

KING EDWARD AND HIS FAMILY.



King, Queen and Princess of Wales in the first row; Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria in the second row. The children are the little "Waleses."

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night beset my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale,
And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without steed
And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load.
—Leslie's Monthly.

THE EVOCATION.

WE had been talking of spiritualism, telepathy and black magic; the conversation turned to apparitions and mediums. Among us all, men and women, assembled in the drawing-room after a long and formal dinner, there were several who were skeptical, two or three vaguely credulous, without certainty one way or the other, and my friend Francois, who was an ardent believer in what we not of the faith agreed to call spiritualism. In his mind there were vast differences in the meanings of terms, but for me spiritualism covered them all. One of the young women, making allusion to the recent experiences of an English medium, asked:

"Is it true that M. Crooks has seen and touched the spirits, or, rather, the material forms of the dead?" M. Crooks is a very learned man, they say. If he has not been the victim of an illusion or an imposture, I must confess that his testimony would have great influence on my own faith."

"It is certainly a mystery," said Francois, thoughtfully, "and a mystery which those who have never had any experience are willing to deny existence to. But if this man has not been mistaken or deceived; if he can, as he says, prove scientifically that souls survive bodies, preserve their identity, their personality, their memory, and have the power to become material and visible to living people, what a revolution it will make in philosophy!"

"Oh, how I wish I might have some experience of the kind," sighed a young girl.

"Well, I don't," responded one of the men. "I would fear for my reason if I should see the phantom of my mother come at the call of a medium. And, on the other hand, I resent the idea that my own soul, when it is freed from my body, must be obliged to clothe itself in visibility at the command of a living person."

"One of my friends," said Francois, "tried the experiment, and it cost him dear."

"Tell us about it," cried the women, drawn by the instinctive delight in the supernatural.

Francois responded: "It is not a very happy story, but it may be interesting. It shows that it is not always safe to interfere with those powers which govern the unseen. Here is the story," and he related the following:

face of a man. With a delicacy of coloring, a slightness of build and a soft sweetness of voice the beautiful eyes gave to my poor friend a charm almost effeminate. But he was a manly fellow and had a great many friends.

He was 23 years old when he met Madeline Meurice at a ball given in the chateau of Changis. This young girl was poor but brilliant and well born, beautiful, vivacious and gracious. Her great black eyes spoke eloquently to the blue eyes of Pierre, and he was fired with an enthusiastic and sincere love for her. He had been a skeptic on the subject of love, so that it came to him with all the force of a new experience, and she had nothing to lose by being compared to former objects of adoration. She was the first to enter his heart, and she took entire possession. She returned his love and accepted his proposal of marriage.

It took Pierre some time to talk his family into consenting to the match, but after they had seen and talked with Madeline they succumbed to the charm of her personality. They were married and he took her away immediately to a house he owned in the country, where they lived alone and reveled in the pure and happy love they had found in each other.

Then, suddenly, death broke the dream. Mme. Franckel died without any preparation for death, without suffering, while she was seated at the piano playing a sonata of Mozart's, on a beautiful moonlight evening of summer. Her husband stood leaning against the window listening to the music and breathing the fragrance of the night. The music stopped at the precise moment that the soul left the body, and Pierre, surprised at the pause, turned to find his wife dead, a smile on her lips, her head resting against the back of her chair and her fingers still touching the keys of the piano.

"For several years the poor man shut himself up and would see no one, hiding his suffering from the world as he had hidden his joy. One day I called to see him, and on account of our old friendship I was admitted. I found but a shadow of the young man I had known. His hair was gray, and his movements betrayed him to be suffering from a nervous disease. He soon spoke of his sorrow and gradually opened his whole heart to me.

"The question of immortality is constantly in my thoughts," he said. "For five years I have searched philosophy, studied hypotheses and questioned religion, and I am still divided between faith and doubt, which is killing me. If Madeline's soul exists it will manifest itself to me. I look for her constantly, waking and sleeping, and I feel that she must come. I would give all the years of life that remain to me to see her for one instant in all the sweetness of her youth and beauty."

I tried to turn my friend's thoughts from this idea, for I feared his reason would give way. But he persisted in his hope. One day he asked me if I knew a certain Claymore, a Scotchman, who had made quite a stir in Paris as a medium. He was a peculiar man, undoubtedly sincere, and I had enjoyed meeting him several times.

"You must introduce me to him," said Pierre. "He has evoked spirits into material form, and if he can bring Madeline's soul to me I will owe him more than my life."

I used all my power of persuasion against this decision, but he was firm, and finally I gave in. I first went to Claymore, however, and told him my friend's history and begged him not to abuse a credulity brought about by extreme suffering.

"I can give him what he wants," re-

plied the Scotchman. "Take me to him. You may trust me."

"Will you permit the presence of a witness?"

"Certainly."

The next day Claymore, accompanied by a medium, entered the house where Mme. Franckel had died five years before.

It was in June. The villa, with its closed windows, seemed to desire to keep out the soft beauty and warmth of the night air. Inside the house all was dark and chilly. As Pierre met us he shivered.

"If her soul lives," he said, "it is in this room." His voice shook with mingled joy and fear.

"For the last time," said I, "do not commit an act at once sacrilegious and dangerous." But he did not even hear me.

The medium was a young woman, pale and slender, who fixed her idolizing looks on Claymore's face. The light in the room was very dim, coming from a single candle, which stood above the fireplace. The window had been opened wide and the moonlight came faintly in. The spiritualist put out the candle and led the young woman into a dark corner of the room. Then in a low, solemn voice he abjured the spirit of the dead woman to manifest itself.

"Oh, my sister," said he, "my unknown sister, departed from this earth, come back for one instant in the material form you once took on. Appear, evoked by faith and love. Come! Madeline!" His voice rose and grew ardent, while the medium became convulsed with trembling movements.

All at once Pierre cried, "Listen! Listen! The sonata of Mozart!"

A harmony, light and soft as a sigh, floated from the motionless keys of the piano, which stood just within the pale stream of moonlight.

"She is coming," said Claymore, solemnly, stretching out his hand.

"Madeline! Madeline!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees.

I am telling you what I saw—or thought I saw. The room was dark save for the one thread of moonlight which touched the piano and traced a line upon the floor. Suddenly the mysterious music ceased and in the moonlight, before the piano, the whiteness seemed to thicken and slowly to form itself into the contours of the human body. More distinct it grew until I saw sitting there a woman dressed in a long, flowing gown of white, her head back against her chair and a smile on her pale lips.

Pierre had sprung to his feet.

"It is you, my beloved!" he cried, and with outstretched arms he moved toward the white figure and fell at its feet.

At the sound of the fall I threw off with a great effort the spell which held me and ran to him. The figure vanished and I raised my friend, to find that he had breathed his last at the feet of his dead wife. He had paid the price for the vision. On his face was an expression of purest ecstasy.

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