her as a medium. The spirit-guides of the person whose previous incarnation one desires to unveil can then be invoked. They will read those indelible records of the super-conscious mind. This method also yields most interesting results, and I have employed it many times and have had the co-operation of many willing spirit helpers under the ever-ready and watchful guidance of Cedric, who is most careful that there should be no

impersonations and no fiction. I could, of course, give many interesting examples of my research on these lines, but it would be beyond the intended scope of this book.

Fourthly : The higher celestial beings, as far as they can be approached by the favoured few, gladly give full information. I feel, however, that many of my readers will flatly refuse to believe that it is possible that such high spirits, masters or teachers, are really accessible to man while he still dwells in the flesh. In the face of this I can only assure them that if it had not been for the indefatigable help of such a celestial being this book would never have been written.

Cedric, who is really responsible for my information respecting the facts of reincarnation, is not a creation of my imagination. He has spoken to many of my friends, has through a hypnotized person publicly addressed audiences, and is a welcome visitor to households such as, for instance, those mentioned in Chapter I of the second part of this book.

He has been seen clairvoyantly and described by many people. He is ever ready to help to guide and to comfort those who seek him. He is the principal guide of some of the foremost men in literature, politics, and progressive movement in various countries, and has played no mean a part as an influence for good during the War and at the Peace Conference. His guidance, teachings, and discourses are very beautiful, holy, and uplifting. I have had the rare privilege of making ample notes of his teachings for several years. They comprise almost every conceivable subject, much of it being on occult lines and on applied psychology. I hope to put these notes into book-form, and I feel sure that they will prove not only

a revelation to thousands of people, but will do much toward the upliftment of the race. They embrace much teaching that is of practical use in man's everyday life ; guiding his thinking, his feeling, his spiritual development, and his conduct towards his fellow men.

Although my task of bringing reincarnations before the public as a fact—not as a theory or a doctrine—is now finished as far as this book is concerned, I feel that I have barely touched the fringe of this interesting and important subject. I have yet much more to teach and could have gone into fuller details, but I think I have said enough for the present to set the reader seriously thinking about the problem. That is really all I can, and want, to do. To try to convince any one on a matter which really requires personal experience is futile, especially when one realizes the difficulties of research, and that not everyone's equipment is of the kind which enables him to fathom mystic or occult problems. I ask the reader to keep an open and receptive mind. The ways of truth are often very strange, and our preconceived notions and scepticism make us loath to follow them. For the prejudiced reader this book has no message, and its truth remains sealed. For others it will prove a wonderful revelation of the career and evolution of the human ego as faithfully and assiduously recorded by

CEDRIC'S SCRIBE.

FINIS

APPENDIX

INITIATION : CEDRIC'S ACCOUNT

No Neophyte must have at his initiation one affection or desire that chains him to the world. He must be pure from the love of woman, free from avarice and ambition, free from the dreams even of art, or the hope of earthly fame.

BULWER LYTTON, "Zanoni"

A. PREPARATION OF PROBATIONERS

AS these chronicles open with the incarnation of my affinity and myself as members of the priesthood of Ancient Egypt, it is not only interesting, but right, that the preparation, rites, and ceremonies of initiation and admission to the inner circle of the sacred vocation of priesthood should here be given somewhat in detail.

The preparatory training and final initiations described here were those through which my affinity and I had actually passed, and in which Cedric, the High Priest of the glorious Temple of Annu (or Heliopolis) in Lower Egypt, took part at about 450 B.C. I am indebted to him for communicating to me the details of these interesting rites and ceremonies as here set down. I have had to make some slight omissions respecting sexual matters, which, although when considered from a spiritual point of view are perfectly pure and holy in themselves, I did not think judicious to make public, lest they be misunderstood and misjudged. Cedric agrees—although we must bear in mind the old saying that to him who is pure everything is pure.

The first stage of initiation of either a priest or a priestess is the preparatory part. In the case of boys it comprises the time from the birth of the child to the age of twenty-one, when the initiation proper takes place. Girls were admitted to the training seminary sometimes at the age of seven or fourteen, as will be seen later on. The future priest had to be a child chosen from certain selected couples, and great care was exercised in mating male and female, who were both to be pure and healthy in body, in soul, and in spirit for the production of a child fit for the highest service in the temple. It must be remembered that

also among the Levites the priest had to be a man without spot or blemish (Lev. xxi, v. 16 to 21). The husband was at times chosen from among the priesthood, and he had to be a priest who had passed the septenary period of the vow of celibacy. The child was most carefully examined in every detail by the priests, and was accepted from its eighth day, or, if unfit, it was rejected. The judgment passed on the child was irrevocable, although the priests were by no means infallible in their selection. Famine and pestilence, which often visited Egypt, claimed many victims from time to time from among the chosen children.

I—known before my priest days as Nipshe—was carefully trained and watched from my infancy. At the proper season of the year, which was the fourth moon, the little infants are taken down to the Nile in the presence of the priests, and the following ceremony was performed under a canopy. Each mother strips her babe, which is carefully examined by the priests. The chief priest then walks into the river, takes the infant, makes the sign of the cross (*crux ansata*, or the handled cross) on his chest, and immerses him three times, consecrating him to, and placing him under the guidance and protection of, the sun, the moon, and the planets—all of which play an important part in the life of all human beings, but little understood in these days. After the immersions the child was not wiped, but the water was allowed to dry, after which a similar symbolic mark was made on the back of the child. After the burning of incense each child was handed to a priestess, who anointed it on the head with oil.

This ceremony lasted about an hour, when a procession was formed. The priests lead the way with

horns blowing—the priestesses followed behind them, and lastly came the mothers with their infants, in single file. On reaching the temple door the priests divided to the right and left, and stood still—facing inward. The priestesses went straight through, and walked down the main path or nave of the temple to the high altar, where an elaborate ceremony was performed and sacrifices were offered. Here the mothers who had borne the children laid them each on a mat. Certain signs were made over the body. At the right hand of the altar there was a fountain or font. One of the priestesses took a child by its heels and dipped him head-first into the water, and laid him on a rug or mat, which was made of pampas grass. He was then sprinkled with the pollen of pampas grass. After certain incantations the child was handed back to its mother and declared invulnerable to disease, the bite of snakes, and poisonous insects. This ceremony was in this wise performed up to the age of seven, but each year the child became heavier, and therefore it was necessary later for two priestesses to lift the child before it could be dipped.

After the age of seven the ceremony was different, and took an educational turn. At sunrise and fasting the boys were taken each morning from the college or training school to the Nile. There they had to bathe. They had no towels or clothes to wipe their bodies, but had to walk back as they were to the school over the sandy plain. Then they had to perform certain physical exercises for the development of arms, legs, and back; moreover, their diet was very carefully attended to, for a priest had to be a man perfect as far as it was possible.

At the age of fourteen the preparation again varied in this respect—that the early manhood of the boys

was recognized, and so, on their journeys to the Nile, they were covered by a loin-cloth. Physical exercises become more stringent, and even more attention is paid to their diet, for they must be perfect in body and of a fair countenance.

In the first year of the third period of preparation for initiation—that is, in their fifteenth year—the following ceremony is performed. In this particular part of the ritual, after anointing the head of the boy, the sole of each foot is marked in a peculiar way with a preparation mixed from the blood of a kid, the venom of a serpent, and the blood of a dove. The constituents of the mixture are emblematic : the kid is the symbol of agility, the serpent of wisdom, and the dove of gentleness. The mark is made as follows: a straight line from the big toe to the end of the heel over the whole length of the foot, and another line over the ball of the foot. The latter line is not quite at right angles with the first one, though, when the feet are held together, the lines of the two feet form a kind of arch or gable in the centre. This sign is left to percolate thoroughly, and to dry into the skin. For seven days after this they do not bathe, but on the eighth day this class of boys, maybe to the number of twenty (in my own preparatory class there were ten boys), go together to the river. By that age they were taught the art of swimming. They were then told to swim out some little distance to the trunk of a tree, on which a priestess was seated. On reaching her they had to salute her with one hand, swim round her, and come back on the other side, when the salutation was repeated with the other hand. The reason of this will be seen. As in the Nile there were crocodiles—to whom the boys sometimes fell prey—at times some of them were missing. But the boy who did not re-

turn was not mourned by the priests, by his fellow candidates, or even by his own mother. There was no sadness over his tragic fate, for it was deemed that the gods had taken him to themselves, and that his spirit was absorbed in the great unknown reservoir of life. The rest of the boys then went back to the college. There their loin-cloth was exchanged for a purple mantle, after which they filed into the temple in pairs. Each boy's feet were carefully examined by the priests to see the marks which remained on the soles—whether they were partly or wholly obliterated or blurred. Their feet were always placed eastward, so that the rising sun should fall on them. The boys who retained a light greenish tint or mark on the arch were then passed into the inner circle, for these were chosen for direct preparation as priests proper ; the others, whose marks were not the same, or not as distinct, or blurred, were passed into a section known as assistant priests, deacons, censer-bearers, or acolytes, whose duty it was to wait on those of the first order.

Careful preparation of these favoured boys for their high vocation was made in the study of all the sciences, but particularly of astronomy and astrology, to which, rightly, great importance was attached. Astrology in modern times has been relegated to the limbo of charlatanry, while it ought to take its legitimate place as the handmaiden and complement of astronomy. One of the chief features of the educational career of the boys was that the hidden mysteries of nature were revealed to them by the older priests and fathers ; and, as a matter of fact, their preparation and studies extended all through their lives.

From the age of fourteen to twenty-one great care was exercised to keep the boys free from the influence of the other sex. They had to be kept pure, and,

as far as lay in the power of the priests, sexual desire was unknown to the boys. Very careful preparation was needed to that end, for it must be born in mind that the climate of Egypt has a great influence on the children. Boys of fourteen usually have reached their puberty, and they had to be kept undefiled.

In this way the preparation for the first great initiation continued until their twenty-first year. They were then subjected to a most careful and searching examination, not only as to their physical fitness, but as to their intelligence, morality, and learning. They had to be well versed in all the then known sciences; and thus, physically, mentally, and morally, the priesthood was far beyond any other section of the community. Not only were they engaged in the highest service of God and in the upliftment of man, but they were also the recognized adjudicators, by virtue of their knowledge and integrity, in most matters of dispute outside religious matters.

B. THE INITIATION OF A PRIEST

IT is often erroneously supposed that the initiation of a priest in Ancient Egypt consisted of all kinds of fearful trials and ordeals, and that supernatural powers were then conferred upon him. Much has been written to that effect in various books. All such descriptions of so-called initiations may be taken as fiction and flights of fancy, and dismissed. As a matter of fact the initiation of priests and priestesses consisted of very beautiful public rites and ceremonies—a kind of elaborate ordination service, which it really was. The initiation ceremonies of priest and priestess, respectively, as hereinafter described, were those actually performed at the admission of myself and Alma to the inner circle of the priesthood, and were given to me in detail by Cedric, the Chief Priest, who officiated at both of them.

There were other initiations admitting candidates to occult and magical secret brotherhoods where possibly hypnotic and magic powers played a prominent part, and where the candidates were subjected to severe tests, but they were in no way connected with the priesthood. All the knowledge and powers which qualified a candidate for admission to the priesthood were conferred on him during his time of training, which finished when he reached the age of twenty-one, although his education really continued during the rest of his life. This training constituted the priest's esoteric initiation. Maturity in both sexes was in Egypt recognized at an earlier period than twenty-one, as the result of the influence of a hot climate. It is a well-known fact that the human frame changes every seven years, and the right age for initiation into the priesthood was considered to be $3 \times 7 = 21$ years. As mentioned before, at that time

the candidate was subjected to a severe and critical examination as to the effect which his long training had on him, and whether he was a perfect man physically, mentally, and morally ; for no one was admitted to the priesthood who had the slightest blemish or deformity of body, or was intellectually or spiritually unfit for the highest service. Judgment was then pronounced by his examiners, when, if favourable, the probationer was, at twenty-one, admitted to the inner college or sanctum of the priesthood by having to go through the initiation or ordination service here described.

Seven candidates were admitted at a time. The sacred and mystic number seven was taken from the seven stars making up the constellation of the Plough, or Ursa Major. This sacred number occurs in many occult matters, such as the seven churches of Asia, the seven seals, the seven candlesticks, the seven divisions or planes of development of man, and so forth.

The seven candidates, or priests in embryo, were accompanied by their parents. The latter brought great sacrifices, according to their means and promptings, into the open courtyard of the temple. These sacrifices were voluntary, and were made separately by the father and the mother of the candidate. The father's offering usually consisted of a male animal; that of the mother, of a female animal. The mother generally offered a winged bird, being emblematic of the spirit's flight soaring above the earth-plane. The blood of the sacrificial animal was then used for making a symbolic mark on the left arm between the shoulder and the elbow of each of the seven candidates.

A procession of the priests, priestesses, and candidates, all in single file, was then formed and entered

the precincts of the main temple through the main gates. Here the priests prostrate themselves full length on the sacred plot of grass in front of the entrance, their arms stretched out so as to form a cross. They rise, step off the grass, and mount the first step of the sacred building, where they turn and give three blasts of their horns. They then bless all those assembled. The priestesses do not prostrate; they stand. The chief priestess is on the first step, and three priestesses take positions on each side of her on the grass-plot.

At that moment the seven candidates are admitted to be ordained or initiated. The candidates solemnly advance. Their backs are bare, they are covered by a loin-cloth, and they walk with bare feet. The three priestesses on each side hold reeds of pampas grass with which they chastise the candidates on their backs, the pollen clinging to their skin. They prostrate themselves. The first one rises, and the chief priestess places her hands upon his head, saying: "Step forward, son of Egypt, into the sacred portals of the holy temple and follow the fathers who have preceded thee." The chief priestess covers him with a bright crimson cloak. It is really a seamless robe, and in its four corners are symbols which are the initials of the names given him. The centre is embroidered in fine needlework, and shows the rising sun, a palm tree, and seven reeds of pampas grass. Over all, at the top, is the ankh or handled cross, the sign of life. On reaching the third step the chief priest receives the first candidate, and taking a chain or girdle made of tiger's teeth he fastens therewith the cloak around his loins. A priest, acting as conductor, then takes the candidate into the temple and up the nave right to the high altar. The temple is filled with the people, who stand,

N

for there were no seats in the Egyptian temples. They all bear palm branches, and those in the middle make a wide passage, over which they hold the palms, forming a triumphal arch under which the candidates, one by one, pass with their conductors. The priestesses follow the candidates. No one is allowed the while to cross or to tread on the footsteps of the candidates, for the pampas pollen falls off their backs, as a fine powder, on the floor. This is to symbolize that all evil desires and vices are now falling from the candidates. At the steps of the high altar they are received by the chief priest, who is attended by three priests standing on each side of him. They chant incantations, propitiations, and intercessions for various objects, such as a prayer for rain to descend on the rice crop, for the staying of the locust plague, the victory of the army, and so on. They are followed by the prayers and the intercessions of the parents of the candidates and of some of the principal individuals in the assembly. Though this takes time, yet it is considered a fitting occasion to propitiate the gods ; for the gods at that period are pleased to receive new priests to minister unto them. The high priest then burns incense, and finally swings the censer over the heads of the candidates.

The high priestess stands behind the prostrate forms of the seven candidates, and the high priest now motions her to remove the mantle from the principal or favourite candidate, who has distinguished himself in his examinations and general conduct (I was not that exalted individual on that occasion, so Cedric candidly tells me), and he is bidden to rise. The pampas pollen has fallen off his back, and he is now declared holy and a man fit to enter the holiest of holies. The fine crimson curtain of the sanctum

sanctorum is drawn aside, and this candidate crawls on hands and knees into the sacred inner chamber, which is situated behind the high altar. Here, at that point of the ceremony, he takes the priestly vows of fidelity and celibacy—vows which are binding for a period of seven years. It is often erroneously stated that various occult powers and secret knowledge were conferred upon the priests at their initiation. All such knowledge and power were taught them during their years of training, so that they came to the initiation fully trained and equipped for the duties of their exalted vocation. After the taking of the vows the newly-made priest is anointed by the high priest, clothed in priestly raiment of purple colour and invested with his official regalia, which consisted of sandals, a gold band around his left wrist, and a beautiful ring on the fourth finger of his left hand. This ring took the form of a serpent with eyes of green emerald stones. The sting of the serpent was a small ruby; the mouth of the serpent was open, showing the ruby, which was set on wire, so that it moved and glittered. He was given a fine girdle of camel's hair and a priestly sceptre or staff in the form of the ankh or crux ansata, the point of which was of gold. This was handed to him with great ceremonial as the symbol and staff of life. It is the wand to protect him in all dangers of sickness, adversity, and malice. As a member of the priesthood of Egypt he is entitled to use and to make the sign of the crux ansata whenever required, and it will not fail him, but it must not be used lightly or hastily, nor by anyone who is not an initiate, for to such it will bring disaster and woe. He is now bidden to hold the sceptre above his head. First he holds it over the congregation on the left, and then, walking to the right, he holds it

over that part of the congregation and solemnly repeats:

"I —— have now been authorized by the high priest and the high priestess here assembled, and have been invested with power to give you my blessing. May you be happy—may you be rich in land, cattle, and crops. May you be rich in children, and may they tread in the footsteps of their ancestors and of the ways of Egypt, and be all-wise and all-powerful. May blessings rest upon you."

After giving this blessing he is led into an ante-chamber. On the floor, in the centre, there is an entire tiger skin, stretched out full, with its head stuffed, and legs and tail extending. Stepping over the head, in the centre he reaches a small lectern, where there is a tablet, on which he inscribes his name. It is signed by the high priest and high priestess, and then put into an arc. The new priest is now led back to a recess under the high altar. The high priest here takes him by the shoulders, and the high priestess by the feet, and he is laid on his back. In that position incense is burnt over him ; meanwhile the congregation gives a great shout, similar in meaning to our modern hurrah ! All this time no one is permitted to cross from one side to the other of the temple. The same ceremonial is repeated to all the candidates, but with this difference: that the time occupied in the recess under the altar varies according to the quantity of pollen which adheres to the back of the candidate ; the more he has the longer he has to stop there. The seven candidates then group round the altar, the high priest being in the centre attended by three priests on each side. The newly-made priests then ascend the third step of the altar and turn, facing the congregation, all the priestesses kneeling. Priests and

priestesses conclude the ceremony by singing hymns and offering up praise and thanksgiving to the god.

This service is terminated by the temple floor being carefully swept of the pollen by seven girls of the age of twenty—novices in the last year of their probation for admission to the priesthood. The floor was swept by whisks made of the hair of pure maidens ; for their hair was considered holy, being the glory of a woman. The sweepings were put into the censer of blessing, and herein they were burnt.

The floor being clear, it was open to the people to cross and recross as they pleased. They then made obeisance to the priests and the priestesses who took part in that magnificent service.

The rest of the day was spent in festivities and rejoicings, for seven priests had been consecrated to the service of the gods and to the ministry of the people.

C. THE INITIATION OF A PRIESTESS

THE first or preparatory stage of the girls followed closely the lines adopted in the preparation of the boys for the priesthood, with, however, certain modifications necessary on account of sex considerations.

The girls were not always taken into the colleges from their infancy, like the boys, except those who were, as in the case of the boys, the specially selected offspring of chosen parents. There were other girls, descended from higher families, who were taken in at the age of seven or fourteen. Up to the age of admission to the seminary their training and education were entrusted to their own families, by whom they were supervised. At the age of fourteen the probationer passed into the training college, and a careful preparation began on lines similar to those laid down for the males. These colleges were situated within the precincts of the grand temple, which always covered an immense space. The temple consisted of a centre or main temple, and also of east, west, north, and south temples adjoining, and a great courtyard. To the left—that is, facing the west door, and looking towards the Nile—were the dormitories of the priestesses and their seminaries and colleges, while on the right were those of the priests and the boys. From the time of entry into the seminary the two sexes were strictly kept apart, the girls being very carefully guarded so that their sexual passions should never be aroused, which, considering the influence of the hot climate, was by no means an easy task, and was an unnatural restriction of the priestly vocation, and to this day is the bane of the Church of Rome.

The education of the priestesses was as liberal and as varied as that of the priests, and all the best that was in

them was developed to fit them for the highest service of the gods and of man. Physically they had to be as perfect as the priests. Their diet was carefully selected, and they had to undergo physical exercises so that they might grow up into strong and healthy women, most of them having beauty of countenance as well as a body free from spot or blemish. They bathed in the Nile, but at different times from those allotted to the boys. In most other respects there was very little difference between the education of a priest and of a priestess, and therefore it is unnecessary to repeat the details given when dealing with the training of the priests.

When the girl probationers reached their twenty-first year the training for their high office was completed, and they were ready to be received into the inner circle of the priesthood. The great day of their reception was a day on which all Egypt, from one end to the other, looked forward to the selection of a few more spiritual guides. There were always seven candidates for the sacred office.

At the rising of the sun the wonderful ceremony of initiation, ordination, and anointing began. At the break of day the great gates of the temple were opened and the curtains drawn for the sun to enter, for it was symbolic of the spiritual cleansing of the sacred edifice. At the rising of the sun a procession started from the banks of the Nile, headed by the chief priest. It consisted of the seven young priests last initiated, of seven older priests and priestesses, and lastly the seven probationers in various degrees and orders. There was a space between the male and female parts of the procession, which space was measured by the length of the male portion of it. Arrived at the sacred precincts of the temple they halted. The space which

intervened between the two parts of the procession was carefully swept with palm branches by some from both sides; for by that time no one was permitted to cross. The sweeping is done by two aged past-priests, selected for the length of their beards, which, like the palm branches, also sweep the ground. They begin at the end of the male procession and end where the high priestess stand facing the seven priestesses. She stands there with arms uplifted, holding a white lily in her left hand, in a posture to symbolize the receiving of blessings from above. In her right hand she holds a reed aloft and outwards. Her right shoulder is covered by a robe, her left arm and breast are bare. An incantation is now sung, and each of the seven priestesses in turn comes forward six paces, halts, bows, takes another step, and then prostrates herself before the high priestess. She places the lily on the crown of the head of the prostrate priestess, and, after the reed is drawn across the nape of her neck, the new priestess is bidden to rise. She takes the lily from her head and hands it back to the high priestess. Then, having passed the latter, she takes up her station, three other priestesses taking their positions on each side. The first candidate now steps forward, turns, and looking backward receives the blessing of the high priestess, who may be likened to a mother superior. The hair of the candidate is hanging loose down her back. My affinity, in the particular ceremony of initiation here detailed, being of royal rank and having been trained entirely in her own home, was the favourite probationer and the first one to come forward. Cedric, who has given me this account, added : " Although it happened so many centuries ago I well remember the beautiful, bright girl stepping forward, proud and radiant with joy and expectation,

not dreaming of the awful doom which awaited her, and which so tragically ended the sacred career upon which she so happily entered."

The high priestess then removed from her the robe which is fastened around her waist by a silken cord. This being untied, the garment falls at her feet. She takes up the fallen robe and stands nude before the high priestess, but only for a moment, for another robe is brought, thrown over her right shoulder, and fastened under her left arm by a beautiful brooch of carved ivory. Symbolic signs are made on her forehead and along the nape of the neck. An elaborate gold bangle is placed on the wrist of the left arm. The high priestess now holds out her right hand for the candidate to kiss, after which she takes her by the hand and passes her into the centre of the attendant priestesses, of whom three are on each side. Here she kneels, facing the temple, and bows her head down to the sand. Prayers and incantations for her purity of mind and soul follow. Her hair is parted in the centre and falls down on either side. It is plaited by the first priestess, and tied at the end with silken cords from which hang sacred charms. These have been used on former occasions, and each year others are added. They consist mostly of pieces of natural gold, not wrought by hand, and also of the teeth of various wild animals, which were presented as thank-offerings by those who had escaped death. These teeth are inscribed with the name of the donor, the date, and other particulars. This part of the ceremony ended, the candidate rises and salutes the high priestess. The nearest two priestesses take her by the hand and lead her forth over the stretch of sand trodden by the priests. The latter give a fanfare on their trumpets. The high priest and seven priests follow the

candidate into the temple and to the high altar. The congregation is now permitted to enter, and all go in by one door and walk up to a line about twenty feet distant from the great door. This point is marked by the skin of a cobra. The men go to the right, the women to the left—their demeanour being what the occasion requires, for all, when entering the sacred edifice, walk silently and reverently. Men and women face each other along a line marked out before, over which no one attempts to trespass. No barrier is required—the reverence of the people is sufficient. A space of seven feet separates them, and is marked on either side by a growing white lily, which is placed in a pot made of clay brought from the river Euphrates, and which was unbaked, except by the heat of the sun. The high priest and the attendant priest walk up the high altar, followed by the four priestesses who accompany the candidate. They return afterwards, and bring the other candidates one by one. The high priest now faces the candidate and asks her several questions : first as to her purity and chastity, and then he asks her : “ Art thou prepared to leave the pomp and the vanities of the outside world, and to officiate before the high altar of the holy temple ? Art thou prepared to take a vow of chastity for the period of the seven years during which thou shalt officiate as a priestess ? ” The candidate solemnly affirms by saying : “ I promise, and I swear by all who have taken that sacred vow before me.”

She now kneels, and is anointed while incense is burnt. A girdle is taken from the altar. It is of plaited camel's hair, and is hung at each end with ornaments of precious stones of various colours. The high priest then makes in front of the candidate the sign of life, or of the crux ansata, and bids her

to prostrate herself. The sign is repeated over her prostrate form, and she is bidden to rise. The girdle is now twice folded around her and tied, on her left-hand side at one particular spot, with a double knot. The high priest places his hand over the knot and blesses it, saying that it shall keep her in sanctity and purity. A ring is then marked out on her left breast, and above it the sign of the crux ansata. These signs are made in water taken from the Nile at flood-tide, and used only after careful preparation. It is put into a sacred vessel holding about a gallon according to our measure, and is placed on the stone flats of the roof of the main temple immediately above the high altar. It has to stand there for twelve hours, and is carefully guarded by probationers, so that nothing should pollute it and that no bird should drink thereof.

This part of the ceremony ended, the candidate is lead to an ante-chamber. The curtains are drawn apart, and she passes in. Here she disrobes and puts on a pure white fine linen robe. She then comes out by another entrance, faces the congregation, and publicly makes a declaration of fidelity to the service of the temple and of her people. At a little desk, facing the main body of the people, she kneels down and signs the declaration with all her names, for each time she has passed an examination she received another name, not given for use, but merely as a degree of honour. After signing the declaration she crosses from the main entrance of the temple to the high altar. Reaching the male portion of the assembly she is veiled, and there, with her hands uplifted, she pledges herself to be a mother to their wives and children. Great shouts of welcome greet her. She bows and retires. Crossing, she re-enters the portals of the ante-chamber, where she removes the white

robe and dons a priestly purple robe edged with fine needlework. This is really a square of cloth with holes for neck and arms. It pulls over the right shoulder and is fastened under the left arm, and is tied around the waist with the girdle of camel's hair. She then sits down on a carved seat and sandals are brought. Her soles are anointed, and pollen from freshly gathered lilies is powdered over her feet. Her head-dress of embroidered gauze is put on by the high priestess while she faces the congregation assembled in the main temple. She then steps into a smaller temple—a kind of lady-chapel, as we should call it. Here, before the altar, the high priestess and the priestesses form a half-circle and sing a song of welcome. They then come forward from left to right, and in passing kiss her hand, and she blesses each. They kneel and sing a hymn of praise. After this the best friends and the relations of the new priestess are permitted to enter and offer their congratulations and to make obeisance. An interesting ceremony follows hereafter. The high priestesses and the priestesses separate and take up positions on either side of the altar. The retiring high priestess then takes off her head-dress, which is placed on a dish of silver and held aloft by the incoming priestess, the people shouting a farewell, for great enthusiasm prevails, and their priestesses are held in great veneration. The head-dress is sprinkled with water freshly brought from the Nile, and then shaken over the head of the retiring priestess, after which it is placed in a receptacle, together with many others. The retiring priestess then leaves through the left portal, which is hung with tapestry. As she steps out her period of service is ended. As a priestess who has faithfully carried out her sacred duties and kept her solemn vows

she receives many presents of gold and silver ornaments, and often she may have awaiting her, at the door, the head of an Egyptian family of rank offering his son to her in marriage. At times as many as five or six of the heads of the various branches of the great royal house of Pharaoh might be seen awaiting a desirable priestess on her retirement, and all may have their offers rejected.

The incoming or initiated priestess slowly draws the curtains together after the retiring priestess, then steps forward and delivers her first discourse. This mostly took the form of a declaration of her intention to be a spiritual mother to all who may seek her counsel, and to divinate all troubles—physical, mental, and spiritual. It ends with an invitation to all who require guidance and consolation to come forward to the altar to receive the same. A general confession and promises of fidelity to the new priestess were then made by the people, which ended the ceremony.

Each new priestess was then allocated for service to one particular temple, for many of such were erected in memory of deliverance from all kinds of disasters, visitations of plague, famine, or other calamities.

After the temple ceremonies festivities were held by the people and continued all day until sunset, and they came in and went out of the temple as they pleased. It was considered a general holiday for the people, and, moreover, many betrothals took place, for was it not justly considered to be the fittest day to choose a wife when Egypt had added seven more promising women to their exalted priesthood?

Such then, dear readers, are the true accounts of the beautiful ceremonies of initiation of priest and priestess, respectively, of Ancient Egypt through which my affinity and I passed. They were given to me by

Cedric, one time Chief Priest of the great Temple of the Sun of Annu (or Heliopolis) in Lower Egypt, who himself officiated at them. The glory of that magnificent temple has long ago passed away, only an obelisk at present marking the site where once that noble and sacred edifice reared its mighty columns. Though we look in vain for the material glory of these mighty temples of Ancient Egypt, and see only their ruins, which fill us with wonder and admiration, the spiritual part, of which they were but mighty symbols, is immortal. Neither Egypt's religion nor even her wise and venerable priesthood are dead—they have but changed their form. The old religion underlies our modern Christianity, and the initiates of her priesthood are still alive, powerful and active both in the body and out of it, working silently and unperceived for the consolation and the upliftment of the race, until time and circumstance shall have restored the spirit, the glories, and the wisdom of Egypt—for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

THE MYSTIC EXODUS FROM EGYPT

*Arise in the night, O Soul, and fly lest thou be consumed in
Egypt . . .*

*Then shalt thou pass through the waters of cleansing which is
the first death in the body.*

*The waters shall be a wall unto thee on thy right hand and on
thy left.*

*And Hermes the Redeemer shall go before Thee : For He is
thy cloud of darkness by day and thy pillar of fire by night.*

*All the horsemen of Egypt and the chariots thereof : her princes,
her counsellors, and her mighty men—*

*These shall pursue Thee, O Soul that fliest, and shall seek
to bring thee back to bondage.*

*Fly for thy life : fear not the deep : stretch thy rod over the
seas, and lift thy desire unto God. . . .*

From the "Hymn to Jacchos" in "Clothed
with the Sun," by ANNA KINGSFORD.

AT THE CLOISTER PRESS • HEATON MERSEY • NEAR MANCHESTER