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EDITORIAL

AT the conclusion of "the war to end war" which afflicted Europe in those memorable years 1914-1918, it really seemed as though humanity had realized the futility of endeavouring to adjust disputes between the nations by mere force of arms. On a tide of noble idealism, the sentiment "never again" swept through Europe, and gave birth to the League of Nations. Hope ran high. The few pessimists who shook their heads were dismissed with a shrug of amused tolerance. Yet their misgivings have now been proved to be almost entirely justified.

To-day the various European nations are snapping and snarling amongst themselves to such a degree that it is a wonder that war has not broken out between one or other of the groups of Powers long ere this. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that they do not yet feel themselves strong enough to take the plunge; this, and the deterring thought of what the warfare of the future implies in the way of horror. Immunity for the

leaders, whether statesmen or military, is a thing of the past. This, too, may carry weight.

It was said in the opening paragraph of these notes that the misgivings of the pessimists were not entirely justified, despite the apparent proof of their contentions that such an ideal as "no more war" was impossible of realization. And this will bear repetition, for the deeper laws of nature show that it is equally true of nations as of individuals that "whatsoever a man (or a nation) soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians vi, 7). St. Paul, in this sentence, gives expression to the law of cause and effect in the moral world. This law, whether it be labelled "karma" or "compensation", is as inescapable as the law of gravitation in the physical universe. While such a conception may repel those who secretly hope for some way of escape from their just retribution, it is a source of strength for those who realize that no effort, whether towards good or evil, is without its effect. So we stand firm in the conviction that the great tide of aspiration which nearly, but not quite, carried the civilized world across the gulf which separates the new age from the old, was not in vain. Far otherwise. The ideal was firmly planted in the physical world, even though it has since failed to thrive on account of the adverse conditions surrounding it. The day which marked the inception of the League of Nations, that "Quixotic" effort which is variously regarded as an object of satire or of pity, according to temperament, will in later generations stand out as a red-letter day in the history of civilized humanity.

Recruits for Peace

War is in the air ; but so is peace. It is significant that the popular newspaper press should not only inaugurate a campaign of "no more war for Britain unless she is first attacked", and "no more Continental alliances". One newspaper with a huge circulation has even gone so far as to urge men of military age to refuse to bear arms except under the conditions indicated. All this, without taking into account the unremitting efforts of those who have for years worked consistently in the cause of peace, the writers and lecturers, and the prayer-circles sponsored more particularly by the New Thought movement. Side by side with

the relapse into the old warlike attitude, the determination on the part of the more idealistic amongst us to have done once for all with the hellish convention has not only never faltered, but has gained in strength.

From unexpected quarters fresh energy is being poured into the struggle on the side of peace. A writer of distinction and charm, who for the moment shall be nameless, was playing golf when his companion asked :

“Are you very busy just now ?”

“I am rather,” he said.

“What is it, a play ?”

“No, a book.”

“Oh, a novel ?”

“Well, no . . . It’s a book about war.”

After a pause, his companion said :

“You mean *against* war ?”

“Yes.”

“Not *too* pacifist, I hope.”

Mankind’s Inveterate Folly

Whether too pacifist or not, Mr. A. A. Milne, the writer in question, leaves it, of course, for his readers to decide. His book, a serious and delightfully written contribution to this vital subject, is outstanding in its persuasiveness. Never have we read so quietly compelling an exposure of the utter folly of warfare. *Peace with Honour** is a little book which will prove a force to be reckoned with ; for it is not a mere diatribe *against* war, but an equally persuasive advocate *for* arbitration. Sentiment never runs away with logic. Indeed, those who will be most disturbed by the views expressed by Mr. Milne will be those inveterate sentimentalists, the so-called “patriots”. Mr. Milne relentlessly divests the sentiment of its glamour.

A section of the newspaper press affects to regard as undesirable any exhibition of “international” tendencies. It is as though, with the barriers of time and space being swept away by the rapidly multiplying facilities for communication between the nations

* London : Methuen. 5s.

of the world, each nation should be made to hold as its ideal that of keeping itself to itself, without regard for its neighbours, and to endeavour to maintain its population by setting them to "eke out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing". It is impossible to put back time, even though the hands of the clock be altered; and internationalism will inevitably come, in religion, in economics, in politics, as it has already come in science.

War, Mr. Milne declares, is a convention, and a barbarous convention, he might add, with which we can well do without. Apropos, he tells a story:

"Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori"

"There was a quiet boy in our reserve battalion, fresh from school, the younger of two sons. We went out to France together to join the same service battalion of the regiment, and on the way over I got to know him a little more closely than was possible before. His elder brother had been killed a few months earlier, and he, as the only remaining child, was rather pathetically dear to his father and mother. Indeed (and you may laugh or cry as you will), they had bought for him an under-garment of chain-mail, such as had been worn in the Middle Ages to guard against unfriendly daggers, and was now sold to over-loving mothers as likely to turn a bayonet-thrust or keep off a stray fragment of shell; as, I suppose, it might have done. He was much embarrassed by this parting gift, and though, true to his promise, he was taking it to France with him, he did not know whether he ought to wear it. I suppose that, being fresh from school, he felt it to be 'unsporting'; something not quite done; perhaps even a little cowardly. His young mind was torn between his promise to his mother and his hatred of the unusual. He asked my advice: charmingly, ingenuously, pathetically. I told him to wear it; and to tell his mother that he was wearing it; and to tell her how safe it made him feel, and how certain of coming back to her. I do not know whether he took my advice. There was other, and perhaps better, counsel available when we got to our new battalion. Anyway, it didn't matter; for on the evening when we first came within reach of the battle-

zone, just as he was settling down to his tea, a crump came over and blew him to pieces. . . .

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

"But just why it was a pleasant death and a fitting death I still do not understand. . . ."

Heroes Unsung

As though there were no more fitting opportunities for self-sacrifice! Have the pursuits of peace no heroes? What about the miners who gave their lives recently in their efforts to rescue their entrapped fellows? What about our lifeboatsmen? What about the unsung heroes of the laboratory, the X-ray victims; the doctors who put their patients' lives before their own? The heroes of peace are in the main unsung. Occasionally, as in the case of the commemoration tablets which may be seen in the little churchyard near the General Post Office, London, the memory of the humble heroes of peace is kept green. To read these tablets is to realize even more poignantly than in deeds of martial heroism, the hidden divinity of human nature. Generally speaking, the fallen in a modern war are not heroes, but victims. Rather the parents who relinquish their sons to make cannon-fodder are the heroes.

The endeavour of Mr. Milne is not merely to get people to think about the problem of war, but to lead them back to the beginnings of this convention, so that they may be viewed sanely and impartially, in the cool light of reason. As thus:

"Two nations [he writes] are in dispute about something. . . . They talk; they threaten; but neither will give way. A 'state of war' is thereupon declared between them. . . . The contest is won by the nation whose Government accepts the slaughter of its men, women and children with the greater fortitude, and it is naturally a matter for constant prayer among the faithful that the slaughter of the opposing nationals shall be so intensified by God's help as to become beyond bearing. When, after a lapse of months or years, the fortitude of one Government gives way, the Government of the winning nation settles the original cause of dispute by taking as much of the loser's wealth or territory as it can profitably assimilate. . . ."

"This is war. No Church condemns it. Bishops approve heartily of it. Accredited chaplains accompany the combatants to see that the religious side of their life is not neglected.

"What does it all mean? Does one laugh or does one cry?"

As regards modern warfare, the picture that the thought of it evokes in the mind is of so appalling a nature that those in authority may well pause before plunging into the inferno. It will no longer be confined to the actual combatants. On the contrary, thousands of innocent victims are likely to be sacrificed.

What Modern Warfare Means

"Modern war," as Mr. Milne points out, "means quite definitely and without any mental escape, choking and poisoning and torturing to death thousands, probably hundreds of thousands, of women and children. Whether you are Christian or Jew, atheist or agnostic, you have got to fit acceptance of this into your philosophy of life. It is not enough to say, 'What else can nations do?' It is not enough, nor is it even true, to say: 'It has always been so.' Here is the fact now, and you have got to justify to yourself your acceptance of it; and the justification has got to be based on such ultimate truths as will always be sacred to you."

And he goes on to add that the word war has lost its meaning, and is no longer war, but "a degradation which would soil the beasts, a lunacy which would shame the madhouse".

Were it left at this, the author's denunciation of war is in itself powerful enough to make his little book very much "worth while"; but he is not content to let his ideas rest here. He proceeds, in his chapters on Arbitration and Notes for a Peace Conference, to supplement his destructive criticism by constructive ideas on how effect may be given to the collective determination of the great nations of the world to abolish war.

Although war is a convention, and as such may be ultimately allowed to fall into desuetude, it should be borne in mind that while the convention exists it affords an opportunity for the working out of collective or national karma. Too many people regard war as an inevitable concomitant of human existence, a necessity, an instrument in the hands of the Lords of Karma for

the adjustment of the balance of the accounts of mankind as a whole. If war were abolished there would remain many other channels, such as the elemental forces of nature, earthquakes, famine, flood, and so on, whereby "evil karma" could be "worked off".

The convention of war is not inescapable, still less is it a divine ordinance, a trial sent by God. To end this short note by a quotation from Mme. Blavatsky: "It is not the rector or Cosmocratore who punishes or rewards, with or without God's permission or order, but man himself—his deeds or karma, attracting individually and collectively (as in the case of whole nations sometimes) every kind of evil and calamity."

If we will peace we shall have it ; but mind and heart must be bent unswervingly towards its consummation, if the prayer, "Give us peace in our time, O Lord," is to be answered.

THE EDITOR.

SLEEP

By GARTH KERRY

With whom do we our vigils keep
In the chill grey hours of earthly sleep,
What roads traverse, what hopes fulfil
What vistas glimpse across the hill ?

Last night I dreamt that in my rest
My spirit sped on some secret quest,
I saw a Star and knew the Goal,
I held Love's vision in my soul,

I crossed the Bar with the golden sun
I saw the sky and the sea made one,
Ah, would I had died in my misty swoon,
At Dawn I awoke—too soon, too soon.

MIGDOL CARNOT

By ETHEL E. McGEACHY

The following story, if it be a story, I wrote some time ago, but never used, as it was so unusual I could not decide upon a place where it would be likely to meet with acceptance. It was related to me as fact, a fact so unusual as to be entirely out of the ordinary, yet it was implicitly believed in by the narrator, and is implicitly believed in by me. To me it is simply a recital of the details of an unusual metempsychosis.—

The Author.

I AM I, yet I am not inhabiting my own body, at least I am not inhabiting the body that was my body—the body I had lived in for twenty-two years.

How do *I*, in a body which is not mine, remember that less than six months ago I dwelt in another vehicle of pulsing clay which was mine? I do not know how I know, nor how I remember, unless my spirit is *I*, and *It* knows and remembers.

I realize that you are thinking, "She has lost her mind," but no, I have not. If I had I should not be able to remember that I have lost my body—at least my former body—for I suppose this body is my body now.

But how difficult it has been to make the adjustment to my present body, in view of present circumstances, and past relativities! Yet I am I, and I should be grateful that I have kept my identity though I haven't kept my former body, and I am grateful.

Yet it is weird, weird for one's mind to function as it did in the former body, yet to walk about in another body, to look in the mirror at the clay that houses the *I that is I*, and see a reflection utterly different from the one I formerly saw—different features, different expression, differently coloured eyes, hair, and complexion, to hear murmured as I heard last night when I had passed a group of people, "What exquisite beauty"—yet recalling other features that were not called beautiful.

"Intellectual," my father had often said of them.

My father was the president of a university. I looked after his needs, for mother was dead. We were very happy together. He was proud of me. He said I had satisfied his expectations. I was temperamentally to the things he loved, and for which he stood.

One night, my dearest friend, Hala Montrose, and I, returning

from a "Symphony", were victims of a motor accident. We were rushed to a hospital. *My* body was dead when it was placed upon the bed. Hala's was not. She lay unconscious, however, so vitally shocked that very soon "the silver cord was loosed", and the *I that I am*, whose body was dead, entered—not volitionally, but seemingly handled by a force in whose grip I was helpless—the body of my friend.

Then this body which had been hers, but which now was mine, stirred slightly and became conscious.

With consciousness came complete memory—memory of the "Symphony" and of the accident.

I asked for my father.

It was Hala's father who came to me.

"Hala darling," he murmured, kissing me tenderly. He placed his arms about me. I withdrew from him with the words, "You are not my father. You are Professor Montrose—Hala's father. Why do you call me 'Hala'? I am not she."

He placed his hand upon my brow. "My dear, you are weak. You must not become excited."

His words did excite me. "Hala," he kept saying. What did he mean? What could he mean? Surely a girl with midnight eyes and hair could not possibly resemble Hala of forget-me-not eyes and hair of spun gold.

"Please ask the nurse to bring a mirror," I said.

When it was brought I looked into it and saw the reflection of the face of Hala.

Yet, *I was I*, and I knew that *I was I*.

Identity had been preserved.

Memories of the hours spent with my father reading philosophy surged through me : memories of hours spent at my beloved piano.

At the thought of music, I looked at my hands. They were not my hands : they were Hala's hands.

Her hands and mine had been so differently fashioned—mine had been piano-fashioned.

"Oh God!" (silently). "My body is away, but I am here, here in Hala's body. . . . I—Migdol Carnot."

I looked at Hala's father. "Where is Hala?" I asked.

"Hala darling, you are right here and I am sitting beside you."

"Where is Migdol?"

"Do not be excited, Hala : your lovely Migdol is dead."

"Professor Montrose, I am Migdol—Migdol in Hala's body. It is tragic for you to hear this, but it is true. The mirror tells me that it is true. It is tragic for me also, and will be tragic for my father. Oh, bring him to me as quickly as possible. You think I am Hala, but I am not.

"Have you ever read and talked of Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and other great philosophers with me ?

"Have you ever sat with me in the evening and listened while I played Beethoven's sonatas, Chopin's nocturnes, Liszt's rhapsodies ? Have you ?"

He shook his head silently, sadly. "I shall bring Dr. Carnot," he said gently.

Later they entered my room together. My father said, "Hala dear, I am so glad to see you stronger—on the road, they tell me, to complete recovery."

"You, too !" I cried. "You, too, say 'Hala'. But no wonder, father. I have looked in the mirror, and realize that I am in Hala's body. But, father, I am Migdol—your own Migdol. Professor Montrose says Migdol is dead. Yet I am Migdol. I am she for whom you repeated scores of times when we talked of mother :

"Never the spirit was born,
The spirit shall cease to be, never ;
Never was time it was not,
End and beginning are dreams

"Deathless, and birthless, and changeless
Abideth the spirit forever ;
Death hath not touched it at all,
Dead tho' the House of it seems.

"You never repeated those lines to Hala, I am sure.

"Father, you must help me. If ever I needed help, I need it now. You must tell me what this great catalysis means, for I am sure you know."

To my great joy his face became illumined with a great understanding.

"Metempsychosis demonstrated before our very eyes, Professor Montrose, yet tragedy incomparable—incomprehensible, almost. Practical, and liveable, however, and therefore truthful.

"It is comparatively little spoken of in our time, yet it has been, and is, a belief of many great souls of the past. Undoubtedly Migdol is here. She makes good her claim by memory."

"Though my heart is saddened," replied Professor Montrose, "I am forced to believe you are right, Dr. Carnot. But 'tragedy' ! You have

said truly, 'tragedy'—to realize that while the form of Hala is here, the spirit which animated that form has taken its departure. And yet I must be glad for you, Dr. Carnot—glad that Migdol's spirit is in continuance on this plane in a body so beautiful as Hala's, and I should a thousand times rather see Hala's body thus honoured than to be conscious it was in the grave, senseless and inert, going to dust—its irrevocable destiny.

"I see this beautiful being as 'Hala': you see her as 'Migdol'. We are both bereaved, we are both blessed: yet I think it is she who will carry the heavier load, living in the body of a friend so dear to her as was Hala, but Migdol has always been 'the super-usual daughter of Dr. Carnot'—on the campus, in the lecture-rooms, everywhere that she has trod. She is fine, she is strong, she is brave, she will work out this strange *motif* in her destiny—she will be shown the way to work it out."

"Oh, you are splendid, Professor Montrose!" I exclaimed. "But I should like you both to go now, I should like to be alone with myself."

"I fear that so much talking will have exhausted you," said my father.

"Really, there is present with me no sense of having been ill," I replied. "I shall get up presently, and shall be fleet and strong. I cannot express to you the way in which the life-currents seem to be vitalizing me."

They were apparently loth to leave me, but my insistence prevailed and I found myself alone.

Alone. . . . I was one, yet two. Not Hala, not Migdol—but Hala and Migdol. I was a synthesis made up of two dissimilar antitheses. My business in the future would be to see that these enacted a balanced rôle. In other words, adjustment of the Hala body to the Migdol mind must henceforth be the key-note of my existence.

I must learn to love the Hala body as my own body. I loved it very dearly as Hala's body, but now I have to remember it is no longer Hala's body, but my own.

It has been trained to habits coincident with Hala's thinking. These will gradually be replaced by habits of my thinking.

In this work it will be reborn daily into new atmospheres, and find its work very congenial.

My task at first will be one of patience, for I am taking a body full-grown, and not as a child takes a body which gradually grows into the awakening and developing intelligence requirements of it.

I picked up the mirror lying beside me—Hala's eyes, but I back of those eyes, the thinker, the knower.

I recalled the incident of Jacob and Esau when Isaac, their father, said, "The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob." And though the analogy was by no means perfect, it fitted, to some extent, the situation in which I found myself . . . The eyes were the eyes of Hala . . . The *I* was the *I* of Migdol.

I looked down the vista of the future and saw myself being recognized as Hala—being called "Hala".

Could I go through with it ?

And what was to be my father's reaction as he read to Migdol in Hala's robe—as he saw Hala moving about his home ?

Away, my fears ! Away, my terror ! Away, *everything* that saps my courage ! I shall face this cosmic adventure with a brave heart.

In many ways I shall have a body with a greater aptitude for the varying expressions of my work than I had before. One advantage it will have is a beauty of symmetry and contour which invariably brought from people who met Hala the expression, "Is she not beautiful !" Her beauty opened the gates to appreciation by this class of mind.

But—she had not the esoteric grasp of things to make fast this impression upon acquaintance.

I had not *that* opening-of-the-gates expression to people's consciousnesses, but I had, and have, that inner grasp which secures and holds firmly all who value an acquaintance with me.

Now my acquaintance will be greatly enlarged by the Hala expression, yet my grasp will remain as strong as it was.

I must prepare myself to meet and enlighten double the number of individuals as formerly—that, of course, by training myself to this great adventure.

I rang for my nurse.

"Will you bring me some clothes ? I wish to go out."

"You will be risking your life," was the answer.

"I wish to go out," I repeated. "I must go out ; I cannot continue to lie here."

While she was absent I continued thinking. "Metempsychosis" my father had called *this*. How penetrating he was ! How clarified his vision ! How illumined his countenance when he uttered the word !

Yet what sadness succeeded illumination, for, though he recognized the "*I*" as Migdol, no longer the form I inhabited reminded him of her who was his beloved before me—my mother.

Often he had said, "You are a replica of your mother in your features . . . in your colouring." And now . . .

But I must try to recall what father said concerning metempsychosis when as a student I went to him with the word.

"Rebirth," he termed it. But I am not reborn. At least not as a babe is born. I am inhabiting a grown body.

What was the other word he had used in connection with it? "Re-embodiment." And he had said that it was factual to many persons of ancient times in Egypt, and in India. And that later some of the early Church Fathers—notably Origen, considered the greatest of them all—espoused it.

Nearer to our own time, the mystical Swedenborg, and Kingsley in his *Water-babies*, held to this conception.

After my father's talk with me on the subject—a very long time afterward—I read of a soldier who returned from the World War to his home in Kansas.

It was a farm-home. He knocked at the door early in the evening when his father, mother, brothers and sisters were sitting in the light of a log-fire.

It was his father who answered his knock. "Come in," he said hospitably. Then, looking at his uniform: "A soldier is always welcome here. Our son was a soldier: he gave his life for his country. Perhaps you knew him—stranger things have happened. Mother, children, make this lad comfortable. Get him something to eat and to drink. Then he will feel more like talking."

"Father, mother, do you not recognize me? I am Don—your son."

"You cannot be Don," the mother said. "You are fair: our son was dark. But you are welcome here."

"But, father, mother, I want to be welcomed as your son: I am your son, and, although you may never have heard anything so strange as the story I shall tell you, you must believe it."

"Another lad, Bob Wilder, and I were buddies from the time we went across. We were together in many battles, and both of us were finally injured seriously—I fatally.

"But as the soul hovers for a time over the body from which it has become separated, it witnesses the things taking place within its immediate environment.

"I, out of my body, could see Bob's body apparently inanimate. He was shocked, rather than mutilated. When in a short time he succumbed to the shock, his body still being an almost perfect vehicle in which to function, a force, I know not from where, *entered* me into the body which had been his, and made it mine.

"When my spirit began animating *it*, I was thinking of this home—of you, father and mother. I knew that I was Don in Bob's body, and I became accustomed to functioning in it.

"Then the Armistice was signed, and I knew where to come. Oh, believe that I am Don, your son, the spirit of your son, and the spirit is held to be that which persists."

As I remember, the article stated that he remained with them, and so much were his disposition and habits like those of Don, and his memories of home events such as only a son could possess, they accepted his extraordinary recital as fact.

And now my father had done a similar thing—my father, the president of a university.

What would be the reaction of faculty, students, friends, to this unusual situation?

It might cost my father his position, if he stood with me in my avowal as to being Migdol, when Migdol was being mourned as dead. But no, his resignation would not be asked for. His prestige was too great. He was necessary to the institution.

At this juncture of my thinking, the nurse brought my clothes, and in an hour I was walking across the campus.

Students, numbers of them, were going to and from lectures. "Hala! Hala!" came from a group walking toward me. "We didn't know you were out of the hospital. Hala, dear, are you all right?"

"I am not Hala, I am Migdol. I am strong and well," I replied. Then, seeing the expression in their faces, I realized that my extraordinary "hallucination", as the hospital termed it, was known probably the length and breadth of the campus.

"Come to our home to-night if you do not believe that I am Migdol, and I shall demonstrate that what I say is true. Come, and I shall deliver the lecture on Spinoza that I prepared before the terrible accident. And more, I shall deliver it without notes. You know that Hala was not a student of philosophy. Then afterwards I shall play for you one or more of the Beethoven sonatas, as I used to play them for you. Hala, you know, was not a musician."

"Your hands are too small: they are Hala's hands," said one of the girls.

"Long fingers are not essential to brilliant execution. Beethoven's hands were short, even pudgy, his fingers stubby," I countered.

They gathered around me. "You know that we shall love to come."

And they came—scores of them: one had told another. But there was room: our house and grounds were large.

The night was warm. They remained outside, and I spoke from a balcony. Faculty and student-body were well represented, and the consensus of opinion (I later heard) was, "It is Migdol."

My piano had been moved to the balcony, and in a shimmering moonlight such as must have enveloped Vienna when the "Moonlight" sonata was born, my audience was spell-bound at a rendition I had never dreamed possible to achieve.

The atmosphere seemed charged with the vibrations of the great Beethoven himself. A hush lay upon the company gathered in the garden as the final chords died away.

Then, "Migdol, Migdol! Come down! Or shall we come to you?"

"I shall come down," was my reply. Some of them met me on the stair—met me with murmurs of, "Migdol—our Migdol." Others wept, saying, "We thought you were dead."

"I am not dead: yet I am not in my old body. I have taken Hala's body for my spirit's home. It is more beautiful than my former body, and will, I feel sure, serve me well. I do not understand the change. It simply has occurred, and is, and I am satisfied with things as they are, for apparently things are as they must be. Of course, *that* is philosophy. My father has trained me well.

"And is not Hala wonderful? She responds to every impulse of my soul as if she had been to the matter and the manner trained."

Our company dispersed.

My father said, "Migdol, shall we go to the balcony? We have scarcely been alone since your accident. Word of it was telephoned me from the hospital. It was then one a.m. I did not waken the chauffeur, but drove there alone. What my feelings were I cannot describe. I found you dead. I know, dear. This is a gruesome thing for you to hear detailed, but I feel it is best that we have this talk."

"Father, do not hesitate to speak of this weird phenomenon which has come into our lives; for remember, before you came to the hospital with Professor Montrose, I had faced what you term 'the gruesome' aspect of affairs—faced it from the moment the mirror was brought to me—faced it during the hour Professor Montrose was absent looking for you.

"I wonder if there is a single aspect of the experience I did not face? Imagine looking at your body and finding it the body of another, and that other your dearest friend.

"Imagine your reaction to the fact that *you*, your real self, the *I* of you, were virtually imprisoned in that other body for an indefinite period, and that if your impulse were to beat against the bars of your

prison-house it would be a helpless, hopeless beating, for Something infinitely stronger than yourself was the Keeper of the Gates.

"Imagine, too, if you can—and I know that you can, you are so sensitive, and I am cast in your mould—how the fear that, after being beloved by many people, they might begin to avoid you because of the strangeness of a metamorphosis over which you had no control.

"Imagine having to begin to plan the way in which you would live your future with such a catalysis in your consciousness, and in the consciousness of your friends, for, father, we cannot escape paying the price of the law of cause and effect. Until the day in which I leave this body that was Hala's, this metempsychosis experience will follow me should I go to the ends of the earth.

"I shall be a 'mystery'. A thousand things will be said of me. I shall be thought weird—mad—unbalanced; and I shall be questioned.

"And now that I have revealed to you, father, a few of my reactions to the situation, you will no longer hesitate to talk of this matter.

"But, father, before you proceed, I wish to tell you: at first terror possessed me. Then memory became regnant within me—memory of your wonderful teaching; and that memory, father, gave me the poise necessary to keep me from crying out wildly—madly crying out—which reaction might have resulted in a condition that would have destroyed for ever my usefulness in the world."

"My dear," my father said, taking my hands in his and holding them; "my Migdol, it is no exaggeration to tell you that I believe you to be one of the greatest souls in flesh-embodiment to-day.

"I wonder who you were in the past—who you were before you were Migdol. You have gone beyond me whom you call teacher as well as father. Your poise, under so terrifying an experience, is sublime. And how superb you were to-night before the people—our people, our friends who so recently mourned you as dead—delivering an address that would have done credit to any American or European scholar. Then playing, as only genius plays, demonstrating mastery over the uncanny problem you have been called upon to face.

"Scores, hundreds, will recognize the marvel of it, for the great amongst us are not by any means minimizing the difficulty of the rôle that is yours to play. Neither are they minimizing the sensitiveness of your soul, which is under the necessity of dwelling, and going about in, the robe that was Hala's, though you loved her devotedly.

"I sense within you, my Migdol, a fear you have not expressed, that my reaction as we are daily together as of yore will be one of loving you less. But no: banish the thought from your consciousness.

Where formerly I loved you, I now adore you. Such divine submission and poise as you manifest is worthy of nothing less than adoration.

"Members of the faculty approached me to-night with the request that I deliver a lecture which will take up the scientific aspect of this mysterious incident. I told them I felt it your due to be consulted in the matter, and that, if you were willing, I should be glad to do so. But remember, Migdol, your case will be discussed by philosophers and scientists here and abroad.

"The faculty will make the invitation unanimous, if I indicate my willingness to accede to their request of last evening, but the decision, my dear, rests entirely with you."

"Dearest," I cried impulsively, "not only am I willing to have you acquiesce in this matter, you simply must do so."

And now there is little left to relate save excerpts from my father's lecture, the manuscript of which he placed in my hands when he was leaving to deliver it, he not requiring it, as he speaks without notes.

THE EXCERPTS

Phenomena, though not the Law, are the product of the Law by which the Law is witnessed to our consciousness. "By their fruits shall ye know them." The Hala-Migdol phenomenon has compelled our thinking on an aspect of the Law which is not usual here in the West.

I have been asked to say something about it publicly. This will necessarily bring in many things contributory to it. It strikes deeply at the cause of earthly human existences, of which but two theories are usually held—that of metempsychosis in the East, and traduction in the West.

Metempsychosis: According to the incarnation and reincarnation theories, the spirit has nothing to do with the building, nor the birth, nor the sustenance of the body at any time during the body's existence.

When the body is sufficiently advanced in construction and condition to serve the purposes of the spirit, the spirit enters, or is entered, and occupies and remains as long as conditions make continuance advisable; it then vacates it.

It is believed that many living human bodies have never had a spirit-occupant because of idiocy. Many others, having had a spirit-occupant, have been vacated for the same reason.

When a spirit enters a body, incarnation refers to the first entrance and occupancy, and reincarnation refers to the second and all subsequent occupancies. These things are held to be incontrovertible.

Traduction holds that the inception of the union of matter and spirit is of it, and in it.

That the union of matter and spirit is effected at the time of the union of the sperm and germ cells from which the body is grown.

That the spirit is inherent in, or is produced by, these physical cells at the time the body is produced, and in the same way.

That the body is mortal, and the spirit is immortal. That when the spirit leaves the body, the body is dead, most of which are without foundation.

Incarnation and reincarnation say that the House, though not occupied, is still intact for a longer or shorter period. Instances are on record which have extended over three months, six months, and even a year when the body lay in a comatose condition waiting for the return of the spirit.

Traduction says that neither body nor spirit has any existence until the union of the cells which build them, which so far as science knows, are physical cells, hence cannot produce a body of physical cells—like, in this instance, producing like, and a spirit of spiritual cells, like, in this instance, producing unlike cells, which is contrary to all that we know of natural and spiritual law.

To get over this difficulty, as no spiritual element has been found in the original cells, nor in the embryo, nor in the foetal child, they assign different times for the beginning of spirit-manifestation. Some say this begins at the time of the union of the cells, others say in the embryo, others in the second month, others in the fourth month, others in the fifth month, others at six years of age, and others say there is no spirit-manifestation until the age of puberty.

Dreamers leave the body and roam the world at night-time, return to their house in the morning, remembering many of their experiences while abroad.

Sleepers, it is held by all psychologists, travel during sleep, and re-enter their bodies on their return to wakefulness. . . . A vacant house is, in no sense, a dead body.

Dual Personality to my mind is two personalities alternating the occupancy of the same body. Sometimes these personalities are of quite dissimilar dispositions. When one of them is at home, things run pleasantly. When the other is there, all things seem to go wrong.

Traduction holding the person spoken of as one person, and at the same time making room for the change of expression in the individual, argues that such a one is temporarily insane—has spasms of temporary insanity. But to my mind they are cases of Dual Personality which border on metempsychosis, which means rebirth, another occupancy of a different body.

Dissimilarity of temperament in children of the same parentage *outlaws tradition*.

Men, in all countries, and in all ages, have known of this experience, and many have lived through it. It is sometimes preceded by wandering, sometimes by illness, but all pass through a Something which is analagous to death—not death of the body in all cases, death of memory and individuality, all of which things are, in a sense, akin to death. Some actually pass through the death of the body, and find themselves alive in another body. This last is actual re-embodiment. Metempsychosis complete.

Taylor, the scientist says, "One of the most notable points in the theory of Metempsychosis is its close bearing upon a thought, which lies very deeply in the history of philosophy, seen in the development theory of organic life in successive stages. Metempsychosis being brought about within the successive lives of the same individual.

Draper, the biologist, says, "Our bodies are changing continuously by the continuous breaking and building of the cells that compose it, at the rate of one hundred million to every heart-beat."

Others say we completely change our bodies every seven years. If this be true, and we have every evidence that it is true, what St. Paul says must be true also, "We die daily." And to die means to die, whether successionaly or suddenly. And to be reborn successionaly, or suddenly, in no way changes the fact of rebirth—old ideas notwithstanding.

Very few persons known at seven years of age would be known as the same person at seventeen, and, known at seventeen, would not be known at twenty-seven. After that time, one greatly ceases changing until one begins to decline. . . .

What is the difference between changing suddenly, and changing successionaly, when one change is as definite as the other? In either case, it is metempsychosis: the old body is taken care of as the years go along.

The medicine-men of all primitive peoples—the people nearest to nature—are believed to be the reincarnation of some former medicine-men.

Many living Buddhas of to-day are held to be the reincarnation of some Buddha of the past, and no man living can successfully challenge this claim. Yet these are no more remarkable than many cases which came to light after the World War.

Sudden metempsychosis, or going out of a dead body into a living one, where one is another, and yet the same individual, having passed through the intervening catalyses incident to the change, has been done by many persons, many times, in dreams. Yet this is no more

wonderful than that a dead man should become a living man by being cast into the cave where lay the bleaching bones of the Jewish prophet Elisha.

So for Migdol to be out of her own body, and suddenly entered into a body not her own body, would suit the terms of the natural, though unusual, course of procedure. Or for St. Paul to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Some say that this statement of Paul's must be taken in a religious sense. St. Paul evidently took it in the biological sense, for he adds, by way of explanation, "The Life I now live in the flesh."

Thus we have not a physical "traduction" as the author of spirit-life, but an eternal spirit-life, separate and independent of the physical, entering and occupying a physical tabernacle for a shorter or longer period of time, as convenience, necessity, and Law may determine.

During the period of my father's lecture, I was at home reading his manuscript, so conclusive of metempsychosis that members of the faculty, guest professors, and the papers later declared, "No one can successfully take issue with Dr. Carnot's position. He has interpreted in masterly fashion the Hala-Migdol phenomenon."

While not personally requiring to have proven the phenomenon of metempsychosis—being the subject of it, with the proof within myself—my gratitude to my father for his public utterances is with me continually. He has made lighter my task.

A TEMPLE SUMMER

By BEATRICE LANE SUZUKI

The name of Madame Suzuki is inseparably linked in the West with the teaching of Zen Buddhism. Our contributor here unveils the mystery of the Koan, or special meditation-subject, and shows how, by its means, illumination may be attained.

THE renowned teacher of Zen and Abbot of Engakuji, the Rev. Sōyen Shaku, with his faithful companion Daisetz Suzuki, I had already met in America some years before.

Count Keyserling, in his *Travels of a Philosopher*, characterizes him thus: "I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the Abbot Sōyen Shaku of Kamakura, the head of the branches of the Zen sect. I have never yet had such an impression of inwardness coupled with equal martial energy."

When, later on, I came to Japan and had the desire to study Zen, I presented myself one summer day at Tokeiji, the Rev. Abbot's private temple. But as he was about to set out on a lecture trip he suggested that I go instead to the Rev. Tenshin, then the Abbot of Engakuji. On the following day, I found myself in the little room of Rev. Tenshin Hirota, the Abbot of Engakuji Temple. I made my bow before him and then looked up, and, as our gaze met, I knew that the relation of teacher and pupil, which karma had already forged, had come to recognition.

Yes, he agreed, I might study Zen under him, and, if I liked, I might sit in the Zendo (Meditation Hall) with the monks and attend the Special Sesshin meetings.

I walked back thoughtfully to the sub-temple where I was living and sat pondering on the workings of karma which had brought me, an American, to a Japanese home and now to sit spiritually at the feet of a Buddhist teacher. The bell for the evening service struck, and the old priest entered the Hondō (main hall) and I heard him intone the scripture of True Knowledge (Prajñā) before the statue of the Buddha. The great cryptomeria trees cast their shadows over the temple building, and an evening singing insect began its infinitesimal song.

The next evening, instead of my usual dress, I put on a loose black robe, that I might not be too conspicuous among the monks, and went to the Sōdō for Sarei. In the large, matted room, the monks seated themselves quietly and silently. I took my place among them. A large cushion was put at the end of the room, midway between the two rows of monks. This was for the Abbot, who presently entered in formal attire. When he was seated, tea and cake were brought and put before each person present.

The Abbot, or rather Rōshi or Rōdaishi, which he is called when he is taking the part of spiritual teacher,* made some remarks in regard to the Sesshin period. Then the Rōshi and the monks drank tea together.

After this I went to the Rōshi's house. This time he did not receive me in his private sitting-room but in the large room used for his Sanzen interviews. Before I went in, I was instructed by his monk attendant how to act. With folded hands I walked slowly through a long passage-way to the large room, and there, in the half-light—for a candle was used—I perceived the Rōshi sitting quietly on his cushion at the end of the room. I advanced a few steps and then made three low bows. Then I advanced a few steps farther and knelt before him. He gave me the Koan (the subject for my meditation) and some advice, after which I made three low bows again and left the room. Now I was truly a Zen novice.

Next morning the head monk took me to the Zendo and showed me where I was to sit during the practice. He led me before the statue of Monju, the Bodhisattva, and then explained to me the customs for behaviour in the Zendo. After this I took my place at the end of the line of monks and marched with them into the Hondō (Chapel).

The Rōshi entered and offered incense to the Buddha, while the monks made a short recitation to the rhythmical accompaniment of a wooden time-keeper called a *mokugyo*.

Then Hakuin's Song of Meditation was recited.

The lecture itself lasted about an hour, and at its end the Four Great Vows were repeated three times.

"How innumerable sentient beings are, I vow to save them all ;

* Some large temples have both an Abbot and a Rōshi.

"How inexhaustible our evil passions are, I vow to exterminate them ;

"How immeasurable the holy doctrines are, I vow to study them ;

"How inaccessible the path of Buddhas is, I vow to attain it."

The Rōshi retired, followed by the monks, while I proceeded to the Zendo (Meditation Hall).

All Zendos are quietly situated, but that of Engakuji is perhaps the quietest of all, seeming truly removed from the ordinary world, so silent and simple is its environment. The silence is broken only by the occasional intoning of the sutra in honour of Kwannon to the accompaniment of the striking of a large and musical bell. By bell, I do not mean what we understand by bell in Europe and America. Those used in temples are large, hanging, tongueless bells, struck from the outside like a gong. In the grounds of Engakuji is one of the largest bells of this kind in Japan.

A mat at one end of the hall near the Monju statue was allotted to me. Here I sat for many hours on my cushion, revolving in my mind the Koan, and endeavouring to discover its meaning.

The evening meditation is the most important. After my early supper I went again to the Zendo. After sitting for a time the gong was struck to announce that it was time for Sanzen, or interview with the Rōshi. At ordinary times, Sanzen takes place twice a day, but at Sesshin periods four or more times. I went but once, always in the evening. What passes between the Rōshi and his disciple is never to be repeated ; what views have been presented, what results of understanding obtained, are secrets in the sense that they are private concerns between the Rōshi and his pupil. Any discussion of the Koan and the Sanzen is frowned upon.

To speak of the Koan in an ordinary way seems to be only nonsense. One of the Koans given to beginners is : What is the sound of one hand (*Sekishu no koe*), another is One Mind, One Buddha (*Soku Shin Soku Butsu*).

The Koan is a phrase or even only one word which has apparently no meaning. The student takes this Koan and dwells with it in consciousness. He is not to reason about it,

but, by holding it in consciousness, seeks so to identify himself with it that it will eventually reveal its meaning to him. The Rōshi will demonstrate one by one all his philosophical and religious reflections. In fact, it is not to be reflected upon as we understand reflection, but—to put it in words as nearly as words can be made to do service—it has to be intuitively perceived. When the student has solved the Koan he will feel that he knows the secret of the universe. This sudden awakening to Ultimate Truth is called Satori. Thus Zen becomes the key for grasping the spirit of Buddhism, even the spirit of life.

The Sesshin of Engakuji lasts for a week and takes place every month except during September and March. During this special week, the monks make extra efforts to solve their Koans, spending more time in meditation. I was kindly permitted to continue my meditation in the Zendo. I did so in the evenings.

I also took part in some winter Sesshins, but it is the Engakuji summer which stands out most clearly in my mind. The setting for the summer meditation was beautiful. The grove of Engakuji temple is composed of giant cryptomeria trees. The red carp sport in the little pond beneath the window, sometimes a soft wind waves the leaves of the bamboo and the *bashō* (banana plant). The impressive effect of quietude and serenity is due to the number and beauty of these trees.

The Shariden, or Hall, for the Sacred Relic is under special Government protection, as it is considered to be a perfect model of the Sung style of Chinese architecture.

My teacher, Rōshi Tenshin, is no longer living, but he holds a clear place in my memory. My temple summers at Engakuji remain ever with me, for they gave to me a unique experience, which has become an integral part of my life.

What is Zen? Zen is the name of a Japanese Buddhist sect divided into three branches, Rinzai, Sōtō and Ōbaku, the first one stressing the practice of meditation. It was introduced into Japan about 700 years ago by Eisai, the founder of Kenninji Temple of Kyoto. Its teachings have always appealed to the intellectual and military classes, and Zen has had much to do with cultural and artistic forms in Japan, such as the tea-ceremony, flower arrangement, the Nō drama, painting, sculpture and a certain way of life, *Zenmi*, which may be defined as an appreciation of æstheticism and austerity.

Zen differs from other forms of Buddhism in that it claims to transmit the essence and spirit of Buddhism directly from its founder, independent of written document or literary agency.

Zen is unique in its approach to religious experience, because it eschews outer aids and teaches that the ultimate truth is to be realized in oneself through one's own efforts. Books and sermons may be helpful but not strictly necessary. Zen is a discipline, and freedom is to be found in practical life and the maturing of the mind through meditation. When this maturing forces an awakening it is called Satori—seeing into Truth, the opening of the Spiritual Eye. Zen directs its attention to enlightenment and stresses this aspect, not only in Buddhism, but in all religion ; for the Zen idea is to be found in Christianity, and in Islam as well as in Buddhism.

Zen encourages meditation, yet it is more than meditation : it is a liberator of the energies of men. It strives for a direct, immediate, personal, living understanding of the ultimate fact of life. The Koan is its tool, but a tool only to help on the flowing of the life stream to the goal.

The work of the temple is done by the monks. The monastery is supported by their work and their begging. When not working, they are meditating. But attached to every Zen monastery is a group of lay followers who are striving to attain to reality and then to benefit by that glimpse of reality in living the practical life of the world.

Poetry, art and religion are fused in Zen. Personal experience becomes richer for the practice. I have found it so, and offer it to those who search for Truth, Serenity and Peace of Mind.

THE GARDENER

By MARY WINTER WARE

In this poem I have tried to tell the story of Glastonbury as simply as possible. Much of it is imaginary ; much is true. I have woven the story around the Holy Grail and the Holy Thorn, through the centuries up to the present day. The Holy Thorn is not easy to find now, not even in Glastonbury ; but wherever is the True Elevation of the Chalice, there, indeed, is the SANGRÉAL.—The Author.

PART I.

Simeon : Jerusalem.

Here 'neath the shining globes of apple fruit*
Hanging all golden mid their silver leaves,
I sit and dream my dream of other days
When I, a youth, aflame with love of life
And all they offer, walked these garden paths
With joyous feet ; heart tuned to loveliness
Of nature's harmonies. At dawn I rose
Ever to music of a myriad sounds :
Music of running water, singing birds,
Of swaying lily-buds upon the breeze.

This morning I awakened with the sun,
But I am old that once was young, and since
My back is bent with years of labouring,
His glory had arisen o'er the hills ;
Ere this beloved garden welcomed me
As one would welcome a beloved friend,
With glowing heart and smile of graciousness.
Alas ! my friend, my master walks no more
Within his garden ; yet 'tis for his sake
And for the sake of Him my master's friend
Who lay for three days mid its lonely peace,
And on the third day walked its loveliness ;
That feeble hands still find some work to do,
And feeble feet still wander in its shade.

Thou dost not know the story, sir ? Then thou
Art stranger in our land. But rest awhile
Beneath this mulberry and I will bring
Some bread and fruit with honey from the hive ;

*Probably the apricot, which is abundant in Palestine,

Wine of my master's vintage such as he
 Would offer thee as ever was his wont
 When travellers came weary to his gate.

'Twas on a day in spring, like unto this,
 Nigh threescore years ago. Upon the hills
 Against dark glossy leaves, the myrtle tree
 Bore the white scented wonder of her flowers,
 As though foretelling her triumphant days
 When at the great Feast of Ingathering*
 With joy she calls her sister trees to share
 (Olive and pine, willow and pomegranate)
 In thanksgiving for our deliverance
 From forty years of exiled wandering.
 My heart was singing and my feet were light
 And swift to answer the beloved feet
 Of him my master Joseph as he came
 Across the sward beneath the sycamore.

Then I beheld his face all sorrowful,
 And, since his sorrow meant my sorrow too,
 I ran to him with silent questioning,
 For my poor lips were dumb before the pain
 That looked from out his eyes. At length he spoke :
 "Go, Simeon," he said, "within the house,
 And with all haste bid thou my servant bring
 Of all my wine cups the most precious one,
 Precious, thou know'st, since down the centuries
 It comes from fathers' fathers. I have heard
 The news that He, my Master, will to-night
 Eat of the Passover with those His friends
 The twelve whom He has chosen to Himself.
 Simeon, I have not loved Him as I might,
 Nor followed Him as my heart prompted me,
 For, as thou know'st, I am a man of wealth,
 And He is poor, and I have been ashamed
 To mingle with the crowds that followed Him ;
 Have hated squalor, meanness, poverty ;
 Have feared the Romans, feared the Pharisees ;
 Have followed Him afar off silently,
 Craving with all my soul to go with Him,
 Craving with all my pride to stand apart :
 But now my pride is broken, and my soul
 Nigh broken also, since He looked on me
 But now, when passing through the city gate."

* The Feast of Tabernacles

The cup He bade me bring was more than rare,
 None other in the world like unto it,
 So ancient was it, none could ever tell
 When it was fashioned, nor who fashioned it.
 From out all time the lords of Arimath
 Had treasured it, and through the ages held
 Its beauty priceless. Some there are who say
 When Lucifer had fall'n by Michael's sword,
 A stone of marvellous splendour fell from Heaven,
 And from this stone, the loving offering
 Of myriad Angels (ere the sin of pride
 Had seized that mighty spirit), man had made
 A vessel beautiful and full of light,
 More meet for heaven's vintage than for earth's.

With trembling hands my master took the cup,
 Then left the garden, turning citywards,
 And all his bearing breathed an agony
 Of spirit such, till then, I had not seen
 In my beloved master. Sir, I cannot tell
 To any ear the horror of the night
 That followed, nor the torture of those days,
 Those three long, weary days of nothingness,
 When from a thankless world the Light was gone.
 'Twas said by some who told it afterward
 A promise He had made to rise again,
 But on that cruel night we dreamed it not,
 Night of that day on which we saw Him die
 The death, of traitors and the death of thieves ;
 Yea, and as now we know, the death of Death,
 For He, my master's Friend, is Lord of Death
 And conqueror of Death, since He is God.

Thou sayest I blaspheme and utter words
 Beyond mine understanding? Nay, not so,
 For we who know Him hold Him in our hearts
 Enshrined for ever. E'en as once enshrined,
 Yonder in Joseph's tomb, His Body lay,
 Brought thither by His friends for burial,
 Folded mid perfumed breath of Araby
 Crushed from the hearts of frankincense and myrrh.

'Twas on the sixth day of the week He died,
 And ere the sun had set my master came
 Swiftly and bade me, with all haste, prepare

The sepulchre before the Sabbath dawned—
His own fair sepulchre that he had made
Deep in the beauty of his garden's heart,
New and unspotted, white and very fair.

So fell the night, and with her falling came
The women who had loved and followed Him
Even to death, to offer all they had
Of spices, precious with their love and tears,
And when was given all they had to give,
They left Him resting. Then the soldiers came
And closed the doorway with a mighty stone,
Sealing it fast, and o'er it set a watch.
So passed that night ; so passed the Sabbath day ;
And all who loved Him mourned with breaking heart,
Forgetful of His promise, for the pain.

*Then flamed the great First Day across the world,
And Heaven to Earth flung wide her gates of peace.*

I am an old man now, and time has wrought
For me his many joys and sorrowings,
But at that First Day dawning I was young
And up betimes : scarce were the birds astir,
Only a distant twittered fluttering
Told of their presence. Overhead there swung
The red-tipped starlike flowers of incense trees,
And on the distant plains, like dancing girls
The scarlet, silken-clad anemones
Swayed on the music of the morning air.
Mid saffron crocuses and sesame.
With beating heart attune to nature's own,
And singing her own song, I went my way.
Suddenly, within my path, there came
Running, and with all haste, one whom I knew
Among His friends, Mary of Magdala.
Ever had Mary's beauty been renowned,
But in the former days 'twas that of Earth,
The days before her sin-stained soul had seen
Its sinfulness quenched by the living Light
Burning within the eyes of Him, her Lord.

"Simeon, O Simeon !" she cried,
"Lo ! I have seen the Lord, and lo ! He lives !
Mine eyes at first were blinded and I thought

'Twas thee their sorrow saw amid the flowers ;
 And then, oh, then ! upon mine ears there fell
 A voice which all my soul stood still to hear,
 As the beloved Master spoke my name,
 'Mary' ! At that I fell to kiss His feet,
 Crying, 'Rabboni !'

'Touch Me not,' He said,
 'But haste and bid my friends to Galilee,
 And say I go before to meet them there.' "

Thus Mary, and went swiftly on her way
 While I alone stood silent, worshipping
 An unseen presence, and about my head
 The morning breeze seemed, in its mystic stir,
 Like some pure pinion of an Angel's wing.

That is the story, save that He, the Christ
 (For this we knew Him, now since our poor eyes
 Were opened) walked on Earth for forty days,
 Appearing unto many, teaching those
 Whom He would leave to follow in His steps,
 And bidding them go forth throughout the world
 Proclaiming the good news to all mankind ;
 And after He had taught them all He willed,
 He left them, and about Him softly came
 A cloud that hid His beauty from their eyes,
 As, watching, He ascended into Heaven.

And dost thou marvel at my story, Sir ?
 Yet he, my master, Lord of Arimath,
 Because of it and of its very truth
 These many years long since hath sailed away
 To distant lands to preach the living Christ
 To those who sit in darkness and in death.
 And I, his servant, ne'er again shall see
 That form I love, nor hear those eager steps
 Amid the lilies at the hour of dawn.
 Yet, since a greater love than mine hath need
 Of him, he could but follow, leaving all :
 His home, his friends, his wealth and high estate.
 But ere he went he called me to his side
 And bade me tend this garden which he loved
 As I had ever tended it with joy,
 Since now 'twas doubly precious in his eyes,
 Precious with emeralds of a score of springs,
 Precious with pearls of sacred memories.

Behold the Sepulchre beyond the trees :
 I guard its beauty daily, and I pray
 That when this old, tired heart of mine shall cease
 Its beating, it may rest within the shade
 Of the great stone that once was rolled away
 Before the Master Gardener's conquering feet !

So Joseph, going, blessed me, bade farewell,
 And passed without the gate.

With him he took

His well-belovèd son, who bears his name,
 The cup he held more sacred than all else,
 And my poor parting gift, a branch of thorn,
 That I had cut and fashioned to a staff
 To be his stay when weary, journeying.
 With that strong staff he carried all the love
 I bore for him.

Thou must not tarry, Sir ?

The Lord be with thee, and His face make shine
 Upon thee, and to thee His blessing give. . . .
 Joseph, my master, he of Arimath . . .
 Was that his step ? Nay, I am growing old,
 And yet methought his voice called "Simeon".

(End of Part I)

SEEING THE INVISIBLE

By WALTER WYNN

Science is being forced more and more to a recognition of the illusory nature of the Visible. The Real is the Invisible. It is seen with the eye of the mind rather than with the eye of flesh. Mr. Wynn, in the present contribution, sets out to prove, in his own ingenious style, the Reality of the Invisible. This is the true clairvoyance.

A SINGULAR feature of one's experience in this world is the surprise expressed by most human beings when one refers to the Invisible. All that you have to do to give a shock to minds similar to Father Thurston's is to express your certain knowledge about another world and its inhabitants. To convince them of the truth of your statements you would need a photograph, but it is doubtful whether this would have much effect. They are born with the Thomas intellect. These are the people to whom Christ referred: they will not believe though one rise from the dead. The Invisible and its possibilities to them is an absurdity. They pity you if you believe in it. You are a sad case. You ought to see a doctor at once!

In replying to these genial souls it would be possible to use technical and scientific terms which nine out of ten of them would fail to understand. This is the defect of most of the articles I read. Their authors have not sufficiently assimilated their knowledge to enable them to arrest the hungry boy in the Strand staring at hot tarts in a restaurant window. A severe test! I propose to adopt my own test, but I make it only to justify the treatment of my present subject. I am not a master of what Goethe called "the Art that conceals Art", but I propose to try to write so simply that the Man-in-the-Street will be interested, and any boy outside the tart shop will understand, although it would be quite easy to illustrate our subject by using the terminology of the sciences taken from botany, chemistry, astronomy, and many others.

Permit me to assume that my reader is one of the genial sceptics to whom I have referred. I ask him to allow me to try to prove that the Invisible is more real than the Visible. He will be surprised to hear, for instance, that he has never seen himself.

He has been and is quite invisible. None of us has seen himself. A microscopic bit of matter started each of us on life's journey in darkness and invisibility, but the evidence is complete that we were born into the world. Yet the body of each of us is not what we call "I". That is still invisible. By no method of reasoning can we work to the conclusion that the body of each person is the "I". The "I" is never seen. If my reader will think over this fact he will see more and more in it.

With the "I" in our bodies (moved about as the "I" dictates) I ask the boy outside the tart shop to take a run with me into the country—anywhere. I ask him to tell me if he can detect the *causes* of the grass of the fields, the flowers, the trees, the fruits, the vegetables. He stares at me in bewilderment, as if he longed for the Strand again! I then try to explain to him how they get there. He instantly wants to see the things I tell him *are* there, but I have to say: "I cannot show them to you, dear boy, because they are all invisible." Then in nomenclature differing from Mr. Bernard Shaw's, but equalling it in mental perception, he blurts out: "Oh, blow it all, if I can't see 'em." Mr. Shaw satirically enquired about "Maida Vale flats" in the next world, and the late Mr. Justice McCardie patronized the intellect of Sir Oliver Lodge because Raymond had told his Father about some cigars Justice McCardie had never seen! Thus the psychical and invisible get mixed up with the material Universes as much in the intellects of truly great men as in the mind of the boy outside the tart shop. His name is Billy. I enjoy his company.

I have great hope of the rising generation if they get sufficient to eat. A boy will listen. A moment comes when he really wishes to know. Hence I ask the little chap *where the Earth came from?* "Blowed if I know." I tell him it came out of the Invisible. He laughs and says, "Oh! that's all blarney"; but after telling him about a thing called Ether—(never seen)—and how by a sort of tremble in it all the stars began slowly to appear, and after millions of years how one of them got near another called our sun, and drew out of it a burning mass of stuff in cigar shape which began to whirl round and round and became our world, while the causes of it were never seen—he burst out laughing, and charged me with being funnier than Dan Leno! I then told him there were thousands of funnier things coming to light, and suddenly asked him who made the table at home on which he had his dinner.

"Dad," he replied. I told him Thought made it. "Thought," he replied, "who's that bloke?" It was impossible not to smile! I had heard so many questions similar to it from the best-trained minds. I watched Billy's mind gradually open, as I have watched some of theirs, to the reality of psychical phenomena. "But, Billy, you must see that it required Thought to decide how to make the table." "Sure," said Billy. I was getting on, so I continued:

"Well, I want you to think about the fact that you have never seen Thought, and therefore if your Dad needed it to make the table, it was needed to make your Dad, you and all of us, and you cannot think of yourself as possessing Thought if Thought had nothing to do with producing you. Yet you have never seen what produced you."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Billy, "that's true."

"Then you see what I mean, Billy?"

"Yes, I see."

"See what?"

"What you say," replied Billy, staring at me.

"Then you have seen the Invisible Thought."

Billy laughed like a schoolboy and exclaimed:

"Blimey! I'm learning!"

"Well now, my dear boy, what invisible Genius and Power having Thought was needed to produce the following? I will only mention a few things. Your eye to see me. Your ear to hear me. The wing of a bird to enable it to fly. There you have three out of millions of things evidently produced after Somebody had done some thinking. Yet we have never seen that Somebody. He is invisible. If your Dad had made the table so that the legs were on the top of it, you would think he was mad. Nothing is made in Nature upside down. The eye, the ear, the moon, the star—everything is in its right place. Yet the One who made it is Invisible. You will never see Him with your two eyes."

"Shall I ever see him?" asked the boy with keen look.

"I hope so, but it will be in the same way that you saw what I meant just now. That was as real to you as Dad's table, wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Billy decisively.

"Then, Billy, could you believe me when I tell you that those we have loved still live, though we do not see them? You ought to be able to do so, for we never see electricity, but we know it exists. When you use a magnet to draw steel filings, you never see the magnetism. In fact, what you don't see is the cause of what you do see."

I paused. Billy said he would like me to tell him more, because he lost his Mother when he was four, and he was certain he saw her once since then!

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "quite possible. So you see the Invisible can become visible at times, just as Love and Anger, which we never see, can manifest themselves; and many things now not seen become visible when means are used to see them. Look, Billy, over there (as we say) into the depths of Space, do you see a little white spot?"

"Yes."

"Well; if you gazed at it through some telescopes you would see it split up into millions of stars like the Milky Way over our heads."

"Gosh!" was all Billy could say, for he was *seeing the Invisible*. I left him feeling sure his inner eye had been opened.

Now, in exactly the same way as Billy saw things he had never seen before, so the minds of many of us have gradually opened to the fact that the Universe is a spiritual creation, and that everything we see is produced by what we do not see. In other words the Visible is the product of the Invisible. Everything, according to the latest science, is stamped with Design. The argument of Butler's *Analogy* still holds, and can be applied as never before. It is impossible to conceive of Thought being manifested in anything by Force or Power which has no Thought in it. And we cannot think of Thought as a creative Power existing at all except in a Person. Thus we reach a definition of the word *God*. We need this word in any effort at logical reasoning about the Universe in which we find ourselves. Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out the deep significance of our instincts. These demand the most careful consideration. Premonition, clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, divining, and many other things are very real, but all lead us into invisible realms of being. The Greeks used a wonderful word as applied to Man. To them he was an *αρκη* (*arkē*—a beginning), i.e. he had creative power in himself. But that surely

makes his creation all the more wonderful? Man emerges as between two Eternities—the Invisible Past and the Invisible Future—and passes over the Film of existence as a Visible Ghost, who knows in his innermost being that he is connected with the Invisible. The mystics in all ages have tried to express this sublime mystery. Wordsworth, who listened to Nature's music penned the words :

In trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

The Inner Eye sees—actually sees—more than the Eye of Flesh. And in the ultimate issue of things the Psychic Vision will prove itself the more real.

It is this conclusion that enables us to understand the text : "He endured as seeing him who was invisible" (Heb. xii, 27). Moses was not the only man called upon to face great foes and difficulties. Millions of men and women have found life a struggle, but they have borne their testimony that some Invisible Power was upholding them. They endured. They suffered. They won through. They have affirmed that Prayer was heard, that the Eye that never sleeps watched over them. Amy Johnson had this feeling during her perilous flight. Are we all deluded? Let Emerson answer with his flashing insight into the practical working of spiritual laws. Allow some immortal passages in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* to give light to our eyes. Is it impossible to live in the "Everlasting Yea"? Bring forth the Book of Isaiah again, with other biblical treasures, and ring out the assurances of what the Eye hath *not* seen, and what glories await us in the Invisible. Shout to the modern world the triumphant optimism of St. Paul, who regarded our sorrows as light and trivial things compared with that which awaits us. Philosophic and scientific dryasdust arguments about God shall not deceive us. We will face everything bravely by the help of Him who said : "The pure in heart shall *see* God."

FIRS AND BIRCHES

By M. MEAD

Nature speaks to us in the whisper of the leaves, and in the roar of the mighty wind sweeping through the forest. Always the mystic "looks up from Nature to Nature's God".

COME out from the city to where the silver birches sing. In summer their tiny leaves make music, in winter their slender branches keep up the melody. On the edge of the woods they sing their sweetest. Songs of greeting, songs of happiness and repose, for those who lie in the dappled shade; and for those who toil along the hard road, songs of the valiant heart.

On the edge of the wood stand the silver birches, behind them the pine trees, dark almost to cruelty—cruelty, the darkest thing in life.

Great fir forests have no fringe of silver birches. Like night, the forest has no use for singing, but moans in answer to the wind, like a life without love, a life of tears unshed. Tears are the overflow of love, great splendid love, dear, lovely love singing always on the edge of life. Through the dark forest of despair the wind of life moans eternally, finding no singing and no tears. The boundless forest, miles of fir trees, little or no undergrowth, a carpet of soft mould, cones, needles, turf, all rotted to a firm texture.

Heavy scent dulls the senses, the fascination of it draws the wanderer on; further and further into the forest, darker the way, deeper the silence.

No light comes in between the red stems, the way out and the way in are sealed till the day of judgment. The dark forest grows darker, fir trees everywhere, nothing but fir trees, the passing of joy, the end of hope. Why go on? Why battle with the terrible trees? Let them do their worst. They come in closer, the light of day gone, the horror grows darker, life itself passing. The fir trees of the forest of despair.

"Bois épais, redouble ton ombre."

Where the silver birches border the woodland there is no need to fear; the time of waiting is long, the way difficult, tears

are deep on the ground, like salt pools, tears of those who watched and worked. They were not lost in the forest of despair, but worked through into the sunlight. In the singing of the trees lives hope. The music is faint, too lovely for earth, pointing the certainty of things we think are out of reach.

The trees are faithful to their Maker, full of willing service, making no confusion in their grasp of simple truth, and passing on their secrets to those humans who listen and understand.

The young birches make a grey-green cloud lying soft in the spring air; for them there is no forest of despair. They will have no sturdy oaks, no nervous aspens, no alders with rival silver on their upturned leaves, no shallow-rooted elms that fall in a high gale, no intense beeches, no important chestnuts, no superior poplars aspiring to the stratosphere. Nothing will they tolerate but young, gay, silver birches, who understand each other and play the game.

The silver birch is a brave tree, taking no notice of high winds or cruel frosts, all it asks is plenty of depths for its roots, that it may reach down to where water never fails. Singing and happiness belong to souls deep rooted, that stand firm through storm and frost and never lack refreshing, they wait on courage and carry on right through the forest of despair, with hands stretched out to those who tremble and are sad. The sunset breeze comes up between the trees where the silver birches stand, the red sun's kisses tremble on their tiny leaves, the day is done and night, beloved of dreams, has come again.

The gentle birch tree lives no longer; it is felled. Arrived at its best maturity, the woodman comes to do his task. The contractor cares nothing for silvery shimmering or mystic singing, he orders the required birchwood, the woodman fells the trees. How much does the tree know of the life beyond the felling? Born to please and cheer, to enchant and fill the thirsty soul with beauty, what may it know of all it does after its gentle life is taken, its straight, standing beauty felled to earth?

The silver birches are true to the poor humans, light-hearted and lovely, they live and die to serve. Who shall reveal their song? Their silver shining, full of hope? Their message is for all; fine drawn and nimble, they sway with the breeze, they love life and are happy. The wind and the sun, these are their loves; their beauty is their own, their maker is their God,

THEOSOPHY, POLITICS AND RELIGION

By J. W. HAMILTON-JONES

In the following Transaction of the Phoenix Lodge of the Theosophical Society, the President, Mr. J. W. Hamilton-Jones, points out the futility of any project for a Utopia other than that based upon the efforts of the "Individual".

IT is an unfortunate fact that the general public has become accustomed to associate Theosophy and the Theosophical Society with a political policy on the one hand, and with a sect of the Christian religion on the other.

There is no doubt that a good deal of confusion was caused, even amongst Theosophists themselves, by the late President of the Theosophical Society owing to her activities in certain political and religious circles, but it cannot be too strongly stated that Theosophy and the Theosophical Society can have no connection, official or otherwise, with any political party, national or international, nor with any religion, religious order or sect. The Theosophical Society is and always has been an international organization, and its members are drawn from men and women of widely different nationalities and from all levels of the social scale, with the object to study the evolutionary philosophy and ethics of humanity. Moreover, these men and women have come into the Theosophical Society because they are interested in its teachings.

That Theosophists are agreed on the main principles of Theosophy is evident because otherwise they would not belong to the Society at all, and since it is wholly unnecessary for any person to forsake his religion or his political views in order to join the Theosophical Society, it is evident that Theosophists, whilst agreeing to accept the principles of a Universal Brotherhood, for example, may disagree upon both political and religious issues. This state of affairs is inevitable where individuals are concerned, yet in spite of this Theosophy has some very definite teachings in regard to both politics and religion.

It is common knowledge that Theosophy proclaims a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, caste,

sex, or colour, and it proclaims this law to a world whose very life is based upon such distinctions. At the present time the peoples of the world labour under conditions of hidebound national idiosyncrasies and prejudices, and the different races have erected barriers which are largely insurmountable. Racial characteristics play a fundamental part in the affairs of a world so organized that each separate race views its own problems as of paramount importance and selfishly disregards the point of view of those foreign to it. Pride, prejudice, autonomy, patriotism, trade, religion, all are invoked to maintain national integrity, and to oppose any and every idea which it is thought might weaken its effectiveness and power.

The nations, however, are made up of individuals, and these individuals differ amongst themselves; therefore in so called democratic countries the politics are usually subservient to the desires of the majority of the individuals of which the nation is composed.

Let us consider this from the Theosophical point of view. Of the approximate number of individuals who are evolving upon our planet let us compute very roughly that one-third are incarnated, whilst two-thirds are resting in the after-death states. The main centres of the world's population, in millions, are approximately: India, 315; China, 420; U.S.A., 120; Russia, 108; Europe, 380; Japan, 77; South America, 80.

Let us assume that the average life of the human being is 50 years—then 40 million people pass into incarnation every year and 40 million pass out, or, more simply, over 100,000 babies are born daily somewhere on the planet and 100,000 people die.

Although there are only three main root-races extant at the present time, viz. Negroes, Mongolians and Aryans, there are some seventy different nationalities, exclusive of tribes, aborigines, etc. Now, since nothing happens by chance, we may well ask ourselves how we managed to incarnate into the particular race, country, family and social status in which we find ourselves, because herein lies the very foundation of our government and political system, as well as our religious organization. There is an old proverb which runs, "Birds of a feather flock together", and this is certainly operative where the laws of Karma and Reincarnation are concerned. Thus because, in past lives, we have performed actions which have set in motion causes which in

turn produce their corresponding effects, we find ourselves in the particular environment which we have merited. By this line of reasoning it is easy to proceed from the individual to the mass. Nations merit the rulers who govern them. Rulers merit the people whom they are set over. The only way to ameliorate the conditions of a given country is to reform the individuals of whom it is composed. In all so-called civilized countries we find extremes and inequalities—a small number living on the fat of the land, and a large number living under conditions of poverty and suffering in which it is almost impossible to assist them either in their physical or spiritual development. Social reformers arise from amongst the rich and the poor, each one having some particular ideal to save humanity, but as these ideals are not, as a rule, in accordance with nature's laws, they are foredoomed to failure. As H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, social co-operation can only be promoted when certain Theosophical principles are understood and applied, viz. Universal Unity and Causation, Human Solidarity, the Law of Karma, the Law of Reincarnation. These are the four links which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.

We cull the following from Talbot Mundy's book *Om* :

"But what if we alter the government?" And the god said, "Ye can change the name by which ye call it, and ye can slay those in authority, putting worse fools in their place, but change its nature ye cannot, ye being men, who are only midway between one life and another. But as the hills are changed, some giving birth to forests, some being worn down by wind and rain, the weather becomes modified accordingly. And it is even so with you. As ye, each seeking in his own heart for more understanding, purge and modify yourselves, your government will change as surely as the sun shall rise to-morrow morning—for the better, if ye deserve it—for the worst if ye give way to passion and abuse of one another. For a government," said the god, "is nothing but a mirror of your minds—tyrannical for tyrants—hypocritical for hypocrites—corrupt for those who are indifferent—extravagant and wasteful for the selfish—strong and honourable only towards honest men."

To quote H. P. Blavatsky again :

The Individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual. The law of Karma applies equally to all, although all are not equally developed. In helping the development of others, the Theosophist believes that he is not only helping them to fulfil their Karma, but that he is also in the strictest sense fulfilling his own. It is the development of humanity, of which both he and they are integral parts, that he

has always in view, and he knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself but all, in their progressive march.

Let us now consider Theosophy in the light of Religion. First it is absolutely necessary to distinguish between religion and priestcraft. The purpose of religion is to inculcate every moral and ethical virtue, and to teach men so to discipline their lower vehicles that the light of the divine self may shine through and give place to a higher state of consciousness, *whilst yet in this body and in this world.*

Priestcraft, on the other hand, is said by one of the Masters of the Wisdom to be responsible for two-thirds of the evils from which humanity is suffering. It is priestcraft masquerading as religion, under whatever form, and in whatever nation, which is described as the great curse under which man labours. Man in his utter ignorance of the law of cause and effect imagines that his suffering and his happiness proceeded from some cause outside of his own nature. For instance, in the cases of pestilence, drought, famine, he thought he saw the work of an offended great being whom he attempted to propitiate. It was man, therefore, who in his imagination created gods and fashioned those gods into images which were usually shaped to represent some physical form with which he was familiar; frequently such gods were anthropomorphic and were supposed to excel in some virtue, quality or vice of which men themselves are possessed in a lesser degree. Cunning men became the ministers of such gods upon earth, and pretended to have special powers by which the gods could be influenced. Organized priestcraft was the result of the gullibility of the masses. The priests carried their deceit so far that they declared themselves possessed of the power to forgive sins, and they even sold indulgences to enable men to be forgiven in advance, before committing a sin. They preyed upon the credulity of their dupes to such an extent that they guaranteed the happiness of the soul after death, in consideration of worldly and material concessions handed over to the churches.

Priestcraft has always sought a temporal as well as a spiritual ascendancy over men and women. It has exacted obedience, support, money and homage. It is arrogant and bigoted. It is largely responsible for the hatred of one nation for another, for tyranny, riots and wars. Under its malevolent guidance men who

are otherwise highly intelligent willingly accept most illogical dogmatic teachings under the threat of hell fire in the hereafter. Theosophy teaches that evil has no existence of itself. There are only the laws in nature with which man has to learn to work in harmony. When he transgresses the law he suffers the inconvenience ; when he works with the law, he senses the harmony. It is the mind of man, which in its lower aspect is selfish, grasping and greedy, that is responsible for his sufferings. Man surfeits himself in all directions ; in food, in drink, in sex. The result is disease. Theosophy asserts that there is no political nor religious system which can alter these consequences of man's own stupidity. The whole question is wrapped up in the individual, and it is *he* who must take himself in hand and govern his thoughts, emotions and actions intelligently and in harmony with the laws of nature. Until he does so it is useless for humanity to seek for Utopia.

BURNING UP KARMA

By R. IRAM

FORCES set in motion by man in past lives, for which he alone is responsible, have to be exhausted and balanced. Take, for instance, hate. One man hates another, thus in the substance of the subtle body thoughts of hate are stored up, an elemental form is created by him which must be broken up, or it will repeat itself again and again, ever growing stronger and becoming a chain round his neck, holding him in bondage. The disciple, having learned this, does his utmost to overcome the instinctive dislike he feels for the other, turning his thought to the good inherent somewhat in all men ; to the idea of unity, or to whatever most efficiently helps to destroy the feeling. Then one day he finds his hatred dead, his debt is paid, his account is balanced.

Thought is substance in its own realm of material ; if man thinks cruelty, envy, hatred, he makes diseased substance in his subtle bodies. All this must be got rid of before he can grow the body of light. Spiritual growth is the accomplishing of this, the burning away of disease through the fire of love. This is, in truth, the whole matter.

MODERN ETHICS AND A FUTURE LIFE

By EDWARD LAWRENCE, F.R.A.I.

In this age of material progress, the universal tendency is to ignore the contribution of ancient lore to our knowledge of the deeper things of Life. "There is something more in life than life itself", is the conviction of our contributor, a student of anthropology, whose essay on "Prayer from the Anthropological point of View" won the prize offered by the Walker Trust of the University of St. Andrews.

WE are living, so we are assured on every hand, in an age of "progress". Every act of our daily life, whether it be in peace or in war, is being permeated with science and with the scientific spirit. At no other time in man's history were old lamps so freely discarded for the new. We have a new religion and a new morality; the false gods of our fathers have been dethroned from their temples; other fetishes, more ethereal, more intangible, now occupy their place. Knowledge is at the command of all, while the belief in the wonder-working power of modern education has in some minds, so Sir Michael E. Sadler has told us, "the intensity of religion" itself. Man to-day is proud of the things he has done. Has he not conquered Nature herself, and does he not intend to mould her to his ways and purposes? Superstition no longer holds out any terrors to him, for erroneous interpretations of natural phenomena are doomed wherever the light of science manifests itself. On every hand, old dogmas have been repudiated, for the theologian is busy finishing the work which the scientist began. No longer is the fall of man and a life beyond the grave fearlessly proclaimed from Christian pulpits, for do we not live in a time in which truth, and nothing but the truth, is pursued for its own sake?

Yet if we were humble enough to ask of this scientific world a reply to the question put by Pilate some twenty centuries ago, would it furnish us with satisfactory answers to those many questions which agitated our forebears? For, indeed, what is truth? If it be exactitude, a something that admits of almost absolute precision, in what branch of natural science shall we find it even now? Where is that branch of knowledge that

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precludes all reasonable doubt? Shall we, for example, discover it in a matter that touches each and all of us so closely, the origin of disease? No matter where one may turn we find ourselves beset with bewildering contradictions. If this be so, when does science become scientific? Is man being led astray by his new knowledge, for what in fact do we really know? *What* is true and *what* is false?

Is life evil or is it good? Has it any meaning, any significance, even so far as man himself is concerned? Is Nature blind, as we are told she is, or has she a purpose, as we are assured she has? Is it true, as the Bishop of Birmingham asserts, that man is shocked by her ruthlessness, and that one recoils from the moral ugliness and brutality which seem to pervade the animal kingdom? Or, on the other hand, is it true, as a great naturalist has said, that Nature is full of beauty and of joy, even to the most unsophisticated of us? Which of these two is the correct interpretation of the world around us; that given by the man of God or that enunciated by the man of Nature? Both cannot be *true*! The scientific theologian tells us that men are puzzled "that there should be so much evil", so much so that "this bewilderment is the chief argument against Christian theism". But Christian theism once taught us that man himself has taken no small part in the creation and distribution of the evil of life; does science repudiate this ancient dogma, too? Where, then, does Nature intend to lead her creation, to never-ending pain, desolation, death? Have the "revelations of modern science and the claims of modern life" destroyed the old "foundations of morality" and made them "untenable in the old sense"? Did, indeed, we must ask, *did* those foundations ever exist in Nature herself, or are they merely conventional; laws made by man himself, from time to time, to suit his own ends? Is Nature moral or un-moral; does she mind whether man does *this* when he once did *that*, and, what is more, was told he *must* do it or take the consequences thereof? Thomas Henry Huxley once taught us that the "cosmic process" has no "sort of relation to moral ends"; is this still scientifically true? In one word, does Nature care?

Turn where one may, whether to the new knowledge or to the new interpretations of the old, we find ourselves worshipping at a new shrine, the shrine of a deity which, like Janus of old,

has two faces. Take the apparently simple question of religion itself. Is religion natural to man ; do we find it ever-present, in its varied forms, no matter how low human beings may be in social culture, or is it merely a perquisite that has arisen during the course of civilization, shared by many races indeed, but not by all ? Is the belief in spiritual entities, and, what is more, their influence on the conduct of man, a necessary part of our nature ; a primordial instinct, as it were ; or is it an invention, made by crafty priests and witch-doctors, in order to enslave men's minds and achieve their own personal ends ? A distinguished anatomist assures us that natural man "has neither religion nor social organization" ; a no less distinguished anthropologist, who has lived among the natural races of man, tells us that not only has religion existed from the very beginning but science itself as well ! Modern science and modern men boast of their mastery over the forces of Nature. Cannot the savage do the same ? "As far as primitive man has really obtained the mastery of natural forces and of the forces in his own nature, he relies on science, and on science alone." We have recently been assured, both by word and by press, that "many peoples in many places have not believed" in a life beyond the grave at all ; that even among the majority of the ancient Greeks and Jews such belief consisted of a "mere shadow existence of twittering ghosts". Yet those who have made a life study of savage thought feel themselves compelled to admit that the idea of a life after death is found, in its varied forms, among all savages on earth, and that, in its higher aspects, occupies and has occupied the most prominent place in the religious concepts of every civilized race, including both the Greeks and the Jews. What is more, it may be questioned whether any other belief has more greatly influenced the conduct of man than has the belief in a life beyond, and, what is still more, influenced that conduct for the common good.

What we are immediately concerned with is not the absolute scientific accuracy of the concept of a life in a spiritual sphere, but with its value, both to man as an individual and as a race, in an ethical sense. In their endeavours to deny the wide prevalence of the idea of a future life, writers who regard the ethical argument as unsatisfactory have made the most ludicrous mistakes. Thus the late Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson instanced "the negro chief reported by Captain Speke" as a proof of those

who "flatly negate" the belief in a future life, but that chief proved, by his own acts, that he shared the universal faith which our rationalistic author denied! The chief, who told the traveller that "he had no idea of a God or future state", admitted to his questioner that he made a practice of sacrificing a cow at his father's grave, and this mere act is conclusive evidence that it was made to his father's spirit. The man who sacrifices to a ghost, no matter whether he be Greek or Jew or African savage, shows incontestably what he does believe, and though the existence in the beyond may be a qualified existence, it is an existence all the same. It is against analogy to assert that the idea of a future life is not universal among men simply because we do not understand what they tell us, but whose very acts prove that they too share the ancient faith.

In the second Huxley lecture of the (Royal) Anthropological Institute, delivered before a distinguished audience, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury pointed out that faith, in the words of St. Paul, is a matter more of deeds than of words. "If you do not act on what you profess to believe, you do not really and in truth believe it." Lord Avebury went on to say that the Fijians really believed in a future life. "According to their creed, you rose in the next world exactly as you died here— young if you were young, old if you were old, strong if you were strong, deaf if you were deaf." Hence it was essential to die in full possession of one's faculties, "before the muscles had begun to lose their strength, the eye to grow dim, or the ear to wax hard of hearing. On this they acted", and so much so that in one large town there was not a single person over forty years of age. "That," concluded his lordship, "I call faith. That is a real belief in a future life."

It has been said of the black man that he understands us better than we understand him. We pester him with divers questionings regarding his creed and conduct while he silently notes the glaring inconsistencies between the things we do and the things we preach. We deny his belief in a world of human spirits with the evidence staring us in the face which proves the very contrary. The truth is the savage knows no death as we know it. He does not die, he merely "passes over". As he was, so will he be. Hence we find primitive or natural man, as a result of beliefs which are so deep in human nature that they must be regarded as instinctive, is free of the many plagues which

beset civilization. When a savage sets forth to war he believes that if he breaks his taboo ill will befall those he has left behind. His "most constant" regulation, as the greatest psychological anthropologist has expressed it, is strict abstention from sexual licence. In the words of the Deuteronomist, when the host went forth against its enemies they had to keep from "every wicked thing". The consequences were that the wild races of man were originally free of those contagious diseases which are in very great measure the outcome of war and always follow in the wake of sexual promiscuity. What followed in the greatest war ever waged by civilization would be impossible among unadulterated savage peoples. If those who fought in the war "to end war" possessed the practical faith in the hereafter, that what they did here would have to be paid for over there, as so many savages possess it, the panic that resulted would have been frustrated.

Those who know something of that war's pathological aftermath may recall the message, couched, as General Huguot has said, in the highest terms, which Lord Kitchener drew up by his own hand, and placed in the hand of every British soldier: "Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. . . . Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations." What happened? Soon after the war, men and women were sent to our factories to warn the civil population of the dire results that might ensue because of what had taken place in France. The war was over; the troops would be returning to their country and to their homes.

In France, so we are assured by a well-known writer, "a private in the Guards", the troops were often told in lectures that sexual intercourse was a physical necessity; medical officers held that nature's needs must be satisfied—such was the official army view. The consequence of such teaching was that hundreds of thousands of men, who had led comparatively pure lives before they went to France, learned and were encouraged to go with impure women, and condemned religion as being nothing but a "wash out". No padre could preach against lust. It was in such wise that the war for civilization was waged, and the

teachings of both savage and ancient Jew alike reversed. History thus repeated itself, and the disbanding of the army, like the disbanding of the troops of Charles VIII in the sixteenth century, "caused the disease to spread far and wide".

If there be one thing which may be regarded as definitely settled in modern, as well as in ancient, medicine, it is the terrible pathological ramifications which always result from sexual licence, no matter whether it be indulged during peace or in war. We not only have reason to believe, but we have evidence to prove, that a great many of those plagues which civilization can claim as her own are the direct and indirect outcome of the diseases referred to above, not only passing through various forms in the course of three or four generations, but carrying their terrible effects through other generations beside. It is probable that insanity, cancer, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, alcoholism, and many other chronic diseases are due to this original taint, modified in divers ways by passing through different generations. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of its laboratories and its continuous research work, notwithstanding the thousands and thousands of pounds spent on our hospitals and in other directions, medical science has furnished no satisfactory answer as to why cancer is so prevalent among civilized races but is absent from natural man. It has assigned a hundred origins to cancer, from the food we eat to the germs we swallow, but it has overlooked what may be the prime cause of all, the conduct of man and the loss of those sentiments which have always inspired right doing. It seems very probable that the toxins produced by certain diseases affect the endocrine glands, which in their turn bring about those complicated disorders to which comparatively little attention has been bestowed in their hereditary form. It seems that heredity, both physical and mental, will alone furnish us with the master key to unlock those hidden chambers of modern morbidity, yet the study of hereditary taints and tendencies is a neglected chapter in recent medicine. It has not only been ignored in a scientific sense by medical men, it has been held to ridicule and lampooned.

(To be continued)

THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS

By BARBARA HAYES

The Mystery of the Symbol of the Cross and its relation to the Duality of Human Nature are here mystically interpreted by our contributor, Barbara Hayes, who is, by the way, Hon. Secretary of the "Order of Progressive Souls", in the inauguration of which Lady Caillard played so active a part.

THROUGHOUT all the kingdoms of nature, the microcosmic spirit imprints the sign of the Cross, from the tiniest ice crystal to the very form of man. It is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of Nature.

In the "Tree of Life" lies hidden the mystery of man's dual nature, for the Cross is the symbol of Divine Marriage.

True regeneration is a marriage process. It is the union of wisdom and love, from which flows conjugal love, uniting the sexes together. The male and female principles of wisdom and love, though one in essence, are twofold in application, since love cannot give without receiving, nor receive without giving. At once arises the obligation and the upliftment of the Christ Spirit manifesting in man as love through wisdom, the self-sacrificing love of the Christ who loves and gives Himself for humanity.

The highest ecstasy of spirit, which is the heart-leap towards the Infinite Creator, cannot be felt alone. It springs from the mutuality of self-abnegation in love when soul touches soul. The marriage relationship is the symbol of eternal love and the unity of the Creator with the creature. It is a reflection of the all-giving, all-possessing love of God, the sacrifice which yields all and gives all.

The left arm of the cross represents the female half; the right arm the male half; the upper part the Spirit; the lower part the elements which the soul uses to manifest in matter.

When, through a perfect attunement in his dual being, man is crucified to the illusions of the flesh and freed from the defilement of matter, he is released, a ripened soul, having matter no longer, but spirit for spouse. When he is made perfect in

love throughout his dual being, all humanity is manifest and contained within his Divine Love for others. Such a soul has attained to his archetype in angelhood. When the male and female principles are perfectly united in his soul they become organically conjoined from inmosts to outmosts, from centres to circumferences, for the two have become one in Christ when they

In eminence and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint or limb exclusive are
Easier than air of spirits embrace
Total they mix union of pure with pure
Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh or soul with soul.—*Milton.*

Since spiritual growth and greatness of soul lie in the tension between adversity and the soul's conquest of it on this "sorrowful star", the Cross is the apotheosis of suffering, yet at the same time it is the symbol of glorious triumph!

All great men, the great "fire pillars" of the world, all those who have felt the "divine unrest" within, have been solitary, contemplative, and often sad-hearted men, set apart to give their messages of hope to humanity and to pierce the gloom of ignorance. The Christ was "a man of sorrows", for had He not been "acquainted with grief" he could never have embodied in His divine nature the attributes of strength and wisdom, and the tender feminine qualities of compassionate love, the understanding and beautiful sympathy for other souls which alone springs from a complete experience of life's sorrows.

Through the shedding of the mystical blood of Christ man is transmuted into the higher celestial spheres of spirit truth, and the dual is united with the divine. When this precious blood is spoken of as "cleansing from sin" what is really meant is that, to one perfected in love, sin becomes impossible. When a man drinks of the chalice of Christ, he partakes of His divine life and is exalted into that love "which passeth understanding" whose symbol is the blood-red ray of the solar prism.

Love rules from the Cross.

UNDER THE READING LAMP A CAUSERIE

THE dictum that "God helps those who help themselves" is, like many others, true when applied in a particular sense and within certain limits. He who strives greedily for his own ends, callously indifferent to the effect upon his fellows, cannot expect aid from that Supreme Power to which he runs counter—Love being the first, directive principle of co-operative evolution. Pushkin's short story, *The Queen of Spades*, affords a striking example of how evil *karma* can demand a swift retribution. Hermann, a young officer, learning that a rich old countess has obtained from St. Germain a magical secret whereby to win at cards, tries to force it from her against her stubborn will, by pointing a pistol at her head; whereat she dies of fright. Later she returns in spirit to grant his request, directing him to back the three, seven, and ace, the cards to be played in succession and not more than one in twenty-four hours. The first two cards win; but the ace is, greatly to Hermann's amazement, beaten by the queen of spades.

Thus the reckless gambler for purely earthly gains may, even in this world, come to regret the heavy price he has to pay for temporary triumph. Which is, admittedly, not always the case; though stooping to the basest methods, he not seldom seems permanently to achieve his object, whereas the altruist's sole reward is his own virtue. But, as in Nature the feeble or unhealthy is soon discarded, for the future strengthening and progress of the mass; so, on a loftier level, only that which is worthy to continue will survive. Upon the altar of Mammon man can sacrifice his soul!

Throughout *Les dix Causeries occultistes d'El Dalil*, a thoughtful work by P. Chatir (Albert Messein, Paris; francs 15), is stressed the urgent need for another sacrifice, the exact opposite: to offer up the lower to the highest, the part for the whole; the necessity for burning away all animal desires and carnal instincts in the purifying, expansive, and heaven-aspiring fire of the spirit. El Dalil, who we gather is the mouthpiece of the author, has, during long sojourns, studies, and initiations in the Far East, become imbued with the very essence of human wisdom. This Chaldean graciously gives of his fund of knowledge to his disciples, amid a throng of assembled auditors. It is the reader's good fortune to share in the mellow fruits of his learning. Answering all questions amply, often at tedious length, the savant proceeds cautiously from the axiom that we must first endeavour to discover as much as possible of this world, would we aspire to any understanding of the one beyond. Once, his conclusions being challenged, he protests: "Je n'attribue pas, j'observe, je constate et cherche à comprendre"; which is near enough a paraphrase of Montaigne's "Je ne suppose rien, je ne propose rien—j'expose." At times, carried away by enthusiasm, he abandons this strictly scientific pose, and allows over-much latitude to his imagination.

El Dalil does not believe that a God, omniscient and omnipotent, and in consequence the source of all harmony and all goodness, could have willed

and created life such as it is. A direct and purposeful Creator, closely and consciously linked with man, so in a measure responsible for his fate—such a notion, he thinks, amounts to blasphemy. In preference, he postulates a primal force, a generative energy, as the more logical substitute. "Ce principe actif indestructible, et impérissable, présent partout dans l'Univers, cause initiale et facteur principal de toutes les métamorphoses de l'évolution perpétuelle et que nous appellerons 'l'archicon', subit dans les creusets puissants de cette évolution qu'il détermine et accompagne un certain affinement sans altération aucune de ses facultés biogenes, biodotes et bioplastes." The seer prophesies that a day will come, and he hopes is not far off, when science shall fix as the basis of each form of life a stipulated number of "archicons".

Spirit as a Unity, then, he holds to be ever refining, sublimating itself, ascending; flowing through a multiplicity of forms, back to that point from which it departed, the unfettered and indescribable, God. Perhaps it is the destiny of mankind to accompany Life in its last phases; humanity will otherwise disappear, ceding place to other forms, more complete, and more in harmony with increased possibilities and potentialities. But, viewing in perspective the development of extra senses, the acquisition of fresh facts and new laws, by means of occult research into mysterious domains; who can at present with certainty predict the last stage of our intellectual and spiritual advancement, or venture to assert there must be one? In the latter eventuality, however, of man yielding place to some finer type, are we to regard him merely as a transient form of matter? El Dalil's answer is that we shall continue to collaborate in the general evolution, each of us pursuing his own upward march. "Retaining our consciousness as humans?" asks a disciple. "That would be contrary to the law of progress," is the reply. "Car une chose qui doit et tend à se modifier, à s'affiner et s'ennoblir, ne saurait conserver la conscience des formations inférieures qu'elle a traversées, à quoi cela servirait-il?" Subsequently, he appears to modify this verdict. Upon the all-important point of individual survival he is indeed unintentionally, or conveniently, vague. "La mort est une fin," he declares, "pour tous ceux qui vivent dans la négation du bien."

P. Chatir, for we must hold him responsible for the opinions of El Dalil, observes that simplicity, both in the conception and achieving of a project, is very advantageous. It is a pity he has not taken a page out of his own book, figuratively—hence many literally; the reduction of it by at least fifty would have been all to the good. A profound and logical thinker, he has a tendency to repeat himself; to become tiresomely verbose. Also, though entitled to his convictions, in his compromise between a blindly mechanical and divine causation he reduces the Creator to sublime insignificance.

A book to some extent similar, but which does not so definitely cut off man from his Maker, is *Thirty Years in the Wilderness* (Rider & Co., 7s. 6d.). Mr. P. G. McCulloch's thick volume consists largely of quotations; yet, in contradistinction to the former, it is not a page too long. With El Dalil he is entirely in agreement, that the spiritualization of the one is attained through service of the many. He quotes, to excellent purpose, Carpenter

in his support: that we have to return to the cosmic, universal life—such is the “salvation which has been hailed all down the ages; the daybreak of a consciousness so much vaster, so much more glorious than all that has gone before that the little candle of the local self is swallowed up in its rays. It is the return home, the return into direct touch with Nature and with Mankind—the liberation from the long exile of separation, from the painful sense of isolation and the nightmare of guilt and sin.” Like the Chaldean he surmises that the hopeless materialist who says self-consciousness ceases when life leaves the body, utters as to himself a true prediction; he and his kind will be swept away, as dead twigs for the burning. On the other hand, he expresses a far more positive conviction, that the regenerated “individual Self” flows back into conscious unity with its Divine Source. “It would seem to be an inscrutable yet immutable and eternal law,” he writes, “that only by sorrow and suffering can regeneration be brought about. If God interfered at every crisis in human affairs there would be no conscious progress, no knowledge bought by experience. . . . To attain the immortal spiritual personality is the main reason for the soul’s imprisonment in an earthly body. . . . The indestructibility of energy and matter being a scientific axiom, there is every reason to believe that Life, Mind, and Spirit are equally permanent.”

Thirty Years in the Wilderness, which is really a record of the author’s search for enlightenment, digs down to the very bottom of the world’s present troubles; it indicates the only sure way to reconstruction, the building of all for the beautifying of the Edifice of Life. His work evidences much research and deep reflection. Both these writers are practical mystics; they see in the reality of existence a call to action, do not advocate a withdrawal into solitude, that abandoning of the fight which is a false interpretation, and not the highest aspect, of Buddhism.

Dwight Goddard has written a pamphlet, *Followers of Buddha*, (obtainable from the author, Santa Barbara, California: 50 cents), setting forth the tenets, devotional practices, and rules of the American Brotherhood of that name, of which he is the founder. Advocates of Dhyana Buddhism, the members of this order seek peace in retreat from all external, temporal distractions, in contemplation of the Reality, adjustment to the fixed centre, within. This does not mean they are satisfied with saving their own souls, aim merely at negative virtues; but they realize that the solution of all difficulties starts from inside, not without, oneself. Having been a member of Shokoku Monastery in Japan, in 1931, Mr. Goddard began to think of doing some sort of missionary work for Buddhism in America. He has conceived the plan of organizing unpretentious refuges in Vermont and California; to procure a motor-van by which some of the Brothers can travel to and fro between the two places, explaining the Dharma to those who have ears to hear, and distributing literature. The carrying out of such a scheme must entail considerable expense. We have it on good authority that Mr. Goddard has generously devoted much money, as well as time and energy, to the achievement of his ideal; so we wish him heartily, in his venture, the rich results he deserves.

Mind, we are all agreed, is appreciably affected by state of health. Therefore in efforts for spiritual growth one must never neglect one’s

physical condition. In his introduction to *Yoga Asanas* (Jambunathan Book Shop, Sowcarpet, Madras ; 1s. 6d.) M. R. Jambunathan proclaims, with exaggerated fervour : "Yoga means body and mind, mind and soul, soul and Supreme Spirit in perfect control. It forms a science dealing with different activities of body, mind, soul, guiding them to act in consonance with nature. It is a doctrine by which a body may be completely controlled by the mind and united fully with it by various bends and breaths. It teaches you ways and methods to develop a strong and beautiful body, an indispensable factor without which a man can never hope to attain happiness here or anywhere." And he gives forty-nine selected postures (illustrated), together with hints as to breathing ; also information as to application in the cure of specific ailments.

Note how a cat upon waking arches its back, standing stiff on all four feet ; the manner in which a dog lazily stretches itself, first forward and then backwards at full length. Instinct prompts them, we are told, to adopt these *asanas*. So it is with the unstudied postures of other animals. Plausible ; still, we feel this line of argument may be carried too far. A parrot hanging upside-down may be instinctively practising *Viparitha Mudrai* (the reverse posture) ; but we doubt it. Old Father William stood on his head, perhaps, because he was a potential yogi ; whether Mr. Jambunathan would subscribe to this theory or not, he has no fear that such agility "might injure the brain". Contrariwise, he considers that by daily standing on your head, whatever your age, you will increase appetite, bodily heat, and span of life ; if your hair is grey, this will cause it in six months to turn quite black. Provided, we assume, you have not broken your neck or incurred an apoplectic stroke !

There are several careless errors in this small book, which should be corrected in a future issue. "Draw the air through the left nostrils (*sic*) for 16 seconds, retain it for 64 seconds, expel it again in 32 seconds", we are advised, in breathing. Immediately afterwards we are instructed that "the breath should be inhaled and exhaled slowly. The duration of inhalation should be equal to the duration of exhalation." Accuracy in such details is of the utmost importance. Mr. Jambunathan, who is inclined to be a little sweeping, inveighs against intoxicants, smoking, the drug habit ; the use of opium, cocaine, ganja and bhang, in one breath. "Coffee and tea are as bad, if not worse." Whereas the rules of Mr. Goddard's Brotherhood do not forbid the mild stimulant, in moderation, of a cup of tea.

However, one recognizes that in Yoga, as in all other intensive training, diet plays a not-negligible part. Apropos, *Man's Food Unveiled* (Bliss Cult Society, Madras ; 5s.), by M. K. Pandurangam, Director of the Yogic Cure Health Centre, is an able work, which treats exhaustively of the problem of man's nutriment. Its author echoes the sentiment of Chatir and McCulloch that he who, like a vampire, battens upon his fellows invites self-destruction. Spirit and body are in mutual relation, act on each other for good or ill ; which rule extends even to inanimate objects, to plants and vegetables. Speaking of nut-trees, he says that, according to the sincerity and all-embracing love with which one attends to them, so will be the nutritional effects of the nuts upon the development of body

and mind. "At-one-ment with creation is the acme of perfect life, peace and bliss to one and all." What is for us the finest food, to bring about this happy consummation? One dietist selects the coconut and plantain. Other permissible foods are flattened rice, cucumber, green water-melon, buttermilk and sweet potato. Last month we referred to Antonio Cherry teaching ants the alphabet; but the ants, in their turn, could teach us a letter or two. "They will never," observes Mr. Pandurangam, "look at milled and polished rice." The mental pabulum of this book is of mixed quality, similar to its tables of food-values. We cannot digest all of it—certainly not coconuts for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper.

In *Loves and Fishes in Modern Times*, Dr. Philip S. Haley gives an account of some experiments in food reproduction by psychic means. This report, also, makes clear how close is the connection between spirit and mind, body and matter. The studies were held under the auspices of the California Psychical Research Society, during a period of one year, ending March 1934. At some of the séances, from seventy to one hundred have been present; these have included jurists, psycho-analysts, physicians, dentists, etc. Bits of apple, pieces of pear and nectarine, whole raisins, and practically any sort of food can, it is claimed, be increased in quantity by suggestion; the act of faith, most powerful collectively, acting upon and through some force in or external to us, not impossibly both. Mr. Haley, himself the best medium, alludes to his "factor" or "Inner Voice"; while employing the term "subconscious thought", as more in line with the language of psychology, he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he looks upon the influence at work as coming from a superior source, outside his "conditioning" brain-consciousness. The result of these experiments evokes some interesting speculations as to apports. This booklet is published by the author, 4030 Cabrillo Street, San Francisco, at 50 cents.

How great a part suggestion plays, through the agency of will and faith, upon the physical, is brought home to one still further by perusal of B. Layton Lloyd's *Hypnotism in the Treatment of Disease* (John Dale, Sons & Danielsson: 3s. 6d.). Mr. Dale is surprised to find that there are people alive to-day who dismiss hypnotism as equivalent to animal magnetism. Moreover, he is "quite sure" that electricity has "nothing whatever to do with hypnotic phenomena"; to suggest to *him* the contrary would, obviously, be useless. His volume can be summed up in two words: "brief" and "bright".

FRANK LIND.

DEEP IN THE FOREST. By A. F. Webling. London: Faber & Faber, Limited, 24 Russell Square. Price 7s. 6d. net.

IF it is indeed true that "the sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts", then by this token *Deep in the Forest* is a work of exquisite grace and charm. It is beautifully written by one who is sensitive to nature in all her moods, and has the power of expressing this sensibility in language that not only paints a picture but makes the reader feel a sense of being part of the scenes and conditions described. Yet in reading the life-

story of John Gray, village schoolmaster, recluse and dreamer, as told by himself in these pages, one is equally conscious of a man whose intentions were always honourable but the foundation of whose character was pure self-centredness, and who sees everything through the "stained-glass" of his own peculiar make-up. He is not in the least a prig, but one feels that he would have been on occasion rather a bore. Nevertheless, two women loved him intensely in their different ways, and it is the story of this twofold love that forms the unfolding drama of this most moving book.

Having some intimate knowledge of English village life in pre-war days, I can distinctly envisage the point of view of Lady Ursula, the *châtelaine* who held the destinies of the rustics in the hollow of her satin-smooth but iron-rigid hands, and who cast a stone into the placid-seeming water of three lives, and turned their currents from a ripple into a broken sea. Whether she was right or wrong is a question for the reader. But the real point and purpose of the book is the way in which it develops the study of psychical research, from the first blundering gropings of a sceptical novice, who cannot leave the subject alone, and who is alternately attracted and repelled by a wistful fascination. Most of the difficulties met by every student are analysed and explained to the very point where the seeker finds his own dormant psychic faculties gradually awaking, and he gets into full conscious communion with the one supremely beloved. After which all is well, so far indeed as this can be said of a drama so poignant.

EDITH K. HARPER.

CHEIRO'S REAL LIFE STORIES. By "Cheiro" (Count Louis Hamon).
A Collection of Sensational Personal Experiences. London:
Herbert Jenkins Limited. Price 8s. 6d. net.

"CHEIRO" has been before the public for nearly a score of years in this country, in the United States, and in the capitals of Europe. He is an unusual personality; he is possessed of unusual gifts; and this collection of stories is of so unusual a character that it is genuinely astounding. It is not surprising that a man of Cheiro's talents and attainments should attract others of distinctive character and ability, and it is an accepted maxim that adventures are to the adventurous. In this record of personal experiences, Count Hamon impresses the reader as a man of high courage who never refuses any adventure that is acceptable to his peculiar mental equipment. The adventures and experiences resulting from this attitude are so amazing as to be wellnigh incredible to the comfortable citizen who follows the ordinary routine of social or commercial life. Add to this the fact that the raconteur has the dramatic power of an imaginative artist who recognizes the realm of mystery that lies behind the observed action of cause and effect in a material world, and you find yourself constrained to believe that these may indeed be what they are described as being, real-life stories. If this is the case, it is quite evident that real life can only be fully relished by those who, like the author, have awakened to that realm of mystery which lies about us, and to those unseen forces by which the events of daily existence are continually moulded. This action and reaction between the seen and the unseen is at the root of many

happenings which appear to us as marvellous or uncanny. We first made "Cheiro's" acquaintance as a master of Cheirology; in a few months he achieved a world-wide renown by his accurate delineations and interpretations in that branch of occult research. To-day we must recognize him as a brilliant writer who has extended our range of vision beyond the horizon of the familiar and commonplace environment in which the majority of us pass our days.

These stories should be read by everyone who likes a good story, and by everyone who has resigned himself to the acceptance of a dull routine in which nothing ever happens. They are a fine tonic to combat apathy and to stimulate the zest for true adventure, a thing which should never be allowed to die in this life or another.

P. S. WELLBY.

THE UNIT SYSTEM OF JUDGING PLANETARY INFLUENCES. By Charles E. Lunt. New York: Macoy Publishing Co.

A SYSTEM whereby the influence and relative value of conflicting Progressed Aspects may be determined by the allocation of a prearranged number of points. The author asserts that the effect of a progressed affliction between two planets which were *in harmony* in the Natal Chart is almost negligible and therefore receives but one point, though planets having progressed to an aspect of the *same nature* as they held in the Natal Chart would receive three points, other variations of aspect being treated in a like fashion according to a tabulated scale.

FRED WARD.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Vol. XXII. The Margery Mediumship. By Bracket K. Thorogood. The American Society for Psychical Research, New York. Pp. 228 (including Appendix and Bibliography). Illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

THE history of mediumship is darkened by the exposure of so much fraud that it is no wonder if the general public looks on all psychics, even those of the highest repute, as deluded or tricksters. It is the more satisfactory, therefore, to find a medium's honour vindicated, as in the present case, upon a charge of gross deception. Mr. Thorogood, Research Consultant of the American Society for Psychical Research, as counsel for the defence, in upholding the genuineness of the Walter Stinson finger-print phenomena, submits in this report ample proof of their supernormal origin.

For the registering of the finger-prints various liquids were employed, including ink, paraffin smeared on glass, and numerous plastic substances; these not being very successful, "Margery's" dentist, a Dr. "X", advised the use of a dental wax called "Kerr", which was "thereafter used exclusively in all finger-print experiments". Mr. Dudley was for the ensuing five years in control and supervisor of the work; not until March 1932 did he hint that the so-called "Walter" prints were identical with those of a living man—namely Dr. "X". Furthermore, certain prints have been stated to resemble closely those of the medium herself. Mr. Thorogood

shows that there are great differences in all three hands ; the palms, for instance, are dissimilar, the ridge patterns distinctly unlike. The core of the "Walter" right thumb is a staple, whereas that of Dr. "X" is a rod. Furthermore, the little finger of the medium's right hand has an ulnar loop with a count of six ; "Walter's" an eyelet ulnar loop with a count of nine ; while Dr. "X's" carried an ulnar loop with a count of fourteen.

Seeing that the author of this report cannot be on the most friendly terms with Mr. Dudley, the latter feeling he has been supplanted in his investigations, it might have been more judicious to appoint a third party to solve the problem. Yet it is inconceivable that anyone else could have better fulfilled Mr. Thorogood's difficult task, and it would doubtless have required some searching to discover his equal in the dual capacity of finger-print expert and psychical researcher.

FRANK LIND.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE. Being letters from an old man of eighty to young people of twenty. By Stanley De Brath, M.Inst.C.E. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. Rider.

YOUTH is disposed towards reticence about the things which concern it most deeply, nor is it eager to receive advice from those advanced in years. If the habit of asking questions was extended from childhood to youth, it can be hazarded that many questions would, in that case, find an answer in these pages. How good life can be, and how bad it often turns out to be, is a commonplace reflection. This book, once read, might very well prevent many deplorable mistakes, into which it is possible to drift without warning. Mr. De Brath puts his danger signals out in very plain letters which challenge attention.

In his long life he has observed many disasters, but has also witnessed many victories. The thin line which separates success from failure stretches away to regions beyond observation, both in the past and in the future. The chapter on "The Law of Spiritual Consequence" condenses the vivid experience of an ardent thinker into a few pages of cogent conclusions. Throughout the book Mr. De Brath relies entirely on facts for his arguments, and from the facts of life he has drawn his convictions as to the secret of power, the secret of joy, and the secret of a successful life. I doubt if a better book of its kind has been written.

P. S. WELBY.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. E. A. Seymour Scott, M.A. London : Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd. Pp. 64. Price 1s.

For these six sermons their author claims no originality ; and it must be agreed that he covers broadly and adequately merely old ground, while exhibiting a certain breadth of outlook tending to encourage in others a like Christian charity. The Rev. Seymour Scott has his foot on a rung of the right ladder ; still he has, we think, a good way to climb. He grants the possibility of the living being able to see the so-called dead, and that we shall leave this natural body clothed in a spiritual replica ; at the same time, he is anxious to assure us that to admit so much is very different

from dabbling in Spiritualism. At which one may tolerantly smile, because, despite the author's disclaimer, the tone of his writing does suggest at times that he has been "dabbling" in a much-watered Spiritualism.

However, *What Happens After Death?* is a bright little effort; it should clear up some difficulties for young people, if a deal of the argument may not satisfy the more mature mind.

FRANK LIND.

THE WAY OF ALL WOMEN. By Dr. M. Esther Harding, M.D., M.R.C.P.
Longmans, Green & Co. Cheap Edition, 5s. *od.*

ONE of the sanest books of the day, and certainly the greatest book of its kind it has been my good fortune to read. The problem of interpreting the "ways" of women has been attempted by many psychologists, but no one of them has ever come so near revealing the "real" woman as the authoress. The book is written in a masterly style, brim full of interest, and in language that is free from technical terminology. One chapter in particular stands out, "Chapter II, The Ghostly Lover", and here Dr. Harding displays a profound knowledge of her sex and the working of the subconscious mind. Other sections include Work, Friendship, Marriage, Maternity, Off the Beaten Track, Autumn and Winter, and Psychological Relationship. An introduction is given by Dr. C. G. Jung of Zürich, one of the greatest living psychologists. Everyone should read this book.

PHILIP CAREW.

THE FINANCIERS AND THE NATION. By the Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, pp. xii. + 206.
London: Methuen & Co. Price 5s. *od.*

THE subject matter of this important book is not addressed to any special audience, but it does, nevertheless, concern readers of THE LONDON FORUM, as well as others. In the preface, Sidney Webb truly says that we cannot be too plainly reminded of the way in which the public is periodically fleeced by financial tricksters and swindlers, because these events are all too quickly forgotten. Each decade sees a new variant, but the process is essentially the same. It is perhaps a pity that nothing is done after each exposure to prevent a recurrence, and small investors will be interested in some of the author's suggestions.

G. D.

BREAKING OUT OF PRISON. (A Book for the Deaf and their Friends).
By Margaret Monro. Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6*d.*

THIS little book is a praiseworthy effort by one who had the infirmity of deafness thrust upon her in the midst of a busy life. The authoress describes her struggle out of a condition of keen suffering which deafness involves, the forced life of a recluse, and her endeavour to find a way of living as a genuinely social being. It is of practical help to those who are similarly afflicted, and is virtually a complete *vade mecum* for the deaf. In the final chapter the relation of Christian teaching to the problems of the deaf is discussed from personal experience. A sincere attempt to pass on true happiness,

PHILIP CAREW.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

ARYAN PATH (September). The short paper by Beatrice Lane Suzuki, "Light upon Life—According to Zen", will be appreciated by Western readers. . . . Two articles of outstanding interest in this issue, the theme of which is that modern man should search the soul, are, "Spiritual Disharmony in Modern Man", by George Godwin, and "Asceticism: False and True", by Dr. Iri Goldwin Whitchurch. . . . Mr. A. E. Waite contributes an article on "The Land of Psyche and of Nous".

ASTROSOPHIE (September). The editor points out that the recent death of President Hindenburg fulfils an astrological prediction made in an earlier issue of his journal. . . . Dr. Rolt-Wheeler, in an occult study, writes on the Four Terrestrial Masters governing the elements of Earth, Fire, Air and Water. . . . "Enel" contributes an article of interest on "The Power of Consecrated Objects." . . . M. H. Denz continues his paper on the "Hands of Criminals".

BEACON (September). A communication from the Tibetan to Mrs. A. Bailey on "Religious Organizations in the New Age", is published. . . . A brilliant essay is contributed by A. B. Kuhn, Ph.D., entitled, "Platonic Philosophy in the Bible".

BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND (September-October). Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids writes an erudite essay on "Mind in Buddhism". . . . A short account of an audience with the late Dalai Lama accorded to Miss Eleanor Page is given. It is also rumoured that the Head Lamas of Tibet have invited the Panchen Lama to take the place of the Dalai Lama in conjunction with his own, thus uniting the secular and spiritual power under one head.

CHRISTIAN ESOTERIC (September). "Usually man's consciousness is so limited that he denies the existence of a spiritual consciousness. The reason is that his mind is so engulfed with material things that he does not give spirit a thought", writes Annie A. Mayo in "Attaining a Spiritual Consciousness". . . . Enoch Penn, in answer to a question, states: "Unhappily, to-day, the knowledge of how to do evil is being spread broadcast over the world by teachers of psychology."

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST (September). An outstanding article by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Grier is entitled "The Conquest of Environment".

CHURCH OF THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE (September). A very interesting article on the "Charm of Colour" is written by C.E.A. . . . "The Magic of Faust" is continued, the subject in this issue being

"Love". . . . The Editor, in the editorial, declares: "I challenge anyone to prove that a Battery of Wills would not form an impregnable fortress against all man-made machines and machinations."

EUDIA (September). Henri Durville, continuing his articles on the Great Goddesses, deals in this issue with the Hindu Goddess Lakshmi. . . . M. B. Clarel writes upon the subject, "The Possession of the Ursulines d'Auxonne". . . . Mme. Anne Osmont concludes her essay on "Penitence" and commences a new paper on the "Eucharist", forming another section to the series on the "Sacraments".

GNOSIS (July). D. B., in an article, "Gondwanaland, or the Continent of Gondwana", states that Dr. A. L. Du Toit, of South Africa, recently presented, before the International Geographical Congress, fresh evidence concerning the existence of the continent of Gondwana. This continent is considered to be the Lemuria of the Secret Doctrine.

HARBINGER OF LIGHT (August). Readers who are interested in the works of Andrew Jackson Davis will appreciate the article, "The Phenomena of Death". . . . Some of the beliefs of the Aborigines are explained in a paper by Mr. David Uniapon, of the Narrinyerra Tribe, dealing with Totems and Telepathy.

INNER LIGHT (September). "In order to live in civilized society, with all the blessings of security and co-operation that it brings, man has to agree to turn the other cheek to provocation," writes Dion Fortune in "Drawing upon Cosmic Energy". . . . "Initiation is the Science of Vocation to the Service of God", declares E. Boardman, in an article of that title.

ISLAMIC REVIEW (September). During his State visit to Great Britain, His Highness the Amir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan attended for prayers at the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking. . . . An article that may probably arouse a good deal of hostile criticism is "Prospects of Islam in the Far East", contributed by Sayed Maqbool Ahmed. He says: "In general, the religious behaviour of the Japanese does not seem to go beyond paying a passing homage, or perhaps I should say courtesy, to empty shrines of the Shinto cult (where a piece of looking-glass takes the place of an idol)".

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH (August). The whole of this issue is devoted to The Margery Mediumship dispute concerning the Hutchinson Wax.

KALPAKA (July and August). The editorial deals with the Sharada Tilaka, a work compiled by Sri Raghava Bhatta, in 1484 A.D., to serve as a Text Book of True Religion. . . . Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar continues his articles on the Bhagavat Gita.

LUCIFER (September). "We all have conscience, instincts, bents, and so forth, even from our earliest years. How do we come by this innate knowledge if it is not based on previous experience?" asks Frank F. Potter, in an article, "What evidence is there that we have lived before?" . . . Florence Collisson writes an instructive essay on "Krishna". . . . In a Forum Lecture, Dr. G. de Purucker states: "The Mystery Schools and the Mysteries exist to-day, and anyone who proves himself worthy, and who wills with a willing which is not daunted by obstacles, can pass their holy portals."

MODERN ASTROLOGY (September-October). The editor has some interesting observations to make on the Aryans. . . . E. H. C. Pagan deals with the subject of Astrology in Shakespeare, and displays an extensive knowledge of the works of Shakespeare. The sub-title of her article is, "Souls in Stars". . . . An interesting account of the life of Katherine Mansfield, the celebrated authoress, judged from an astrological viewpoint, is given in a paper entitled "The Stormy Petrel".

NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST (September). "Mediums are not angels—just humans with capacities and responsiveness to teachers who guide and direct and teach the ways of a pure and simple life", writes Minnie M. Soule, in "A Word about Mediums".

OCCULT DIGEST (September). Alice D. Jennings contributes an article on "The Return of the Jews to Palestine", according to astrology, and bases her arguments on the "Prophecies" of the Great Pyramid. . . . Elbert Benjamine writes on "Emancipated Woman and the Tree of Life". . . . William H. McKegg's essay, "The Mountain of Wisdom", is reprinted from the *Rosicrucian Digest*.

PENSAMENTO (August). The greater part of this issue is devoted to a report on the commemoration of the 25th Anniversary of the "Circulo Esoterico da Communhao do Pensamento". The President of the Supreme Council, in his address, commented upon the growth of the Order and the valuable work achieved by its members.

PRABUDDHA BHARATA (September). "The purpose of meditation is to realize the peaceful and all perfect nature of the Higher Self", writes Swami Jnaneswarananda, in the "Science of Meditation". . . . Nanalal C. Mehta contributes an instructive study on "Tradition in Indian Art". . . . Paul Brunton, the brilliant author of the recent best-seller *A Search in Secret India*, contributes an illuminating account of a visit to the Master Mahasaya; he writes, "If anyone could free me from the intellectual scepticism to which I cling, and attach me to a life of simple faith, it is undoubtedly the Master Mahasaya."

PSYCHIC GAZETTE (September). Mary W. Slater relates in an article how the late Lord Haig returned in spirit to accept her vow

of service to help to teach the truth of Spiritualism, especially to those who were bereaved by the War. . . . J. L. writes on "Ghosts of the Living and the Dead". . . . James M. McLintock contributes a paper of interest on "Spiritualism and Youth".

RALLY (September). "If we are to follow the lead of the spirit within, we find it necessary to flout conventional idea, treat the law of man as an ass, and turn ruthlessly to the task of daring to defy all seeming common sense and reason", writes John H. Taylor, in "The Mastery of Self". . . . W. G. Hooper contributes a valuable short essay entitled "The Spiritual Universe".

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST (September). An interesting article is contributed by Astrid Liefer, on "Testing your Mental Solvency". . . . Sylva B. Baker writes on the "Dweller on the Threshold", a subject that has been a matter of speculation and investigation by esoteric students. . . . In a paper entitled "Stateism or Personal Initiative—Which?" Joseph Darrow states: "It will probably be a thousand years before the citizens of this or any other country advance to the place in evolution where they can be trusted to exert themselves without the incentive of personal reward."

THEOSOPHIST (September). Geoffrey Hodson contributes an informative paper, "Nature and the Holy Eucharist", wherein he states: "The Devas and nature-spirits participate in the distribution of the sacramental blessing and power throughout their own ranks, whence it is finally released into those aspects of Nature with which they are variously concerned". . . . C. Jinarajadasa writes on "Celebate or Married Priests", and quotes an Encyclical on the Marriage of Priests in Latin America, signed by the Pope Leo XIII, in July 1918, which was later suppressed by the College of Cardinals in Rome. . . .

THEOSOPHY (September). "We are in a terrible state of social and governmental flux. *Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin* has been written over the door of every council chamber. We must individually and personally to some extent anticipate and in all cases adjust ourselves to changes which are inevitable; stand firm at all times, be prepared to fight when necessary, not for self, not for material gains, but for Principle, states the writer of "Society and the Individual". . . . Some interesting accounts of archæological explorations in Peru are given in the "On the Lookout" section.

VOILE D'ISIS (August-September). This is a special number on the Tradition of Islam. Rene Guénon writes on "Sufism", and translations of Sufi poems by Mohyiddin ibn El-Arabi are given. . . . The most interesting article in the issue is a brilliant essay by Frithjof Schuon, entitled "Christianity and Islam".

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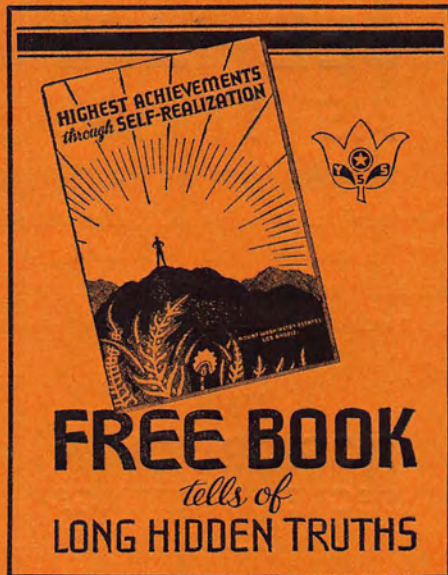
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