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ACROSS THE BARRIER

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# ACROSS THE BARRIER

11

(A Record of True Experiences)

BY

H. <sup>elen</sup>A. DALLAS

WITH AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER

BY

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen any spiritual manifestation, to talk as you do; but if you had seen what I have seen, you would hold a different opinion.

—W. M. THACKERAY



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., LTD  
BROADWAY HOUSE, 68-74 CARTER LANE, E.C.

1913





133,93

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TO DEAR MONICA

August 18, 1903—July 31, 1911.



“Would I might give thee back, my little one,  
But half the good that I have got from thee!”

H. COLERIDGE.



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## PREFACE

IN the following pages I have tried to set forth as accurately as possible an account of certain experiences which have happened in a family personally known to me. I am well aware that to a reader unacquainted with the persons concerned the record cannot have the value which it has for those who received the account at first hand. I believe, however, that those who read it will recognise that it is sincere, that in permitting its publication the parents of the child who plays so large a part in the story are prompted by a desire to bring comfort to others such as they themselves have so abundantly received.

It is obvious that the experiences gain value by their collective character. For this reason I have given them as fully as possible, whilst withholding those which are too personal and private. I have inserted much which to a scientific investigator will appear non-evidential, my aim being, not to select only the strictly evidential matter, but to tell the story as completely as I can, leaving it to those who may read it to form their own opinion as to the interpretation that should be put upon it.

I should like to point out, however, that many of the phenomena experienced by the Normans are supported by similar experiences attested repeatedly by other trustworthy witnesses.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the language of Psychical Research, or with experiences such as those described in these pages, I will briefly explain some of the expressions of which I have made use most frequently.

There are persons who have the capacity for *automatic writing*; that is to say they find that after holding a pencil quietly for a few minutes it will write words without their being aware of what is written. Sometimes the hand feels numb and lifeless whilst the writing is done, sometimes the pencil moves slowly, at other times very rapidly. In some cases a

thrill is felt in the arm before the writing begins and frequently it is in differing styles. Writing is also called automatic, when the writer is conscious of each word as it comes, but has no knowledge of the whole sentence to be written. In Mrs. Norman's case she is ignorant of what is written until she reads it over afterwards.

*Clairvoyance* denotes vision in which, apparently, the physical eyes take no part; for objects or persons seen clairvoyantly may be described in darkness, or when they are invisible to other persons. Clair-audience is a kind of inner hearing. This is no doubt difficult to explain. I have several times asked clair-audients how they seem to know themselves to hear; but they have always found it difficult to tell me. On one occasion—and I think only one—I have heard thus, and I can only describe it as a clear, far sound. It seemed a small voice far away, but quite distinct.

*Psychometry* is a word used to indicate impressions received by "sensitives" when they handle objects. (By "sensitives" I mean those who are gifted with psychic faculties). For instance I sent Mrs. Norman a lock of hair to psychometrise before she had seen me, and she sent me back a good description of my person and of the style and colour of my attire at that time.

Perhaps some readers will dislike the term "medium" which occurs now and then in this book. It is used to denote a person who is a channel of communication. It is not easy to find any other equally suitable term, but I have occasionally used "psychic," and "sensitive," as alternatives.

Readers should bear in mind that one of the most marked features of psychic visions and experiences is their symbolic character. F. W. H. Myers has discussed this in his work on *Human Personality*, (vol. i., chapter iii.) A very literal mind, incapable of understanding the language of symbolism will of necessity be puzzled by psychic experiences, and they are also likely to misinterpret the Scriptures, which being

oriental works, are full of symbolism. If we bear in mind the symbolical character of ordinary language we shall not think it strange that communications should be made through symbolic visions and signs.

It should, also, be remembered that the mind of the medium is a factor in the experiences and may at times affect the form which the messages take, even when they allude to matters quite unknown to the writer or to any one present at the time.

Having been for many years a student of Psychical Research I am, of course, aware of the various theories which have been suggested as explanations of phenomena similar to those dealt with in this book; I have, however, purposely refrained from discussing these, my object being merely to record facts and to leave the reader to find his own interpretations.

I wish here to express my grateful appreciation of the frankness and confidence with which Mr. and Mrs. Norman have treated me throughout the time that I have been studying their experiences. Their personal kindness has greatly added to the pleasure which my work has given me. I am well aware that the force of the narrative has been weakened by omissions which I have been obliged to make, and that if I had printed private details the whole story would have gained in impressiveness; even as it stands, however, it is sufficiently remarkable.

I also wish to thank Mr. Marriott Watson for very kindly volunteering to let the statement about his own experiences appear over his signature. In other cases the names used are pseudonyms, and I should not have ventured to ask to be allowed to use his own name, although obviously his testimony gains value and interest from the fact that it is that of one already well known to readers, as an able and popular novelist.

I also sincerely thank the other friends who have allowed me to add their experiences and who have in many ways done much to assist me in this work.

H. A. DALLAS.

*August 18th, 1913*

“Yet men are led away from threatening destruction : a hand is put into theirs which leads them out gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child’s.”—*Silas Marner*.

GEORGE ELIOT.

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# ACROSS THE BARRIER

## CHAPTER I

### THE SONG-BIRD

A bird in the silver dawn  
Was singing, singing to me,  
It sang so shrill, so sweet  
In the little wood by the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the green ash grove by the sea,  
Sweet was the song that I heard,  
For Hope and Courage and Joy  
Woke at the voice of the bird.

*Rosamund Marriott Watson.*

ON July 31, 1911, a little girl aged seven years and eleven months, called Mary Helen Monica Giuseppina, passed out of this life, after an illness of seventeen days. She was dearly loved, not only by her parents and little sister, but by all who came into contact with her.

A few letters printed in this chapter show how attractive she was to those outside her home, and her mother's brief narrative gives a vivid and living picture of the qualities which

made her the darling of her parents. Vivacity running over into innocent mischief, combined with ardent affections and a religious consciousness unusually developed in one so young united to make a character of great fascination and promise.

Her mother thus writes of her :—

“From the time that she could lisp a few words Monica was, as the sisters of the convent said, an extraordinary child. ‘Elle sera originale,’ said the Rev. Mother of the Annunciation Convent, who fairly worshipped her.

“One side of Monica’s nature was all fun, mirth, and mischief. We dared not leave anything near her when absent, if only for a couple of hours, for she would surely try experiments—mostly disastrous. For instance, all my brown boot polish was distributed over the sitting-room furniture, the smell being strongly in evidence when we returned. Another time a custard was tried, mint sauce, custard, and the contents of the cruet were mixed, ‘for a salad,’ she said. Of course she was scolded, but one could not be cross with her for long. Her big, dark blue eyes would keep flashing

side looks to see if we were not going to laugh. She had a regular mane of auburn hair which reached to her waist, even at four years old, and when I looked cross, she shook it over her face to hide it.

“Her laughter was a regular bubbling out of mirth, and even if you heard it from a distance it was so infectious you had to join in.

“I remember once we were sitting on the promenade at Ramsgate, and there were one or two others on the seat, strangers to us. Suddenly, after watching a man carefully for a while, she began to gurgle with laughter. They all caught it, and soon we were all laughing together. I asked her why she had laughed so, and she said, ‘The man was reading and it made his moustaches curl; p’raps it was the funny bits, ’cause it kept going up and down.’ Another time, with her father and myself, she stopped us by a churchyard and exclaimed: ‘Why, look at all those dinettes on the graves. Do the people have their dinners laid there still?’ She meant the glass-covered wreaths, which gleamed white in the sunshine from the road. ‘Dinette’ was the French name for her doll’s dinner set.

“When we were in apartments, one day at dinner, her father said something in a joking way that she thought irreligious. She fought hard to keep a smile off her face, then, looking severely at him, she said, pointing downwards, ‘Daddy, you’re a bold, bad man, and you’ll go down there when you die.’

“They were nearly all Irish girls at the convent, and she had caught a little brogue, which just suited her bonnie, laughing ways. She was extremely fleet-footed, a real Atalanta, and pirouetted round us sometimes on the very tips of her toes. Men, women, and children, the priests and sisters at the convents, all adored her.

The other side of her, strange to say for one so young, was deeply religious. She loved coming to Mass and Benediction, and the first time she was taken to the latter service and saw all the candles alight, she cried out in surprise: ‘Mummy, do look! It is Jesus’ bedtime; He goes before I do. How funny!’

“The most difficult thing to cure her of was answering the responses when she should not. When only the server was supposed to answer, Monica would join in with a loud ‘Yes,’ and

'Amens' where there were not any. When I reproved her she would say piteously: 'But I love Jesus, too; they're not the only ones that love Him. I want Him to know I do, too.'

"One morning about 5 a.m., we were annoyed at being awakened by Monica singing in a loud, clear voice. I went to the children's room to tell her to be quiet. There she stood, on the bed in front of the crucifix, looking very pleased, and saying: 'There, isn't that pretty?' 'Monica,' I said, 'Go to sleep at once, and don't make such a noise.' Like lightning she had shot into bed again, and looked up at me protestingly. 'Weally,' she said, 'I was singing "Rosy" to Jesus, and He did love it so.' Another time, in winter, she took down the crucifix, and wrapping her little stays around it, took it into bed with her. 'Poor Jesus was so cold,' she said. Then I found she had removed all the nails from His hands and feet. They were of wood, and she broke them all off trying to get them out. The sisters in the convent told me that she always cried bitterly whenever they told her about the Agony in the garden and the Crucifixion, so

that they would send her out to play when that part came in the lessons. Her love for Him was so very real, and so different from that of most tiny ones; she wanted to comfort Him. 'I will make Him never cry any more,' she said once.

"She was a natural little child, fond of play and fun, and very mischievous, yet terribly sensitive. If I was depressed, she was by my side, saying, 'Darling, laugh, do laugh and be jolly.' If I cried she sobbed silently till 'Mummy' was happy again.

"There was nothing she loved more than helping me to make the beds and dust. I am sure she would have been very fond of home.

"Her favourite pastime on a wet day was to sit and comb out her long hair for hours together, sitting on the floor; this gained her the name of 'Mermaid,' that and her passion for water. At the Convent once she wanted some water, and as she could not have any she turned on the hot water from the pipes and flooded the room. She was then four.

"I have another remembrance of Monica.

When we were at C— and she was home for the holidays my husband, Dick, had a chum whose name was Reggie, and one day they quarrelled and when Reggie came in Dick went out into the garden. Reggie and Monica were very fond of each other and seeing him look depressed she went up to him, put her hands on his knees and looking up at him coaxingly, she said, 'Uncle Bridget,' (she always would call him so) 'sposing you said to Dickie you were very, very sorry, and asked his pardon, p'raps he'd forgive you—or—shall I go and tell him, 'cause you are sorry you was rude, aren't you?' Well, the tears came into Reggie's eyes, and he took her advice, went into the garden, and a few moments after, both men went off with their guns as happy as ever, and Reggie did not forget Monica, but got her a present at Eastbourne. This is an example of her peace-making nature."

The following letters from two priests bear witness to the hold little Monica had on their affection. The first letter is from a French priest. He had made a great pet of Monica and called her by the pet name of "mon petit chou." This pet

name was only used by this priest, not by any member of the family. This point should be noted, as it will presently be seen that it has some importance.

“Old papa very, very, very deeply sorry on dear, dear little Monica, now looking down on us from Heaven. What can we say but what we, though broken-hearted, repeat with holy Job, ‘God gave us an angel, God recalled his angel back,’ with, no doubt, a long and touching message of us all.

“Blessed be the Holy Name of the Lord, our common beloved Father. She will be happier there, more useful to us where she is, than with us here below ; therefore blessed be God.

“I heard on last Saturday week the child was not well. We all prayed for her and for you. Yesterday I heard the striking, sad news, dear Monica passed away to a better world, leaving us so sweet and lovable memory. At first I could not believe it, but I realise we were not worthy of such an angelic new communicant child, and she may be our protector and helper in Heaven, to prepare us



a safety place near to her in the bosom of our Eternal and beloved Father.

Yours in Christ,  
A. A."

"Just a word to thank you for your very kind letter. It was a joy to me to know the peacefulness of the little one's end, though she suffered so much—must have done, poor child. I am so thankful that I was able to see her as I did, so shortly before her death. It is another inspiring memory, another grace from God. I can assure you my affection for my little friend was not disinterested. I coveted her prayers in return, especially as I could not fail to see that by her loss to earth, they were soon to have a greater power. Her disposal of her little treasure is very touching—God bless her. Her little soul is, I feel sure, with Almighty God; if only by reason of her sweet patience during the painful days of her sickness. Resignation to the Will of God was taught me by her little dying face, and I should be ungrateful if I ever forgot the lesson or the one who imparted it."

T. V.

When she knew that she was dying, she said: "I wonder who will meet me," and to her mother, "Come with me."

To her father she gave her medal and a badge and asked him to wear it.

The writer of the last letter also wrote the following to a Sister of the Convent:—

DEAR SISTER A.,

Your letter with the sad news of dear little Monica's death has just arrived. God rest her pure soul. I am sure she will not forget you, Sister, now that she is able to help you in return for your devotion to her. The patient little face, as I last saw it, cannot easily be forgotten.

There was something most instructive and edifying about her silent suffering. May Almighty God console her parents with the thought that their little one has gone to That which, to even the longest life, is a welcome end, and that we are the richer for a little friend to plead for us before the throne of Him who values more than all the prayers of children.

T. V.

## THE TINY SEED OF LOVE.

On the day Monica came home for her last holidays, just before her seventh birthday, she went up to her Daddy and laying her hands on his knees, she looked up at him with her great blue eyes and sang :—

“ If I could plant that tiny seed of love  
In the garden of your heart,  
Would it grow to a great big love some day,  
Or would it die or fade away,  
Would you care for it and tend it every day  
Till the time was nearly past,  
If I could plant a tiny seed of love  
In the garden of your heart ? ”

She sang with much expression, and her voice was as clear as a bird's, in fact they called her “ The song-bird.”

## CHAPTER II

### “A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM”

IN order to appreciate the significance of the following narrative it is necessary to state a few facts about Monica's parents. As they were members of the Roman Catholic Church, Monica was sent to a Convent school; she was confirmed when she was seven and received her first Communion about a month before she died. Her father's adherence to the Church was, however, merely nominal; actually, he cared for no religion. He had been brought up in a very strictly religious atmosphere; and when a boy, most of his Sundays were spent in church or in some religious work, but this was from compulsion, not voluntarily. When he was about fifteen his father lost money, and it was necessary that he should go out into the world and earn his living. Having a remarkable gift for music he adopted the musical

profession, and in a short time he was in the midst of the excitements of the dramatic and musical world. His great ability soon procured him distinction, and he had engagements at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Olympic, the Gaiety, and other theatres in the country and in the United States. In the whirl of what is called “a gay life” he threw off all vestiges of religious and moral principles and drained the cup of dissipation, even to its very dregs. When he married he dropped to a considerable extent his former habits of life, but he still neglected home and family, although he was fond of them both in his own way. He says:—

“I was, and had been, for many a long year, at enmity with my wife’s family, and would neither allow her to see or write to any of them. To sum it all up I was a nuisance to my loved ones and to myself. My companions were undesirable; I knew it, but I clung to them. I felt life was indeed hell. And so it dragged on until suddenly I was brought up with a jerk, and brought face to face with a great reality, the Unseen Life. I experienced a great shock, a great change. The past dropped away from me. It was as if I had

just unbuttoned a cloak from round my neck and it slipped off. There was no struggle *then*, no fighting with myself, I felt born again. I could breathe; I seemed to stand in a new world, in new clothes. In a second here was peace and a great calm. I wanted all that I had neglected, and how I wanted Monica! . . . The enmity was gone. . . . And now I wish that the happiness and peace and love I feel could be experienced by everybody, and I know for a grand certainty that what Monica has been instrumental in doing for me, countless little ones are, on the other side, eagerly waiting to do for their own loved ones."

The above is quoted from a statement which Mr. Norman sent to me, with permission to use it at my discretion.

Monica's mother has always been religiously disposed, and her husband's alienation from religion naturally grieved her. She is Irish, she married young, and soon after marriage she was separated from her family on account of the strained relations between her husband and her father, which extended to the whole family. One of his sisters-in-law he could not get on with; her name was Kathleen. When

Kathleen was dying she expressed a wish that she could see little Monica, who was then four months old but this wish was not fulfilled.

Until the year of Monica's death her mother had not discovered that she had any psychic faculties, although there are indications that these had appeared on one or two occasions. They had not been recognised, and the father had paid no attention to the subject and did not even know that a Society for Psychological Research existed.

Here are two experiences, however, which seem to be supernormal in character :

Mrs. Norman says :—“ One night just as I was going off to sleep, or rather tossing about, trying to get comfortable, I suddenly saw a brilliant white light illuminating the staircase. The door faced me and was open, the staircase was always pitch black, and had no windows. I could not understand the light, so I awoke my husband who was already asleep, and asked him if he saw it. He replied, ‘ Of course not, it is black as usual.’ But I was not convinced and lit a candle and went down to look at the fire. It was out and all in the

sitting-room was dark. When I returned the light had disappeared.

"The next day I asked the landlady if the place was haunted, as every time my little girl slept in our room she would wake about an hour after falling asleep, panting, and her heart thumping, and always called me up, when I found her in a profuse perspiration. Several times that happened to me. The landlady laughed at me, as did my husband, but the following night he saw a light, white and brilliant, the size of a small tea tray, hovering over me, causing every flower of the pattern on the eider-down to show up clearly."

On another occasion, when Mr. Norman went to look at a house with a view to residence, Mrs. Norman described the house on his return, although she had never been in it. She described it both inside and out; she saw the stained glass squares of the sitting-room door and the oak panelling, the kitchen and enormous bedrooms, all were correctly described.

After little Monica's death she heard a voice call her, but she attributed this at the time to fancy. It is only in the light of subsequent



experiences that she has recognised that this voice may have been supernormal in character.

When Mrs. Norman's father died she attended the funeral, and after Monica's death there was a reconciliation between the two families, so that Mrs. Norman visited her mother occasionally.

On December 21, 1911, she had a curious experience which may be related in her own words :—

“A few days previous to Christmas, at about six p.m., I was sitting with my husband and little girl and we were all reading. All at once I closed my book and said, ‘Don't speak, I am going over to B.’ (her mother's residence) ‘to see what mother is doing.’

“Then I closed my eyes and entirely lost count of my surroundings. I found myself going down Albert Road from the station. Entering the house, I looked into the dining-room, and saw my sister, Lucy, embroidering with green silk on something black, and Minnie was writing. (I thought as I looked—Well, for a wonder! Minnie is writing). Then I looked into the kitchen, but it was empty, so I

went upstairs, and found mother at the top of the house, in her 'den.' The oil stove was alight and smoked. Mother sat near the table, writing-things before her, and looked ill and worried. Then Bessie, the cook, came in and sat down near the door, telling mother about the hours her husband (a baker) had to work. She had on a helio woollen coat and cap. She asked something about next day, then she went down and mother followed, and went and spoke to Minnie about Father X. and something about the Bishop. Later I heard Minnie say 'John York, John York, where hast thou gone, John York.' (This was part of a story by Sir Gilbert Parker which Minnie and I both loved, and I had given her a bugle brooch which she named 'John York' in remembrance of the story). Then Minnie spoke of something she had heard tomatoes were good for.

I came back then and wrote it all down. I went over next day (to home), and when mother heard it she was astonished, because it had all happened exactly as I had seen."

I here add the mother's corroboration of the statement :—

"I certify that all the above statements are

to my positive knowledge absolutely true and correct in every detail.”

I have this certification with Mrs. Norman's mother's signature of her own name.

Little Monica died in the Convent in July, 1911, both her parents being with her, but with the exception of this instance of “sight at a distance” nothing supernatural occurred to her parents until March 16, 1912. On that evening they were startled by an experience which proved to be the first of a series. This can be related in Mr. Norman's own words, as he published the following letter :—

“Sir,—In asking you to kindly insert this letter in your valuable paper ‘Light,’ in the hope of obtaining an explanation of our experience, I would impress upon you that I am a level-headed, extremely practical, non-imaginative individual, and my wife is equally practical. On Saturday, March 16, about 9.15 p.m., I was sitting at supper with my wife, when suddenly I became conscious of a ‘something’ behind me. There was a rustling sound, as if someone were brushing up against

the wall behind the sofa. My wife heard it and exclaimed, 'What's that?' Here let me say that, being in a flat, the bedroom we occupy is behind the dining room, the head of the bed being against the other side of the same wall. Retiring to bed at about 11 p.m., I suddenly saw, a few minutes afterwards, a live burning flame, about the size of a teacup, issue from the top of the wall and slowly proceed along, and beneath, the ceiling for a distance of about eighteen inches or two feet. It remained stationary for some seconds then descended over me about midway between the ceiling and the bed, alternately ascending and descending. It was quivering and pulsating with life. I immediately whispered to my wife, calling her attention to it, and together we watched the phenomenon. It never moved right or left, but remained over me, and the movements stated continued. The room was in total darkness. I got out of bed and subjected it to every test I could think of, moving the mirrors, window blinds, etc. Upon lighting up 'it' was not discernible, but immediately upon darkness 'it' was still there, and was there when we fell asleep. Last night all was as usual. We

hope to be favoured with further manifestations. I might say that we lost our dear little girl last July. She loved us very dearly and almost her last words to her mother were ‘Come with me.’ Whatever this phenomenon may have been, I am convinced that it was something not of this earth.—Yours, etc.”

I read this letter when it appeared in the paper, and it occurred to me to answer it and to give some advice which might be useful. But having much to occupy my attention I did not do so, thinking that probably others would respond to the appeal. A week or two later, however, I read another letter signed with the same name, as follows :—

“Sir,—We had repetitions of the phenomenon mentioned in my letter in ‘Light,’ page 168, on March 18, 19, and 23; the last time it was accompanied by raps upon the washstand—one rap, then two, followed by one again. As I said; I am a level-headed man, but there is something in this beyond my ken, and I should be thankful if any reader of ‘Light’ can render me some assistance in getting to the root of it.

I believe one communication did arrive for me after I had left. If so doubtless the writer has had it returned marked 'gone away!' I am extremely sorry if this is so.—Yours, etc."

On reading this second letter, I determined to yield to the impulse I had already had, and I wrote to Mr. Norman advising him to read a book called, "From Matter to Spirit." The book is now out of print and as I think that certain experiences related in it are analogous to some of the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Norman I will quote some passages here. These passages refer to lights seen at the time of a death and at other times. It should be borne in mind that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Norman had read books on this subject at this time.

The following was related to Mrs. De Morgan, wife of Professor De Morgan, and authoress of the book in question. Mrs. De Morgan was watching a dying person, and as she did so she observed that her fellow-watcher gazed intently on what, as far as she could see, was vacancy. She continues :

"She told me after a few minutes what

she had seen, thus:— “I was looking at a mist which seemed to be rising from the bed, and which I had noticed some time, when my attention was drawn upwards and I saw a pillar of light, between sunshine and moonlight, rising three or four feet. Within this was still a brighter light becoming more brilliant at the centre; and from the centre to the circumference, from within outwards, it was all working together with intense rapidity.’ The seer has been a trusted friend of my own for many years; her character for truthfulness is quite above suspicion.”\*

Any one who has studied this subject knows that seeing a column of light is not a infrequent experience in this connection.

The next experience happened when Mr. and Mrs. Norman were alone in the house with their only child, a girl of thirteen. No maid was sleeping in the house, and the child was in bed.

Before reporting this occurrence to me Mr. Norman mentioned that little Monica was “the soul of mischief.” This is apparent also

from the account already given in an earlier chapter.

Mr. Norman had risen, gone down stairs, put the kettle on the gas stove and returned to bed. He says: "When my wife went down five or six minutes afterwards the light was out, the water was cold, and the gas turned off at the meter. The following day the same thing happened when the oven was full of pastry, etc. The next morning we had the kettle episode again. No maid in the house. Our little girl on the first and third occasion in bed, the second time at school." As this phenomenon is very strange it is desirable to give careful details. Mrs N. has allowed me to copy the account she had written in her diary :—

"On the 13th April, 1912, at about 8.30 a.m. D. came down, turned on gas at meter, lit the gas stove and put kettle on, whilst I was dressing; he got back to bed and I came down; the kettle was singing, and I started lighting the fire. Suddenly I noticed the kettle had left off singing, and went to look. The little handle was turned full on at the stove, but the gas was off at meter, this being done



by someone turning a little cog at meter. Now, when I told D. he said I must have done it myself, that it couldn't be otherwise, and so it was left. But one morning, 15th, the same thing happened to him, as if it were to convince him, and it did." The gas was turned off three times. When I was at their house I carefully examined the position of the meter. I saw that it was quite visible from the kitchen, so that any one standing at the stove could have seen a person at the meter by just looking in that direction. Apart from my personal conviction that the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman is incapable of deceiving by playing such a trick, it is important that readers who are disposed to think otherwise (because they do not know the child) should understand how easily any trick of this sort might have been detected, how difficult it would be to carry it out on two occasions without being found out, to say nothing of the fact that the same thing happened when she was at school. I apologise to my little friend for these explanations, but I know she will not object to them, as she is too keenly interested in the investigation and wishes to help to make the

evidence for the genuine character of the facts as clear as possible.

On April 17th, at about 8 p.m., another phenomenon occurred which was also recorded in Mrs. Norman's diary. Mr. Norman gave me an account of it by letter :—

"There was a sheet of foolscap on the dining-room table. It began to move in the most extraordinary fashion, rolling and curling into a cylinder, then being flippid up and down, an inch or more off the table. I won't attempt to describe our astonishment. My wife then took a pencil, and her hand wrote automatically and rapidly. 'Mischief is me. Get your empty box to tell you what. It is only me near you two. Open your eyes more, dears. Kiss Daddy—Your Pet.'"

In a later letter, in reply to further inquiries on my part, he wrote :—

"I ought to tell you that the rolling into a cylinder and flipping went on over half a minute, during which time we stood by the side of the table and watched it. I cannot express our awe and wonder." He added that the paper continued to flip "at the corner (top) during

the message, and when free from pressure of pencil flipped as before.”

When I was with them I was shown the manner in which the paper curled. He took a piece of paper and curled it with his fingers so as to make clear to me what he saw.

The reference to the empty box was unintelligible to them. He wrote :—

“The only box we could think of was a huge packing case used in moving, but we got nothing from that. Upon retiring for the night, I was just dozing off, when there came a tremendous bang. It roused us all. I said to my wife, ‘What on earth is that?’

“‘Why,’ she replied. ‘That is in Monica’s empty medicine box.’ It had been placed under the bed and forgotten.”

The automatic writing done by Mrs. N. is usually done with her right hand, and she is not aware of what she is writing until she has read over the message afterwards. She prefers to be read to or talked to whilst the writing is going on, so as to keep her attention off it. I have seen her writing in this way. On one occasion she wrote with the left hand.

I have been allowed to study almost all the

automatic messages which have come to the Normans, and a few may be quoted at this point of the record.

It is a striking fact that the first mention made of Monica by automatic writing came from 'Kathleen,' the sister of Mrs. Norman who had expressed a wish to see her little niece before she died. With this sister-in-law Mr. Norman was not on good terms; in fact there was no intercourse between the two families for seven years; it was, perhaps, one of the last things which he, at least, would have expected, that this particular sister-in-law should open up the communications between Monica and her parents. To Monica's mother this may have seemed more natural, for she had taught Monica to pray for her aunt as soon as she could learn to pray at all.

## CHAPTER III

### MESSAGES

DURING the month of March Mrs. Norman dreamed repeatedly of Kathleen. After the appearance of the "flame" she mentally asked "Why do I keep on dreaming of Kathleen?" and, through her automatic writing, received the reply, "Because my photograph is away."

After having been in a frame for a long time it had been taken out and used to back another photograph, which was put into the same frame. After this message it was restored to its original place and the dreams ceased.

On March 28th Mrs. Norman felt impelled to write, and she received the following in the midst of a message of a private nature:—

"Monica needs your love and messages. This was signed "Kathleen."

It was not until after this that writing came in Monica's name.

This is one of the early messages which came, unsigned :—

“ See wherein your heaven lies. Fear not the sneers of man. Serve not all men, serve Him, in leaving particulars of the how and wherefore, and search right and left for light.

“ You shall find and see and have knowledge full and to spare. Purify yourself. Have no graves for your loves. Love all, great and small.”

“ Socialism in spirit is necessary in the great Brotherhood. Love one another is, or should be, our law.

“ Live up to ideals and so rise out of the little into the heights your spirit covets. You are rising, cast off all clogs, and soar higher. To forgive is not degrading, but divine law.”

After being doubtful and impatient, Mrs. Norman received through her automatic writing :—

“ Permit us, don't turn us away. We wish you all love and peace. Be sweet and trustful. Soul, be patient.”

After a request for guidance came the following :—

“Guidance may help, but you must learn self-reliance. Learn that you yourself are your self's master. Be strong. Say I—I—I—over and over again. (Shan't I get selfish?) It won't make *you* selfish. It will strengthen you.

“It is needful that you should know what ego means. Good-night.”

April 28, '12.—“Make way for us. Don't open the door with one hand and close it with the other.”

April -9, '12.—“Dear Boy—Would not credit the joy I feel when I tell you your sweet Monica and myself are frequently together. We watch over you and all our dear ones. God bless you. Your loving father.”

“The well-being of the soul depends entirely upon the will. Concentrate, concentrate. Know what you want and keep the intention pure. Realisation will follow.”

“Rivers of love shall flow from you, but you yearn in vain if it is the love of mortals you wait. Only, little one, God will satisfy your heart.”

"You will do better in time. Do try to be patient in all things. Let not small things trouble you. Make efforts; spirits have to. This is one. In peace. Amore."

April 12, '12.—Monica's message.

"A good thing coming to you. See if it won't be nice. Dickie is very glad because he will soon be seeing me. Lovely dickie birds sing to me. Monny."

Three days after this Mr. Norman received a cheque, unexpectedly, in payment for a song he had never expected to see published; this was, perhaps, the "good thing" referred to in this writing.

Messages from Kathleen have not been very frequent, but they occur from time to time, and seem to show that she is close at hand though leaving the actual communications chiefly to little Monica.

On June 1st Mrs. Norman received a message which had come through a near relative. This was sent to her through the post. It claimed to come from Kathleen and it used an expression which, as already said, was a pet name for Monica, given to her by the Father whose



letter has been printed in an earlier chapter. I mean the term, *Mon petit chou*.

The relative through whose hand the message came referring to Monica as *Mon petit chou*, did not know that it had been a pet name for her. The priest who used it was not living in the same town and she was not acquainted with him. Mr. Norman assured me: "My wife has positively never spoken of it to anybody . . . she never discussed any of us with the relative in question, being on extremely strained terms. . . . She knows nobody in the Order to which this monk belongs . . . there is absolutely no connecting link."

These facts suggest that Kathleen and Monica were in close association on the other side.

This conclusion is borne out by Monica's messages also. On June 3rd she wrote through her mother's hand:—

"My dearest dears—You must be sure God will help you if you have faith. So we pray with you. I do love my darlings so. I tell you I love Grandpa, and Kathleen, and Zora, and Winnie, and lots here—your dears—lots of Daddy's dears. His papa is my dear Grandpa

I love. God bless you all. Cissie's prayers tell her. Your dear little Mermaid."

Who Zora was they do not know. When they asked Monica she wrote that she had once been a princess but was now "a dear little spirit like me." Later she said that Zora had "gone on."

What this meant they could not say. It remains unexplained.

More than once in the messages Monica's "Cissie" is reminded of her prayers. On one or two occasions Monica announced that "Cissie had forgotten to say her prayers." This was correct and unknown to her parents.

With reference to the possibility of her leaving them she wrote :—

June 6th.—"Glad I am, darlings, to see you so happy.

"Daddy does hear me whisper to him now. I will be very much with him as long as I can. Some go away. I will not have to yet. I have lots to do yet. If any one comes I will meet them. I love my darlings so. Pray—pray for us ever. You do—I know it. You know I love you all. Good night, sweeties. Your dear Monica."

As these messages mention Mr. Norman's father, an episode connected with him may be introduced at this point.

In April a clairvoyant to whom Mr. Norman applied by letter for assistance in understanding these extraordinary phenomena, replied (April 10th) "I am strongly impressed that your father has charge of the daughter and is making these manifestations to open up the correspondence, to tell you all about it."

In reply to inquiry as to how he knew it was Mr. Norman's father, he wrote (April 13th) "How I knew it was your father is because I saw him clairvoyantly with the child; he was clothed in white, standing behind her with his two hands upon her shoulders. He wore a light brown beard."

This detail was correct. Mr. Norman's father had a light brown beard in this life.

On July 14th came a message from his father, to which he has added a footnote;—"It is indeed my father, the wording as he would speak to me—even his signature."

In the same month came the following from his father:—

"Poor Miss H——. You did lead her a

dance. She was so attentive! Bad Boy! You have put away the past and I am glad of it. I can feel more at rest now. You must not judge. Let him who is without, etc. We shall meet again boy, dear boy." (Then follows the signature in initials).

Mr. Norman makes the following remark:—

"Good proof given. 'Miss H.' My wife was not born when I knew her, and I had forgotten her years ago. Writing and signature like father's—language most certainly is his."

From the same, on July 23rd:—"I am here, my heart is filled with peace, which I share with you all, my dear ones. There is so much good everywhere, dear boy, if you could see as we do. There is a light waiting to follow every dark hour. I will be near you with your dear child." (Signature).

When these messages were read to Mr. Norman's mother the manner in which they had come was not at first mentioned, but she at once exclaimed that they were like his father in style.

Then he read her the following which had come later, and which reached me by post (July 31st) some days before it was read by his

mother, with a remark from Mr. Norman stating that the allusion to the "veil" was unintelligible to him, but he would let me know if his mother recognised the message.

July 29th.—After a few endearing words addressed to her, came the following: "Tell her I don't want veils for her now. I am always with her. She loves me, faithful heart . . . God guard you all. Your ever happy," (Signature).

This allusion to the wearing of a veil is a remarkable test, as in her early married years her husband used to insist on her wearing a thick Shetland veil when she went out; his reason being that he liked her pretty face to be concealed from passing strangers. This little circumstance Mr. Norman's mother explained to him. It was evidently mentioned as a test of identity, and was obviously a detail which it was impossible for Mrs. Norman to have known personally, and a very unlikely one to have been told to her by any one. From an evidential point of view this message is excellent as a test of identity.

When Mr. Norman went to see his mother and to carry her these messages, he was, as he

told me, rather anxious as to how she would take them. He knew that she was very religious but he had no reason to suppose that she would be disposed to accept anything psychic and unusual, except that his father, in a message, had promised to prepare her.

On August 15th., immediately after his visit, he wrote to me :—

“She was quite prepared to hear all I had to say and my task was a very easy one. In fact our views are hers and have been for some time, ever since she had my letter when I told her of the change that had come in my life. It had been the great prayer of her life and coming after all these years made her understand God and His works in a different way. She was unable to explain what seemed to come over her. I gave our views, and led her up to the messages. Here again was absolutely no surprise. It was as though she expected them, and that I had simply gone there with a message; but her great joy I cannot paint. She recognised them and said, ‘Yes, yes, that is the voice of Papa—they are his words. It is Papa.’ The veil episode she was surprised at, as it took her back to her

bridal days. This message certainly gave her intense surprise."

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Norman should have closed his letter by saying that the strange experience which first arrested him seemed to him a "miracle wrought to bring me to the light, but since then it has been one series of miracles. It is all very wonderful, and it makes me very happy and contented."

I will here add a few more messages to show the type of the loving communications which came to Monica's parents. Their purpose was not to satisfy curiosity as to the future life, but to hearten trust, to quicken love, to bring into the lives of her parents an assured sense of the nearness and dearness of their unseen companions and friends and specially of their child.

July 30, '12.—"My darlings I come to you with lots of love and sweet kisses. Good dears, everything is well now, you see, so have plenty [of] faith. God is a good Father. Don't ever forget it. You see, He sees all you want. Daddy, my dear Daddy, can you still hear me? I will still hear your thoughts and whisper because you do what I want. I am

really pleased you know it. I am so much with you. [Cissie] with you is growing up higher like sun flowers. Look at the light, dearies. It is so clear and bright. God bless you. Kiss my Dickie. Your own dear Monica."

July 31, '12.—"Understand now, dearest dears, all is well. Now you must not fret for your pet. You know she is here and truly helping you, so don't cry, very dears, when you want me so. I wish I could let my Dickie see me so very close to him. He hears my voice and that is good, but only I love him so. I will always want him to do lots for me. He will do things for others too. . . . When you believed it was easier for me to get more near."

August 4, '12.— . . . "Dear ones must be dear, you must never forget. If any one is kind to you it isn't only for you. You must give it away again. I think people will say, What a little girl to tell you things, but I am let to, and I'm not so little here. I like to tell you what I learn here."

August 11, '12.—"Dickie, darling, I tell you it is well for you. It will be more now. You do know, dear, don't you, how God loves you? You see how he let your kiddie help you,



instead of taking her right away. Oh, He is so good and kind. We must all keep on wanting Him, then He will always be there. He doesn't like us to be sad. If you knew, there is everything He has given to the world to make it happy, but it's so silly and turns the good things into bad. We do pray for all the people to see better, specially all our darlings. We will do big things for you, dears, and poor others. They won't all know but its surely that one day all will so. We are happy, we sing when people listen and love Him. I love you, darlings, yes, so much. I love every one. Your pet birdie, Monica Joe."

August 15, '12.—. . . "I have got my big wish. Tell Dickie he gave it to me. I want you to know I am really happy. Never think I'm not. Living here is lovely. I do enjoy myself. I sing, but I want you to hear my song always. You always talk of me, and love me. That keeps me so close. I will be always you know. Daddy wants so to see me. I wish he could, as much as him, but I do try, and it is true if we keep loving, perhaps, I will be seen by him, but anyway it must be as God wills. Then I couldn't stay seen and Daddy will feel more I

am lost for him. He would miss me more than ever. Now he hears me speak to him and he knows I am alive and loving."

The signature "Monica Joe," stands for Monica Giuseppina. She used to call herself this, for short. Her father, gradually became clairaudient, and heard whispers from Monica. It is to this that she refers in the last message.

## CHAPTER IV

### MONICA'S SECRET

THE breach that had existed for years between Monica's parents and her mother's family had been healed, but in the autumn of 1911 one of her near relatives said something which deeply offended them. As it seemed to involve an insult to his wife, Mr. Norman was very hurt, and would not allow his wife to speak to the person in question until she had apologised. The apology was not offered, and the breach continued. They frequently met in the same house but did not speak. It is necessary to mention this quarrel in order to understand what follows.

Some time about the end of June or beginning of July (exact date is uncertain) Mr. Norman clairaudiently heard a voice whisper repeatedly "Dickie, you must say 'Forgive us our tres-

passes as we forgive them that trespass against us.' ”

He did not mention this to his wife. Her automatic messages did not mention it either ; they were, however, full of allusions to peace and love. Thus on July the 11th she wrote :—  
“ Don't let anything take away your peace and love. Like that I get closer to you. Think always of that. I know how you love me. God bless you, darlings. Your pet lamb, Monica Joe.”

On the 16th she wrote :—“ Tell my Dickie to say the 'Our Father' every day carefully. I have a reason.”

On the 17th :—“ Remember how I want you to love everybody for my sake. Oh ! my darlings, if you knew how we win a lot by loving all, being pitiful, forgiving, and kind, you will make us happy to. Do remember I love you so, my own pets. You are always in my thoughts. I feel when you are sad and when you are happy. I hug my Dickie, and I ask God to give you his peace and love. Your own Monica.”

These messages seem to point to a recognition on the part of Monica that peace with all

is an essential for true communion. We are reminded of Tennyson's lines in 'In Memoriam :

How pure in heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affection bold  
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except like them thou too canst say  
My spirit is at peace with all.

Still the offence remained unforgiven, and the relatives occasionally met but did not speak. If the breach was to be healed, it must be with the united consent of both Mr. and Mrs. Norman.

On July the 18th Monica became bolder. She said :—" Dickie has to please me. He is going to, ever so soon."

On the 19th came the following :—" How I pray about things. I am certain it will be well. I hope soon. This month. I will see. He hears but does not understand it is me. I am very glad he prays 'Our Father.' It is in it."

Monica was asked, " Tell Mother what it is." And the reply was written, " No, because he will not believe it was me, but your mind."

On the 20th she wrote :—

“I love Dickie's thoughts, they are better than his words, often.” Her Mother here interjected the remark—“Do tell me your secret.” The message continues :—

“It is only something he will say to you when the time comes. You wait, my love. You will have gained it, little Mother. Do hug each other. I'm so 'exited'.” [*Sic.*]

On July the 23rd :—“Here I am, dears, happy like you, I am a sunbeam, your very own. Wherever I am I am still your own. I still have a Mummy and Daddy and Cissie. Then all is the same, only different, because I am more safe now, and I work for you . . . Tell Daddy not to forget I love him, and wait.”

(He adds, “for accomplishment of her secret.”)

By this time Monica's father had become aware of what her secret was, for he continued to hear (clairaudiently) “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” He did not, however, tell his wife what he heard. On the 24th he was alone all day, and when his wife took up the pencil for her

message in the evening, she received the following :—

“ Loves I hoped—but I still do, never stop. Hope is good. Try to understand if you pray for a good thing and it doesn't come, it will come later a better way. Don't think God doesn't love you. He does, but he knows best what is the good thing. Darling Daddy, I have said lots to you but only some heard. My Dickie, do hear your Kiddie,” (Mr. Norman adds parenthetically, “ Her secret—I do hear it, darling.”) “ I was all day close to you. Make me very jolly, and good will come. I love you, darling. God bless you. Your pet Monica Joe.”

This persistent attitude of love proved irresistible. I arrived at B— for my first visit on July the 24th, and Mr. Norman said to his wife, in my presence, “ I am going to tell you Monica's secret now ;” and turning to her, he added, “ You must make it up with X.”

Mrs. Norman was glad, indeed, to do so, but even then she did not seem quite certain whether the matter was settled ; knowing how deeply her husband had resented what had

happened, she felt uncertain whether the impulse to forgive would really last. 'This she intimated to me in private.

Any one who knows how hard it is to put away all resentment for injuries, especially when they are directed towards those we love, will not be surprised to learn that even after this recognition of the reason for the repeated whisper which he calls "Monica's Secret," it was not without a struggle that the resolution was adhered to. There was no going back, however. Peace and good-will were restored. The breach was healed.

Monica wrote on the 27th of July:—  
"Precious dears! I am so very happy now. It is done now. I bless my Daddy. Tell him I do love him more now that it is done. Oh, my dear, dear Daddy, now I am so jolly and happy . . . God bless you, darling dears. Your own Monica Joe."

When Mrs. Norman heard 'Monica's secret' told in my presence she told me that she had not been aware of what it was, and she added, "It might have been so many things." It must be borne in mind that she never knows



what her hand has written until she reads it over afterwards.

Monica was not working alone in this effort to bring about peace and harmony. The word alone can have no meaning in relation to spirits in light. If there is one fact to which the messages from the Other Side testify more frequently than to others, it is to the fact that the life beyond death is a life of co-operation, full of the reciprocities which can only exist in fulness when individuality is strongly developed, and yet which can never exist *at all* unless there is sympathy and mutual love. Not to know this life of loving interaction is indeed death, and that there are some in the other life who have not yet entered into Life seems very certain. But they too are loved and sought, and will be sought until they are found.

Mr. Norman received another message on July the 25th, which claimed to come from one who called himself "Amore," and said he was his guide.

"The wishes of your spiritual friends are ever for your advancement and your good, and they can best be realised when you do your best

to further that of those dear to you. Be sure not to stand in their light. You are a fortunate man. Search yourself if you are in doubt as to the sense of this. Peace be with you. Watch and pray. Amore."

(Mrs. Norman asked---"In what way does D. stand in our light?")

"Peace, I said. He must allow peace, not prevent it."

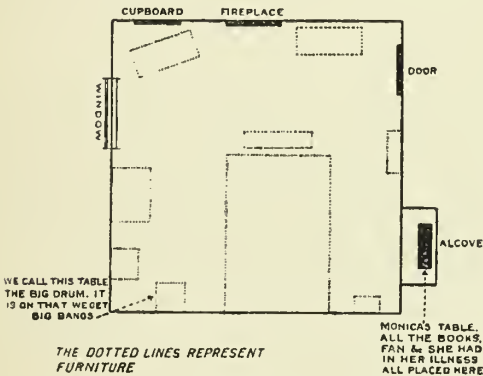
This message came after Mr. Norman had told his wife what he knew Monica's secret to be; but *before* the actual reconciliation had taken place.

## CHAPTER V



### PHYSICAL AND VISUAL PHENOMENA

ON more than one occasion there have been, apparently, attempts at materialisation. On June the 5th, 1912, Mr. Norman described one of these experiences to me in a letter. He wrote :—

#### *PLAN OF BEDROOM.*



“ On two separate occasions I have seen what appeared to me like a small armful of bluish

silvery vapour, or cigarette smoke, descend from the top corner (R.H.) of window, travel downwards across the room (right over bed and almost touching it in its descent), and alight in corner of alcove. (See plan). There, between Monica's table and the wall (L.H. of alcove), it remained stationary some seconds, touching the floor, which it seemed to sweep with a slight swaying motion. Then it formed into a kind of column—at least  that is how I can best describe it—so—  about a yard or so in height. It seemed to be on the work, very much as a jelly-fish appears to work upon being taken out of the sea. Then it dissolved and was gone. On these occasions we had no raps."

In reply to an enquiry as to whether Mrs. Norman saw this appearance also, he wrote:—  
 "Yes, upon another occasion she saw it behind me, I was sitting by an open door. It was half in the room, half out."

This incident was more fully described in Mrs Norman's Journal, which she allowed me to see, and from which I take the following extracts:—

"One evening at supper time, the incan-

descent light full on, I happened to look up at Dick to say something, when I saw behind him, partly in the room, and partly outside, a shadowy form of a child, only filmy, but of such an intense dazzling whiteness that it made the gas-light look quite dim after. Only a moment it stayed, then it was gone."

"We have noticed that it is very luminous over and around Monica's table at night. There are often beautiful shooting lights and stars in the bedroom at night, and we watch them; and five nights out of seven raps after raps come, sometimes a regular bombardment."

"On the night of July the 17th" (Mrs. Norman's diary states), "I saw a shadowy man's face with a beard [just like the one I saw smoking a pipe when psychometrizing]; then when he had gone two letters stood out. I have seen him again in the kitchen by the wall, where Monica was. He has a very kindly face."

The psychometric description here referred to had been sent to me before I had met Mrs. Norman. The initials and the description applied correctly to a deceased relative of mine.

Students should compare this description

with a very similar one given by a man who had been watching by the bedside of his dying wife, and published in the Journal of the S.P.R. for November, 1908. It is quoted, by kind permission of the Editor of the Journal, at the end of this chapter.

Five days after the above experience Mr. Norman wrote me an account of another extraordinary appearance, as follows:—"On Sunday night, the 29th, at 11 p.m., there were footsteps in the bedroom for some time. No raps, but one bang on wooden chest. At 1 a.m. (Monday, 10th June) we were both simultaneously awakened by a voice speaking; we were both too sleepy to grasp what was said, but it seemed to me that it was a man's voice. The wife is a heavy sleeper and cannot say whether it was the voice of male or female. She only knows that we were both awakened, and by a voice. At about 1.20 my head was rubbed up and down twice—left side. I turned round, when the top of head was treated in the same manner. Upon lifting my head I saw two bright lights about the size of a sixpence. They were as bright as electric light (arc). They nearly touched the brass rail of bedstead

[within a foot of it] and moved with a very rapid motion from right to left and *vice versa*, four times, and then disappeared. My wife was asleep, and although I called to her she did not wake up properly."

This phenomenon may be compared with that obtained by Dr. Ochorowicz in the photographic experiments he has had with Mdlle Tomczyk (see *Annales Psychiques*, 1912). Some photographic experiments were made subsequently by Mr. Norman in which some curious globular lights appeared on the plates.

On the 9th of August Mr. Norman wrote to me that on the 7th lights had been seen by both himself and his wife. He says:—

"When I was out for an hour or so G. had her 'quiet hour;' after some time she heard noises—a knocking on ironwork of bedstead. Then footsteps around the bed. The steps went out of the door into Lena's room [Lena is their little girl], and passed close to her. She flew into her mother's room very scared, and said, 'Oh, there is someone walking about in my room. They passed right alongside me.' G. saw a vision of a child. . . . it was a stranger to her."

“After locking up carefully and shutting all doors securely, as I always do, we went to bed. There were plenty of lights floating about the room at 11 p.m. but no raps. We both saw the lights. About 1 a.m. G. woke me up, saying she heard someone about downstairs in the sitting-room, and that they were quite noisy sometimes. I simply said ‘rubbish,’ and went off to sleep again, being very tired. But this morning upon going downstairs, I found the door wide open, but nothing disarranged.”

I asked for an independent account of this incident from Lena, and received the following :

“One night when ‘Mummy’ was having her quiet hour I was sitting reading in my bedroom, which is next to hers, I suddenly heard footsteps come into my room. They came over from the door to my bed, so loudly that they made a board creak, and walked on past the bed as far as the wall, when they disappeared. It startled me for a minute, and I flew into Mummy’s room and told her about it. She told me not to be silly, but when we went down she said that they had been in her room first.”

Mrs. Norman sent me the following account



of an experiment in photography connected with these phenomena :—

“ First of all the room was made so intensely black that Lena said she would not like sitting there, as it was like looking into nothingness! I rubbed my palms together briskly for 25 seconds, as per directions, then sat for my quiet time the film between my palms, in a sealed black envelope. Now, though I certainly was not frightened, I must admit I was not comfortable; you will see why later. . . . First, I was absolutely surrounded by forms and lights [this is no exaggeration, for I am always very careful to keep quiet in my mind, and level-headed]. To describe the lights, some were like stars, live burning ones, many were like darts, and so close to my head that I did not dare move and this was where the discomfort came in.”

A few day later Mrs. Norman wrote me an account of another vision of lights :—

“ On Wednesday, August the 14th, I got Monica's message as usual at 9.30 p.m; then I went to get the candlestick from beside her table. It was pitch dark in there, the blind down, and as I got the candlestick the matches

fell, and I stooped to pick them up [all in the dark]. As I got up, or was getting up, I saw next to me, between myself and the table and reaching just above it, a little pillar of light, very white, and if you can understand, it looked fluffy, like clouds. At first, feeling it so close, a shiver ran down my back, then I thought, 'I am silly, it's only Monica,' and I made a movement as if to nestle nearer still, speaking softly to her, but then it disappeared. But as I stood up [I had stayed in a crouching position so as not to disturb] I saw there were three big, round, white, cloudy lights around the table, as big, about, as Dick's head. Lena called out to know why I stayed up in the dark, so I came down."

Later Mrs. Norman wrote to me again: "On the 27th Dick and I saw lots of lights and the rapping was continual.

"High up was like a bar about three inches long. For a moment, just where your picture is, there flashed a square as if around the frame, but I could not see the picture for the dark. The one that startled me most was quite close to me, the largest of all, and from the distance, I should say would be at Monica's table. It

was weird, about the size of the palm of my hand, and it worked and glowed up, then died down, seeming to emit smoke as it faded, but it soon came up and so it went on. When it went right down only smoke was there. It shed no rays, lighted up nothing around. The resemblance, as a light, to the first we ever saw was very strong, save that the first had no smoke. I call this one a miniature volcano. Another startler was one I watched with great interest, up high—I should think near the ceiling [though for me there was no ceiling, no nothing]. This one was about the size of a shilling and circular. After I had looked at it a little it gently and slowly slid down to the floor and disappeared. This reads like madness! But it is not all; I have yet to describe the forms. I cannot say how many there were, but as I tried to count they moved about and got mixed. I noticed some were taller, and I counted two little ones. They were like this (here a rough outline was drawn), and outlined by a thin silvery line; not a face did I see. Never before have I been the centre [to my knowledge], of so much moving, living mystery! I can assure you I would have been pleased if

I could have seen their faces, or hear them speak; but as it was I spoke softly to them, and I said how pleased I was. Then Dick came up and it felt so funny leaving it, for I seemed to have got right out of this world. Dick saw one bright light close to me. I do hope you won't say I have lost my reason at last!"

Right across the film which had been held during this experience there is what may be described as a wash of light not brilliant, rather filmy, and a circular mark on one side. I asked whether this could be a print of Mrs. Norman's finger—whether she had held the film with her finger and thumb wrapped, of course, in the black paper, as I knew it had been.

Mr. Norman replied :

"The circular mark on one side is not the mark of G—'s finger or thumb. Her fingertips have not touched the film. . . The film lay in her hand, so [drawing]. . . The corner of envelope is held by me, about so much of it [drawing of a small corner] and placed directly on her palm and the palm of other hand laid on top. No fingers touch the film at all until the

development and clearing is finished. On each film is a tiny slip of paper sufficient for my purpose. There is no possible chance of the finger touching film under the great care I now exercise. The only time that happened the film dropped out of my hand, and in raising it from the floor I inadvertently picked it up to save it, and in doing so I inadvertently stuck my chemically tainted fingers on the top. That was the 40 minutes' exposed one."

This finger-mark had been pointed out to me by Mr. Norman when he first sent me the print.

On the 11th of September Mrs. Norman sat with her little girl, holding her hand and in complete darkness. On this occasion she saw a hand outlined in silvery light rise upwards, "stars, and vivid blue and white flashes." Some heather which I had sent from the moors where I was staying, and which was standing on Monica's table, was rustled, and a white smoke hovered over the place where her table stands. There were raps behind her back, and she felt a strong wind, although the window and door were locked and covered over. Also, a figure of a military man had appeared to her. [This she has told me she has seen before, and

several times since, in connection with my letters when they arrived, and I have been able to identify the person described].

Mrs. Norman also saw an elderly man with side-whiskers holding a magnifying glass. She did not recognise him, but a lady who visited her the next day, by appointment, said that she recognised the figure.

Mrs. Norman's little daughter Lena also gave me an account in writing of her experience during this quiet time in her mother's room. She said, "For the first time in my life I saw the atmosphere. It was all lines strung closely together like a spider's web, some lines blue and some red, and some violet, and they worked like this.



"I saw outline of star in light, outline of hand in light, as far as I could judge, in corner of alcove furthest from Mamma. It was palm downwards. I saw long flashes of blue light, ever so many teeny lights as if on ceiling; heard raps, heard rustling of heather, my legs and arms twitched. Last night I saw lots of teeny sparks, one big light that looked like a moon. I heard heather rustle and heard raps."

In one of his letters Mr. Norman says :—

“ I want G. to write and tell you about my hair. Monica is continually roughing it. It looks rummy in bright light to see it stand out and ruffled all over, and screwed into little bunches and no visible power touching me.”

On December the 11th, 1912, Mr. Norman wrote :—

“ It gave me a great shock when I saw Monica fully for the first time. It seems so strange to see her walk over to her table and touch and look at things. Last night after doing this she went on to another table, and looked at one or two things, afterwards going back to her table and fading from view.”

In another letter referring to the first vision of Monica he wrote :—

“ She suddenly loomed out in front of me and almost immediately passed to my side and put her arms round my neck. I shall never, never forget the great shock.”

In connection with these remarkable physical and visual phenomena it is interesting to recall

some remarks of the Abbé Lacordaire written to Madame Switchine, June 20th, 1853. He says :—“There have always existed more or less singular means of entering into spirit-communication, but these proceedings have until now been wrapped in mystery. It may be that by the divulgation God may desire to proportion properly the development of spiritual forces, to that of the material so that man in the midst of so many wonders may not forget the existence of two worlds, both closely in touch with each other, the world of the incarnate and that of the spirits.” (Quoted from “La Fraternite” Journal, in *Light* July 5th, 1913).

It will be interesting also to compare the following case sent to Dr. Richard Hodgson, who is well known to all students of Psychical Research, by Dr. Burgers, an Associate of the American branch of this Society. The incident occurred in 1912, and was recorded in the same year. The doctor who was present testified that the man who had this experience was apparently in a perfectly normal state before and after, and that there were features in the vision that would not be likely to occur to him. This doctor, an expert in nervous and mental



diseases, was eminently qualified to form a just estimate of this case. He sent the following account to Dr. Burgers, signed by "Mr. G." who had the strange experience :—

" Before telling the story, and for the benefit of any one who may read this paper, I will state that I am not addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, cocaine, or morphine. Nor am I nervous or imaginative, but considered cold, calm and deliberate, and a disbeliever in what is known as spiritualism, and hostile to all such theories.

" As all my friends know, my wife died at 11.45 p.m. on Friday, May 23rd, 1902, and after 4 o'clock upon the afternoon of that day, I became convinced that her death was merely a question of moments.

" At 6.30 I urged our friends, the physician and nurses, to take dinner. All but two left the room in obedience to my request.

" Fifteen minutes later, I happened to look towards the door, when I saw floating through the doorway three separate and distinct clouds in strata. Each cloud appeared to be about four feet in length, from six to eight inches in

width, the lower one about two feet from the ground, the others at intervals of about six inches.

“My first thought was that some of our friends (and I must ask their pardon for the thought) were standing outside the bedroom smoking, and that the smoke from their cigars was being wafted into the room. With this idea I started up to rebuke them, when lo! I discovered there was no one by the door, no one in the hall way, no one in the adjoining rooms. Overcome with astonishment I watched the clouds, and slowly, but surely, these clouds approached the bed until they completely enveloped it. Then, gazing through the mist, I beheld standing at the head of my dying wife, a woman’s figure about three feet in height, transparent, yet like a sheen of brightest gold, a figure so glorious in its appearance that no words can be used fitly to describe it. She was dressed in a Grecian costume, with long loose and flowing sleeves, upon her head a brilliant crown. In all its splendour and beauty the figure remained motionless, with hands uplifted over my wife, seeming to express a welcome with a quiet glad counten-

ance, with a dignity of calmness and peace. Two figures in white knelt by my wife's side, apparently leaning towards her, other figures hovered about the bed more or less distinct.

“Above my wife, and connected with a cord proceeding from her forehead, over the left eye, there floated in a horizontal position a nude white figure, apparently her astral body. At times the suspended figure would lie perfectly quiet, at other times it would shrink in size until it was no larger than perhaps eighteen inches, but always was the figure perfect and distinct ; a perfect head, a perfect body, perfect arms and perfect legs. When the astral body diminished in size it struggled violently, threw out its arms and legs in an apparent effort to escape. It would struggle until it seemed to exhaust itself, then become calm, increase in size, only to repeat the same performance again and again. This vision, or whatever it may be called, I saw continuously during five hours preceding the death of my wife. Interruptions, as speaking to my friends, closing my eyes, turning away my head, failed to destroy the illusion, for whenever I looked

towards that death-bed the spiritual vision was there.

“All through those five hours I felt a strange feeling of oppression and weight upon my head and limbs ; my eyes were heavy as if with sleep, and during this period the sensations were so peculiar and the visions so continuous and vivid that I believed I was insane, and from time to time would say to the physician in charge, ‘ Doctor, I am going insane.’

“At last the fatal moment arrived ; with a gasp, the astral figure struggling, my wife ceased to breathe, she apparently was dead ; however, a few seconds later she breathed again twice, and then all was still. With her last breath and last gasp, as the soul left the body, the cord was severed suddenly and the astral figure vanished. The clouds and the spirit form disappeared instantly, and strange to say, all the oppression that weighed upon me was gone ; I was myself, cool, calm, and deliberate, able to direct, from the moment of death, the disposition of the body, its preparation for a final resting-place.”

(Signed)            G.———.

The physician in attendance appended his

statement to the effect that this gentleman had been known to him long enough to enable him to affirm that he had no tendency to any form of mental alienation. He says, "From my own observations I can most positively put aside a temporary acute state of hallucinatory insanity during the time of the vision mentioned above. I had occasion to know that he never read anything in the occult line ; that everything that was not a proven fact was incompatible with his positive mind."

The same copy of the S.P.R. journal contains a statement by a nurse-probationer at a cottage hospital dated Nov. 23, 1905.

She describes having seen a figure standing by the bed of a dying woman. She says, "I was seated by the bedside reading a magazine article, from time to time glancing at the patient (who had been unconscious for about five hours). About five minutes past twelve, as I looked up, I saw on the opposite side of the bed a figure ; I say a figure because it was the shape of a person, although no features were distinguishable and the whole appearance seemed to be a thick mist or fog, with no sharp outlines but a blurred edge . . . I noticed the

edge of the screen was visible through the misty shape. I felt no sense of fear at the sight of the figure, though I was not inclined to address it. I put down my book and watched it for some time, so far as I could judge between ten and fifteen minutes, then another nurse entered the ward and the figure faded or melted away. The pulse in the neck of the patient was still beating, but she was not then breathing, although when I first saw the figure she was. There was a good light the day being bright."

These two accounts given so clearly and without apparent excitement are sufficiently similar to the lights and figures described in this record to justify their being quoted here.—  
*(Quoted by kind permission from the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, Nov., 1908).*

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS AND CIRCLE

IN the sitting-room of the little house occupied by the Normans one spot is devoted to the remembrance of Monica. A table stands there with a vase of flowers, and above it hangs her picture and her first Communion certificate.

On June the 10th Mrs. Norman discovered under this table a symbol, apparently drawn in ink, roughly, as a child might draw it. The symbol represented a cross in a circle and was about the size of a shilling. They wrote to me, "We have not done it, and have only just noticed it. If it has always been there we have not seen it, and it is a great coincidence that it should be in the position it is in. But the remarkable part follows :

"After my attention had been called to it, at about 2.30 this afternoon (June 10th), we went upstairs at 3 p.m. for psychometry. I always

accompany my wife to write down the 'sensing.' Before drawing down the dark green blinds to shut out the sun, I called my wife's attention to the dust on the window panes, suggesting that they should be seen to. The psychometry finished at about 3.30; the blind was raised, when, to our astonishment, there, drawn in the dust upon the upper pane, and evidently by a finger, was the same symbol as the one upon the floor downstairs. My wife and I were alone in the house, and it had been done while we were in occupation of the room. This room was our bedroom, of which you have the plan."

In reply I pointed out how difficult it is to make the evidence for this sort of phenomena really valuable. I asked whether they were really sure that the mark had not been on the pane before he pulled down the blind, and whether it might not have escaped notice. To this question he replied :

"The dust was too noticeable. Again, the window was open top and bottom. The symbol was drawn on the dust, between the upper and lower panes. For any mortal person to have done it, it would have been necessary to squeeze the hand through the



crack between the two frames. It would be difficult to force a bit of cardboard down."

I often wondered what this symbol could mean, that is to say, what it meant or might mean to Monica. I looked for the significance of the symbol in some books I had by me, but I did not feel satisfied that I had discovered what was the intention in Monica's mind; if, indeed, in some unknown way, she had drawn this symbol. Her messages had been so simple and childlike. This departure into occult symbolism seemed inconsistent in character with what had hitherto come in her name. I pondered, but I did not see how to place this phenomenon so that it would seem in harmony with the rest.

There was no repetition of this sign until two months later, on August 19th.

On August the 18th, Monica's birthday, her mother wrote, as usual not looking at what she wrote, and not being aware of the sense until she read it afterwards. Her "letter" from Monica contained a promise that she would send me a message on the following day.

"I will give her a message, not now 'cause you are tired, but to-morrow afternoon I will,

then you must send her a sacred heart picture out of my prize—I mean my prayer-book—and put on it, ‘Love from Monica.’ So she will be *exited* (sic), won’t she now?”

Her father, when sending this to me, added : “This is good. We did not know she had this card, or that there was one in the book. We knew of twenty or more in a big envelope, put away. On looking, we found this one in the prayer-book.”

He added also, that it was evidently chosen specially because of the inscription behind. This inscription showed that this card was given to her by a favourite “Sister” whose name also was “Monica.” And it contained a request for prayer for “Sister Monica.” I mention this detail because it shows that neither Mr. Norman nor his wife had discovered any other special significance in the choice of this card. Had they done so they would have pointed it out to me. That there was another reason for this choice is, however, obvious to me.

Monica’s “letter” of the 18th then goes on to say that she will do a “big thing” for her father, so that he will say—“this is Monica.”

This card was posted to me on Sunday the 19th, as Mr. Norman said he thought "Monica was very anxious for me to have it soon." It reached me on the 20th with another message written specially to me.

The latter contained a very striking response to a request I had made about four days earlier to a friend in the Unseen. I made a note of this at the time, and I had added to my request that I should be thankful for any token that my thought had reached my friend. I received two answers to this request; one through a member of my family the next day; the other through Monica's letter written four or five days later. I had not breathed a word to either about my written thoughts.

But to return to the card Monica had sent to me. When I saw it I was much impressed by the fact that the words printed on this little card seemed like a direct response to some thoughts which had been very present with me through the 18th and 19th. Into this matter I cannot go, as it is of too personal a nature; but I must state my conviction that these thoughts, which had not been told to

anyone when the card was selected for me, were known either to Monica, or to some one in the Unseen who suggested to her to send that card. There may, however, be yet another reason also for the selection of this particular card.

On the 20th, the day that the card reached me, after saying in her "letter" that there are some people she could not get near to, she added, "I see Lady quite." [Lady is her name for me]. The pencil then went round and round very quickly for quite a dozen times, making a circle, and then drew a cross in the centre. Her father wrote: "She spun round ever so quickly, evidently for a joke. We went into fits of laughter. Coming as it does in the middle of a message to you she may mean it for you." This remark shows that neither of Monica's parents attached any special significance to the symbol. Her message about me then went on:—

"My thoughts get into her—times when she is keeping hers quiet. Early I go when she knows it. It is better then, the times she very much thinks of us."

Here then was the symbol which had been

drawn twice before. When I read the message, I felt sure that this meant more than we had yet seen. I again turned to books. This time I found one which gave the meaning as the triumph of spirit over the physical. This seemed quite appropriate, but it was not what I should expect from little Monica; it was too abstruse.

On August 28th, about a week after I had received the card (at about 7 a.m.), I took up the little card and looked at it, but not with the idea of looking for anything particular. Then for the first time I saw that just above the "sacred heart" there was a circle with a cross in it. The finger of Christ in the picture points directly to this.

I wrote and asked Mr. Norman whether they had observed any special detail in the card he had sent to me. He replied that neither of them had done so; they had only been impressed by the apparent care with which this card had been selected for me. I then told them that I had observed this circle and that I was struck by these facts:—

- (1) That on the day the card reached me the writing from Monica had been

accompanied by a repetition of the sign drawn twice in June.

- (2) That this had occurred in a message referring to *me*.
- (3) That she had drawn the sign on that occasion with peculiar *emphasis*.
- (4) That she had said that "she could get her thoughts" into me in the "early" morning, and that it was at an *early* hour that I had suddenly perceived the circle and cross in the picture.
- (5) That at the back of this card was her own name, "Monica."

All this seemed to show me that she wanted to connect this symbol specially with herself.

After some weeks photographic experiments began. On the second occasion on which this experiment was carried out with a camera one of the lights which appeared (a small one) contained within the circle a cross. Mr. Norman sent me this, merely asking me if I observed anything special about the small light on the print. I at once noticed the cross in the circle. I showed it to a relative without even asking her to look for anything special, and she also said, "There is a cross." I showed it to

another friend, telling him I wished to know whether anything special appeared to him to be in the small light, and he too at once recognised the cross. This then is not an imagination : it is there.

Mr. Norman tells me that he finds the same sign on cards given to his children in remembrance of their First Communion. Monica received her First Communion a few weeks before her passing over. It is therefore easy to understand why she may love this symbol, and what it may represent to her. The host is stamped with a cross in a circle. To her, therefore, it was the symbol of the Greatest Love and the Highest Communion between Heaven and Earth. Certain it is that she has been an angel of love in her home ; she has prompted aspiration towards the highest life, and has brought into it a sense of Communion with the Unseen. By her presence she has "heartened faith" and fulfilled the promise, "a little child shall lead them."

## CHAPTER VII

### PERSONAL MATTERS

WHEN I arrived at B—— for my first visit, very soon after I had entered the house, Mr. Norman handed me a card which, he said, had been put into his hand by a stranger in the street a few days (perhaps a fortnight) before I arrived. Usually he throws away any leaflet thus thrust upon him, but on this occasion he put it into his pocket without looking at it. It was not until he got home that he observed that this card had on it a printed prayer, written by someone bearing my surname, who proved to be a near relative of my own, one who passed away in the seventh decade of last century. Of this prayer mention is made in his autobiography. He says that when he was preparing for ordination, while mastering the construction of the New Testament, he was much impressed by the promises of the Holy



Spirit: "There arose," he says, "an habitual reference to the Spirit of God, to which I feel that I am indebted for all the honour which has been subsequently put upon me in the success of the ministry. Out of this habitual feeling afterwards arose the construction of that little prayer, in which there is a condensation into the fewest possible words of all that is needful in practical Christianity. 'Oh, God, for Christ's sake, give me the Holy Spirit.' This prayer combines an appeal to the right source, by the right name, for the one thing needful in every emergency, and especially in the work of the ministry. It is too short to admit of that distraction of mind which so commonly mars our supplications. In the course of a long ministry I have found the use of this prayer to have been the means of blessing to numberless persons, and to myself especially."

Both the Normans and myself were impressed by the co-incidence that this card should have been put into his hand just at this time. It seemed as if it might be more than a co-incidence, or at least more than a chance co-incidence.

Mrs. Norman said with a smile, "It is your

relative's card of introduction." I noticed that they took the matter seriously and Mrs. Norman told me that she intended to use the prayer before beginning her automatic writing.

The appearance of this prayer, so associated with one dear to me, and one whose lofty aims were well-known to me, gave me a feeling of confidence. I must here go into detail a little. Mr. and Mrs. Norman's letters, which I had been receiving for some weeks before visiting them, had given me great confidence in their sincerity and also in their good sense. But, I suppose, no one goes through life without having a few great disappointments and finding that trust has been misplaced. When I first went to B—— I had just a little feeling of anxiety. I thought, "Suppose I find when I know them, that their witness is not quite so valuable as it seems?" They were comparative strangers to me. I was not suspicious, but I was a little cautious. When I received their letters I was on the watch for any discrepancies which might suggest a careless and inaccurate recorder. The result of my observation had been very reassuring, but still I was on the watch. It will be easily under-

stood that, feeling thus, the card presented to me on arrival had a value difficult to define. For one thing it helped me to know them. I did not tell them of the effect the arrival of the card produced in reassuring me, but the genuineness of their interest in receiving this prayer and in the possibility that it had come to them under some influence from my relative gave me further insight into their attitude towards these experiences. My friends will not, now, mind this free statement as to the condition of my mind on first arriving, and students will see by it that I by no means went blindfold into this inquiry. I repeat, I was not suspicious, for I had no ground whatsoever for suspicion, but I was alert and cautious.

My three days satisfied me entirely as to the complete sincerity of the people I had to deal with. It would have been rather awkward for me if it had not been so ; for I doubt if I could have concealed from them any distrust I might have had. One afternoon I had been resting on the sofa in the room I had taken and thinking how thoroughly sincere they seemed to me to be. When I returned to their house

a short time afterwards, Mrs. Norman looked me in the face and said, she had an impression of the word "sincere" in connection with me. Had I been thinking of this? I told her frankly that I had, and what had been my thought.

When I returned to my home my mind was much occupied with the Normans, and I decided to send her, for psychometry, a bit of hair belonging to my relative without telling her whose it was. Either before, or soon after doing this, I observed that the description she had given me whilst I was with her of some one she had "sensed" when holding my hands corresponded more than I had noted at the time with the picture of this relative which hangs in my home; she had mentioned some details which I had forgotten until I looked at the picture again.

I posted the bit of hair to her on August 2nd, and when I did so I deliberately and definitely asked that he might, if possible, give some token of his presence, and that he might draw nearer to the new friends I had made.

On August 4th I received a letter from Mrs. Norman written on the 3rd; this letter did not

contain a psychometrical reading, as she had not yet attempted it, but this is what she wrote :—

“ I want to tell you I feel a strong conviction that your dear relative was with us last night, and I will tell you why.

“ After our prayers, at just 11 p.m., I said to my husband. ‘ It has just come into my mind that the card with the prayer came, not so much as an introduction, as a voucher for our honesty, so that she could be satisfied having his word.’ Well, no sooner were these words spoken than three sharp raps came near Monica’s table, startling us both. Then I said, ‘ It is strange that this view of it only came to me to-night, and now I feel sure he meant that.’ Once more three knocks, then a few little ones, such as we always presume come from darling Monica. The first six were much louder and stronger. How I wish you could have heard them. I did not dare address the one who rapped, fearing that it would all stop as before, so we went on talking quietly.”

The prayer has been framed and placed on Monica’s table and it is often used. In one of the messages Monica speaks of him as a “ Big

Light," and intimates that *he* was the means of bringing me into contact with the Normans. Monica's messages generally refer to him as "Big Light," and she claims to be in frequent communication with him.

On September the 28th I called at a photographer's and made an appointment to see him about some copies I desired to have made of two photographs. One of these two is a photograph of "Big Light." I had been looking at it, and thinking what a handsome face he had, and how nice this particular portrait is, and how like him before he began to lose his health. As the photograph is fading, I decided to have a reproduction and to give a copy to the Normans.

On the 28th I saw the photographer and made the arrangement. I said nothing of this to the Normans.

On the 27th Monica's message ran as follows :—

"Lady's Big Light was here. He tells me nice stories, and he did to dear Lady. He puts his hand on her head when she stands and looks lovingly at his picture. She is helped what to do."

As to the stories, my relative had many varied experiences, and he often told of them. On one of my last visits to him a story was read aloud and he gave me the volume afterwards. I remember how he enjoyed that story, which was "Alice in Wonderland," and was the only book I remember his ever giving me. I have it still with my name in it in his handwriting, and the date.

I may add that in this message of September 27th Monica also said :—" Tell Cissie, of course I will do it." Her father adds : " We did not know Cissie had asked for anything, we now find she had done so." And the thing was done. This then was Monica's reply to her sister's thoughts, thoughts which had not been expressed to anyone. This message contained also another indication of knowledge concerning a matter normally unknown to Mrs. Norman.

" Big Light " has often been seen during the "quiet hour," which they keep daily, when other lights also appear to them. Mr. Norman wrote :—

(December 5, 1912). " He sometimes appears suddenly with utmost radiance . . . after

you have asked something." Monica had written on this date :—"Wasn't her Big Light bright for you to-night? Well it's sometimes for you to do like she says." Mr. Norman says that this remark explained to them the reason for these sudden appearances of the "big light." I had just made a special request for an experiment, concerning which I believe the Normans had hesitated.

When I was at B-- I told the Normans very little about my family, but I mentioned that I had some little brothers who had died young. This they appear to have forgotten, though it must have been latent in their memory which must, of course, be taken into account in what follows.

Sometime, about August 20th, I had been thinking of Monica in the early morning and also of one of my brothers Harold.\* On August 22nd Monica wrote (through her mother's hand) a loving message to me, and added, "She is all right and has a brother here. He is a high, good one. I don't see him, but it is true. He

\* Pseudonym.



is on our side, Sunny \* said it. He was here before Sunny—only bigger. Well, it is true, so I say.”

It is true that my brother passed over long before “Sunny,” and that he was “bigger” and older than “Sunny.” Mr. Norman wrote asking me if I had a brother who had died.

After this I spoke mentally to my brother in the Unseen World (on August 25th), and asked him to give his name ‘Harold’ to Monica to give to her mother, if it were possible. I made a note of my request at the time, and then it passed out of my mind that I had made this deliberate request.

On September the 2nd I received a message from Monica in which she said, among other things, “There is a Harold here with her name.† He is here since long time. I tell you ; of course you tell her, and she will say she is so pleased when I can tell her the name. I do like it, then it is sure to them it is true.”

On the day I received this I felt very glad, although still, I did not remember my definite

\* A brother of Monica’s who passed over as an infant.

† Name correctly given.

request. On that day, the 2nd of September, Monica wrote by her mother that I was 'very happy.' Mr. Norman told me that he was very anxious about this name, fearing that I should not recognise it.

When I returned home I looked at my diary and came upon the note made on the 25th, and then I realised that this request also had been heard.

On four separate occasions anniversaries of the birth or death of near relatives have been signalled by some reference appearing in one of Monica's messages to the person connected with the date, or by Mrs. Norman telling me that she had seen the person at her quiet hour. I have been informed of these references without the Normans having the slightest knowledge of the anniversary. Sometimes the reference has been on the day sometimes within a day or two, always closely associated. The fact that this has occurred four times within the space of eight months makes the coincidences worthy of attention, and justifies the belief that they were not accidental.

When I went to B——, in January, 1913, I brought with me a closed letter and laid it on

Monica's table. The letter had been written by a friend who had never seen Monica or her parents, but she asked that this might be done and hoped that she might obtain some answer to her letter. It seemed to me unlikely, but I was willing to try and so were the Normans. I told my friend that the letter would be returned to her in a month. On the 19th of January my friend took up a pencil to see if she could get any automatic writing as she has often done. A brief sentence was written containing the name of Monica: "Monica is here. Monica will write to her mother to-morrow." My friend asked, "Through me?" The reply was, "No, Monica will write through her mother to-day to you." This bit of automatic writing was copied and given to me to keep. On the following day I received a letter from the Normans enclosing one of Monica's messages in which she mentioned my friend; and although she did not answer the letter, she referred to a thought which my friend tells me she had in her mind when she wrote the letter which had been laid on Monica's table. I wrote to the Normans and told them of the communication which had

come on the 19th. In his reply Mr. Norman has informed me that Monica's mother had asked her to try and get something written through my friend, "as proof." The communication in Monica's name came to my friend on the very day that Monica's mother had asked her to send some message through her. Perhaps Monica was able to get into touch through "Big Light," as he is also related to this friend of mine, and, if Monica is really in communication with him he could surely pass on her message. We do not know the *modus operandi* over there, of course, but it is easy to see how links may exist between the mind of Monica's mother and that of my friend, if we are ready to admit the intervention of the Unseen Fellowship, and if we believe in the ministry of this Fellowship as messengers of love.

Since writing the above I have found in a writing from Monica dated Jan. 9, 1913, a sentence in which this friend's name is mentioned and a statement is made that she "is going to give a message one day."

In October 1912, I also paid a visit to B——, and each evening during this three days'

visit I sat with Mrs. Norman during her quiet hour. We sat in the dark near Monica's table and she saw many things which my eyes could not see. The camera was exposed all the time and the film on development showed markings which could not be accounted for, unless they were the lights which the Normans see at their "quiet hour."

Before I arrived she told me that she had seen a military man in a cloak, the cloak was clasped round the neck and thrown back over the shoulder. I have a photograph of a near relative in uniform with a cloak thrown over his left shoulder (but not clasped round the neck). It seemed to me that this vision might be an attempt on his part to show himself in a way that I should recognise. Needless to say, Mrs. Norman knew nothing of the photograph, and I did not mention my thought to Mrs. Norman, but when I arrived she told me that she had seen him again with yellow braid on his coat. This relative was in the Horse Artillery, and the photograph above referred to represents him with the braided uniform of that regiment. I may add that he has often been described to me by other psychics, as with me.

On the 5th of October she again saw him near me at the "quiet hour." By this time she knew that I thought I had recognised him, but no further details. She said that his head appeared above me and that he had a merry "twinkling" expression, and that his presence cheered her. This description is very characteristic and there were other slight details which convinced me of the identity of the face she saw.

During this visit to B— Mrs. Norman told me that she felt so nervous when trying to get a message for a stranger that she wished in future only to take messages for her own family. I did not feel justified in pressing her to go against her strong feeling, in fact I wrote to a friend to warn him that he should not send others to her. Soon after this I received the following extract from a message which Monica had written on October 9, '12.

"I am going to bring ever such lots of people to you to be got happy. You never will say no, will you, dear? You mustn't, no not once you won't. It is the one thing I want most."

I quote this because it was directly contrary

to Mrs. Norman's expression of her own wishes, and in spite of this message it was with some anxiety that she agreed to still receive occasional messages for strangers.

Many other experiences have convinced me that my unspoken thoughts have become known to unseen companions. But many of these are not suitable for publication. I will, however, mention one. Near the date of Monica's birthday the hope crossed my mind that she might get into contact with another friend of mine. I had mentioned her when I was with the Normans a month before, but none of the many messages which had come since then referred to her. One day I wrote to Mr. Norman that I wished Monica could get into touch with a particular friend, but I added, "I will not mention the name of the friend I am thinking of as it would spoil the evidence if anything should come." This letter *crossed one* from them which contained a message from Monica, mentioning this friend in a most appropriate way. The message was full of significance to me.

## CHAPTER VIII

### AN UNSEEN COMPANION

IN one of her early messages (April the 8th, 1912), Monica said, in her loving, childish way :

“Of course I want you always my own Dickie, and my soft mummy. Nearly always I am with you.”

Her father then said, “Tell me something I did days ago.” This request was partly answered at the time, but later, a more striking response was made to the desire that she should prove that she really was with him and knew what he was doing. I will here relate a few instances in which Monica, in her messages, told facts unknown to her Mother, through whose hand these messages were written.

These facts seem to have been stated on purpose to convince them of the reality of the presence and knowledge of their child.

On June, the 19th, came the following



message. It was written on the evening of a day when her father had been alone. "Before light came to me," he says, "I would never be alone, and used to spend days at the club." On this occasion, June the 19th, she wrote :

"Only a dear little girlie near you. I kiss my own darlings. Tell Dickie his kiss-girlie was with her Daddy. He worked hard and puffed, then he lay down," [true] "I was there. He wrote not much," [true] "I made him feel happy. He saw another little girl, not so big as me." [\* Mrs. Gay's little girl called, she reminded me of M.]

Your own Monica."

I asked Mr. Norman whether his wife could have had any normal knowledge of what had happened on that day. He replied :

"Absolutely no knowledge. She leaves here [on that day of the week] at 10 a.m., and gets back a few minutes before 8 p.m. . . . I never account for one minute. Monica generally tells her."

On August the 6th the little daughter, Lena, remained with her father, and Monica told,

\* Mr. Norman's comments are placed between brackets.

through her mother's hand in the evening, what her father had talked about to Lena.

On August the 8th Mr. Norman determined to test her knowledge by varying his usual occupations. He says :—

“At 10 I started adding a couple of pages to your letter, then I went upstairs to shave, spoke to Monica and said, ‘Come along, darling, I am going out, and we will go together into church, and pray for Mummy.’ It was 11 a.m. then. In church I said to her, ‘Now a prayer for “dear Lady.”’ All this was quite out of my routine. At that time of day I am always at work. This is what she told her mother :—

“‘Where is your Birdie now, dears? Quite close to Daddy and you. He wrote some more letter, shaved, and said, “Come along, darling.” We were together. . . He did say that prayer. [True]. He wrote it—I mean the kind man who brings people to Jesus. He is like the Jesus I loved in the parlour at school.’ [Picture or statue, I suppose]. ‘He is a big light. I hope my boy will keep hearing me tell him. I say first always, Daddy darling, I love my dear, good boy. He loves you and Cissie.

He says, when you are out, for God to bless you, and what a dear Mummy you are. I did go to church with him—the time you and I used to go once. It was to see “Bon Papa” then.’ [They used to go to the monastery at 11 to see Father A., who called her ‘petit chou’]. ‘We don’t forget a lady we know, do we, Daddy?’ [Refers to praying for you in church]. ‘May is good, I see.’ [I don’t understand. Do you know a May?] ‘So good-night, my darlings. Your own Monica Joe.’”

He adds:—“I was astonished at this message. The most convincing thing I’ve ever heard of. Upon second thoughts, we were married in May. Probably she means that.”

On another occasion [September the 18th, 1912], Mr. Norman tested Monica’s knowledge of his doings. He says:—

“Soon after they had gone out Monica whispered that she was with me, in the room beside me. We had a little talk, and I said to her that, as the others had gone to the station, she should come out with me for a couple of hours. Now I purposely altered my morning in a way that my wife could not guess at, so

that only Monica and myself knew. I left here at about 11. We went on the top of the hill and I said a prayer, afterwards going down the steps. I entered an ironmonger's to inquire for something I did not want. Then I went into our grocer's and had a political talk with the three owners and another customer. Coming out I said, 'Come along, Monica, they shan't be the only ones to go to the station. I will take you up there for five or ten minutes.' I did so, and then went straight home. I said to Monica, 'Tell your Mother, darling,' and she replied,\* 'Yes, yes, yes, Daddy darling, I'll tell Mummy all, see if I don't.'"

In the evening he received, through his wife's writing, the following message:—

September the 18th.—“My darling, we are all together. Hooray! I stayed with my Daddy and I said to him lots, and we talked about you like anything. He missed you dreadfully, and we went and prayed on the hill. Down the steps to a shop and talked to some people, and then I think it was to home.”

Mr. Norman told me that he felt grievously

\* That is to say, he heard a voice clairaudiently.

disappointed, and he mentally told Monica that he was so. Without saying a word to his wife, he said to his child, that if she could not tell what they had done before going home, he would have to say it was not her writing. The omission of the visit to the station seemed to him inexplicable, if Monica had been with him, as she claimed to have been.

The message continued with many little loving words for several lines, and then towards the end came the sentence,

“I was at the station, too, so there! If I’m not Monica there never was one.”

Mr. Norman uttered a cry in his joy and surprise, for he had begun to think that this matter would not be mentioned; and his wife wondered why he seemed so excited.

Mrs. Norman wrote to me saying :—

“Before I went to B—— yesterday morning, I went to Monica’s table, said the prayer, and then I said, ‘Monica darling, stay with Daddy, and tell me everything he has done when I come back.’ You will see by her message how she did it. I myself was absolutely astonished, for as it happened Dick varied his morning, and did not go on the usual way.”

## CHAPTER IX

### A FEW INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH MONICA AND MYSELF

IN the autumn of 1912 Monica's messages often referred to me. For instance, on September the 2nd she wrote :—

“Keep trying darlings. You can't stop learning. You see it helps lots for you to know more. There is ever so much that will surprise you, but you will not be so surprised as some people because you believe so much. I do so hope you will learn. You can, and when you want to, really there are those that will teach you lots. But you aren't quite ready yet. Love makes you know more than anything—will find out all—but not all on earth, as you don't see there the wonderful of it all. You are with us. It is funny to me, but if you are happy now you can't think of how it is here. I do tell you just this ; I know, and I tell you

now no stories. I am so happy here and more now I am sure you will be, my owns. And every body can be if they like. If God our Father didn't love you He wouldn't let me come, would He? But He did know how I loved my dears. He let me make you happy, and then He did send "Lady" to say to you the rest, and finish it, so you wouldn't lose believing in this and yourselves. You see it all now . . . My Dickie, how times I hear you say, 'happy, happy!' Well what is it? only love. God does love you and I do, do, do. There now, God bless you, my loves. All dear ones send their real love to you. Your real truly birdie, Monica Joe."

On September the 3rd was written :—"Pray hard always. Don't stop saying, 'Thank you,' to our Father when nice times come. Why, all the bad ones show you how lovely to be good. I love you. Be kind to all and in your thought."

September the 4th, after many loving words—"I am a happy girl to have got so quickly what I wanted for my dears. Lots don't for years and years and it is so sad for them. You think how happy our Father has let me be.

Directly I knew where I was, I found out at once I could get you to know something if I kept on; but all can't even after. So they only wait and pray and think out all they can. If any one gets through they are so excited [*sic*] Just like me. I get it awf'ly [*sic*] when a thing comes nice. You dears, I've been talked about; but every one does not really believe it is little me. They try to, but they can't, see? 'Lady' isn't easily believing, but she knows it is Monica, and it is well for us and her."

She then added a message which was not to be given to me yet, but which proved to be a little prophesy, which was subsequently fulfilled.

On September the 5th, Monica wrote:—

"I do love heather." *That afternoon* I had climbed up on to the moors, and gathered a big bunch and sent it to a relative in London. As I packed the parcel I determined that I would send Monica some to be placed on her table. Did she know my thoughts? She appears to have done so.

The Normans were very pleased that the name of my brother should have been given. They are as anxious for the evidence to be



strong as I am, and this success pleased them greatly, for they had been wondering whether I should recognise the name.

On September the 6th, Monica wrote quaintly :—

“Zigzelsier I say now” [Excelsior she never could say or spell] “Do you remember darlings? I am so happy I sing with it. I know how my own Dickie feels. We feel jolly together, don't we? Well it is all love you see, dears. I know that you will keep saying ‘how strange,’ but it isn't, if you only knew how easy it is really, once you understand and love people. You don't be long to do it with us, then your help comes, not through us, but by God in us. Do you see? If He wasn't in us, you and me, we couldn't help each other. It's that joins us together. All comes right in the end, 'cause there isn't really any end at all, but I mean all is well soon, isn't it? I do feel pleased with ‘my lady,’ she's going to help you all nearer to us by getting you more light.”

Then the message goes on referring to me and she says, “Mummy would like it there, but it would be too cold after. There is a place and the tops of the trees touch. It is like our

blue-bell wood," ["where we once lived," adds her father] "only it's a road. I love trees always—like you. They are awf'ly like people. Well dears, good night, God bless you, and always give you the Holy Spirit." [First time she ever said this]. "Your own dear pet birdie, Monica Joe."

The road in the wood which she describes, with the trees touching over head, exactly describes a walk in the place where I was staying.\* It was my favourite walk, and the only one there which runs by the side of a wood; the trees meet thickly over head. Of course, it may be urged that some such road as this might be easily imagined, as it was known that I was staying in the country. At the same time it should be noted that there was only one like this anywhere near me. I had often thought of Monica as I walked through this wood and along the shady road. I showed her parents a post-card picture of this walk on my return from Yorkshire, and Mr. Norman wrote:—"Yes, we most certainly recognise the walk in Yorkshire Monica spoke of. It is very like the second wood in C—and leading out of the blue-bell wood."

\* The place was unknown to the Normans.

Later she said in one of her messages that some one had been shooting where I was, but that he had not killed anything. Only on two occasions do I remember to have heard the report of a gun. Once was a few days before I received this message. It was a single report. I do not know whether anything was struck.

She added—"My Dickie did used to shoot. I don't forget it, dears. I never really forget anything, but sometimes they aren't close to me when I want them, that's it. 'Lady's' thoughts come here . . . and she never forgets nothing she was told." She goes on recalling old recollections of things done in her earth life and ends with many loving child words of endearment.

On the 9th of September she again referred to me, and said that she knew my own friends over there, and so she managed to bring me into contact with her family. She added—"We often do that, sending friends to lonely people."

On September the 20th Monica wrote :—  
[but I did not receive the message until several

days later]—“She [lady] will be catching cold if she does not take care.”

Three days after this I developed a cold.

I wondered why Monica took account of a cold, which seemed to me very unimportant, and why she said that she did not like me to have it. But the cold was followed by lumbago and neuritis, which obliged me to desist from all work for some weeks, and for a time quite stopped progress with this Record of Monica, and these experiences. This rather worried me as neuritis often lasts a long time, and I began to wonder when I should be able to complete my work.

In September, as I have already mentioned, a message had been sent to me from Monica with instructions not to open it until I received permission to do so. This I kept by me unread until November 19. At this date I was so far recovered as to be able to type and write a little. This was the message :—

“Sept. 4, 1912. More and more now she will be thinking to have a trouble. It will be well, even if it doesn't look it. But we shall keep her through all her work now. You see if it isn't. Do keep this and show her after the

trouble is finished. It hasn't come yet, I know. It is about to, but she does know it won't be easy."

When I had to tell Monica's parents that my letters and typing must cease for a time, he wrote to me that he knew it would be all right, that he wished he could tell me the contents of the sealed envelope which he had sent me as it evidently referred to this check to my work. The assurance cheered me and made me hopeful that the check would not be long and this proved to be the case. When I was better permission was given by Monica that I should open the sealed envelope which contained her prophesy.

On October the 18th Mr. Norman wrote to me :—

"Last night our quiet hour was spoiled, as a visitor called. It was annoying as things were advancing. We saw light through the curtain which had been drawn over Monica's table in the alcove, and one tongue of moving, quivering light came through the centre of the curtains. It is on the photo enclosed." [The photograph shows a little flame just in the centre]. "Forms, radiant, were seen through the material. The

first night after moving the bed we had our old flame [as we first saw it as big as a teacup] next to the fireplace, and close to me. I gave it the usual sifting. It remained only about half an hour and then Monica came."

Mrs. Norman wrote on the same date :—

"Last night we had a wonderful quiet hour, quite the best I think. The room was full of moving figures. Your relative was there without the beard." [I had just sent them a portrait of Big Light before he had grown a beard, and I had told them that I liked his appearance better thus than with a beard. On any hypothesis therefore this would be likely to affect the form in which he would be seen by them.] "A book in one hand that seemed to have brass or metal binding, and something embroidered, folded up in the other. Dick thought it might be a stole but I said I did not think he ever wore one, though of course I don't know. There was a lady there about middle height, with darkish hair done in two plaits, large bright eyes, a rather long face I thought, and a white fluffy thing like a shawl over her shoulders. Many others I saw and a huge

light appeared as your relative disappeared, exactly on the same spot. It was glorious."

Mr. Norman also adds :—

"We had the most marvellous night last night we ever had. I was enveloped in phosphorescent fog, and my right arm was in a blaze."

The book was, perhaps, "shown" as a means of identification. A Bible with metal corners and a metal clasp had been given by the relative Monica calls "my Big Light" as a wedding gift to my mother. It is still existing, and it is one of the few objects which passed into my possession in connection with this relative.

## CHAPTER X

WRITINGS IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1912

IN this chapter I shall deal with messages and incidents of various kinds related to occurrences during the two months of August and September 1912, that is to say, between my first and second visit to B—. Some of these have been already referred to in other chapters, but there are others which must not be passed by; although they are slighter episodes they are not without value from an evidential point of view, and also they have interest of a personal kind, showing the thoughts and character of Monica.

On the night between August the 10th and the 11th I dreamed of Monica. I awoke early, recalling that she had been in my dreams, and that she was associated with the idea of pansies and a rose spray. Before falling asleep again I impressed the memory of this dream upon my consciousness, for I seemed aware



that it ought to be remembered, slight though it was.

I do not usually remember any dreams when I awake ; but I had not forgotten this when I awoke in the morning, and I wrote to the Normans and asked them whether there was any reason why I should specially associate 'pansies and a rose spray' with Monica. I thought that they had said to me that pansies were a favourite flower of hers. They sent me the following messages :

" August 9th--' Dear darlings, it is all lovely. You love, that is it. Now be very kind to everybody, not just the people who are nice to you ; that will be a big thing truly. You will be more happy still, dears. You see I want to show you how it is here. You can't see them, but I will tell you this way, so you can see. It is nearly all unhappy because there is only fun. Fun and love is good, but if there isn't any love when the fun is gone there is no more anything ; so then people are sad. It is a pity.

"The poor beggars they want some too, and the nasty ones want more still." [Mr Norman adds, "How like her!" ] "If you give it them in your thought and they don't want it, you go

on, some of it will get in. I sent my Cissie a hug, and to all the dears of mine. I will go and see some nice people you know to-morrow. I will try and make her hear, my pets. God bless you. I love you. Your dear Birdie, Monica Joe."

The "nice people," Monica's father and mother understood to be those living in the same house with me. And "I will try and make her hear," certainly refers to me.

On the following day, August 10th, Monica wrote:—"I am here, dearies. It is a good thing you know I am, isn't it? And you will say it is a good thing when you come here, 'cause it is so happy and lovely. Most glorious," [spelt her way 'glowious'] "my heaven it is. You can have lots of it if you love enough and get a quiet heart. We can be very close together in that heaven. Lots of our dears around me with you to-day, dears. I went to my lady." [Her name for me always]. "It was this evening She was speaking to another . . . I am so glad you all pray more. We must love God and love all to show that we do love Him. I like the prayer on my table." ["Big-Light's" printed prayer]. "We all want more of

Holy Spirit to come perfect—even here. Every one has got a little bit perfect—the God bit. I love you, dear, dear Mummy, and Dickie, and Cissie more and more. I do. You make me sing. Kiss my Dickie. God bless you. Your own Birdie, Monica Joe.”

This message implies that she had tried to carry out her promise to try and make me “hear,” and that she had visited me. I conclude that the dream was the result of that effort. Pansies were her favourite flower. She used to say they had faces and looked at her. Roses, also, were favourites; she had a special bush. In reply to my inquiry her mother sent me a little bit of dried rose gathered from this special bush of hers. This had been preserved because it was closely associated with little Monica.

It seems as if this dream was impressed on me as a token of her presence, and I was awakened early in order that my normal consciousness might remember it. If I had slept straight on probably it would have been totally forgotten.

On August the 16th Monica wrote:—

“When I hear you and my Daddy say,

'Dear Monica—darling Kiddy,' I am there at once. You won't ever call for nothing. If any one who loves me is wanting me I have to go, only sometimes I have to go by a thought if I am in other place. I won't let sadness stay with you. I chase it away. God is Love, and Love is happy. It is true, dears. Why does Daddy be happy? Because he loves. He must keep on. I make him in my way. You must always say, 'Thank you,' to our dear Father for letting me come for helping. Don't forget. Give my Lady a message that Birdie loves her and lots. Hug my only Daddy." [Mr. Norman says, "As a little one, when she wanted something out of me I was her 'only Daddy.' That was her highest term of endearment."]

About this date a message came from "Kathleen." This only occurred very rarely. She said:—

"We draw you together. There is unlimited scope for work here, and had I known I should have had less regret—felt even more resigned. I am able to do more for mother here than on earth. I stood near by you at the time of your operation. You came

to us for a while, and so nearly stayed. But you were so badly needed. What we could not accomplish was reserved for your own baby to do. How like you she is, and just as you were once. She is full of love."

This was signed with the pet name by which Mrs. Norman had called her sister when she was eight years old.

The 18th of August was Monica's birthday. It was kept with a happy confidence that she was sharing in the home festival. It was in response to the letter I had written to her [which was laid on her table] that I received the card, searched for and found by her directions in her prayer-book. This is recorded in another place. Monica wrote :

"I was so pleased of my letter," [just her wording]. "It is all in my heart. I will get my lady a lovely answer." [And she did.] "My dear brother, beautiful Sunny," [she spells the name always like that] "was with me. He loves me and all of you. He is most of an angel, and gives lovely pure thoughts to people when they are tempted." [Sunny passed over at the age of a few months only.] "We get a lot of presents, you know we are still

glad to see them. They mean love—every one. They were nice when I was on earth, but they are better now, for we didn't know then the love there was. Oh, darlings, I used to love you ever so, but now sometimes I want to be getting right inside of you all. I won't finish till you all see Jesus, then we can be at rest and be the happiest. Every time we are good and happy He is too. Is not it lovely to make Him happy you know? Ask Lady if she will talk to me often. I will answer."

Then follows the part of the message referring to me and to the card. (See p. 74).

Her father writes :—

"On August the 19th Monica refers to a bit of work she did for me and wishes me to use it. We had forgotten what she meant for the moment. Three years ago she made me an art linen envelope for my shaving materials. I think it was the first piece of work she had ever done. It has never been used and has been entirely forgotten."

She also reminded him of a badge which she had given him when she was dying, and wrote that memorials ought to be worn. This had

been put away in the days when he had no faith, but, at her request, it was now found and kept on his watch-chain.

After my visit to B— in July, 1912, Mr. Norman wrote to me that there seemed to be an increase in power. The messages became longer, and physical phenomena continued. For instance, on July the 31st, he wrote: "Yesterday at 7 p.m. in broad daylight, our little china clock was banged violently against the ornamental glass. I thought the clock would be smashed, but it was not. The ink bottle that was broken stood just by the clock. They seem to have a partiality for that particular spot. Raps continue—last night at 11 p.m. the old style ones in bedroom. I do hope they will spare our clock!"

The messages overflow with the love of this dear child, pouring itself out upon her parents and her friends. Sometimes evidential statements are interpolated into the midst of these expressions of love, sometimes they contain hints of a larger life, and suggest that the messages which show the *child* in her home, whilst they give a true aspect of her present consciousness, do not give a complete

one ; that there is a growing development of the spirit in the Unseen, and that she is ripening under the sunshine of Love.

September 10th, 1912.—“ Let me say my darlings you must be quite sure all will be as you want, as your wish is good. So you must be knowing it is good and is certain. Good always is. It never fails any one, but if they don't have faith it is not so certain, 'cause if they don't they are saying, Perhaps it might go wrong. Do you see? You must have ever so much faith. It is all faith and love. Well, now, I say this for you not to forget it, so please don't dears. I have a big work to do. I ask you to help me by prayers. We do say thank you for praying for us. Really. Not one teeny one that isn't listened to. So pray on. Oh, I do love you so, my owns. You must know it. How I want to be proving I am alive. It is not very easy to prove from us to you. I thank our Father, God, that you believe me, but I would be very glad to make many know it. Then by me they would know their own are alive. Well, Lady will help us in that and I will help her. There is such a such a lot to do—



so many to make happy. I love sad people, I want to be comforting them and make them have real joy. My dearest dears, we must be sending light all round. It will touch so many. Don't forget there is lots of light—you won't lose it. I say, God bless you all, and X—who loves us. Your own dear birdie, Monica Joe."

September 12th, 1912.—"Always I am close to you, my own dears. I am so full of love. I really want you to get on. Tell Cissie often when I am learning I think of her. They say here even some of the very oldest aren't finished. Well, I love it, 'cause all I learn makes me see and understand more about you, so I want to keep on. May be even Daddy will be like at school again. Fancy Daddy! Tell him that. Well really, he is at school now, so are you and everybody, and there is always lots to know. I can't say quite like I would if you could hear like before, but I do love you. Your birdie does try to get you all the very best blessings. Of course I do get wondering what to say, 'cause there is only, 'I love you,' I think of; then I get thinking of all that matter to you, I have to send those things away before I can tell you other ones.

Well, darlings, God bless you. Your own birdie Monica, your Kiddie."

In her own childish way Monica's message tells us of some of the difficulty that attends communication. There is the difficulty of collecting thought sufficiently to know what to say. The heart is full of love and is occupied with thinking of the needs and concerns of those she loves. These thoughts, and many marginal thoughts, come through from her to the mind of her mother, and, as she hints elsewhere, she dare not check the flow of thought or the contact and control might be broken.\* At the same time she must try to dismiss thoughts which would only be as the echo of the thoughts already occupying the minds of her parents if she wishes to give them something concerning the other life, as she had apparently tried to do in this message. She has spoken of her life as a school time, and has said that what she is learning is not something which has no relation to them. But that as

\* This possibility is plainly indicated also in the record of communication through Mrs. Piper, as I have pointed out in my book "Mors Janua Vitae?"

she increases in knowledge and in wisdom she is able to get nearer to them in true understanding.

We have to realize that it is one life there and here. As we grow in knowledge and true understanding we can enter better into the consciousness of communion with them and sympathy with their life. And the same is true for them. As they expand and develop they too learn to share their blessedness and their knowledge with those they love on earth, and this they can only do by learning to understand better our conditions and our needs.

September 13th, 1912.—“ Really dears, I do love to help you. I am stopped often just when I am going to tell you something. There is a time coming that things will be easier for us. Yes, I am hoping for it, so pray very much. I am only a little girl, though I am not a baby, and I can't put things always the best way. Of course I shall grow, we still grow on. This is a nice place, I love it so. I am standing by you ; it is true. It makes you glad to know I am so near, doesn't it, darlings? So it does me. I do feel this very much to-day

somehow. Sometimes I feel to be like I was. Of course children always want their Daddys and Mummys and dears. My dears, we'll all be together some day, won't we? "

## CHAPTER XI

### VISIONS AND MESSAGES

MR. NORMAN gradually developed the power to see clairvoyantly. His wife saw Monica some time before he could do so. For many weeks he could hear, but could not see her.

In December, 1912, he wrote to me:—  
“ Last night Monny (we know it is she now ; my wife sees her) was playing as she does every night at the side of her table. I saw part of her arm, and a hand touch your photograph. Then came a light wherever it was, and the heather looked as if there were a great number of glow-worms among it.

“ I think my wife told you I had seen the ‘big light,’ he is indeed a ‘big light!’ I could not see his face, but his form right down to his feet was a beautiful soft radiancy. The outline of it was a thin line—like a piece of cotton—of shining gold. I saw his hands and when I

asked for his blessing he put out both his hands in the act of benediction, afterwards coming right forward to us and putting his hand in ours."

From an undated letter written by Mrs. Norman some time in October or November I quote the following :—

"I am seeing the faces better than ever, and last night I nearly cried to see dear A. quite close to me, but clearer than ever before. She looked at me so lovingly but did not speak. Then your dear 'big light' brought the book again (perhaps because you mentioned it) and the strange part was he seemed to be trying to shew me something particular about it. I believe there was a clasp or clasps and that was what it was; any way it seemed to be a thickish book bound round the edges of the covers with brass or metal of some kind and there seemed to be something, perhaps a cross on the cover.\* He was plainer than the book last night. . . . The lights last night were truly wonderful, long shafts of brilliant gold

\*The book to which I have already referred has brass corners and a raised pattern on the cover, but it is not bound round the edges.

rising from Monica's table, like a sunset. Also Dick saw them all. Some lovely violet clouds appear now.

"Dick has made a new overmantel, white and gold, containing several photos among which are Lena's and mine. Now two days after he put it up I got up in the morning and found the glass of Lena's photo cracked right across. No one had touched it and the night before it was not done. As you know, the fireplace is opposite the bed. Well, about a week after, I was quietly watching the alcove when I heard a funny little sound from the fireplace like a sharp click. To my surprise I saw a long bright light like a finger, and it seemed to be tracing or moving about the glass of my photo on the opposite side to Lena's. However, that is not broken, but it suggested that, perhaps, by accident, some power from them broke it. I do not believe it was wilfully done. . . . We have seen forms standing there by it."

October 12, '12.—In one of Monica's messages of this date she says :—

"You know I must say something about love sometimes. You see what are we to teach—only love. That's all Jesus meant,

All what He said, it meant love, but He put it different ways 'cause all the people should understand. You needn't worry about anything."

October 24, '12.—"Here's Birdie again, so very happy to tell you things again. . . . There's much trouble in some houses—not here. But that is to thank God our Father for. Oh dear, I do wish I could take away troubles from lots and lots; not all sadnesses 'cause some are good."

November 14, '12.—"We hear you tell people how it helps, and it all helps us. Darlings! Darlings! if you did know all you would be *exited* [sic], but you don't yet, not all, only some. You are quite right if you keep on wishing we hear it and try to get it for you, if we can. We do try always, believe that."

November 17, '12.—"Loves, I have to stay with Dick now [her Father]. It was my choosing, and I know Mummy likes it. She isn't a bit jealous really, see? Well I say over again I will always stay by him. I don't leave home much, ever. Something—it is your love does keep me. There's lots to do for one little girl. Oh, my dear Daddy, have always



a loving heart. I did tell you lots of times of it."

In the following rather obscure message there seems to be an attempt to convey the idea that the deepest value in all these experiences is not in those things which are most striking to the observer, but in hidden things which are unknown and unknowable except, perhaps, by the hearts of Monica's parents and others who have benefited by this ministry.

November 20, '12.—"You know lots of things to happen isn't the best. The things what nobody knows that is done is the real best. I want you to know that many things do happen to you that is not noticed by us. I mean, you see, best of all is to be a helper and a comforter. It is me for my owns. If I did always be thinking to do things you could see, I wouldn't be able to have done the help. Not all any way, and there's some more you want. I know, so there. When I haven't more to be helping I will do lots all ways, but I haven't been here very long time yet. Love, love, love, and be patient."

December 10, '12.—On this date she wrote, "I say I did push that table because Mum asked

me to make a noise. Then she forgot she'd asked me." Her father adds that a basketwork table that stood in their room had been pushed violently against the bed. Monica's message continues:—"I know. I can hear all you say, but not in the same way I used to. So you hear me, only my voice doesn't make a noise. It's more like feeling it. Well, it can't be helped, can it? Perhaps one day you'll hear it, but even then not always. . . . A few times I made it sound, but I didn't know it was going to. Only once you woke up both of you and said, Who called? Then I knew you heard when I called. You did hear me two other times. Now you know. . . . Oh, dear, I do wish everybody would be all happy, don't you? I know you do, but we can't do it all, so it's no use to be miserable [sic]. We'll do just all we can and that's better than nothing."

On December 7, '12.—Monica's message said:—"We are trying to get everyone of our dears to have a quiet hour for us to get to them. It's a very good thing so if you will tell those who know all about us to do it they will. Even not so long as you it would be better than nothing."

December 19, '13.—“I love you more and more. You do get the Holy Spirit. You ask our Father. If you really want it you get it, but it's when péople pray and they don't really. They don't open the door for spirit to come in. That is quite true. If you knew how you can lock yourself up, and then nothing gets in. Then all of a sudden the door opens—something loving comes in, then a smile comes and a nice feeling.”

December 22, '12.—On this date in the midst of a message in which she wrote, “I say never, never, never worry. It's no good to you,” Monica suddenly referred to a near relative and to a feeling of jealousy which had disturbed her.

This was not known to Monica's parents when the message was written. They discovered afterwards that it was correct.

“I do love her, specially when her face is light. It is often dark, like any one when their [sic] cross. I tell you you'd be surprised if you could see them like we do.”

This may be compared with a statement made by a communicator through Mrs. Chenoweth, a medium with whom Dr. James

H. Hyslop has carried on many careful experiments.

The communicator, through her, said that when those in the body are, "put out of humour, or in some strained attitude of mind," they appear as if distorted to those who see them from the spirit side.

On December 28, '12.—Monica said :—"It was me looking at the things on my table. I did move something I suppose. Hooray!" Her father adds, "The contents of her table drawer were shifted and rattled in the quiet hour."

The expression, "I suppose" seems to imply that she did not know that she had done this; and this is in agreement with other statements which have been made not only through Mrs. Norman but also through other psychics. They indicate that those who are manifesting are not always sure that they have succeeded in being seen or heard.

I insert here a portion of a letter received about this date, as it shows the kind of experiences which accompanied these messages.

Mr. Norman wrote to me :—"On Boxing Day, at 4.45 a.m., I suddenly woke up . . ." (he

explains that he felt himself touched four times). "Then a female voice spoke and my wife woke up with a start. I said, 'What did you say?' She replied, 'I never spoke—I heard a voice. I thought it was you calling me.' We could not go to sleep again. I made some tea and we sat and watched Monica and other forms. One was leaning and watching us over the end of the bed. Another sat on the edge close to my wife."

On December 28 Monica's letter alluded to this, "I won't wake him up again. I did not know it was so soon, but he can get up. It wouldn't hurt him."

At the close her father adds, "The whole of this message is the old Monica."

To readers, of course, the characteristic qualities of the messages are unrecognisable. To her parents the fact that they are in character and phraseology so completely such as they were familiar with in their child, gives them a value they cannot have for those who did not know her. But readers will easily recognise the difference of style in the various communicators, which is an interesting feature in the whole set of experiences.

January 3.—“ My darling Daddy, I do try for you to see me, but it will be quite well. . . . You've got such a lot to say, ' Thank you ' to God about, so say it and be sure that He never finishes to give good things to the ones who love Him. Well, I'm not saying a sermon, like you say, but you must be jolly happy, won't you? You won't be thinking so much soon about all things, then you will see me better and listen more too. See? I do, do love my room and I do simply love to you to play.” (Her Father adds, “ I played for two hours to-day).” “ It's lovely in the Mum's pretty room. Yes, that's making me awful happy to play to me all nice things. I just began you know, and I love it, and there's lots of music in the world, some what you wouldn't hear sometimes. If anyone speaks loving and kind right with there [sic] heart—well, it's simply sweet songs, I think. You notice it, it will make you happy. Then there's to hear laughing when people are so happy. Well, that's another sort, and people praying hard for other dears—that's lovely. Is not it nice for you to hear the birds now? You've made me think all of nice sounds to-day, and

I feel I must speak them. Will you be tired of it? (playing). No, I don't believe it. You love it too, don't you, darling Dickie? Well, I do wish for you to be jolly, and be very kind when people want you to be helping them. I will help.

"You know, my darling Gran'ma—I mean your mamma—gets awful tired. She is nearly a spirit, but you won't be sad of that, cause I'm one too, so we'll both be the same then."

This message expresses simply and in child-like fashion a truth which has been deeply felt and expressed by mystics of various times and climes.

"There are three kinds of music," says Hugh of St. Victor. "The music of the worlds, the music of humanity, the music of instruments. Of the music of the worlds, one is of the elements, another of the planets, another of Time. Of the music of humanity, one is of the body, another of the soul, another in the connexion that is between them."—(Quoted in "Mysticism," by Evelyn Underhill, p. 91.)

The founder and prophet of the Sikh

religion expressed the same thought in the "Japji," the sacred scripture of the Sikhs :—

"What is Thy gate, what is thy House,  
Where sitting Thou supportest all?  
Thy musical instruments and sounds are many, and  
innumerably many are Thy musicians."

Robert Browning puts the same thought into the mouth of Abt Vogler. The musician knows that the music of instruments is but the outward expression of the music of life in all its heroism and devotion to God and man, that these are the veritable and eternal "music sent up to God" which we shall hear by-and-bye, "When eternity confirms the conception of an hour."

In this message little Monica seems to gently persuade her parents to listen now for that true music of life, which may be heard even here by those who watch for it.

This seems a suitable point at which to allude to an impression which the messages have often made upon myself as I read them, and which even these few quoted in this volume may have made upon readers.



They are always couched in the language of a child and her parents recognise them as very characteristic of their child, at the same time they suggest that Monica in spirit is growing and developing. One of the messages says, "I am big now. Love makes me grow." And this often makes itself felt in the messages. She is the little child *plus* something more.

She comes to her home with the fresh exuberant love of a child, with the heart of a child, but also with an insight and a wisdom and spirituality beyond that which we expect from a child. In another message she said, "Well, I'm a little girl and everything altogether." That sentence gives a clue to much which we find in these communications.

In another message she says, "I'm a little girl, but I'm not so little here." That is as we would wish. We desire to recognise we want them to show us again the aspect in which we knew them, but we do not want them not to progress. We would think of Monica and other little ones as children, with the child's heart of gold, but Monica we are sure is more than that, and because she is more she

is able to be the guardian angel and guide of those she loves on earth.

January 6.—“I tell you I’m pleased about the playing, too. Well, we did go out, didn’t we, and saw the playing man and another one?” [The father adds, “A good test. I went out on Saturday and saw these two men. My wife knew nothing of it.”] “We’ll always go, won’t we? There was another playing man came to-night. Lots of them come, for Daddy they come. I ask them to make him no more lazy [sic] about it. So I guess they do.” [Her father had almost given up playing for pleasure, but had begun to do so again during these weeks].

In this message Monica says, “Yes, you are most nearly got another person, but we don’t want you to be. We want you to be you.” This refers to the fact that recently Mrs. Norman had almost lost consciousness. When this happened the scent in the house was overpowering. Monica continued, “You need not think each time you feel that funny way that you will be ill, ’cause it’s soon gone, so don’t be fritened [sic.]” [Mrs. Norman had felt that she could not speak properly, and thought it

might be an attempt to make her speak in an unknown tongue].

Mrs. Norman has several times felt as if she might be entranced, but has resisted it, as she dislikes losing consciousness.

On the same date—January 6—Mr. Norman wrote to me :—

“I burned a light all night last night, to stop the incessant noises we experienced Sunday night. The movement outside our bedroom door up and down stairs—the bangs in our room, etc., got on my nerves. The raps and bangs are more decided now they have their own room, and in quiet hour in her room last night, the table (M’s) was pushed and continually tapped as if with a finger nail. A brushing sound continued the whole hour-and-quarter. It was as if somebody was sweeping down the walls with a boot-polishing pad.”

On January 18, in the midst of a long message, came the following sentences :—

“Well, surely I’ll try for all. It isn’t never too many for me, ’cause it isn’t me—like I told you. You know I’ll tell you when it’s too many for my Mum. Not yet it isn’t. My care I’ll take always of my Mum, and all my dears.”

Here we have an indication that little Monica is acting with others and for others, and that she is their "medium," and is strengthened by the group life and by the support of mutual co-operation. Later, she warned her mother that she must desist from taking so many messages, thus fulfilling the promise that she would "take care."

"It's funny, I know in a minit [sic] always if a person is thinking of me, and mostly of you." [When they are thinking of her parents, she seems to mean].

"I tell you, you can't know how all around you, my Mum, it's like light. Love makes lovely, bright light. Now, I'll tell you it isn't 'cause they've been here long times. If they're bright it's if they were awful loving—then it's quite a dif'rent [sic] light. Beautiful it is, and the more they could love, then it's more shining, and if it was a sort of quiet love then it's more white, not so like what you see, you know—all like candles that when their—their—their—" [long wait here]. "Big Light says I mean ardent. He knows 'cause he is."

February 11, '13.—"It's no use to bother, 'cause Big Light says my Mum she has enouf

[sic] faith to keep the thing nice. It's faith what makes us strong. He teaches us such lots of lovely things—how to be strong, and if we are strong in the light spirit we will do all—all the good what we want to, and there's such a lot for us to do."

February 26, '13.—"They keep coming. That's good. Help all." [A great many people had been calling on Mrs. Norman for help]. "It's funny, but you'll see how you won't never get tired of it 'cause it's so awful good for you. See? . . . No people don't get to know all the things here . . . people on earth do think it that we do sometimes. 'Course, it's only people whose had lots of sad is sent to you, 'cause even if you weren't always jolly, you can't help making other people happy. . . It's quite true about Lucy [an infant?] She doesn't be often here on earth, 'cause she's like Sunny—since a baby. Well, those help us to help you. . . Each lights help the other ones. We stay for the earth, and a lot what we do is 'cause of the help. Some people go up and don't never come back—some who didn't care for earth. Oh, I can't say it all nicely like some could, but I do want you to know. It's best to know all

we can learn. It's better to go on always learning for here, 'cause if you know lots, you can do such lots more after."

March 16, 1913.—This was the first anniversary of the evening on which the first "light" appeared. Mr. Norman wrote to me that none of them had remembered the date. In the afternoon, however, when they were all together, all three were conscious of an unwonted feeling as of a weight upon them. Suddenly Mrs. Norman exclaimed, "This is the day of your first light."

The following is the message they received on this anniversary :—

"I'm here, so is Sunny and Harold. All the time we tried and tried" [*i.e.*, to make the Normans remember] "but it's best when we let you wait till you're not thinking, so we said, 'Let's be awful heavy on them,' and when you all began to yorn [*sic*], then it was easy. Now isn't it funny, all of it? Well, I'm so glad you did have a happy time since you did know 'bout us. Mostly peoples are, you know. 'Tisn't only 'cause we do help them. It's 'cause they don't know why—only their happier, see. Big

Light said that lovely peace what you said, it's going to stay 'cause you do try so not to have nothing bad in your lifes, [*sic*]. I tell you we sometimes don't get a light on earth—not to see it, but when we do, then we don't never be able to do bad things and be comfy inside; not never, only we keep on seeing the bad and not liking it at all, till it's all gone. That's after the light has come, isn't it? We're all very jolly, 'cause not everywhere it doesn't do so much, nor so soon. It has been lots of love work, hasn't it? That's the nicest work. Well then, Dicky, say 'Our Father,' and see how it goes now, right inside. Say it all now, 'cause it's a nice day for that. Well, you tell my lady, she came soon after me to you—'course we came with her—Big Light and me. He said, 'we'll try, but it won't be very quick.'

“Oh, we did lots of us come. I want to tell all of you now that I've had a happy, lovely year too, and to lots too. I say you've done all we wanted, and we're awful pleased with you, see! and I say I love all the peoples and all the dears here send their love to all the dears there. That's all, and it's Sunny too what

says it. God bless you all. Your own pet birdie, Monica Joe."

This anniversary message may fittingly conclude the quotations from Monica's intimate "letters" which have come, and still come, to her parents. They have been recorded in order that others may derive comfort and hope from their experiences. They will have failed in their purpose if they suggest that it is only through what is called mediumship that there can be intercourse between those in this life and in the Unseen.

It is true that through the exercise of these "mediumistic faculties" proofs of survival and of identity may be given which are of great importance, and, perhaps, as Professor M. T. Falcomer has said, "They afford the only positive proof of a future conscious existence." But these conspicuous and rare experiences bear witness to a fact which is not rare. They indicate that there is no insurmountable barrier between us and those we are wont to call "the dead," who have given evidence in so many ways that they are *not* dead, and not unmindful of us.

Immanuel Kant foretold that "the time will



come when it will be proved that the human soul is already, during its life on earth, in a close and indissoluble connection with the world of spirits, that their world influences ours and impresses it profoundly." This prophecy is now being fulfilled. Mediumistic experiences such as those experienced by the parents of Monica may be exceptional, but the communion to which they bear witness is a constant reality, and affects our daily lives whether we are aware of it or not.

I will conclude this chapter with a paragraph from an article by Sir Oliver Lodge in which he presses home this truth.

"One thing that conspicuously suggests itself is that we are here made aware, through these trivial but illuminating facts, of a process which by religious people has always been recognised and insisted on, namely the direct interaction of incarnate with discarnate mind,—that is to say, an intercourse between mind and mind in more than one grade of existence, by means apart from, and independent of, the temporary mechanism of the body.

"The facts, indeed, open the way to a perception of the influence of spirit generally,

as a guiding force in human and terrestrial affairs, active not under the exceptional circumstances of trance alone, but always and constantly and normally, so uniformly active in fact that by ordinary people its agency is undetected and unperceived. Most people are far too busy to attend ; they are too thoroughly occupied with what for the time are certainly extremely important affairs.”—Sir Oliver Lodge, “Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research,” vol. xxiii., p. 284.

## CHAPTER XII

### INCIDENTS CONCERNING KATHERINE WILLIS

IN the following chapters I shall relate certain experiences which are connected with personal friends of my own. I introduced these friends to the Normans, in the manner indicated below because I hoped that they might obtain evidence which would prove to them a comfort in bereavement. My hope was fulfilled beyond my expectation and they were received with very generous kindness.

The first case is that of a friend whom I shall call Mrs. Willis. During my first visit to B., I mentioned that she had lost a child recently and suddenly, but I gave no other particulars, being careful not to say anything that might interfere with the value of the results or stultify evidence.

Mr. Norman asked me if I would write the name of the child on a piece of paper which he suggested might be laid on Monica's table, on

the chance that Monica might be able to get some comfort for her mother.

This I did, giving both Christian and surname. The latter is not a name likely to be known to them, and therefore I knew no hint of the circumstances of the death would be revealed by giving the name. I did not myself know many facts about the girl and I avoided saying anything that I did know, such as the cause of death, or the approximate date. The exact date I did not myself remember.

On August 2, '12, Mr. Norman sent me the following :—“ We laid the following question on the table for some hours, meanwhile sending out our thoughts and asking for help. ‘Will Katherine Willis come here to-day and give me a message through us to her parents? Will Monica help to find Katherine Willis and assist her?’

“ At 11.55 a.m. my wife was impelled to write. To our surprise the message read from Monica. It ran :—‘ I am trying to do it, but can't always get names. They are not much good, only if dear ones to find. Wait, I will try more. I love my darlings. Monica Joe.’”

He adds, "The evening message I think refers to the one of the morning."

"So many are here you can't think dears, I know lots, but there are lots asleep. Some have been a long time but they will all wake when it is time. Lot of people on earth are fast asleep. They don't know, they think they are awake. It is funny, dears." [Just her expression in the midst of anything solemn] "You will find things will surprise you, but I shall be here to show you. It is very lovely when you come. I will wait. I say I will be there for you. Won't it be nice?" [Her again] "Tell my lady I will know her too and all I get thoughts from. You see people who are praying for us they help us, then it helps them and we never forget. You must say, 'my kiddies are with me. My Monica Joe didn't go away, just went behind the curtain.' Tell Dickie darling to say it always. They said what is true, we just change frocks." [Convent teaching—going to heaven is like changing your frock] "I am a good girl now. Kiss each other. Your real Monica Joe."

He adds; "G— [his wife] nearly off [i.e. in trance] when this message started."

On August 8, 1912, I received a brief automatic script containing a few disjointed sentences.

*"Demi semi quaver.* I don't like playing before people. Will I pass? We are clever. I want to read 'Little Women.' No the other one. It is best to be a boy, but I can't now. I don't know. I want a blue one—a bag. I like Philip."

Then followed an emphatic statement that she preferred "Kate" to Kitty, but liked Katherine best.

When I received this I was also told by Mr. Norman that his wife felt sick when this message was written. This is unusual; Monica's messages usually come without any discomfort.

I sent on the "message" to my friend, Mrs. Willis, with some anxiety, for if it was irrelevant it might only cause pain. I knew that the name was correct, and that Katherine had been preparing for an exam., also that she learned music, but I had no knowledge of whether any other points could be recognised.

Mrs. Willis informed me that all the points were appropriate with the exception of "it is best to be a boy," which did not seem to her

likely to have been said by her daughter, and the name Philip she could not identify. Katherine Willis had just passed a musical exam. She was fond of "Little Women" and her mother had tried to get her another book by the same author, but had failed. A blue bag had been given to her a few weeks before she died to take her books to school in. Her mother adds, "We often discussed Kitty and Kate, and always agreed that Kate was better than Kitty, and that we liked neither so much as Katherine."

The fact that Mrs. Norman felt sick when receiving this message is not without significance, as will be apparent when we consider the next experience which occurred on November 29. On that date Mrs. Willis paid a visit to the Normans, and she received another "message" through Mrs. Norman's hand.

This message began thus:—

"I went with Amy to the mountains. She didn't know it." Mrs. Willis did not recognise who was meant by Amy. She remarked when reading the writing afterwards that Katherine had a friend with a name very similar, but that

she did not know of her movements, but would try and find out. It did not at the moment occur to her that the letters of the name had been accidentally transposed. Katherine's sister was called "May." She had visited Switzerland in the summer of 1912, and when this message was read to her afterwards she told her mother that she had mentally asked Katherine to come with her, in spirit, to the mountains.

"I did feel so sick." [This could not be verified. Katherine seemed never to recover consciousness after an operation under chloroform ; but it is, of course, possible that she may have been conscious of a sense of sickness when the doctors were trying to revive her].

"I could pass now if I did come back. I don't think I should have after all, some things were wrong."

[She had only obtained a bare pass in the musical exam., having only just the requisite number of marks. The message seems to express a doubt as to whether she was really entitled to pass. Katherine was an extremely conscientious girl, and would not like to claim credit which she thought undeserved].



“There is such a lot I forget now. I try to remember. I think it’s Madeline I mean. I am silly, May. I do love you all so. I don’t forget that.”

[Katherine was evidently struggling to give her sister’s name, which, it must be borne in mind, her mother had not recognised. It has frequently been observed by investigators that the act of communicating seems to produce a condition like partial amnesia. Katherine was evidently aware that she had given the name incorrectly. Madeline was another attempt to get it right; the first letter is the same. Then in a flash came—“I am silly, May”—which was correct].

“Monica is a comforter. I will be a mother for little babies who come. Not just yet, but when I have learnt. There are lots here.”

[Katherine was very fond of babies].

“James Willis is a long time here.”

[This is the name of Katherine’s paternal grandfather who died many years ago, from this grandfather Mrs. Willis specially desired a message].

“I’m just finished. Your little chum Katherine.”

Katherine's sister says that they used to say that they were "chums."

Mrs. Willis sent me this message to read with the following comment :—

"I discussed the 'Amy' with Mrs. Norman saying I knew no Amy, but an Emy to whom Katherine was very devoted, and that I did not know what this Emy's movements were, but would make inquiries." Thus it is quite clear that Mrs. Willis did not understand that this part of the message referred to her other daughter, and could not have given any hint to Mrs. Norman, either consciously or subconsciously, that this daughter had expressly desired her little sister to be with her during her Swiss tour, a fact which she only learned when reading the message to the sister later. The latter at once recognised that this part of the message and the word "chums" referred to her.

In the evening of the same day when Monica usually gives her own messages, came the following explanation :—

"You know it was where there are snow mountains she did go, but the name wasn't sure, but I do think it was her sister."

When Katherine's message had been written through her hand Mrs. Norman again felt sick. Presently she said to Mrs. Willis that she had a taste of chloroform in her mouth [which lasted for some hours]; she was then told for the first time that Katherine has passed away under chloroform after an operation.

During the short visit Mrs. Norman described several objects which Mrs. Willis identified as connected with her daughter, one being a little brooch which she had given to me after Katherine's death.

In October of this year, *before* Mrs. Willis had seen the Normans, and after she had received the first brief message, I received the following letter from Mrs. Norman :—

“ Monica, in a message asks me to tell you about something I saw at night while awake. It may interest you. I seemed to be in a road with houses both sides, it was raining hard, and the door of one house opened, and a lady whose face I did not see, but I judged her to be elderly and slim, came on to the step. She opened her umbrella, and a person behind her, inside the door said, ‘Do wait until this shower passes over,’ but she replied ‘No, I really

can't, it is getting late,' so off she went across the road and on till she came to some railings—it was a cemetery and when she reached the gate she stopped and shook it, then leaving go she said aloud, 'No, I expect if I once got in I should never get out,' so she walked on, and that's all. I shouldn't have troubled to tell you this, as I see so many things, but as Monny says so, I do it."

This letter was dated 17th October, 1912. I read the letter to Mrs. Willis before she had paid her first visit to the Normans; after a moment's reflection she told me that the 17th was the anniversary of the death of her child, and that on the 16th she had gone out late to take some flowers to the grave. It was raining, and she quite well remembered that one of her daughters had asked her if she would not wait until the rain stopped. She had found the gate locked, after first shaking it to see if it would open, she had gone to the caretaker for the key. She had no recollection of whether it had crossed her mind to consider whether there would be any difficulty in getting out again from the cemetery. As I had forgotten the date of the anniversary I had merely read the

letter to Mrs. Willis on the chance that she might find some significance in it, and I was very surprised to find how exactly she could do so.

Shortly after Mrs. Willis' visit to the Normans Mrs. Norman wrote me : " We have been having many sounds and knocks again the last few days. I think I must be developing the power much stronger. . . My eyes burn and the band round my head still continues. Last night was the longest message from Monica. It was funny, I nearly fell asleep, had the other symptoms, and my arm felt like an automatic machine ; as if, apart from me, it would go on and on and never stop. It was not stiff and aching, because I could hardly tell I had an arm at all."

This suggests that had it been possible to test her arm, it might have been found to be anæsthetic. Dr. James H. Hyslop has proved that this condition often accompanies mediumistic faculty.

Concerning another incident, Mrs. Willis wrote to me as follows :—

" Before the Christmas of 1912 Mrs. Norman sent a little note saying that Katherine Willis

had shown a small book with a cross on it, and with the letter M ; and she asked if we possessed such a prayer book. She thought Katherine Willis wished my daughter to have it. I wrote back that so far as I knew I had no prayer-book or any other book with a cross on the cover. I knew that formerly I had possessed a small leather prayer-book, but this I could not find and could not recollect that it had a cross on the cover."

A message was sent to Mrs. Willis for Christmas day, at the end of this message the word "prayer-book" was written, but the power failed and the sentence was not finished—Mrs. Willis continued:—"We came to the conclusion that an effort had been made to explain the book with the cross on it and the letter M, which had been shown at the quiet hour, and we decided that the cross was only symbolical and indicated a religious book of some kind, probably a prayer-book. Acting on this belief I gave a little prayer-book which Katherine often used to her sister. No more was thought of this until the April of 1913, when, turning out a book case to dust the books I found on one of the shelves behind the books, the little prayer-book which I

had missed and on its cover a tiny cross. The book is old and the cross lies deeply embedded in the leather of the cover so is not very noticeable. It must have been there for some time, long enough for the fact that a cross was on it to have completely escaped from all our memories."\*

Mrs. Norman had never been in Mrs. Willis' house so that she could not possibly have seen the prayer-book, consciously or unconsciously.

Although I have used pseudonyms in this narrative I have carefully selected those which would indicate the relations of spelling and sound between the names which appeared in the messages, obviously is an important detail.

A few months after this incident Katherine Willis grandfather gave a very appropriate message. Mrs. Norman complained of considerable pain of the heart, which, however, soon passed off; she was not aware at the time that Katherine's grandfather suffered from angina pectris.

When introducing the friend who testifies to the interesting experiences she had with the Normans in the statement immediately following.

\* The book was one Katherine used to carry to church when a little child.

I was as cautious as I had been with regard to Mrs. Willis, and I avoided mentioning *any* circumstances which might invalidate the worth of the evidence for communication from the other side, which I hoped she might receive.

This friend writes under the name of M. Y. de Lawny, as follows :—

#### MRS. DE LAWNY'S STATEMENT

Early in 1913 I visited B— and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Norman who received me most kindly, and on hearing that I mourned for many friends “gone before,” and being anxious to give consolation and to share their new-found joy, they proposed that I should sit with them during their “quiet hour,” a privilege which I appreciated most highly. During that hour I received unmistakable evidence of the “Life Radiant,” for the little comforter, Monica appeared to her parents and brought with her many of my own friends from the Unseen World whom Mrs. Norman described accurately, though of course they were all quite strangers to her. As proofs of identity objects were shown, names flashed out, and messages given of which the meaning was known only to me, or to members of my family



of whom I enquired later. One instance, among many others, was that in connection with one of my friends Mrs. Norman frequently saw an antique Roman lamp which I could not place at all, but I found afterwards that the one who showed it had brought it from Rome, and prized it highly.

I, also, though not usually clairvoyant, saw many flashes and sparks of light, floating filmy white clouds, tiny stars, little balls of light, also cloudy pillars resembling in outline human forms shining faintly in the dark.

The little messenger of love also brought several touching and convincing messages from my friends, two of whom have since written through her mother's hand, giving indications of survival and memory of earth-life, speaking of their present happiness, of their much prized opportunities of helping others on both sides of the veil, and also of their loving gratitude to little Monica and her parents for bringing them into communication with the one who had mourned them so long and who now rejoices with them in their happy freedom from physical limitations and in the increase of their powers of love and service.

M. Y. de Lawny.

## CHAPTER XIII

SOME EXPERIENCES OF MRS. NORMAN'S MEDIUMSHIP  
RECORDED BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

AT the request of my friend, Miss Dallas, I am here writing an account of my experiences of the mediumship of Mrs. Norman. As I desire this to be a plain, straightforward statement of facts I shall abstain from any comments, save those which may be necessary to elucidate the phenomena. Mrs. Norman, a lady, non-professional, and the wife of a professional man, is a normal medium who has only comparatively recently developed the faculty of automatic writing. That she possessed this power was discovered by her some months after the death of her little daughter, Monica, from whom most of the early messages purported to come. The power rapidly improved, and the phenomena grew in strength and decisiveness.

My wife passed from this life in the last days of the year 1911; and, after some experience herself of Mrs. Norman's psychic gifts, Miss Dallas was kind enough to suggest to me that I might obtain through her faculty valuable evidence of the kind which my studies in psychical research led me to desire. To this suggestion Mrs. Norman very kindly assented. The following is a record of the experiences, with the reservation of certain private matters.

I.—Finding myself unable to go to B—, the town in which Mr. and Mrs. Norman live, on October 7th, 1912, I sent a confidential maid, A. A., who has been in the service of my house for sixteen years, and who nursed my wife through her last illness. A scarf belonging to my wife was taken and placed on the table. Immediately Mrs. Norman's hand began to write, though she was engaged in interested conversation all the time; and a message was written in which the initial of my boy, D. was given, and also the initial of my wife's name, R.

*Comment.*—At this sitting Mr. and Mrs. Norman, Miss Dallas and the maid A. A. were present. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Norman knew my name, but only that I was a friend of Miss

Dallas. They knew A. A.'s name as Miss Alexander.

II.—I received a copy of an automatic message through Mrs. Norman's hand, dated October 12th, in which occurs the sentence, "You ask the Annie who came why she loves roses so much."

*Comment.*—The maid's name is Annie, which was unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Norman.

III.—On November 26th I paid a visit to B—with my boy and A. A., and made the acquaintance personally of Mr. and Mrs. Norman. On this occasion I received an automatic message in which it was stated that my boy Dick was to have "lots of rest. He grows too much for his good." This message was signed Rose.

*Comment.*—By this time Mrs. Norman was aware of my surname, Watson, also of the name Dick, and also the name Annie. No other particulars about us were known. The statement as to the health of my boy was correct. My wife's name is Rosamund, but she was always called Rose by her own family.

IV.—On January 19th, 1913, Mrs. Norman sat for writing, and Mr. Norman was good

enough to forward me a message which was intended for me. Its content was not "evidential," but it was signed R. M. W.

*Comment.*—Mrs. Norman at this time knew no more than on November 26th. She did not know my wife's middle initial, M. R. M. W. was the usual signature of my wife in writing to intimates.

V.—In January I received an extract from a message, purporting to come from Monica to her mother, in which a reference was made to my son, Dick. The words were, "I call him Toby," her own father's name being Dick also. Then ensued what seemed a persistent attempt on the part of the communicators to get me to understand the significance of this statement. On January 18 an extract forwarded to me said, "I know what the mother of the other Dick did mean by what she showed you when you asked her what the name means [*i.e.* Toby]. But I won't tell you because when the Papa is told he'll know, and will be pleased. Perhaps he'll know even if you don't say what she did." I failed to understand, and the communicator again insisted. On February 5th a message came asking if I had been

told "what the mamma showed you [*i.e.* Mrs. Norman] when you asked why I called the other Dick Toby. You know it's a book."

*Comment.*—At this time no more was known of me than on date of November 26th, namely, that my name was Watson. I had puzzled over the "Toby" incident, but it was not until I learned that my wife had showed Mrs. Norman, clairvoyantly, a book that I saw any significance in it. Then its relevancy and pertinence became plain. In 1906 I published a book, called "The High Toby," the hero of which was a gentleman of the road called Galloping Dick. It used to be a jest among our friends that our boy Dick was Galloping Dick, and he has one volume by a well-known author so inscribed to him. Mr. and Mrs. Norman were ignorant that I wrote books and that my name was Marriott Watson. It seems absolutely clear that the communicator of the messages set forth above had knowledge of the facts I have mentioned, and wished to reveal identity by calling my attention to them.

I wrote to Mr. Norman that the solution was satisfactory, but I did not explain it. At

the risk of seeming discourtesy I was anxious to keep private my full name and the fact that I wrote novels. Still in ignorance of these facts, Mrs. Norman received a message on February 11, from which I extract the following as an adequate summary of the course of events:—"First it was the mamma of the other Dick did say to call him Toby. Then I did. Then you ask her if she did say it, and she did nod. Then you said to her 'Why?' and if it was a nickname. Then she showed you a book. She said 'He will know now.'"

VI.—I had, early in 1913, made a suggestion through Miss Dallas to Mrs. Norman that I might be privileged to make a test by photographs. This I did because Mrs. Norman had several times stated that my wife was seen clairvoyantly by her. She was good enough to consent to this test, and felt sure that she would be able to pick out a photograph of my wife. I have several photographs of my wife taken at different times, and one of these stands in my bedroom. It is a long panel photograph in evening dress. I should like to have sent this in a pack for identification, but I felt that it would be impossible to procure a

number of long panel portraits, and that if this were the only panel sent the medium's mind might unconsciously be influenced by its difference from the others. So I abandoned the thought of sending it, and chose a later photograph. I had recourse to the help of the photographer who had taken it, and who made me up a packet of seventeen photographs much about the same size, all of women between the ages of 30 to 40. This packet I submitted by post on February 24 to Mrs. Norman. By return I received the packet back with the photograph of my wife tied in pink ribbon as the one identified. Mr. Norman, in writing, said that his wife "threw one after another aside—barely glancing at them—and picked out this one and tied it in ribbon."

There is a most interesting pendant to this identification. The panel portrait in my room which I did not send shows an evening dress with short lace sleeves, and ribbons forming a bow in front. References had been made in messages for some time to a bow, but I had failed to connect them with the photograph. However, a message from Monica on February 23rd, which was forwarded to me later, referred



undoubtedly to this dress, and described it. And Mr. Norman, in sending me the result of the photographic test, enclosed a sketch of the *usual* dress in which my wife appeared to Mrs. Norman. I regret very much that it is impossible to reproduce here this sketch and the photograph. I must content myself with saying that the two are identical.

VII.—I come now to even a fuller, more interesting, and more convincing test. I had craved the indulgence of Mr. and Mrs. Norman for one more experiment, which was kindly granted to me. I wrote three questions on a paper and forwarded this to Mrs. Norman, in the hope that they would be answered by automatic writing. They were these:— (1) An inquiry as to what work my wife had been most interested in in this life. (2) A request that she would give the name of some book. (3) A request that she would, if possible, sign her name in full. It must be remembered that I was not present at B——; that, indeed, the only visit I paid was on November 26th. This paper of mine was placed on the table, and automatic writing began. I shall not go into the message as

received except so far as it refers to these questions: (1) The following words occurred in the message: "Were it possible, I would still rhyme the hours away, as was my wont." (2) "If 'Ifs and Ans'—will that do?" (3) Signed "Rosamund Marriott Watson." This was on March 21st.

*Comment.*—At this time all Mr. and Mrs. Norman knew of me was that my name was Watson, and that I had written a book called "The High Toby," long out of print. They did not know my name was Marriott, or that my wife's name was Rosamund. It had always before been "Rose." (1) My wife was a poet, and so the answer is correct. (2) In my mind I wished her to give the name of one of her books. But in reply she gives one of mine, "Ifs and Ans," a title she herself suggested when in the body. (3) Rosamund Marriott Watson is my wife's full name. Mr. Norman, in writing to me, said that the name was not only written, but was flashed out clairvoyantly previously to the automatic writing.

*General comments on the above.*—If Mr. and Mrs. Norman had set out with the intention of cheating, it would have been possible for them

to have bought a directory of the county in which I live, and (it may be) so have discovered that my name was Marriott Watson. It would then have been possible to have procured "Who's Who" or a kindred publication, and to have found out that I had written books. It would after that have been possible to obtain "The High Toby" from a library or some other source, if still in stock. And it would have been possible also to discover the full name of my wife, and the fact that she was a poet. If Mr. and Mrs. Norman, I say, had resolutely determined on cheating, this would have been just possible. But, having said as much, I make the further statement that, to those who know Mr. and Mrs. Norman, this, in the expressive American phrase, does not "begin" to be conceivable, and I apologise to them for the mere mention of this impossible assumption. I add to that that I have no shadow of doubt that my wife survives in another state, and that she has communicated to me through the automatic writing of Mrs. Norman.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following statements were made and

signed by Mr. and Mrs. Norman and their daughter :—

March 10, 1913.

I hereby state that I have never previously seen Mrs. Watson in the flesh, or any photograph of her. I also state that I have never previously seen Mrs. de Lawny's relatives in the flesh, or any photograph of them.

May 22nd, 1913.

We hereby state that,—previous to getting Mrs. Watson's full name and the gift from Mr. Watson of his wife's poems and the copies of his own works, "The King's Highway" and "The High Toby," given as a reminiscence of the incident,—we had neither of us read any of his works, or hers, and did not know his full name or his occupation until he gave it to us himself.

R. NORMAN.

G. NORMAN.

LENA NORMAN.

Later, "Annie" specially asked her mistress to bring Monica to the garden, and a little after this Monica's message spoke of the flowers under the trees and of the garden in general,

of a horse that could be stroked, also of the house, and said that Mr. M. W. did not smoke as much as her Daddy, but smoked "harder." This detail is correct; he does not smoke much but he smokes fast.

The confidential maid sent by Mr. Marriott Watson to visit Mrs. Norman has, at my request, put into writing an experience of which she told me on the occasion of this visit.

Oct. 11, 1912.—"I was staying at W—, the first part of September, from the 1st to the 12th part of time, but I could not tell date for certain. One night, or rather towards morning, I woke up feeling very cold, so I put my head beneath the bedclothes and went to sleep. I had been to sleep about an hour when I was awakened with a start, and under the bedclothes there was a circle of bright light, and in the circle there was a face, distinct. Fair hair, blue eyes, aquiline nose, looking at me, it so startled me that I got out of bed and switched on the electric light, not daring to go to sleep again. When I saw Mrs. Norman at B— on October 7, I recognised the same face as I had seen in the circle of light. I herewith

affirm that on the occasion of my visits to Mrs. Norman on Oct. 7th and Nov. 26th, I did not mention Mrs. Marriott Watson's name or that she wrote poetry, or my own Christian name.

(Signed) Annie Alexander."

I repeat that I was most careful to avoid giving any information to Mr. or Mrs. Norman, as I was anxious in no way to spoil the evidential value of any communication that might be made to him.

H. A. Dallas."

## CHAPTER XIV

### CONCERNING SOME CONDITIONS IN THE NEXT LIFE

IT has been suggested to me that it would be useful if I were to put down some of the conclusions concerning the other life to which my studies in *Psychical Research* have led me. I have hesitated before attempting this ; for whilst the truth of survival appears to me to rest on a very secure basis, in matters of detail there is room for greater uncertainty.

In the most trustworthy communications comparatively little is told us as to the occupation and conditions of the next life ; and we can conceive of various reasons for this silence. Those who communicate tell us that we should not be able to understand if they tried to explain. This is quite likely, for they can only use terms familiar to us, and yet what they may have to describe are probably things

quite unfamiliar and when they translate the experiences of their world into terms of our experience we may easily form very misleading impressions, for we are prone to give literal and material interpretation to language which may be symbolical. Difficulties of this sort lie in the way ; nevertheless, no careful student of psychic experiences can fail to glean many valuable hints as to the conditions of the next life. They may not be as full or numerous as we could wish, but they are precious, for they help us to realise communion with our Unseen friends.

It is with the object of helping those who desire to keep in touch with friends whose visible companionship they miss that I add this essay to the Record of little "Monica."

I desire merely to draw a few deductions which seem to me justified by a variety of well-authenticated experiences and communications, and in so doing I shall confine myself to the most obvious, and shall lay upon myself a "self-denying ordinance," and use imagination, not fancifully, but only to assist the realisation of facts strongly supported by evidence. At the same time, I do not claim



for most of these conclusions that they are *as* abundantly evidenced as the fact of survival itself, and I recognise that they must be held provisionally, and with due acknowledgment of the fact that here we see only "as in a mirror dimly."

One of the difficulties which adds to the pain of bereavement is that of conceiving of existence apart from the bodily form which is familiar to us. Although this trouble is not entirely removed by the new views which this study has brought before us, it is considerably lessened. We are no longer obliged to try to conceive of "disembodied spirits," for we gather that the putting off of the flesh does not imply bodilessness, but only the exchange of one kind of body for another.\*

All evolutionary processes suggest the reasonableness of this. If there is one fact which science teaches more emphatically than another it is the fact that lower forms change into higher, and that when the shell breaks another form emerges from the covering which has served life in its earlier stages. Why

\* See 1 Cor. xv. 40 and 2 Cor. v. 2-5.

should we assume that this universal law is abrogated for man when he puts off the body of flesh? To one who is convinced that the ego does not survive, the argument from the analogy of nature will, of course, carry no weight. But I am addressing those who, at least faintly, "trust the larger hope," and believe that man survives in some way; and I maintain that the assumption that the surviving spirit is bodiless is not warranted by our knowledge of the laws that govern life; and moreover that all psychical studies lead to the opposite conclusion.

The messages from the other side imply that when the self (or spirit) leaves the material body it is "clothed upon" (in the language of St. Paul) with a body of finer and more ethereal substance, related to the new environment in which it has to live. And there is reason to believe that this new body is during incarnate life potentially existing in connection with the body of flesh, that there is no break of continuity, no total disembodiment with an interval of bodilessness, but a gradual withdrawal of the elements of the ethereal enswathement from the elements of the material, which may

fitly be compared with the withdrawal of the butterfly from the chrysalis. And as the elements of the pupa are taken up into the fly, so mental and psychical elements are, probably, carried over from our incarnate state into our ethereal embodiment, and our capabilities in the next stage may be to a considerable extent determined by our present development.

To the question, "With what body shall we come?" we cannot as yet give any detailed or certain answer, but we may assume that the faculties which have found expression in such wonderful instruments as the ear and eye and brain will be equipped not less efficiently in our new state of being.

"Sensitives" (who have been called the precursors of the race, since they seem to be able to exercise even here some of the powers with which we may believe we shall be more fully endowed in the next life) appear to exercise the faculty of vision and of audition without use of eyes or ears. "Seers" of this kind perceive what occurs at a distance, and that which no human eye can normally see. Sometimes the organ through which they thus perceive seems to be some other part of the

human body, the top of the head, or the hand, or the solar plexus. This fact suggests that the faculty of sight is not to be confused with the instrument through which we are enabled to see the things of this material world, nor the faculty of hearing to be confused with the instrument through which the sounds of earth reach our brain. Eye and ear and brain are merely organs by which these faculties of mind, sight, hearing and thinking are related to the environment of the material world. We know that seeing and hearing are in the last resort not physical but mental processes. It is the *ego* that sees, the physical process consists merely of vibrations, first in the ether, then in a delicate set of nerves; seeing and hearing, as well as thinking, are mental activities, and they may be described as the interpretation of vibrations. It is, therefore, quite reasonable to believe that when the physical instrument is no longer available, other instruments will be evolved for the use of these faculties of the mind adapted to other conditions.

In one of the records from which I shall quote, the unseen communicator says:—

“Evolution is all right in the real life, as

Darwin says, but it goes on evolving in the ideal life, [of] which fact he of course knew nothing until he came here."—(Proc : S.P.R., vol. xiii., p. 420).

It is, of course, the higher faculties which we may reasonably expect to find still further evolving in another life. Some of our organs are evidently adapted to the maintenance of the physical body chiefly, or entirely. But others find a higher use. The eye and the ear and the brain foster and develop our sense of beauty and our appreciation of the wonders of the universe. These are the higher organs, and they serve a higher kind of life. Whilst, however, we use them with delight and find in their use a constant source of progressive development we are conscious that they do not convey to us all that our minds desire, that they are still but imperfect instruments; for we know that there is more to see and to know than these organs enable us to see and know. They feed us, but they do not satisfy. They show us much of the wonder and beauty of the Universe and of its Great Creator, but we are conscious that our sense of beauty and our craving for knowledge

exceed the capacities of eyes and ears and brain. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." Having cultivated our faculties through the use of these instruments here, shall we have possibilities of cultivating them further in another and finer body? Certainly psychical studies encourage us to believe that we shall.

The constant mention that is made in spirit communications of light and of the greater brightness of the other world for those who are progressing, implies that vision of a more ethereal kind is possessed by those who no longer use our physical organs.

For instance, Mr Stainton Moses was told that his mediumistic capacities were discerned by a spirit in the other life by the colour which surrounded him :—

"He would be enabled to discern you by the aura which surrounds you and which is visible to the spirit eye. Light and attraction would both enable him to recognise a channel of communication which he longed for. You have been told before that an aura surrounds all material objects, and that aura in the case of a medium is recognisable afar off by spirit

eyes. To spirit eye the aura declares the character.”—(Proc : S.P.R., vol. xi., p. 93).

In this connection I will quote a passage from Dr. Richard Hodgson's Report (above mentioned p. 180-181) of communications that were made through Mrs. Piper in a trance state. George Pelham (who had died) claimed to be writing through her hand. He said :—

“Now about my theory of spirit life independent of the material substance. I live, think, see, hear, know, and feel just as clearly as when I was in the material life, but not so easy to explain it to you, as you would naturally suppose, especially when the thoughts have to be expressed through substance materially. I am light and free and much clearer in thought than I was in the material body. Thought is an immediate intuition or primary datum of consciousness—in my present life, everything is expressed by thought.”—(Proc : S.P.R., vol. xiii. pp. 433, 434).

Again, on p. 547 we find the following with reference to some flowers which a mother had brought, with thoughts of her child, and had laid on the table. The spirit who was communicating said :—“You know she [the

child] takes the spirit of these things—the spiritual thing—and the spirit part is just as real to her as your life is to you.”

Those who have been in a trance-state speak of their return out of the trance as a passing out of light into comparative darkness. Many and various experiences strongly confirm the belief that those who pass out of the body, in a progressive state, live in a world of light and beauty, a world which by comparison with ours is as sunshine to shadow.

How may this help us in our efforts to live in communion with our friends in the Unseen? It may help us much, for we may realise that in our delight in the beauties of Nature and Art we are still participating with them. They too are finding similar delight and even better in a world, unknown to us indeed, but still governed by the same spirit of beauty which delights us here. When we gaze upon our flowers or lose ourselves in beautiful scenery we may be assured that One Spirit is awakening in us here, and in them there, the same sort of response and the same reverent and exquisite appreciation.

But we may believe more than this. When



we think of them they are aware of our thought, and see us and our mental life. This is abundantly attested by strong evidence. We may therefore draw them to share our visions of beauty, we may attract their attention to the objects which delight us. Whether they can see the physical world as we see it, is doubtful, but if we accept the statements which claim to come from them, there is no doubt that they can see the images in our minds, and that in measure as we cultivate the habit of forming our images vividly, and hold friends in our thoughts when we look at beautiful scenes, they are able to share with us in our delights by communion with our minds.

We are familiar with the thought that Nature can soothe us by her beauty, but to an aching heart her very beauty seems at moments unbearable ; for it awakens so deep a longing for those who were wont to share it with us. But in the realisation of communion through this mental and spiritual contact there is healing gladness. If we take God's gift of beauty home to us we may still minister to them, still share this joy with those we love ; and we may regain in some degree—nay, even in some

better way—a sense of mutual, inseverable companionship. I believe that they desire this fellowship with us, and that we can draw nearer to them by entering into joy than by mourning.

Here is another quotation from the same "Report," which is one of many testimonies on this point :—

"I want to say there is no death. I am living. I am with you still—and fear not. Close your eyes and go to sleep—waken up, and it's all over. You live again. And not much memory of what has transpired. I see you clearly; as clearly as anything you like! . . . . Tell my wife I live. What are they doing? . . . . Why do they mourn? Why fret for me? They must not weep; I cannot have it so. Tell them it is wrong. I live."—  
(Proc: S.P.R., vol. xiii., p. 543).

I have said that the fact that they can read our thoughts is abundantly attested. I might have said that the evidence for this is to me as convincing as the evidence for survival itself. Not that those in that other life can read all thoughts even of those in contact with them through affection and sympathy; but un-

doubtedly many of our thoughts can reach them, and they see us better, and become aware of our thoughts, when we, so to speak, attract their attention by directing our thoughts upon them. The fact of telepathy, as experienced by those still in the flesh, may help us to understand this thought-transference between those in different conditions of existence. Here thought transference is intermittent and confused, for whilst we are embedded in the matter of this earth we are less susceptible to impressions from other minds than we may expect to be when we are set free from physical obstructions.

George Pelham, one of those who had given the best evidence of identity through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, has said that the ego "exists after the disposition of the body in an immediate intuition," which may be taken to imply a far more direct cognition and perception than is habitual within us.—(Proc : S.P.R., vol xiii., p. 431).

In this record concerning little Monica the evidence for communication by thought is abundant.

If the recognition of this fact were more

frequently acted upon, we should cease to regard death as a complete bar to intercourse, we should speak to those we love in the silence of thought, and we should not speak in vain.

There are some who will fear to take this comfort to themselves, lest it in any degree seem to infringe upon the prerogatives of God, I will therefore add a few remarks on prayer in a note at the end of this book.

The greater susceptibility to thought-impression which seems to be a condition of life in the next state, is probably due to greatly increased consciousness. Man's consciousness in this life is awake to a degree greatly exceeding that of the animal world. But to those who have "awaked from the dream of life," we on earth seem to be more or less asleep. So they tell us, and it is not difficult to believe.

We are sufficiently awake here to be touched into memory by associations of sight or sound or scent. A familiar scene, a melody, a flower, will awaken seemingly dead memories, associations are many and, often, vivid with us, yet when we are *truly* awake, probably, this faculty greatly increases. It seems as if contact with any object which has belonged to them during

their earthly life starts a train of associated ideas. When the "sensitive" who is being used as their instrument handles these objects there flows through this medium's mind a succession of reminiscences of events unknown to her, but known and recalled by the spirits who communicate through her.

Possibly "sensitives," as I have pointed out in the preface, have a keener faculty of association than ordinary people, and this enables them to give the wonderful psychometric readings which are so inexplicable by ordinary faculty.

These considerations have a very practical bearing. If we believe that those we love are aware of our mental states when our thoughts are specially concerned with them, this should afford the strongest incentive to control grief, to look above the apparent loss of outward parting, to direct our minds steadily away from the pains of last illnesses so that we may in no way cloud their peace, or *bring them into the illusion of death* making loss and bereavement seem real to them by communion with our thought. And if we realise the force of association and how subtly and quickly it affects the freed imagination of spirits, we shall

take care to let the objects about us be such as can only bring good and happy associations. We shall get rid of mere tokens of mourning or relics connected with pain or crime. Our homes must be filled with objects that suggest memories which we desire may live with them, and increase their joy and peace.

This point leads us to another, namely, to the prevalence of "habits." Habits are psychologically allied to the faculty of associations; they are generated by associations. We need not stop to prove this; a little reflection will suffice to do so. If "freed" spirits are even more keenly affected by associated ideas than those still in this body, is it possible that they are also affected by mental habits?

This question requires some further consideration. What do we understand by a mental habit? Physical habits are repeated actions which become almost or quite automatic: we know how persistent they can be, how useful if they are good habits, how troublesome if they are bad. But it is not always recognised that mental habits behave in a similar way, that the mind may easily form a rut and go on working automatically with either beneficial or mischievous

results. Thus a habit of worrying, or being censorious, or argumentative, a habit of disagreeing with any remark that may be made, of suspicion, or of doubting, all these tendencies may become stereotyped and at last involuntary and almost unconscious. Physical habits, we have good reason to hope, will be snapped by the death of the physical body; but will death break mental habits? There is no reason why it should necessarily do so, and psychical studies suggest the opposite, namely, that a mental habit thoroughly established in the mind may persist for some time after death. It is wholesome to remember this, even if it makes us uncomfortable to do so. It may serve as a warning against allowing ourselves to get into mental ruts. To shut ourselves into grooves of thought or feeling may be to prepare for ourselves future difficulties when we enter the sphere where thought and imagination and all that appertains thereto become the dominant factors in our self-conscious life.

If we desire to progress we must get free from bondage to habitual prejudices and moods.

Edward Carpenter has said:—"This is an

absurd position for man, the heir of all the ages, to be in, hag-ridden by the flimsy creatures of his own brain . . . It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought from your mind as it is to shake a stone out of your shoe : and until a man can do that it is just nonsense to talk about ascendancy over Nature. . . . Naturally the art requires practice . . . and it is worth practice. It may indeed fairly be said that life only begins when this art has been acquired. For obviously when, instead of being ruled by individual thoughts, the whole flock of them in their immense multitude and variety and capacity is ours to direct and dispatch and employ where we list, life becomes a thing so vast and grand compared with what it was before, that its former conditions may well appear almost ante-natal.”—(“A Visit to a Gnani.”)

This is very true, if we allow for some exaggeration in the way it is expressed. If a man has never practised this thought-control, but has, so to speak, let himself be obsessed by his own prejudices, his life over there may still seem “ante-natal.”

Perhaps herein may be found the clue to



some strange hauntings, well authenticated, but apparently inexplicable. The haunting apparition may be the product of thoughts by which some soul is itself haunted.

But let us now turn to more cheering reflections. Hints are occasionally given as to the nature of some of the occupations of spirits in the Unseen world, though very little is told us in detail. One thing, however, stands out clearly. Their life—the life of those who are progressing—is a life of fellowship. Like attracts like and thus intimate bonds of affection and sympathy are formed; there is fellowship in service, and compassion also attracts spirits to those whom they can help; particularly do they delight to minister to those to whom they are bound by memories of earth life and by the bonds of love.

The whole of the Record of Little Monica bears witness to this, the evidence for it is abundant in all well attested communications; and the possibilities of ministry are largely increased by the extension of the faculty of thought transference.

By thought they can suggest, counsel, and guide; but the best and most trustworthy will

never usurp authority or inhibit the exercise of our own personal judgments. To do this would be to hinder, not assist, our individual growth. Therefore, if any such autocratic claim is made from across the border, it should be taken as a danger signal, and we should beware of such spirits. And, here, I would like to point out that the record contained in this book is a record of spirit visitation which came spontaneously, and it does not offer a precedent and sanction for all, and any, to experiment with their psychic faculties. To those who would thus seek intercourse with the Unseen I would say, Beware. Some are called to this, and they are protected and assisted in a work encompassed with difficulty and not free from peril. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" that this quest is indeed for him; for, as in the days of King Arthur and his round table, many "follow wandering fires," and some suffer serious loss because they have dared to thrust themselves rashly and with self centred aim into a path which can only be safely trod "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and soberly."

Direct contact with experiences of the kind recorded in this volume has left upon me an

impression very difficult to pass on to others by words, but which I cannot pass over altogether. One seems to touch a sphere of life permeated and dominated by the spirit of love in a degree beyond all earthly experience.

Those who are no longer under the limitations of this existence, and who are freed from the mental and spiritual bondage, which, as I have said, is not necessarily broken by death, breathe an atmosphere of abounding love which, whilst it meets the heart's need with glad surprise, seems almost too good to be true. We catch a glimpse of possibilities of a life of fellowship and of friendships which surpass our best dreams.

As we come into contact with this communion of pure and strong and merciful love we know that we have touched reality. This experience permanently affects our outlook on life, and all its human relations re-adjust themselves on a more natural and truer basis. We recognise that only those who love can truly be said to live, and lack of love is a kind of death. It is the same truth that Dante learned and which he strove to teach in his great poem concerning his ascent to the great goal of all experience—"The Love that moves the sun and the other stars."

## AN ADDITIONAL INCIDENT

An interesting incident occurred after this record had been completed.

Mrs. De Lawny designed a gift as a surprise for Monica's mother. It was a gold pendant, a cross within a circle with a jewel at the centre. The circle was surmounted by letter "M." This surprise gift was planned early in the year.

No hint of this was given to the Normans. But on April 6th, in Monica's message, written through her mother's hand, the following sentence occurred in connection with a reference to Mrs. de Lawny:—"I have secrets with [her] and I laugh for the fun."

Without making any allusion to her purposed gift, Mrs. de Lawny sent a packet to the Normans in the month of May. She was leaving England for a short time, and she asked them to kindly take charge of it and let it remain in Monica's room during her absence. This contained her gift, carefully packed. She placed the pendant in a silver casket which had an embossed lid, enclosing also a few scented rose leaves; the casket was

wrapped in tissue paper and cotton wool and put into a wooden box ; the box was covered with white paper, tied with blue ribband, and sealed. The whole was enclosed in brown paper and addressed to the Normans, who removed the brown paper cover *only*, and, in accordance with her wishes, placed the packet on Monica's table.

On June 17, in the course of her automatic writing, Monica's mother drew what looked like the top of a box, and her hand wrote :—  
 " You'll soon have a lovely present, shiny and lovely, don't forget . . . I shan't tell you what's that."

On June 20 was written :—“ There's such a pretty box ; I like sent [*sic*] don't you ? And I like pretty juls [*sic*] when there [*sic*] on my Mum.”

On June 29, the top of a box was drawn again, and her hand wrote :—“ That's something.” Underneath was drawn a circle with “ M ” above it, and : “ That's something too.”

On June 30, at Mrs. de Lawny's request, Mrs. Norman tried to psychometrise the packet. She could not get much impression from it ; she saw “ something shiny, it seemed

to be square, with something on it . . . Then she was impressed with some one shutting something down with a click and with initials intertwined."

The interesting feature in this psychometry is its vagueness. It is evident that the contents of the packet were not known to Mrs. Norman either normally, or subliminally, neither was there any indication that she had guessed the nature of the contents, or had psychically perceived what it was. The failure to describe the contents only adds to the evidential value of the whole incident, and it is for this reason that I draw attention to this attempted psychometry.

On the same date Mrs. Norman wrote to Mrs. de Lawny asking when she should return the packet. Two days later, and before Mrs. de Lawny's reply had been received, Monica wrote :—

"It is you will have to open it. Don't be afraid I don't know."

In reply to questions from her parents about the drawing that had been done, Monica wrote :—"If I did just say I said, Yes, to both the things; that doesn't tell the secret does it?"

On the same date a circle was drawn again, and Monica wrote:—"Shall I do it all?"

She seems to have been giving hints and playing with her secret with childlike pleasure. Her father says she "always loved a secret."

On July 3, Mrs. de Lawny wrote directing that the packet should be opened. They then found a "shiny square box," the scented rose leaves and, inside, the pendant with circle and cross surmounted by letter "M."

On July 4, Monica wrote:—"Isn't that a lovey present? I am most pleased. . . . It is a dear of her, and she was exited [*sic*] too about it. . . . We did laugh 'cause you did think to send it back. . . . Well it's all very good, isn't it?. . . All the surprises is not finished yet. . . . I didn't put the cross 'cause you might guess. You will have a chain, darling; we're so glad you like our secret."

Mrs. Norman had not anything suitable for hanging the pendant on, so her husband told her he would give her a clasp. Monica's statement on July 4, "You will have a chain," was not, of course, mentioned to Mrs. de Lawny.

The latter spent a week, from July 10 to 17, in the town in which the Normans reside, and

seeing that Mrs. Norman was not wearing the pendant on a chain she determined to give her one, as, indeed, she had already wished to do.

On July 13, Monica wrote:—"I am so excited [*sic*] about something; I won't tell you what till after. I'll keep a secret what it is; but I'll tell after. I love secrets."

On the 17th, Mrs. de Lawny bought a gold chain with links. Soon after this she called at the Normans' house, and learned that Monica had just drawn something, through her mother. The drawing was shown to Mrs. de Lawny who was surprised to see that it represented a chain with links, underneath the drawing was written, "Never mind." The parents had asked Monica to tell them what the drawing represented, and she had written: "No, not yet." Mrs. de Lawny did not say anything about her purchase, but before leaving that day she deposited the chain in a little box behind a vase on Monica's table, thinking that it would soon be found. On the same day she returned to her home.

A week passed and she heard nothing of the discovery of the chain. Mrs. Norman told me later, when narrating this incident, that on



July 23 she felt a very strong impression to go into Monica's room and look round; she was engaged in work at the time, but she paused and went into the room, looked at Monica's table, and came out again without observing anything.

On the 24th, as her husband was coming down stairs, he says that he heard, clair-audiently, "Go to my table, we are tired of waiting. I tried to make mum know yesterday." He went to her room and then caught sight of the little box behind the vase, which contained the gold chain.

Mrs. de Lawny has asked me to state very emphatically that she never gave the Normans the slightest hint as to what either packet contained, nor did she tell anyone of the chain that she had placed on Monica's table.

## NOTES.

I will here add a few experiences of Mrs. Norman's which were not included in the record of Monica, because most of them are not directly connected with her.

The following occurrence was related to me after this record had gone to the publisher.

Mr. Norman wrote:—"Some twenty years ago my professional duties brought me into contact with Sir August Manns and the C. P. Orchestra. The leader, Carl Jung, was a magnificent violinist. We became great friends. Then I had to fulfil engagements in America and I completely failed to correspond with Carl. When I returned to England I found that dear old Carl had committed suicide. . . He was found in a fountain basin after some days, with his pockets weighted with heavy stones. . . . Here let me say that G— never knew Carl, neither had she heard of him and I had never mentioned him to her." [His death occurred five years before their marriage].

Mr. Norman went on to explain that at the "quiet hour" on June 23, 1913, a communication came from a man called John Harrington Young, a flautist, and that he intimated that another musician would be with them in a short time—one with a similar name. Mr. Norman continues:—

“A few minutes later G— startled me by calling out, ‘Oh, oh! the water is so cold,’ and shivering violently. Then she said, ‘There is a short man come,’ and described him and a violin. I knew him at once, and greeted him with very great joy. He intimated that he had been unable to get through or come before, but he owed it to Monica. She had brought him as he was a musician.” He then made them understand by signs that he would like to write, as Monica had told him she would try and help him. He adds: ‘My wife does not know German, neither does she know the characteristics of German handwriting. He always pronounced ‘was’ as ‘wass.’”

I have studied this letter in the original. The letters a. r. g. are written in German characters, also the concluding words and signature. Here is a copy of the letter.

“It is good. Thank you. I am very sorry of the mad thing I do. You are very good to me, my friend. My heart is made glad. I thank you much. I shall come more to see you. The old times wass heaven and it wass hell too. The hell wass very bad. Now it gone. Thank you. Guten Nacht.

CARL JUNG.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The following extract is from a letter dated June 16, '12. —“I am enclosing with this a message we had the other evening. It is another proof, absolutely undeniable proof. It concerns a few boys I knew when I was twelve—I am now forty-seven, and since I was thirteen, or thereabouts, I have never thought of them, or the episodes referred to. Indeed, it took me some hours to locate the names, and

days to get at the surnames. The wife had never heard of them and certainly never knew them. She was not born and did not know of the existence of such a place. I remember I was thirteen when we moved from there to Dorking. Dodd, I call to mind now, was very fond of me, though I don't remember ever having made more of him than any other boy I used to play with. Most certainly all these years I have never thought of him and was astonished.

June 10.—“Jemmy Dodd,” (*a schoolboy acquaintance of thirty-five years ago*) “Round pond. Green. Good Lord!” (*Pond referred to was at Goose Green. We used to build rafts in it, and have hairbreadth escapes from shipwreck, and getting blown up with gunpowder. I said, “Please write something sensible.”*)

“Might put my foot in it.” (*Never mind that, go on, please*). “Dick's bust ups. Where money got?” (“*Busts up*” were monkey nuts, ices, buns, sweets, ginger-beer and other nice concoctions so dear to boys. Money raised by selling anything we could lay our hands on at home augmented by present money and choir remuneration). “How sick we felt” (*used to be laid up for two days after one of these “busts”*). “Cheap fags no good.” (*We used to smoke common tobacco in paper round the above mentioned pond*). “Hugh, Jerry and Percy, you and I.” (*Hugh Morrison, Jerry Cormack, Percy Whyte, myself and Dodd*). “Old Lawrence” (*organist and choirmaster of St. John's, Goose Green. We were all choir-boys there*). “Black gowns.” (*Our cassocks, no doubt. We used to tear all over the Green in them, and chase other*

*boys up and down the adjoining road*). “Look down. Catch him. Hair scarce.” (*I think this must refer to the Sunday evening organ recitals after service. We used to go into the side gallery and drop a hassock or a book on any bald head we could see, and then make a bolt for it*). “Letters. I twig. Table hands under.” (*Refers, no doubt, to passing of letters and messages during school hours*). “No more now. Ice-cream.” (*Our favourite dissipation*). “Jemmy Dodd. So do unto me.”

In July, 1912, Mr. Norman told me by letter of another instance of his wife's strange perception.

“Three weeks ago she was introduced to a gentleman, and he asked her to ‘sense’ his hand. She saw a Japanese village, cases of tea, and rows of bushes, also there was death. He had just returned from Japan, and he himself was buried yesterday.”

Some time in August, 1912, Mrs. Norman was doing psychometry at the house of a lady who was a stranger to her. She wrote to me afterwards:—“The strange thing was that I got so miserable in that room and felt just as if I had been cast off by someone I loved; the feeling was so intense that my voice shook while I was sensing. She [*i.e.* the lady for whom Mrs. Norman was doing this] was astonished and said we ought to have been elsewhere as that room had always been used by a friend who had lived with her for years; but that she had been obliged to break with her, and she had been very sad at going. Wasn't that strange?”

“Now another experience. Last night, Thursday, I suddenly felt nervous about the gas-house and gasometers, seen from our windows, just below. I said to Dick, ‘I can’t feel comfortable when ever I see that gas house.’ Now I had not spoken of it before, or even thought of it for days, but the nervousness then was very strong.

“To-day, about 10.30 or 11, I was dusting the sitting-room when I heard a terrific crash, like an explosion it sounded. Dick and Lena ran in, and there we could just see through the clouds of dust that the large chimney and part of the gas-house had fallen in. I was terrified, and Dick said at once, ‘You felt this last night.’ I begin to dread feeling things in advance ; I never know what it will be next.”

The following letter was written by Mrs. Norman’s mother :—

“Dear G —— It may interest and encourage you to hear that two of the smaller foretellings given by you in your last psychometrical reading of my hair, etc., have been fulfilled. You warned me that I should break a tea-pot and lose my black swede hand-bag, though after an interval of much search I should find it again. This has happened.

“Yesterday morning, at 7.30 a.m., in pouring out the early tea, I let the lid of the teapot fall to the ground, and it broke in several places. At 12.30 the day before yesterday, I went shopping and on my return found I was without my hand-bag. As it contained a cheque, several private letters, and some change, I was anxious. On returning to the bazaar, however, it was restored to me. (Signed).

August 4, 1912.”

On several occasions Monica's writings have mentioned names which were not recognised. More than once she mentioned that "Elsie Macpherson" was with her, and said that her father was, or had been, a minister. It has not been possible to trace the father, although the attempt has been made, for it seemed as if "Elsie" desired to communicate with him. Sometimes a name without any circumstance connected with it occurs. The names "Hugh" and "Frank" and so forth. One name, however, which occurred more than once has since been recognised. The Christian and surname were both given.

For the real names I will substitute "Hettie Trevers." The incident is as follows:—

In the summer of 1912 I introduced to Mrs. Norman a lady, whom I will call Mrs. Clarke, who received through her some interesting and convincing evidence in connection with deceased friends. Mrs. Norman described also a girl who was not at the time recognised by her visitor; later, however, she recalled having known a girl two years before, who had since died, and who answered to the description Mrs. Norman had given. Mrs. Norman saw Mrs. Clarke again in December, and after that not again until June, 1913.

In the meantime several messages from Monica referred to "Hetty Trevers," and she was urged to "tell the lady" (*i.e.* Mrs. Clarke).

The Normans had lost her address and they did not therefore carry out this request; they expected that she would call again soon. The messages naming "Hettie Trevers" were sent to me to read. I did not know the

name, and did not therefore pay special attention to the references.

In June, 1912, Mrs. Clarke wrote to me:—

“I felt a great desire to see Mrs. Norman, and went on the 10th. . . . She greeted me with, ‘There has been a message for you four times repeated, and the last insistently, “You have never given that lady the message.”’ . . . ‘Who from?’ I asked. She had forgotten the name, but when her husband came in he said, ‘From Hettie Trevers.’” He looked for the papers, but found that three of them had been sent to me. I have since found these three references.

Since this visit another message from Monica states that the name should be spelt Trevors, which is correct.

The fact that this name has thus been verified and identified leads one to think that other names also might be similarly recognised if circumstances made the recognition possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since writing the above I have been told that “Frank” has been identified also.

\* \* \* \* \*

No doubt some readers may be perplexed by the material aspect of some of the experiences recorded in this volume. They will ask, “Are we to believe that in the future life time and space bear the same aspect as with us? Do those who pass on observe dates of anniversaries? Do they in short live in a world which is a replica of the world of physical things?”



To jump to this unqualified conclusion would be a serious error. We have to bear in mind, first, that there is gradual progress in that life, as in this. Monica intimates more than once that she is *purposely* remaining in contact with the world we know, in order that she may help her parents, but that "Sunny" and others are in a more advanced sphere. Such self-sacrifice brings its own reward. It is *her* "heaven" thus to give and receive love, and this is her service. In other spheres no less a service may be, and doubtless *is*, rendered, but not just the same kind of service.

Then, secondly, we must not suppose that the aspect presented by these manifestations represents the whole experience of Monica's present life. In one of Mrs. Richmond's addresses (claiming to come from a spirit source), she says:—" *I live in a sphere of thoughts, instead of things; I am surrounded by atmospheres of minds, instead of atmospheres of material bodies. I hold communion with minds, and time and space form no component parts in my spiritual existence except that portion of each which is incident to my sympathetic relations with the earth. On the side of life which is touching you I am conscious of days and hours, I measure the years; but on the other side I have no knowledge of time; years might go by unnoticed; the thought is born, but no time is noted as an agent in its production; I am in a world of spirit.*" . . . Further on she adds: "Any form, any symbol, any expression is used to reach a lower and inferior order of mind. . . . Whatever sphere is yours to that you will attain."

“There is much food for thought in these reflections. Each one “goes to his own place.” Those who still need symbols for their spiritual development will pass into an environment in which they can be still symbolically taught. But those who through experience, through aspiration and through pain, have risen into a higher sphere of spiritual life will find their *home* in things wholly spiritual; nevertheless it may be their delight to “absent” themselves “from felicity awhile,” in order to lead and comfort and inspire us, and bring us to share with them, by gradual progression, the higher consciousness and the more perfect experiences of spiritual life and bliss.

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### SOME THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

The question may arise in the minds of some readers of this book: Ought we to hold intercourse in the Unseen with any but God?

All experiences in life have their attendant dangers; this is the inevitable result of our limitations. We only apprehend life in fragments, and we never or rarely realise one truth without partly, at least, losing sight of another. We are constantly liable, in our daily life, to lose sight of Divine rule and guidance in our use of the ordinary means of living. In the use of food or money we readily forget that really it is upon God and God alone that we depend, that these are only ways in which God Himself sustains us. In our relations with our fellow men we are similarly prone to ignore God. The remedy lies, not in ignoring the channels by which God ministers to us, but in realising

His Presence in using them. We do not hesitate to apply to the physician if we are ill, and yet we know, or should know, that the real Healer is the Inscrutable, Infinite Life in Whom we "live and move and have our being."

Our only security against a species of idolatry in our relation to things or to our fellow men, in this life or in another, is to have "God in all our thoughts," that is to say, to realise our dependence upon Him, Who is the Source of all, in all and through all, as well as above all. When we can find God in all, as well as over all, then, and only then, may we safely and freely use all the means whereby His Life is ministered to us. Then do we begin to understand the fuller meaning of the analogy used by S. Paul when he spoke of those who have been brought into the realisation of spiritual fellowship through Christ as "one body fitly framed and knit together *through every* joint of the supply, according to the working in due measure of each several part," and so "making increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love."\* This expresses the ideal for Humanity, and when we realise it we are compelled to realise our dependence on one another according to the Divine Order. We make no breach in that order when we thus depend, and when we appeal to friends both in the Seen and in the Unseen for sympathy and help. If we believe in God it is in God we commune with them, and this intercourse will not supplant our direct intercourse with the Father of all Spirits. The words, "God bless them," which form themselves so spontaneously

\* (Eph. iv. 16, R.V. marginal reading).

in our minds, are a witness to an innate consciousness that our ultimate dependence is neither on them nor on ourselves, but on the Eternal and Infinite Being whose Goodness and Love have been made known to us supremely in Christ, and also, in varying degrees, in all noble souls who have lighted for us the path of life.

If our friends are not bonds binding us to the Eternal Goodness, then our relations with them are not worthy to be described by that consecrated term, "friendship." But if their magnetic attraction impels us to push upward, leaving behind all that may hinder the perfection of our communion with them, then they, in their measure, will do for us what Jesus Christ came to do for all mankind, namely, they will "bring us to God." We may define that Name in various ways, but however we may define it, it must stand for the Highest and Best, for LOVE in Its perfection, unknown and yet known; for every heart that loves knows something of God. Only "he who loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is Love."

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with  
Spirit can meet,  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands  
and feet."

THE END



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