

tions in connection with this place, and her knowledge of the particular rooms and the alterations that had been subsequently made in them. "One night," she says, "while sleeping at an hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, I had a horrible nightmare. I heard the savage howling of a mob, and on looking out of the window saw Marie Antoinette passing in a tumbril, and myself in a crowd struggling frantically to push my way through and shouting incessantly 'The Queen! Let me get to the Queen! I must get to the Queen!' I have tried," she continues, "to find some solution to this mystery which has haunted me since my earliest childhood, but there seems no plausible explanation. I seem on the point of reconstructing a remembrance of some former existence while in France, but no sooner do I appear to hold the thread than I lose it, which is a very painful sensation."

I regret that through a printer's error the concluding sentence of my last Notes of the Month was misprinted. What I wrote was: 'If the true vehicle of life and mind is ether, and not matter at all, it is surely in the etheric body that disease finds its origin, and the only sound method is to attack it at its source. However this may be, it is pretty clear that the knife is no true cure for cancer, because the knife cannot eliminate the causes which lead to the poisonous condition of the germ cells in which cancer finds its opportunity for development.'

BIRTH-SONG

By VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE bud beneath the winter's ice,
Earth-fire beneath the snow;
The unborn Spring's supreme device,
The virginal soft glow.

Beneath the snow the sacred Fire,
Beneath the bud the Fruit;
The all-unquenchable desire
Hid in the holy Root.