

In the Colonel's theory—or non-theory—nothing must be the mightiest power that can be conceived of. Perhaps the idea is taken from that theology according to which the whole universe was made out of nothing.

To any reasonable mind, the existence of that other shore is established beyond a doubt by the testimony not only of Christians but of all sorts of people. There is probably not a people in the whole world among whom there has not appeared phenomena which must be explained as belonging to another world. That among these much is the work of imagination I will not deny, but that *all* is such, it would be madness to believe.

The following anecdote speaks for itself: King Friedrich Wilhelm I of Prussia and King August II of Polen were on such intimate terms that they generally paid each other a visit at least once a year. Such a visit had also taken place a short time before the death of King August. This monarch was at the time, to all appearance perfectly well, excepting inflammation of one toe. The physicians had on this account cautioned him not to take any strong drink. The King of Prussia, who knew this had also ordered his marshal, Von Grumbkow, who accompanied the king to the border of the kingdom, to avoid, by the customary peculations, every excessive use of wine, as the physicians had ordered. But when King August asked for a few more bottles of champagne "to finish up," Grumbkow, who himself liked this wine very much, consented. He imbibed so much himself that on hearing the king he fell and sustained a severe injury. Early next morning he saw the king, before his majesty had had time to finish his toilette. He was only wearing a shirt and a Polish fur-lined coat. So he took his leave of the king.

A short time after, on February 1st, 1733, when the marshal was lying on his bed, sleepless from the injury he had sustained, he saw that the door of his bedroom opened and a human form approached. Now the king of Poland stood before him, dressed only in his shirt and coat, and said with a clear voice: "*Mon cher Grumbkow! Je viens de mourir ce moment à Varsovie*" (My dear Grumbkow! I am just now dead in Varsow), after which he departed through the door. The marshal instantly rang the bell for his valet and asked if he had seen anything, which the latter denied.

Grumbkow wrote immediately to Count von Seckendorf and asked him to communicate the tidings received through the appearance to the Prussian king. About two days later the dispatch came from Warsaw to Berlin stating that King August had died the same hour at which he had visited Grumbkow.

Another revelation which also belongs to history I here cite. It is one concerning the duke of Buckingham, and, as Jung Stilling assures, is proved beyond doubt. The duke was minister to King Charles I of England, whose fav-

orite he was; but as he was considered the instigator of the evil-doings of the king, the people hated him, and he was finally murdered by lieutenant Felton, who stabbed him with a knife. The following appearance from the "other shore" preceded the death of the duke, and is related by Lord Clarendon in the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars of England:"

"Among those who were employed in the royal guard at Windsor was a man who was generally esteemed on account of his prudence and justice. He was about fifty years of age. During his stay at a college in Paris he had formed an intimate acquaintance with George Villiers, the father of the duke, who was also a student at the same college. About six months before the murder of the duke, this gentleman, who was perfectly well in body and mind, was lying awake in his bed at Windsor. In the middle of the night a reverent looking gentleman appeared, lifted the curtains around his bedstead and, fixing his eyes on him, asked if he knew him. The officer could not at first answer, so afraid was he. But the apparition repeated the question, and the officer said he thought him to be George Villiers. This the apparition affirmed, and asked the officer to go to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell the duke, from his father, that he must do his utmost to gain the goodwill of the people, or he would not be permitted to live long. After this communication the apparition vanished.

When the officer awoke the following morning he thought he had had a dream, and paid no more attention to the matter, but one or two nights after this the apparition again appeared, and asked him if he had carried out the commission previously given. He also reproached the officer very earnestly, saying he had expected more friendship of him, and adding if he would not do as he had been asked, he would find no more peace in his life, but would always be haunted.

The officer promised to do as he was bidden. In the morning, however, he still hesitated. To consider this second appearance as a dream he would not; but the difficulty of obtaining an interview with the duke was also so great that he did not know what to do. Finally he concluded to do nothing.

Then came a third. This time, the inhabitant of the "other shore" rebuked the officer in very bitter terms for the neglect he had shown in keeping his promise. The officer pleaded that he had not known how to overcome the difficulties of obtaining an interview with the duke, and that it was very improbable that the duke would believe him, even if he would secure admittance into his presence. He would perhaps be considered insane, or thought to be in the employ of wicked persons who plotted against the life of the duke. The apparition insisted, however, on its request. It said the officer should not be left alone until the duke had been warned of the

threatening danger. To obtain an interview with my son, the apparition said, would be difficult. In order to be believed, the apparition told two or three circumstances relating to the duke which the officer should communicate to him, but to no one else, on the hearing of which the duke would believe that his father had really appeared.

The officer could hesitate no longer. He felt he must now obey, and started the next day for London. On his arrival he went to Sir Ralph Freeman, who had married a lady related to the duke, and through Sir Ralph Freeman he obtained the privilege of an interview with the duke for the following day. The two spoke together for an hour. When the officer told the secrets which the apparition had disclosed to him, the duke changed color and exclaimed that none but the devil could have told the officer this. The secret was concerning delicate relations between the duke and a lady of his near relatives, known to no living person but the duke and the lady herself.

One more anecdote I would like to give, showing that some people see and hear more than others, and that testimonies from "another shore" have been given not through "Christians" alone. The story is found among the papers of La Harpe, a freethinker and a member of the Royal Academy in Paris, who towards the end of his life was cured of the Voltairean epidemic and became a Christian. La Harpe says: "It seems as if it were but yesterday, and yet it was in the beginning of 1788. We were all seated around the table of one of our colleagues of the academy, a noble and gifted man. The company was numerous, and consisted of all kinds of people, courtiers, judges, professors, etc. As usual, the pleasures of the table had been much enjoyed. After dinner the wine flowed freely, and liberties were taken which were not always within exact boundaries. At that time the world was thus far advanced that almost anything could be said, if a good laugh was the object in view. Chamfort had recited his blasphemous and slippery anecdotes, and the noble ladies had listened without even hiding their faces. A current of jokes on religion followed. One remembered a tirade from Pucelle; another cited from Diderot: "With the guts of the last priests hang the last king," and all applauded. Still another stood up, lifted his glass and shouted: "Yes, gentlemen, I am as convinced that there is no God as I am certain that Homer was a fool." No doubt he was just as certain of the one as of the other; but several remarks had just been made concerning God and Homer, and some of the guests had spoken a good word for the one or the other.

The conversation now became more serious. The revolution of which Voltaire had laid the foundation was admired, and all agreed that this was the real ground on which the memory of that author should be perpetuated. He had changed the color of his age, and had so written that he