

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE task of those on whom the mantle of the prophet has fallen may be a hard one, but frequently the task of those whose lot it is to interpret the predictions of the prophets is no less arduous. This is proved to be especially the case in some of the Biblical predictions, which have given rise to countless discussions, disputations and conjectures.

A case in point is the prophecy in Esdras, second book, chapters xi and xii, about the eagle which had twelve feathered wings and three heads. Some of my correspondents have satisfied themselves that the eagle refers to Prussia, and the prophecy generally to the present great war. I am bound to say that a careful reading of the chapters in question does not appear to me to bear out any such hypothesis. It will be noted in the first place that the eagle has twelve feathered wings, and the angel subsequently explains that these twelve wings typify twelve

kings who will reign one after another. Now, there is no such sequence at all in the history of Prussia. Commencing with Frederick, who became Elector in 1688, and was crowned first King of Prussia in 1701, we have a series of nine kings, including the three German Emperors William I, Frederick III, and William II, the present Kaiser. Nor if we start with the Electors of Brandenburg are we in any better case. Of these, commencing with the first of the Hohenzollerns, we have eleven, which together with the nine kings, makes twenty. It is easy of course to select particular verses which seem to be applicable, as for instance, chapter xii, verse 18, which might be regarded as an appropriate reference to the crisis in the history of Prussia under Frederick the Great. It must, however, I think, be admitted that a dispassionate reading of the two passages referred to, the original vision and the angel's interpretation, will be far from justifying the interpretation thrust upon them with, it seems to me, so much unnecessary zeal in certain quarters. If prophecies *outside* the Scriptures had as little apparent bearing on the events in question they would, I am sure, attract no attention whatever in connection with current happenings.

A fruitful field for the interpreter's art has also been found in the celebrated prophecy of Lehnin, to which my attention has been drawn by various correspondents, but which I have not so far touched upon in this magazine, or indeed in my little book of prophecies. The prediction in question runs to a hundred lines in the original Latin, but there are only two or three of these at the very end of the prediction which can be held to refer to the present time and the present war. Without, however, a study of the prophecy as a whole, these lines, which have been on various occasions quoted independently, convey no intelligible meaning. "Sepharial" has conferred a service on the large and rapidly increasing public who are now interested in the question of predictions generally, by giving to the world a translation of this celebrated prophecy with an introductory note and also a very full and detailed record of the fulfilment, or alleged fulfilment, of the prophecies contained in each section of the poem.* For this purpose he divides the prediction into twenty-eight subdivisions, and treats each subdivision from its historical standpoint under its corresponding number. For those who wish to follow

* *The Prophecy of Lehnin.* By Sepharial. London: Foulsham & Co.

out the prophecy thus in full detail the pamphlet referred to will supply an admirable guide. My present object is to convey a general idea of the contents of this remarkable series of Latin verses and to give some brief account of its origin and the circumstances under which it appears to have been written.

The original prophecy is in Latin hexameter verse, the first half of each hexameter rhyming with the last half. Rhyming hexameters were a form of metric exercise very much in vogue amongst the monks of the Middle Ages. My readers may recall in this connection the Rhythm of Bernard of Clairvaux,



THE MONASTERY OF LEHNIN IN THE YEAR 1598.

to which I have alluded in a previous number of the OCCULT REVIEW, as a very good example of this. The hexameters in this

THE LATIN
ORIGINAL.

case rhyme with each other, and not the first half with the second half. They are infinitely superior to those of Father Hermann, the worthy monk of Lehnin, who was the author of the prophecy I have at present under consideration, but either would have been calculated to make the classic Virgil turn in his grave. The monk of Lehnin violates without scruple every canon of Latin versification, and alters the quantities of the words he uses from long to short or *vice versâ* without the smallest scruple. Nor does he give any evidence of the rhythmic fire and force which, in spite of their

bastard nature, is so remarkable a characteristic of the impetuous verse of the monk of Clairvaux.

The merit of Brother Hermann's poem is of another order. It claims to foretell the whole history of Brandenburg and its rulers from the time of the writer, about A.D. 1240, down to the fall of the House of Hohenzollern, and certainly a very plausible case can be made out in defence of the genuine inspiration of the Prior of the Monastery of Lehnin. There seems to be something very much more than coincidence in the manner in which the destinies of the rulers of Brandenburg are traced in succession, and, though it is not difficult to find flaws in the prediction, the study of the verses as a whole leaves one not a little impressed with the just claims of Hermann to the prophet's mantle. The full force of the prediction can naturally only be appreciated after a careful study of the whole in the light of the history of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The founders of the Monastery of Lehnin and the beloved patrons of our prophet were the Counts of Ascania, Catholic princes, who ruled in Brandenburg from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century.

Prior Hermann commences his prophecy by lamenting the fact that the rule of his patrons over the province of Brandenburg was so soon destined to come to an untimely end for lack of any heir to the race. This actually happened about a century later. The thought of the evil days that were in store for the monastery during the period of lawlessness that was to follow weighed heavily on the Prior's mind. Such is the burden of his opening lines, which may be paraphrased somewhat as follows—

Now sing I, Lehnin, of thy future fate ;
 The Lord revealed it Who did all create,
 For though thou shinest as the solar ray,
 And pious zeal doth fill thee day by day,
 And though fair Peace, rich guerdon of thy toil,
 Surrounds thee, far from war and war's turmoil,
 The day is near when thy glad star shall wane,
 And those that love thee seek thy place in vain.
 Thy founders' line shall perish in the tomb,
 And thou shalt wither in thy founders' doom.
 Thy hospitable hearth—a memory fair,
 And Otho's noble race bereft of heir,
 The turning Wheel of Fate to Otho brings
 That last sad hour on all too rapid wings.
 Then, Lehnin, first thou fallest, sunken low ;
 Yet still thou shalt thy final doom forego.

After various vicissitudes, Brandenburg was conferred on the Hohenzollerns, who, in this connection, first figure in the pages of history. This was about the year 1415. The province gradually evolved under these rulers into the modern Prussia, which in its turn, under the iron rule of Bismarck, attained the leadership of Germany and finally absorbed the smaller German

ENTER THE
HOHEN-
ZOLLERNS.

kingdoms and other states. The growth of Brandenburg at first was a very gradual one, but there are certain dates in its history that stand out prominently. The first and, from its subsequent consequences, the most important, as already stated, is the arrival of the Hohenzollerns. Another, which had almost as far-reaching results, was the acquisition of the free municipality of Berlin, about the year 1500. Another is the establishment of Prussia as a kingdom under Frederick the First, who succeeded in 1688 and was crowned King of Prussia in 1701. A fourth and most important era in the history of Prussia and the house of Hohenzollern is, of course, the reign of Frederick II, commonly called Frederick the Great, who came to the throne in 1740. A fifth is the accession of William I, afterwards German Emperor, the present Kaiser's grandfather. A sixth is the accession of the present Kaiser, William II, the prime author of the present great European War. The sequence and main features of these incidents seem clearly indicated in the strange Latin doggerel of Brother Hermann. Hence the great interest of the prophecy.

Something is said in this prediction more or less appropriate about practically every ruling member of the family of Hohenzollern from Friedrich von Hohenzollern, who was given the Electorate of Brandenburg by the Emperor Sigismund in 1415, down to the present Kaiser. The addition of the important free city of Berlin to the duchy of Brandenburg under the elector John is duly noted in the following lines:—

*Alter ab hoc Martem scit ludificare per artem;
Auspicium natis hic præbet felicitatis;
Quod dum servatur, ingens fortuna paratur.*

Which may be translated as follows: "His (Albert's) successor knows well how to cheat Mars through his craft. He offers to his descendants an augury of future prosperity. While this gift is preserved immense good fortune is provided for them." This John was surnamed Cicero, owing to his persuasive powers, and he achieved more by the arts of peace and by frustrating war

H

(Mars) than many of the other rulers of Brandenburg by their more bellicose policy. A reference follows to the introduction of Lutheranism into Brandenburg by Elizabeth of Denmark, the wife of Joachim I. The orthodox Prior alludes to her as a woman who will "introduce a baneful pest into the country."

Inferet at tristem patriæ tunc fœmina pestem.

The prediction states that this poison will last to the eleventh generation. This appears to be accurate, the Catholics having had their disabilities removed during the reign of Frederick IV, who, though the twelfth in succession, represents the eleventh generation, Joachim II succeeding his brother Joachim I, and thus making only one generation. The establishment of Prussia as a kingdom under Frederick I is alluded to in the line—

Securitas gentis est fortitudo regentis *

—"the security of the people is the strength of the king." More remarkable than this are the lines referring to Frederick the Great, the reference appearing as usual in its due order. The first line may be translated as follows: "Soon the young warrior
 REIGN OF
 FREDERICK
 THE GREAT. roars (or bellows) while the noble lady groans in travail." This very remarkable reference to the attack on Maria Teresa by Frederick the Great immediately on his accession to the throne is somewhat marred in the translation by the substitution of the word "shudders" for "roars." The Latin is "fremit" (bellows like a wild animal), but it has been mistranslated into the French as "fremit" (shudders), and it is from the French version that Sepharial's translation is taken. The prophet adds of this ruler, "He will lay hold of his standard, but will lament a cruel destiny," which we may take as a reference to Frederick the Great's many long wars and terrible reverses, retrieved at last, even after the capture of Berlin. The unstable condition of Germany and her internal dissensions under Frederick William IV (1840-1861), are well described in the line—

Non robur menti, non adsunt numina genti

—"There is no strength in the mind of the king, no auspicious deities come to the rescue of the people," "The king imitates the worst examples of his worst ancestors." The lines that follow will attract the most attention of any in this strange

* "Regentis" may be equivalent to "regis," i.e., king. On the other hand it may mean no more than "ruler."

prophecy. Frederick William's successor is alluded to as *natus* (his son), though in reality he was the son of Frederick William III, and the brother of his predecessor. But the lines are none the less noteworthy. The date of the accession of William I to the throne of Prussia is 1861, and the date of his death as Emperor of Germany 1888. The lines announcing this reign are as follows—

Natus florebit, quod non sperasset habebit

—“The son will be fortunate and will enjoy more than he had ever hoped for,” “but,” continues our Prophet, “a sad people will weep in those times; for destinies of an astounding nature are seen to be at hand, and the Prince himself knows not how greatly his new power increases.” In the translation alluded to, the line quoted (“A sad people,” etc.) is transposed so as to refer to the previous sovereign, but this is not so in the Latin original, and the presumption is that the sad people referred to are Prussia's defeated foes. Immediately following these lines referring to the triumphant reign of William I comes the striking couplet—

*Tandem sceptra gerit qui stemmatis ultimus erit,
Israël infandum scelum audet morte piandum.*

—“At length he wields the sceptre who will be the last of his race. Israel dares an unspeakable crime, to be expiated by death.” What, it may be asked, is this “unspeakable crime,” and who is “Israel”? Presumably from the point of view of “ISRAEL'S,” the Prior of Lehnin, “Israel” is a name adopted for the Christian community in Brandenburg, the UNSPEAK- original nucleus of Prussia—“the Lord's chosen ABLE CRIME. people” as the Prior would doubtless have regarded them. The “unspeakable crime” may then be considered to be the present war. But the line is doubtless open to other interpretations, and one of these is advanced by Sepharial, though I confess I cannot follow him in the matter. I should perhaps mention that some versions of the Latin have a variant reading and print “audit” (learns, or hears of) instead of “audet” (dares). This further widens the possible basis of speculation as to the exact signification of the prophecy. The line following tells us how in the sequel the shepherd (or pastor) recovers his flock and Germany her king. This latter phrase has been interpreted as meaning that Germany's ancient line of kings, presumably the Guelfs, recover their throne. After this; the prediction tells how happiness and peace return again

to the distracted land, and the monastery of Lehnin is once more restored to its ancient splendour.

One word, before concluding, with regard to the evidence for the authenticity of this remarkable prophecy. We first hear of copies in the fifteenth century. It is stated that Albert, the youngest brother of Joachim I, Elector of Brandenburg, who died in 1459, presented one of these to the Library at Mayence, and, "at the present time," says the author of the pamphlet already alluded to, "there are some five or six copies in the Library in Berlin." The oldest copy in this Library was transferred some time since to the Palace at Charlottenburg. The prophecy was printed in 1723 by Schultze under the title of *Fratcr Hermann Redivivus*. The book from which I have taken the Latin version was published at Leipzig by the firm of Hermann Fritzsche, and bears the date 1849. The editor and commentator is Dr. Wilhelm Meinhold. To the best of my knowledge the Latin original has never yet been published in England. I am therefore taking the opportunity of giving it in full, at the end of the present Notes, in spite of the fact that many of my readers may not be Latin scholars, as the record is clearly one of importance.

I referred a year ago, and also on a previous occasion, to Mme de Thèbes' predictions about the present war, and I also quoted her earlier predictions in my little book of prophecies. I have before me now her Almanac for 1915, which, as usual, makes very interesting reading. According to the Parisian prophetess, the present year is under the rule of Mars and Jupiter, as last year was under the rule of Mars and Saturn. "It is destined to be a great year, full of tumult and of splendours, of events horrible and sublime—no middle altitudes; summits only—a year of momentous negotiations; of diplomatists who do not show their hands. On all sides there are indications of disturbances, fermentations, accentuated rivalries, increased activity. Scarcely will the Sun have reached the third part of its course when the blood of France will have ceased to flow. The upshot of the contest will be for France very different to what she has expected. Surprise will succeed on surprise. Her destiny lies in wait for her at the moment of negotiation. She has to choose between two kinds of men, and must know to which it will be wisest to listen. A year of emotion, fever, delirium, for Paris—magnificent openings for new men. Then the conflict of warring interests, the

PREDICTIONS
OF MME DE
THÈBES.

development of inevitable divisions. Little by little the sky will clear." Mme de Thèbes alludes to "the enthusiasm of days that can never be forgotten," though she sees her country threatened by the danger of internal dissension. The Summer and Autumn, she says, will be such as the history of Paris has never dreamed of. "A cloud hangs over the drama at the hour of greatest triumph, for there are some hatreds which are never disarmed." There will be general changes dating from 1915 in the institutions of the country, arising from movements in Paris and in the great towns.

Turning to Italy, Mme de Thèbes says that the hour is not distant when this country, "escaping from the difficulties of every kind which have so far paralysed her, will be under the necessity of drawing the sword." "Her hand will be forced." With regard to Germany, she asks, "What will the Germany of to-morrow become?" "Two distinct visions pursue me," she replies. "I see a Germany which is torn asunder, South against South, North against North. It is the revolutionary movement, popular fury against the military aristocracy. And

A GERMAN
REVOLU-
TION.

at the same time, in spite of all these troubles, resistance continues or at least endeavours to continue, parodying the France of the past, even to its great Revolution. Hostages, massacres, trials, scaffolds, all are there, and, in spite of all this, the enemy has crossed the frontiers. The other vision, more to be feared perhaps, shows Germany ready to give in at once, ready to declare herself conquered, to accept the conditions of the victors, and thus gain time to renew her attacks upon her enemies with greater energy. But in either case there is no more Hohenzollern. Meanwhile, where is the man whose presence I sense, whose coming I foretold last year, and who is destined to arise in Germany in order to make a voice heard which will dominate all other voices, and which will save his unhappy country a part, at least, of the just punishment which Providence reserves for her?"

In dealing with the fatuous intervention of Turkey in the war, Mme de Thèbes exclaims: "Turk! you must quit Europe; you have made your choice. All the Bosphorus is dyed in purple. None of the hands which I have seen, or which I recollect, are good or fortunate. They confirm the anticipation of the crumbling of the Turkish Empire. The neighbouring peoples, Bulgarians, Greeks, Serbians, Rumanians, Montenegrins, will be injured by its falling ruins. We are not anywhere near seeing

the whole of Europe once more at peace, and brave Serbia is not yet at the end of its warlike destiny. As for Bulgaria's destiny, she will be overthrown by the men of the past."

Mme de Thèbes devotes a short section of her Almanac to the hand of Kaiser William II. She is rather mysterious as to the manner in which she came to see this, but she states that she only saw the right hand. The defects of the Kaiser's left arm are of course well known, and the left hand, presumably, shares in this deficiency. In any case, Mme de Thèbes admits not having seen the Kaiser's left hand, the hand, that is, of

THE HAND OF THE KAISER. fatality. Of the other, she says, it is dry with little hair, fairly strong, the fingers conical and the nails rather flattened. The thumb is somewhat long, the little finger imaginative, the three other fingers

normal in appearance, but remarkable for the irregularity of their phalanxes, which tend to be curiously hollow in the inside. When William II does not hold his hand very firmly, his fingers remain naturally apart at the phalanxes—one sees the light through them. This is one of the most regrettable indications of untruthfulness and insincerity. The hand is that of a Mercurial-Jupiterian type. The lines are innumerable, and the fingers are markedly furrowed throughout their entire length. The *hand* indicates a life rather short than long; . . . the mounts or roots of the fingers are high, and reveal all the capacity for assimilation of this bizarre and superficial creature, gifted as he is with as many defects as he has qualities. His line of fate is a fairly good one, rising up from slightly above the wrist to the ring finger, and finishing suddenly, as if broken, between crosses or stars, indications of fortune and renown. This man should fall suddenly: he is, in fact, already falling. The Line of Head also stops suddenly on its arrival at the Line of Fate. I only recall two of the lines as having been suddenly broken—that of Fate and that of the Head, indications of a destiny which ends suddenly in madness or suicide. Nevertheless, in spite of all physical indications, the Line of Life is good. This strange monarch should disappear and survive his shattered career hidden in seclusion. The Line of Life just unites with the Line of Heart,* which finishes in a fork in the direction of the Mount of the Moon, and indicates well the incredible inventions of a being drawn to sentimental reverie up to the moment when his dominant quality, insane vanity, gets the better of him.

* Surely a misprint for "Line of Head." —ED.

I think a note about Mme de Thèbes herself and her peculiar gift of prediction may be interesting to many of my readers. The Parisian sceress was a god-child of the celebrated Alexandre Dumas *filis*, the novelist, and was originally destined for the theatre, a career subsequently abandoned. She owed her introduction to palmistry to the renowned Desbarolles, whose pupil she was. For twenty years past she has been known to the world in general as Mme de Thèbes. How clairvoyantes divine the future is a mystery to the world at large, and is frequently no less a mystery to the clairvoyante herself. In her



MME. DE THÈBES.

Almanac for the current year Mme de Thèbes essays to explain her method of prophecy and divination. It may, I think, be fairly defined as a form of deductive clairvoyance based on a very intimate knowledge and extensive experience of palmistry. "I see," she says, "in the course of the year a large number of hands. I am indebted also to the kindness of friends living in many different countries for quantities of photographs of the hands of notable people. I have at home thousands of documents relative to the celebrities of North and South America, of Japan, of Russia, etc., not to mention

HOW
MME DE
THÈBES
MAKES HER
PREDIC-
TIONS.

the numerous hands of notabilities which I have personally examined, either in Paris or during my travels throughout Europe. I have set myself for many years past to take special note of every observation which impressed me at the moment, in connection with people of varying grades of society, observing carefully the changes brought about by time and the altered circumstances of life. At the end of a year I have thus collected a large mass of valuable data in connection with the people whom I have met and with regard to whom I have made observations. From this accumulated evidence I draw my deductions. Certain symptoms then manifest themselves in me which I do not think I have yet explained. Images emerge, outlines gain precision, the physiognomy of facts appears to me in a vision of the future, the difficulty with regard to which is to determine its distance in time and its duration. These constantly baffle me. The very order of these visions, as I have called them, is independent of my will. What happens is this: I let my mind rest on the subject of my predictions. I sit down to write. A kind of coldness seizes me. I become, as it were, detached from my surroundings, and I intuitively sense that which the morrow will bring forth. I try hard to distinguish, to reason, to question, but it is impossible—the image as I look at it melts away. Another appears in its place and obsesses me in turn. I am forced to take note of what I have seen. I let some time pass after this vision, and it returns to me with certain modifications. These also I take note of, and in the end, from the numerous impressions I receive, an image disengages itself—an image which I dare not call clear and precise, but which nevertheless appears to dominate my consciousness.”

The above observations are not an absolutely *literal* translation from Mme de Thèbes' French. No such literal translation would be possible, and in addition, if possible, it would fail to give the meaning of the seeress, which it has been my object to convey as nearly as the differences in idiom between the two languages will permit. I have had a number of inquiries here for Mme de Thèbes' Almanac, which my publishers do not supply, but which, I am informed by the author, can be obtained direct from her at 29 Avenue Wagram, Paris, on receipt of 1.65 fr. to cover cost and postage. The photograph shows Mme de Thèbes in her reception room in her Paris flat.

In view of the fact that I am publishing in the present issue a very striking article by Count Chedo Miyatovich, under the

title of "What led me to Occultism," readers will doubtless be interested to see the accompanying portrait, which I have obtained permission to reproduce, of this well-known diplomatist, who has obtained fame in more fields than one. Count



COUNT CHEDO MIYATOVICH.

Miyatovich was educated at the Universities of Munich, Leipzig and Zurich, and became Professor of Political Economy at Belgrade in 1865. In 1873 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs in Serbia, and afterwards represented his country at the Court of

St. James. He has also gained recognition both as an historian and a novelist. He has openly proclaimed his belief in Occultism and psychical phenomena, unlike a good many other celebrities, who, not altogether inaptly, may be compared with the devils in the New Testament who "believe and tremble." Count Miyatovich has had a varied and, at times, romantic career, and this fact, while it has added to the breadth of his outlook on life, gives a somewhat unique interest to the present article. The Count's friendship with the late W. T. Stead is well known, their community of interest not only in the occult but also in European politics affording a double bond of attachment.

The conception of the German Emperor as Antichrist has, it appears from a letter I have received from a correspondent, taken a new departure. It seems that there was a tradition current in the early Christian Church, that Nero would reappear on earth in this guise. Lactantius, a fourth-century Christian writer, alludes to the tradition with disapproval and incredulity. Nero was to be manifested as "a messenger and forerunner of the Evil One, coming for the devastation of the earth, and the overturning of the human race." My correspondent draws a parallel between the two characters, and I am ready to admit that there is room for a diversity of opinion as to which was the worst of the two. Though the shameless immorality of the Roman Emperor is absent, or at any rate comparatively absent, in the Kaiser, all the crimes of Nero together would weigh indeed lightly in the scale as against the evil that the German Emperor has brought upon the world, and the atrocities which have been committed by his soldiers, to all appearance with his sanction and approval. The theory propounded appears to me, I confess, ingenious rather than convincing, but I give it for its curiosity. My correspondent writes—

To those who are convinced of the truth of Reincarnation, a study of the characters of Nero and the German Emperor presents much interest.

Nero crushed every one who stood in his way, his half-brother, his mother, his wife, his tutor, his friends. He loved ostentation and parade. He must fill the stage. He travelled about in a restless way. Of his amateur skill in acting, music and singing he was inordinately vain. He spent a year in Greece and won prizes at the festivals in music, acting and chariot-driving, and in return granted to Hellas her liberty, in the year 67.

His short speech still survives, his only speech extant—

"It is an unlooked for gift, ye Hellenes, this with which I now favour you, save that from my magnanimity there is nothing which men may not expect. . . . Do you now receive liberty and exemption from all tribute . . . of my own good will I bestow this boon upon you. . . . To cities other men ere now have given freedom. Nero alone doth liberate a province."

It is the speech of an egomaniac.

He died miserably in the following year, hated by all, and leaving a name proverbial for all that is devilish.

After his death there sprung up a legend that he would return to earth and reign again.

This legend appears to the writer as now accomplished. Spirits progress between the periods of their incarnation, and the German Emperor is free from the awful sensuality of Nero, but in other respects he is very like him, wonderfully like him.

Times have changed, and an emperor can no longer murder his nearest relatives at his own pleasure, but he can still lay deep schemes that result in the murder of the innocent—of old men and women, and helpless children—and give orders to that effect. In the present War it has often been remarked that the officers evidently received from high authority their orders for deeds that have covered Germany with infamy.

Students of the book of Revelation are fairly well in agreement that Nero was the Beast. In the *de Mortibus Persecutorum* of Lactantius will be found quoted the belief that Nero—the first persecutor of the Christians—would return and reign as Antichrist.

In the prophecy of Frater Johannes—the existence of which anterior to the War seems to be established—Antichrist is identified with the monarch who will start the war, the prince of lies, the self-styled representative of the Most High, one-armed, acting for long by craft and strategy and spies, and at length throwing off the mask and plunging the world into war. In fact, the German Emperor.

"For it has been said that twenty centuries after the Incarnation of the Word the Beast will be incarnate in his turn, and will menace the earth with as many evils as the Divine Incarnation has brought it graces."

The Revelation speaks of "the Beast which was, and is not, and shall come." Scholars agree that the prophecy was written after the decease of the blood-stained Nero.

The Beast has come, and when he suffers his just punishment, and his country is invaded by the Allies on the East and on the West, he will be true to his nature, and the world may expect any atrocity.

I have received one or two letters with regard to my further note in last month's issue dealing with the prophecy of St. Malachi

about the Popes. Among other matters my translation of "De Medietate Lunæ" is called in question, and I must at least plead guilty to an error in my statement that the word *medietas* does not occur in classical Latin. Though very rare, it is to be met

THE
PROPHECY
OF ST.
MALACHI.

with once in Cicero, and subsequently it appears in post-classical times in Lactantius and Apuleius. The classical meaning of the word appears to be "middle," and my correspondent suggests that the motto should be translated, "From the middle of the Moon, or month." I am quite open to conviction on the matter, though I am rather inclined to think that the Low Latin meaning which I have already given is more likely to be that intended by St. Malachi. My correspondent also suggests an interpretation of the motto "De Labore Solis" (from the labour or travail of the Sun) as having reference to an eclipse. I think in this he is probably right. The appropriateness of two of the mottoes is enhanced by the points made in Miss Corfield's letter which I print in the present issue. "Crux de Cruce" is there made to refer to the cross in the royal arms of Savoy, and the motto "Lumen in Coelo" of Pope Leo XIII to the comet which figured conspicuously in the arms of his family.

The following further donations to the Red Cross Hospital Fund (St. Germain-en-Laye) have been received: Mme. J. M. Peron Perregaux, £1 1s.; A. G. Boothroyd, 10s.; S.G.R., 5s.; Miss A. W., 3s.; P.V., 3s.; G. W. Lawes, 2s. 6d.; Denise, 2s. 6d. The total is now £6 12s. Before closing the subscription list, which I intend to do with the next issue of the Magazine,

THE RED
CROSS
HOSPITAL
FUND.

I am making a final appeal to my readers, and invite all who have not yet contributed, and who are still willing to lend a helping hand, to send a shilling each to an additional Shilling Fund to add to the amount above mentioned. The Fund will then be declared closed, and the total obtained applied to the purposes indicated. I would add that the shillings contributed will be acknowledged in the next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, although not individually by post, and a definite statement will be made in the "Notes of the Month" of that issue as to what is being done with the money.

VATICINIUM LEHNINENSE

NUNC tibi cum cura, Lehnin ! cano fata futura,
Quæ mihi monstravit Dominus, qui cuncta creavit ;
Nam licet insigni velut sol splendeas igni,
Et vitam totam nunc degas summe devotam,
Abundentque rite tranquillæ commoda vitæ ;
Tempus erit tandem, quod te non cernet eandem,
Immo vix ullam, sed, si bene dixerò, nullam.
Quæ te fundavit, gens hæc te semper amavit ;
Hac pereunte peris nec, mater amabilis, eris.
Et nunc, absque mora, propinquat flebilis hora,
Qua stirps Othonis, nostræ decus regionis,
Magno ruit fato, nullo superstite nato ;
Tuncque cadis primum, sed nondum venis ad imum.
Interea diris angetur Marchia miris,
Et domus Othonum fiet spelunca leonum,
Ac erit extrusus vero de sanguine fusus ;
Quando perigrini venient ad claustra Chorini,
Cerbereos fastus mox tollet Cæsaris astus.
Sed parum tuto gaudebit Marchia scuto.
Regalis leo rursum tendit ad altera cursum,
Nec dominos veros hæc terra videbit et heros.
Omnia turbabunt rectores, damnaque dabunt ;
Nobilitas dives vexabit undique cives,
Raptabit clerum nullo discrimine verum :
Et facient isti, quod factum tempore Christi.
Corpora multorum vendentur contra decorum,
Nec penitus desit tibi, qui, mea Marchia, præsit,
Ex humili surgis, binis nunc inclyte burgis,
Accendisque facem jactando nomine pacem,
Dumque lupos necas, ovibus præcordia secas.
Dico tibi verum, tua stirps longæva dierum.
Imperiis parvis patriis dominabitur arvis,
Donec prostrati fuerint, qui tunc honorati
Urbes vastabant, dominos regnare vetabant.
Succedens patri tollet privilegia fratri,
Nec faciet testum, non justum credere justum.
Defesso bellis variis, sortisque procellis,
Mox frater fortis succedit tempore mortis,
Fortis et ille quidem, sed vir vanissimus idem.
Dum cogitat montem, poterit vix scandere pontem.
En acuit enses ! Miseri vos, o Lehninenses !
Quid curet fratres, qui vult excindere patres ?
Alter ab hoc Martem scit ludificare per artem.
Auspicium natis hic præbet felicitatis ;
Quod dum servatur, ingens fortuna paratur.
Hujus erunt nati conformi sorte beati.

Inferet at tristem patriæ tunc fœmina pestem,
 Fœmina, serpentis tabe contacta recentis,
 Hoc et ad undenum durabit stemma venenum.
 Et nunc is prodit, qui te, Lehnin ! nimis odit,
 Dividit ut culter, atheus, scortator, adulter !
 Ecclesiam vastat, bona religiosa subhastat.
 Ite, meus populus ! protector est tibi nullus,
 Hora donec veniet, qua restitutio fiet.
 Filius amentis probat instituta parentis ;
 Insiapiens totus, tamen audit vulgo devotus ;
 Nec sat severus, hinc dicitur optimus herus.
 Huic datur ex genere, qui non qualis ipse, videre,
 Et anno funesto vitam loco linquit honesto.
 Postulat hinc turbæ præponi natus in urbe.
 Spe cæteri sobolem ; fovet hic formidine prolem.
 Quod timet, obscurum : certo tamen, ecce, futurum.—
 Forma rerum nova mox fit, patiente Jehova !
 Mille scatet nævis, cujus duratio brevis,
 Multa per edictum, sed turbans plura per ictum.
 Quæ tamen in pejus mutantur jussibus ejus,
 In melius fato converti posse putato.
 Post patrem natus princeps est Marchionatus,
 Ingenio nullos non vivere sinit inultos.
 Dum nimium credit, miserum pecus lupus edit,
 Et sequitur servus domini mox fata protervus.
 Tunc veniunt, quibus de burgis nomina tribus,
 Et crescit latus sub magno principe status.
 Securitas gentis est fortitudo regentis ;
 Sed nil juvabit, prudentia quando cubabit.
 Qui successor erit, patris haud vestigia terit.
 Orate, fratres, lacrymis nec parcite, matres !
 Fallit in hoc nomen læti regiminis omen.
 Mox juvenis fremit, dum magna puerpera gemit.
 Sed quis turbatum poterit refingere statum ?
 Vexillum tanget, sed fata crudelia planget :
 Flantibus hinc austris, vitam vult credere claustris.
 Qui sequitur, pravos imitatur pessimus avos,
 Non robur menti, non adsunt Numina genti ;
 Cujus opem petit, contrarius hic sibi stetit ;
 Et perit in undis, dum miscet summa profundis.
 Natus florebit, quod non sperasset, habebit ;
 Sed populus tristis flebit temporibus istis.
 Nam sortis miræ videntur fata venire,
 Et princeps nescit, quod nova potentia crescit.
 Tandem sceptrum gerit, qui stemmatis ultimus erit :
 Israel infandum scelus audet, morte piandum ;
 Et pastor gregem recipit, Germania regem.
 Marchia, cunctorum penitus oblita malorum,
 Ipsa suos audet fovere, nec advena gaudet ;
 Priscaque Lehnini surgunt et tecta Chorini,
 Et veteri more clerus splendescit honore,
 Nec lupus nobili plus insidiatur ovili.

WHAT LED ME TO OCCULTISM

By CHEDO MIYATOVICH, Former Serbian Minister to the Court of St. James, and to other Courts

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of the following arresting article can lay claim to a reputation which places him outside the charge of charlatanism. A diplomatist by profession, a student, historian and novelist by predilection, he is a member of several learned societies on the Continent, and an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society of London. He began his career as Professor of Political Economy at the High School of Belgrade, and his contributions to the subject of Free Trade caused him to be elected a foreign member of the Cobden Club. M. Miyatovich has been several times a Minister of the Serbian Cabinet, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Her Majesty Queen Victoria and once to His Majesty King Edward, besides having been Minister to the Queen of Holland, the King of Rumania, and the Sultan of Turkey. He also represented Serbia at the First International Peace Conference at The Hague. He it was, too, who signed the honourable peace between Serbia and Bulgaria in 1886. He resigned his last diplomatic office, namely that of Serbian Minister to the Court of St. James, in 1903, on the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. M. Miyatovich has added to his other accomplishments that of being a journalist, and amongst other things, has translated into Serbian that masterpiece of English literature—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Coming from such a man—accomplished, distinguished, versatile—the following article cannot fail to be interesting.

SINCE I had the honour to open the Occult Club in Piccadilly Place on October 17, 1913, I have received many letters asking me to give the reasons which caused me to become a believer in Occultism; and the editor of an influential London paper has asked me to publish such explanations as I may have to offer in his paper; but in view of the fact that the ramifications of the science of Occultism are so wide as not to be capable of compression within the column or so of an ordinary daily paper, I have preferred to deal with the subject at somewhat greater length: especially as the reasons which had so much weight with me were not only my own personal experiences, but also those of eminent people of undoubted sincerity.

Briefly stated, my belief in Occultism is founded upon—

1. Information I have received upon Magic,
2. Some acquaintance with Clairvoyance; and,
3. Some visions of, and conversations with, spirits.

In addition to all these, I may add that for two years I lived in London with a ghost, who every night during those two years manifested himself in my house, in various but generally gentlemanly ways—which latter was inevitable, seeing that the ghost was that of a British officer.

I purpose dealing with my subject under the three heads given above, and would therefore say, that with regard to

1. *Information on Magic*, the prevalent idea that magic belongs to the limbo of the forgotten, is by no means correct, as I think that the instances I shall cite will go a long way to prove. It is not so long ago that a great Latin scholar told me that the Chronicles of the Emperor Trajan's campaign against Dacia reported that the Dacians fought the Roman army by magic, and that when the Roman legions were ordered to advance against the plainly visible Dacian army, they would suddenly see between them and the army of the enemy a river, a forest, or a fog, where neither river, forest nor fog had been before: and thus their advance would be stopped.

Now, it is very significant as a commentary on this recorded fact, that in no country at the present time are there to be found so many professional magicians—both men and women, and more frequently the latter—as in the territories synchronizing with ancient Dacia, namely, modern Rumania and South-Eastern Hungary.

Two instances of a Hungarian magician may be cited as proofs of the efficacy of modern magic. Both of these are to me very conclusive, coming as they do from the lips of my mother, who, when a child of six years, was kidnapped by an old Wallachian woman—the magician who is referred to in the two examples I purpose giving. The old woman resided in Arad, a town in South-Eastern Hungary, and for six years my mother served her as her apprentice, being discovered by her family and taken back home when she was twelve. As a youth of sixteen I remember my mother telling me wonderful stories of her life and experiences while with the old magician, and the two that most impressed me are those I am about to recite.

The first of them concerns a young Corporal of Infantry and his sweetheart. For a long time the Corporal, named Marin, was serving with a regiment garrisoned at Arad, but the day came when his regiment was ordered to leave for Mantua, Italy. The parting between Marin and his betrothed, Mariolla, was heart-rending, as they were deeply in love with each other. But discipline knows nothing of Cupid, and to Italy Marin had to go,

leaving Mariolla sad at heart. Six weeks after the departure of her lover, Mariolla went to the old magician, and begged her to use her art to bring Marin back for a moment, simply to kiss and be kissed. The old woman asserted her ability to do as was desired, but pointed out to the girl that it was nevertheless very dangerous ; and Mariolla went away sorrowful. Some weeks later she returned and repeated her request, but was again refused. The persistence of the girl, however, at last wrung from the magician a promise to bring about the desired meeting ; although the mysterious " danger " to which she had previously referred, caused her to tell the girl that should anything untoward happen as a result, the responsibility must be taken by Mariolla.

It would serve little useful purpose were I to detail the particulars of the performance of the ceremonies by the naked old woman at midnight round the big fire in the middle of the spacious kitchen, the girl who was to become my mother having, by the way, important functions to attend to ; I will merely mention that at the end, a terrific thunderclap was heard, which shook the cottage to its foundations, as though it was in the path of an earthquake.

Four days later came the consummation of the magic ceremonies ; at midnight on that fourth day, Mariolla and her mother heard a tapping at the window of their cottage. Neither the girl nor her mother made any attempt to open the window, and presently the tapping was resumed, this time on the door : simultaneously the dog in the yard began to bark violently, and then to howl. Terrified at these noises in the " deaf time," as the Hungarians call midnight, Mariolla and her mother got up from their beds, and demanded to know who it was that knocked.

" Open quickly," came the answer. " I am Marin ! "

Elated at the thought that her lover had come to her, Mariolla opened the door, and there, standing on the threshold, erect as on parade, stood Marin, pale and his uniform tattered and torn as though he had been rushing madly through thorny hedges. Breathless as from exertion, he whispered—

" Oh, Mariolla ! Mariolla ! Why did you call me ? "

Then, clasping the girl to his breast, he kissed her passionately—and fell dead.

This was not a hallucination of the poor girl and her mother. Marin appeared at their door in the flesh, and his body had to be buried at the expense of Mariolla's mother.

The other story that my mother told me concerning this old magician is no less conclusive as to the power of magic.

A lady of a neighbouring town having been left a widow, had taken as her second husband, a doctor. She had a daughter by her first husband, and as, up to the time that this young lady had reached the age of twenty-five, no suitor for her hand had appeared, despite her undoubted prettiness and not inconsiderable dowry, her mother grew alarmed lest she should be doomed to spinsterhood. Wherefore, she one day took her daughter to the magician to see if the old woman could tell her what was to be her child's fate.

Sitting as usual before the large fire in her kitchen, the magician heard the woman's story, and then threw a few white haricot beans on to the earthen floor. For a while she sat staring at the beans, absorbed in what she saw, and oblivious to the presence of her visitors, who sat and waited in suspense. Presently the old woman spoke—

"Yes," she said to the mother, "your daughter will be married, but at present there is an impediment—a woman."

"Could not your magic remove that impediment?" asked the lady.

"Of course it could," replied the magician confidently, and after the professional question of terms had been settled, the party went into the garden, the young apprentice carrying a large axe. The old woman led them to a slender-stemmed peach-tree in full bloom, took the lady's daughter by the right hand, and walked with her three times round the tree, the while muttering some magic formula. This done, she gave the young girl the axe, told her to strike a hard blow at the stem, at the same time pronouncing the words—

"I strike at the hindrance to my marriage, that it may be removed."

The girl did as directed, was then told that she must do the same thing every Friday until the tree was on the point of falling down. For three Fridays, therefore, the young woman and her mother went to the magician's house, and carried out the instructions, and in due course the peach-tree fell to the ground. When this happened the old woman said to the mother—

"Now you may sleep without anxiety, for your daughter will be married within a year."

On that very day, the girl's mother was taken ill while driving home, and in three days she was dead. In less than a year her daughter was married—to the doctor, her step-father.

I could tell other stories which would prove that magic is not a thing of the past—that it is just as efficacious to-day as it

was in the years gone by ; but I will only mention that the infatuation of King Milan of Serbia with Mme. Arthemisc and that of King Alexander with Mme. Draga Mashin, were generally, and by their best friends, explained as the effect of magic.

Although the things that my mother had told me of her six years' apprenticeship to the Arad magician predisposed me early towards Occultism, they did not of themselves cause me to embrace Occultism as a science or a creed. It was left to the facts of Clairvoyance to do this, and amongst other things that influenced me I may mention the following—

2. *My acquaintance with clairvoyance* has convinced me that there is not the slightest doubt that there have existed, and still exist, men and women who are endowed with the gift of clairvoyance—men and women capable of telling what has happened in the past, and what is going to happen, not only in the lives of individual persons, but also in the lives of nations. I am perfectly aware that such a doctrine raises grave problems, which resolve themselves into that one great problem of Free-will. Discussion of that problem is outside the scope of this article ; all I wish to do, is to give a few facts in confirmation of the existence of the faculty of clairvoyance.

My own experience is to me sufficient reason for belief in this faculty, for while I was a boy of fourteen, all the principal events of my life were foretold to my mother, in my presence, by a poor hawker of my native town. Many of those foretold events seemed at the time, both to my mother and myself, absolutely incredible. For instance, he said I was to go abroad to finish my education at foreign universities, and that I would enter a career in which I would move in brilliant company and often shake hands with Kings and Queens. Although not at all likely when that was told me, I did go to foreign universities to finish my studies, and I entered the diplomatic career in which I really did move in the best society, and did shake hands with several Kings and Queens. Some of the prognostics were not so pleasant. I was told that I was to meet abroad a foreign lady, arriving from across the great ocean, and that I should marry her notwithstanding that she would be several years older than I and practically without money. I laughed then compassionately at the pretending prophet, and I told him that at any rate on that point he must be mistaken, as I should never marry a woman older than myself. And yet—it happened just as I was told ! I met my wife in Germany, to which she arrived across the ocean from America.

But quite apart from my own experiences, I can cite the experiences of other people, which are confirmative of clairvoyance.

For instance, in 1886, Queen Nathalie of Serbia told me the following story, inexplicable on any other ground than that of clairvoyance.

When Queen Nathalie was five years of age, her mother, Mme. Kechko, wife of a Russian colonel of cavalry, went to Odessa, on a visit to her sister, Princess Mourousi. One morning she took her daughter down to the drawing-room, telling her on the way not to be frightened if an old gypsy woman should take her hand and hold it a little while. When the young child entered the drawing-room, she found that a number of Russian ladies belonging to the highest society were sitting round an old gypsy woman, who sat on a carpet in the centre of the room, telling fortunes. The old woman took the child's hand in hers, looked at it for a moment, and then exclaimed—

“Dear me, this child is to wear a crown! She will one day be a Queen.”

Incredulous and amused laughter greeted this announcement, some of the great Russian ladies saying—

“Oh, you old witch! How cleverly you are fishing for queenly tips from Mme. Kechko!”

Taking no notice of these remarks, the gypsy quietly continued—

“When this girl reaches her twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year, she will lose that crown. I do not see clearly the cause of that loss, but it has something to do with wood or timber.”*

The fulfilment of the first part of the gypsy's clairvoyance—or perhaps I should call it palmistry aided by clairvoyance, if not clairvoyance aided by palmistry—is a matter of history: the young Nathalie became Queen, and I think that the apprehensions which Her Majesty expressed to me when telling the story were quite reasonable.

“I am afraid,” she said, “that the second part of the prophecy will also be realized. The critical year is either this present one or the next.” Should I die, that would deprive me of the crown, of course, and although you may laugh at me, I am sincere when I say that I never drive in the Park without telling the driver to take especial care that the horses do not bolt away into the wood, where an accident might kill me, and thereby explain the connexion between wood and the loss of my crown.”

* The Russian word *dryvo* stands for both wood and timber.

Now here comes the significant point: Queen Nathalie lost her crown in 1888, when King Milan divorced her; and the real instigator of that divorce was Mme. Arthemisc, the daughter of a timber merchant.

Yet another story of Queen Nathalie furnishes some confirmation of the truth of clairvoyance. The story was not told me by the Queen, but I had it in 1901 from the lips of one of the Queen's ladies, who, with Mme. Draga Mashin, accompanied Her Majesty in 1896 on a visit to the great French clairvoyante, Mme. de Thèbes. Among other remarkable things, Mme. de Thèbes said to Queen Nathalie—

“Madame, you cherish at your breast a viper which one day will bite you and nearly kill you.”

Pressed by the Queen for a clearer explanation, the clairvoyante said—

“You are extremely fond of a woman who will one day cause you awful and lasting unhappiness.”

Now, the Queen was very fond of Mme. Mashin, and it must be granted that when the latter became the wife of King Alexander in 1900, she certainly did make her benefactress and friend most unhappy.

That same clairvoyante said to Mme. Mashin, in the presence of Queen Nathalie and my friend—

“You cherish an extraordinary ambition: you aim at the highest position. You will attain it, but the accomplishment of your ambition will bring ruin to you and to your husband: and you will both perish together.”

The course of history has shown how true was the prophecy, made four years before King Alexander married Mme. Draga Mashin, and seven years before they were both assassinated in the Palace of Belgrade (June 2, 1903).

These are all very remarkable stories, but I am quite sure that many of my readers could, from their own personal experiences, tell quite as remarkable ones. Of course, in all such cases as those to which I have referred, clairvoyance may be—perhaps I might say undoubtedly is—assisted by palmistry; but when we come to consider clairvoyance concerning the future events in the history of nations, palmistry does not enter into the matter at all.

The application of occult science to the affairs of State is no new thing: for it is a matter of common knowledge that the statesmen of the most philosophical and cultured nation in the ancient world, the Hellenes, used regularly to consult the clair-

voyante or mediumistic nuns of the Temple of Delphi on coming events.

The following story, which could be proved by official State documents, will serve to show that clairvoyance concerning national events is something more than a chimera of the imagination.

In 1867 there lived in the village of Kremna, in the Highlands of Serbia, an agricultural labourer named Mata (Matheus), who in that year dictated to the Prefect of Oojitsa—who set them down then and there in black and white—his visions of coming events in Serbia: and almost every one of those visions has been fulfilled. More than this, Mata foresaw the invention of the telephone.

“I see,” he said, “the King of Serbia sitting in his room at the Konak (Palace) of Belgrade, and talking with the Prefect of Nish who is sitting in his own office in Nish.”

The Prefect of Oojitsa, who was writing down Mata's statements, interrupted him by saying—

“Our master is the Prince, and not the King, of Serbia, and Nish, as you know, is in the hands of the Turks, and is not Serbian. As for the talking, you no doubt mean communicating by telegraph?”

“Oh, no, no,” exclaimed Mata; “that will all be changed. We shall have our King. Nish will become Serbian, and the King will speak with the Prefect of Nish from his own room in the Palace of Belgrade, and not by telegraph.”

This is, to say the least, a most remarkable series of prophecies, each detail of which has come to pass.

Another interesting forecast of national events that I would like to cite, is that referred to by Lady Bloomfield in her *Memoirs*, in which she says that on the very day in 1870 on which war was declared between France and Germany, a Polish countess told her and her guests at the British Embassy in Vienna, that Germany would beat France, would enter Paris, and make Napoleon a prisoner. This was altogether contrary to the general belief in those days, and the Polish lady explained that she had read the prophecy in an old manuscript which was kept in a monastery near Rome, and which contained many other prophecies of political events in Europe. Lady Bloomfield adds that later on she herself visited the monastery and read the manuscript, and that amongst other things it contains a prophecy of a terrible general war, which will as by a flood of flame, envelop Europe, Asia, and Africa—in fact, the entire globe. In the

opinion of the old monk who wrote those prophecies, that Armageddon of which he saw the vision may mean the end of the world.

But beyond doubt, the most remarkable clairvoyant of national events was the famous Court Physician of Catharine de' Medici, Michael Nostradamus, a French Jew. Sitting on a tripod in his study in Salon in 1550, he saw the coming events in France and other European nations for centuries in advance, and described them in stanzas of four lines. He wrote every stanza on a separate card, shuffled them as a player shuffles a pack of cards, and then sent them to be printed, as he thought it would not be wise to publish them in chronological order. These "Prophecies" were published in Lyons in 1555, and around them there soon grew up quite a literature of Commentaries. Since that far-off day, many editions of his work have been published, and there are several editions of the "Prophecies," and many commentaries on them, in the Library of the British Museum, while the complete collection is to be found in the National Library of France, in Paris.

In his clairvoyance Nostradamus was assisted by astrology, although according to his own account, he seems to have foreseen many events while in a kind of trance. I will content myself with giving only one example of these predictions.

In one of his "stanzas" he wrote—

The nephew of the great Emperor
Will have a successful war in Italy:
But the day will come on which
The Emperor will order standards to be laid down.

Now, what did Nostradamus mean by those words? His latest commentator, M. Le Pelletier, whose commentaries appeared in Paris in 1867, wrote concerning this stanza—

We know that by "the nephew of the Great Emperor" is meant our present Emperor, Napoleon III, and we know that he has had a successful war in Italy. But what do the last two lines mean? It looks as if we are going to have another war, in which the Emperor will force the enemy to lay down his arms: but of course, the meaning may be also that a catastrophe will overcome the Imperial arms.

Three years later the capitulation of the French army at Sedan, by order of the Emperor, gave the true explanation.

Is it not extraordinary that a man should have seen and described so accurately events which did not happen until 320

years after he had seen them clairvoyantly, or, maybe, astrologically ?

It is such things as this, together with those other experiences of my personal friends, that have had so much weight in convincing me of the truth of occultism ; but, in addition to magic, and in addition, also, to the facts of clairvoyance which have come under my notice, there remains the great fact that—

3. *I have seen visions of, and have held conversations with, spirits.* Some thirty years ago I was deeply interested in the religious revival in my country, but although for many years I worked very hard to revive in my people a firm belief in the truths of religion, I had at last to confess that no perceptible result had been obtained. Then one day a friend of mine, the most learned and most respected man in Serbia, said to me, in the course of a long conversation—

“ I am sorry for you, because all your efforts to revive faith are, and must remain fruitless. Your method is wrong. Your argument is the Bible. But for me personally, and as you know, for nearly all the young generation, the Bible is no argument at all. You must change the method : prove to us scientifically that there is a continued life of our individuality after the physical dissolution, and I, for one, who am now an atheist, will be ready to believe in the existence of a personal God, and even in the necessity for a mediator and redeemer.”

I at once saw that my friend was right : but how to prove scientifically that there is life after death ? For a long time the problem remained unsolved by me, but on my arrival in London I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of William T. Stead, and through him I found an answer to the questions that were baffling me. Our acquaintance rapidly ripened into a warm and lasting friendship, and as Mr. Stead was a firm believer in the continuity of individual life, we very often discussed the matter, and I soon found that he believed that the great Truth could be proved scientifically ; that is, by experiment.

He invited me to a séance in Julia's Bureau, an invitation which, needless to say, I accepted. The medium was an American lady, and, after several spirits had showed themselves at the entrance of the cabinet in the room where the séance was held, to the astonishment of all present—including myself—a spirit came out of the cabinet, and walked across the room—towards me. When I rose to meet it, it retraced its steps towards the cabinet. I followed it closely until we came to the entrance of the cabinet, when the spirit stopped, placed both

hands on my head as if blessing me, then on my shoulders, and then stretched out its arms as if about to embrace me. I felt that this must be the spirit of some one who was deeply attached to me, and I asked myself: "Is it not perhaps the spirit of M——?"—a charming lady who died young, many years ago, and with whom I was then deeply in love. At that moment the spirit removed the snow-white and evidently soft wrapper from before its face, and I saw, clearly and unmistakably, the face of my own mother.

The question of telepathy between the medium and myself cannot possibly enter here, because my thoughts were not fixed upon my mother at all, but upon that other lady of bygone days.

I need hardly say that this incident made a deep impression upon me, and showed me that scientific proof of life after death was by no means outside the realms of possibility, and this conviction was strengthened by another experience that I had, also in London. One day I received a letter from four persons, entirely unknown to me, residing in Carlovitz in Southern Hungary, saying that at a séance held by them, the spirit of the Serbian Emperor Dooshan had told them that his royal treasure—with his crown, sceptre, etc.—exists buried in a certain spot in Serbia. The spirit advised them to write to me, telling me to call his spirit through the controlling spirit of a medium in London, where he would give me further particulars.

To comply with their request I one day, in the summer of 1904, went to see a certain Mr. Vango, a medium, without making a previous appointment with him. Mr. Vango had never seen me before, and he could not have had the remotest idea of who I was. I told him that I wished, if possible, to speak with the spirit of a man long since dead, and the only question Mr. Vango asked me regarding the man was whether he spoke English while he lived. Telling me to concentrate my thoughts on that spirit, he put himself into a trance, and a few minutes afterwards said—

"Here is the spirit of a young man who urgently wants to speak to you."

I remarked that the man whose spirit I wished to speak to was not a young man when he died, whereupon the medium said—

"Yes, I know; you wish to speak with a king of the middle of the fourteenth century. He is here, too, but the spirit of the young man pushes him back, so to speak, wishing first to speak to you."

To my question as to what the young man wanted to say, the medium answered that he could not understand him, as the spirit spoke in a language which he, the medium, had never before heard. I asked him to reproduce to me, if he could, at least one word that I might see what language it was; to my utter astonishment, the medium reproduced to me in the Serbian language, an entire sentence in which the spirit of the murdered King Alexander asked me to write to his mother, Queen Nathalie, and ask her to forgive him.

I related this experience to Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, the well-known novelist, and he used the information I then gave him in his interesting article on "Is there Life after Death?" in the *National Review* for August, 1913.

Of the many other personal experiences that I could give, I will content myself with relating but one, and that, to me at any rate, a most convincing one. I have referred above to my friend, the late W. T. Stead, who on April 14, 1912, perished in the *Titanic* disaster. A month later, on May 16, the spirit of W. T. Stead appeared to me at a private séance with Mrs. Wriedt, the famous American medium, at Cambridge House, Wimbledon. It had been arranged that I should have that séance alone, but as it happened that my friend, Dr. W. Hinkovitch of Agram (Croatia), had just arrived on a visit to me, I took him with me, and as Mrs. Wriedt did not object, we sat together. Three times during that séance did my departed friend appear to us quite clearly, nodding to me on the first two appearances, and bowing deeply on the third. Then, when he disappeared as a materialized spirit, I heard him speaking to me, saying that he had specially come to give me fresh proof that there is life after death.

"I tried to convince you of that truth while I was there," he said, "but you seemed always to hesitate."

I interrupted him with the remark that I always believed him, knowing his good faith.

"Yes," he continued, "but now I am come to give you a fresh proof, that you should no longer only believe, but that you should *know* [laying great emphasis upon that word] that there is life after death."

After that the spirit of a young lady friend, who died on April 25, three weeks before the séance, spoke to me. It might be thought that seeing William T. Stead, and hearing him and my lady friend speak, was only my own personal hallucination, but the fact that Dr. Hinkovitch saw them, and heard every word spoken, clearly places that "explanation" out of court. Besides,

the spirit of a Croatian physician came and talked long and loud in the Croatian language with Dr. Hinkovitch.

The preceding facts—and many similar ones—have led me to recognize that there exists a sphere which is adjacent to, and, indeed interwoven with, the sphere of our visible, tangible, material world. It is a natural sphere, too, with forces acting in it which are neither material nor physical nor chemical, and which, for want of a better name, we may call the occult forces of an occult world. So far they have been hidden from us, but I do not doubt that they can be studied and that that study will show that in the occult world the reign of law is supreme.

Did we but realize it, religion, which fills the hearts of all true men and women, penetrates the borders of the occult world, and occultism is but one aspect of the science of religion, or, to put it in another way, the science of religion is more of an occult science than a science belonging to the group of material sciences. Whenever I attend the pomp and mystery of a solemn service of the Eastern Orthodox or Roman Catholic Churches, I have the sensation of standing in an ancient temple, in which the magicians are slowly and solemnly moving about—bowing, kneeling, prostrating themselves, burning the overpowering incense, and raising up their arms and eyes to invoke the appearance of the Highest Spirit. To me, religion is the connecting link between earth and Heaven: I hope that it will prove to be the connecting link between the material and the occult sciences, for I believe that the earnest, deep, and successful study of the occult world will prove of incalculable service to mankind.

At the present time, human imagination cannot have full vision of the developments which will attend the study of the occult sciences, but the day will come when the occult scientist will smile pitifully at what we now call the wonders of wireless telegraphy; when the doctors of clairvoyance will not err in diagnosing human illnesses, and in prescribing unfailing remedies. The health of men, women and children will be better, sickness will be practically banished, and life will be prolonged to an almost incredible length.

But the study of the occult sciences will not only make people live longer: it will enable them to live more happily. The scientists of occultism will be powerful magicians who will make it possible for us to sit at our table in London and see our friends in Bombay, and converse with them without the aid of

telephone or wireless telegraphy. Railways, motor-cars, aeroplanes will be superseded by the magic wings or carpets of the Arabian Nights, by which we shall move through the air and over great distances without cost and without risk. And if this planet is ever to communicate with other life-supporting planets, it will only be done by the discovery of the wonderful forces of the occult world.

So, for many reasons, I, who have been led by an overwhelming mass of evidence to believe in the reality of an occult world, am firmly convinced that the occult sciences are worthy of the enthusiastic study of the best, the noblest, and the most gifted of men and women.

TO MY HUSBAND

By MAUDE ANNESLEY

THEY say 'twere seemly to have held your hands,
 Pressed farewell kisses on your lifeless face,
Brought flowers, culled from many distant lands,
 To strew about the place
Where you were lying in that awful sleep . . .
What could I bring, dear Love, that you could keep?

Would it have helped you, dear, if I had bent
 From dawn to dusk, and wept, beside your bier?
I knew it would not aid you, so I went—
 I knew *you* were not here.
I did not love that Thing, so still, so grey.
At dawn that which I loved was called away.

Why should I wish to think of that despair—
 Those fleeting moments when the cruel dawn
Came creeping in with arms outstretched to bear
 My love away? You'd gone.
That was not *you* which lay without a smile—
It would not comfort you to watch awhile.

The you I loved would never once have lain
 And answered nothing when I said: "My heart!"
Why should I stay, and cry to you in vain?
 I want to walk apart,
Think of that other you I love so well,
Of our dear past—'tis there I wish to dwell.
You were so gay, your laughter rang so true,
You are my Love—*that other is not you.*

FRANCIS SCHLATTER THE HEALER

BY DR. C. W. EELLS, U.S.A.

OF healers there are many nowadays—good, bad and indifferent, wise and otherwise, spiritual, psychic, mental, magnetic and down to just plain, suggestive therapeutics.

I am writing to-day of one who seemed to be a true spiritual healer. Francis Schlatter was born in Alsace, April 29, 1856, 9 a.m. Brought up as a cobbler, in early manhood he emigrated to America, where he carried on the trade of a shoemaker, but spending most of his spare time in the study of spiritual things. He had always been deeply religious, and was naturally a mystic. Then he gave up his business at the call of the spirit and wandered away among the deserts and mountains, subsisting chiefly for a time on faith, fresh air and water, and drawing nearer and nearer to the unseen world and its wonder-working powers. He followed literally the teachings of Jesus Christ. In Denver, Colo., he was at one time the chief topic of conversation, and naturally met with opposition and persecution. Schlatter took no notice of any of these things, but went on his way, calm and serene, spending his time in doing good. He was a guest of a man by the name of Fox, whom he cured of deafness, and lived for three weeks in that gentleman's house in the north part of Denver. In front of the house was a large open space on the grassy hillside, where thousands gathered from dawn till dark waiting their turn to be touched by the "Healer."

The "Healer" stood bareheaded on a platform every day, in all sorts of weather, taking the hands of thousands who continually passed in a never-ceasing stream. As each person passed the "Healer" would take one of their hands in a firm grasp and hold it for a few seconds or a minute; many declared they felt an electric shock pass through them during the contact, others felt nothing, while others were so much affected that they shook all over convulsively. Some were cured instantly, others experienced no benefit till a day or two afterwards. Personally, I met a lady some four years afterwards who was cured by him of a pronounced case of consumption. According to her account she felt at the time some slight change within, her symptoms got worse from hour to hour, until about midnight she had a

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FRANCIS SCHLATTER THE HEALER 97

bad spell of coughing, broke out in profuse perspiration, went to sleep and awoke the next morning cured. Mr. Fox claims that during the Healer's stay at his place his only sustenance was a small bowl of bread and milk once a day. It is a noteworthy fact that at this time the Union Pacific Railway ran a special train from Omaha, Neb., to Denver, Colo., to accommodate the employes of the road who might want to visit the "Healer" and be relieved of their infirmities.

The papers were full of his miraculous doings, and photographers were employed to try and "take" him. But, except at a long distance off, they failed to obtain a print of his head; when the negatives were developed there appeared merely a white blur as if they had photographed a ball of light. One photograph was finally obtained at some distance, and in this the Healer appeared all right. This photo was reproduced in the *Wide World Magazine* and the OCCULT REVIEW.

One strong proof that Schlatter was the genuine article lay in the fact that, when he finally disappeared from view, twelve imitations of the Healer, all calling themselves "Schlatter the Healer," sprang up in different parts of the United States, but, unlike him, they each and all were quite eager for money and notoriety and, of course, lacked the power. In appearance Schlatter was above medium height, broad-shouldered and well built, of powerful physique, while long wavy brown hair tinged with grey fell over his shoulders. He had a strong, virile face, broad forehead and clear childlike blue eyes. It was a serene face. Infinite peace lay in his frank, open countenance, and eternal kindness in his eyes. Asked the secret of his power, he replied simply as a child, "The Father works through me, I obey His will." Two things he had a great aversion to: First, money; second, notoriety. The spirit of commercialism he felt to be at the root of all the evils of the day, and he would not receive money of any kind. He seemed to have a dread of notoriety, and so strong was this feeling that at the height of his popularity he quietly left Denver and went out into the desert to follow the guidance of the Spirit. As he had not arisen at his usual hour, Mr. Fox went to his room and found it empty. On the pillow was pinned a note with these words, "The Father has called me, I must go. Good-bye."

Through incredible hardships he tramped the thousand miles across mountain and plain to California; barefooted, his feet would be bleeding and sore at night, but always by morning they would be healed. At one place he was arrested as a vagrant and thrown into prison. There the other prisoners abused him

so that he finally broke down and cried. The keeper's wife eventually secured his release, and in return he healed their child, who was sick, and went on his way. One night in crossing the mountains he was lost in the hills in a bad snowstorm. As the snow enveloped him and got to his shoulders, he felt that at last it was all over with him, but he fell asleep and in the morning went on his way unharmed. Spending some time in California, he was directed to return East again, and when he arrived in New Mexico, just as winter was coming on again, he was directed to go to a ranch on the mountain side near Datil, N.M., where a man and his wife gladly received him. He told them he could stay with them only on condition that his presence was kept secret from the world. They agreed, and he stayed with them through the winter months. While he was at this place the lady of the house took down his sayings from time to time, and afterwards published them in a booklet entitled, *The Harp in the Hands of the Harper*. A few of these observations I am reproducing herewith.

"The abomination of desolation is yet to be set up." "Such frightful days are ahead of humanity as have never been upon the earth. But we are coming to the end. A new dispensation is approaching. We are in the dawn of the 'Reign of Justice.' Humanity must have a chance, for it has outgrown present oppressions. They are all here—all here. But good will overcome evil finally, and then we shall have the kingdom. God is personal in His kingdom, for the Father has a kingdom of His own, but His Spirit permeates the universe. Spiritual things are limitless, to cleanse is a law of spirit."

The number of days mentioned in the last chapter of Daniel he treated as prophetic of his return. "Thy will will be done, i.e. here and now. We are living in Revelation's time. This dispensation is coming to a rapid close. Many read the signs of the times, and know that we are on the eve of a new order. It seems I must go away alone, no one will be permitted to go with me, then when he brings me back, Jesus' teachings will be fulfilled. There has been too much talk during the past two thousand years, now it is, thought, action—thought, action—thought, action." "Six feet tall and still growing," were the happy words that rang out clear and loud. "Father told me I would keep on growing all the time I am away from the world."

"No one who studies the Bible can help believing in reincarnation. There must be growth, and there can be none in selfishness.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER THE HEALER 99

Father tells me no ego has been here less than three or more than 300 times, the latter owing to the innumerable death of infants mostly. How glorious to think they are all here, all the Bible characters. For I have met St. John, but John the Baptist will be killed in London in the future. Paul is here to-day, but not in the leading class as the world goes. Aaron is here too. There is no law of heredity governing the soul development. Heredity applies to the physical and not to the psychical. Has he not promised through all the ages to establish His kingdom. When His time comes He will bring me back. There are only a handful of the faithful, but those who will not hear the voice will be three classes—thieves, liars and hypocrites. These three classes have all in their hands to-day. I had to follow the Father to learn and then to teach, and there is one who cares for nothing, only cold justice. Jesus talked, taught and preached; now it's deeds, not words, the Father demands.

“Father told me I have a greater work to do than Moses, and I wish the day would come. Preaching is a life and not a business, when the call comes the world must be sacrificed. Jesus was a celibate, but for spiritual work there must be sacrifice of self and of the world; no money mixed with spiritual enlightenment. Woman's rights will not settle the question. Political methods won't do. Only the limitless spiritual forces can now help humanity. I see wars coming—international, marine, and in America between capital and labour.”

Finally after three months' stay the people began to find out the location of the “Healer,” and to come in increasing numbers up the mountain side, and so he felt the time had come for him to go. So one morning, repeating the Lord's Prayer, he raised his hands to Heaven and blessed the couple who had befriended him, and Francis Schlatter went down the mountain side and disappeared from sight.

I am among those who firmly believe that he is still alive, and will, as he said, have an active part in the ushering in of the new day, the glad time when disease and sickness shall be no more, when want and suffering shall disappear, when all shall know God, from the least to the greatest, when the Kingdom of God shall come on earth.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY CARDS

BY M. L. LEWES

OF all ways of divination, fortune-telling by cards is one of the easiest to learn, and perhaps is also the best suited to the ordinary inquirer. There is a sense of indefinable mystery and "uncanniness" connected with the revelations of the serious palmist, crystal-gazer or psychometrist which is apt to affect the nerves of any highly-strung or imaginative individual, producing an involuntary atmosphere of fear quite antagonistic to the *rapproch* so highly desirable between the consultant and the seer. Under such a condition the reading of a person's fortune by any method becomes difficult, and it is probably often owing to their own nervousness when consulting an "oracle" that certain people will tell you, "It is no good to try and tell my fortune. Nobody can ever see anything in the crystal for me," etc. Of course there are many people who have no "nerves" at all in this respect, and their number is daily increasing with the spread of interest in occult matters; but still there are a great many who, while they would consider a visit to a clairvoyante as a matter requiring some courage, are yet eager to have their "fortunes told" by cards.

Certainly there is something cheery in the appearance of the cards spread out on the table, almost conveying an assurance that good luck must be predominant in every one's fate. In fact, the slight flavour of frivolity almost inseparable from the idea of playing-cards makes some people sceptical of any truth in their revelations; but nevertheless, as "put out" by an experienced reader, there is a good deal that may be learnt through the medium of these little slips of coloured pasteboard.

Perhaps instead of "experienced" I should have said the "right" person, which in this connexion means one in whom the gift of intuition is naturally strong and has been developed by plenty of practice. Some such people would become true seers in any branch of divination, but there are others who,

lacking sufficient concentration and patience for crystal-gazing, or the flexibility of mind necessary for the innumerable deductions and inferences which are the foundation of palmistry, yet find little difficulty in learning to read the cards. Memorizing the different meanings of the suits, values and combinations, of which mild drudgery a certain amount must be mastered, serves to discipline the restless type of mind, steadying it sufficiently to allow the information gleaned from intuitive sources to appear. For of course in this way of fortune-telling, as in others, the outward symbols of the cards and their various meanings are but a formula, crystallizing as it were the impressions that arise—whence or how he cannot tell—in the mind of the reader.

There are many ways of reading the cards. Mine, as I shall presently show, needs only part of the pack and is the simplest of systems. But the first person I ever knew who told card fortunes (a most interesting woman, now passed over) used the whole pack always, and sometimes two. Moreover, each card had a different meaning, according as it was right way up or reversed. Mrs. C. had learnt her system from a gipsy when she was young, to whom she paid a pound in silver each new moon for thirteen months to teach her, and whether as the result of the gipsy's instructions or by the development of her own clairvoyant faculty, she was certainly a marvellous seer. As regards myself, I used to find that her perceptions of what was actually occurring in my life at the moment were very remarkable, though her predictions—in my case—were not so good. Yet with friends I have taken to see her, I have known her forecast of events extraordinarily successful. Many were the stories she told me of the results of her prophesyings from the cards; and now, when it is too late, I often wish I had written down some of her experiences, and the odds and ends of occult lore that she let fall when relating them. One thing I discussed with her was, whether time can be accurately determined by the cards; an important point which is always rather puzzling to the beginner. But Mrs. C—— thought, and my own experience has since confirmed the idea, that no forecast in card-reading extends very far ahead; a few months at most is all, I should say, and far more generally, what "comes out" in the cards, is either what is transpiring at present or is just past, or what will happen in the *immediate* future.

From observing the methods of different card-readers and from the study of various handbooks on the subject, I gradually evolved a little system of my own, which I have found quite

sufficient for inquiry without overloading the memory with an enormous number of single meanings and combinations—in which direction lies confusion to my thinking—but of course any one can elaborate the few meanings I have chosen, only remembering that any improved or new ones adopted must be rigidly kept to, once and for all. If the meanings of the cards are constantly being altered as seems more or less appropriate to the reader, their value as a formula is gone, and the fortune as told by that kind of seer is merely a mechanical story arranged as the cards turn up. But it must be added that the first attempts of the novice at fortune-telling will all be of this mechanical type, and it must be so, until a certain amount of practice has been obtained. Some will need more practice than others, but little by little, if the student perseveres, always conscientiously giving the definite meaning to every card and combination, he will find a thread coming through the tangle which somehow he will know is the right one to take, and out of the apparent jumble of meanings the thing that matters and concerns the inquirer emerges with a certainty that cannot be explained, but is most surely there. This is a knowledge not to be learnt from people or from books ; practice alone will bring it, so let no one be discouraged by their first trials at reading the cards, for success must follow perseverance.

To describe my method. Take an ordinary pack of cards and remove all under seven, keeping aces, of course. *Hearts* are the most fortunate suit, denoting love, happiness and good fortune. *Clubs* come next, signifying success in business, travels and good luck generally. *Diamonds* are an uncertain suit, often qualified by what is next them ; but they, too, often mean delays and vexations. Spades, on the whole, are bad, causing accidents, unhappy love affairs, illness, quarrels and sometimes death, but, like diamonds, much depends on the influence of neighbouring suits. Separate cards have the following meanings :—

HEARTS.

Ace.—Home, or a happy love affair.

King.—Kind and generous man.

Queen.—One's best woman friend.

Knave.—An admirer. Also the thoughts of king or queen in certain situations.

Ten.—Happy marriage.

Nine.—Success in one's wishes.

Eight.—A passing love affair.

Seven.—Inconstancy.

DIAMONDS.

Ace.—A present, the wedding ring, or a proposal of marriage according to place. But sometimes, in connexion with clubs for instance, this ace may mean a proposal or suggestion relating to business affairs.

King.—Elderly man.

Queen.—Deceitful woman.

Knave.—A soldier. Also thoughts of king or queen.

Ten.—Money.

Nine.—Quarrels.

Eight.—Delays.

Seven.—Invitation.

CLUBS.

Ace.—Letter or business papers.

King.—One's best man friend.

Queen.—A good married friend.

Knave.—A faithful lover. Also thoughts of king or queen.

Ten.—A voyage.

Nine.—A long journey by land.

Eight.—A short journey or walk.

Seven.—Victory.

SPADES.

Ace.—Business.

King.—A widower.

Queen.—A widow.

Knave.—Professional man. Also thoughts of king or queen.

Ten.—Unlucky journey. The night (according to situation).

Nine.—Failure.

Eight.—Illness.

Seven.—Obstinacy.

These meanings must be learnt by heart. Some readers give a different set of interpretations to all the cards when reversed, but personally I found this confusing and unnecessary.

When the single meanings are learnt, the few simple combinations that follow should be mastered.

COMBINATIONS.

King and queen of a suit together.—An engagement.

Three kings.—Good friends making plans for you.

Three queens.—Visits of friends.

Three knaves.—Enemies plotting against you.

Queens and kings together in numbers.—Much society.

Queens and knaves.—Harmful gossip.

Two aces, good news ; *three*, a surprise ; *four*, a great shock.

Two tens, a change ; *three*, a very fortunate one.

Three nines, success ; *two*, riches.

Three eights, marriage ; two, flirtation.

Three sevens, children ; two, a legacy.

Two red tens together.—A wedding.

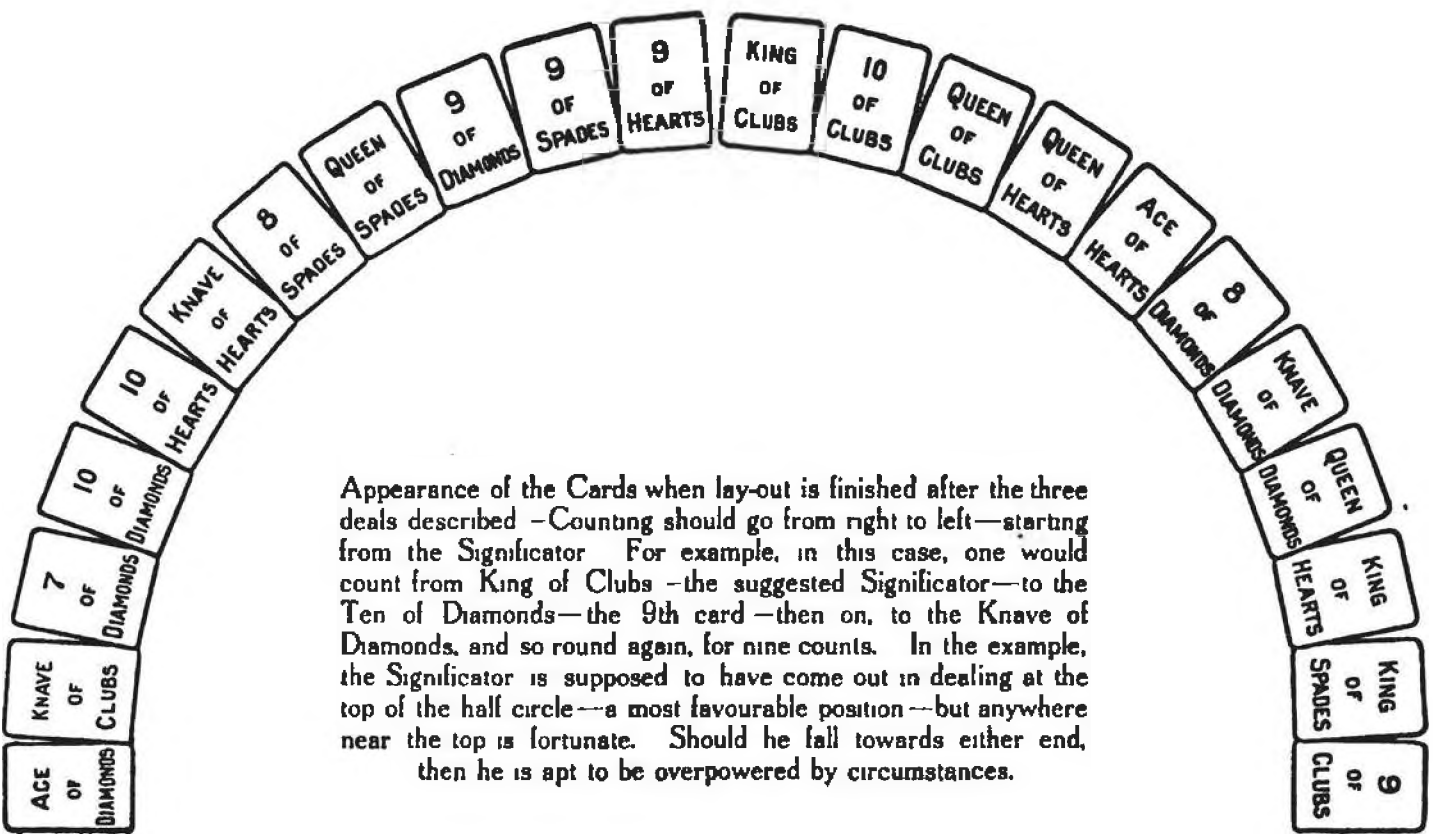
Ten of hearts and ace of diamonds.—Engagement ending in happy marriage.

Ten of spades and nine of spades.—Calamity.

Plenty more combinations can be found in books on the subject, or as the reader progresses he can invent and name fresh ones for his own system ; but most people will find those I have enumerated sufficient to begin with.

The next stage in the proceedings is to find a subject to practise on ; and having secured a good-natured friend willing to encourage your first halting efforts to pierce the future, ask him or her to sit opposite to you at a small table, a round one for choice. Next observe his colouring, for on that depends the suit of the "significator" as the king or queen chosen to represent the inquirer in the pack is called. For convenience, let us suppose the friend to be a man and of a dark, rather than fair complexion, in which case his card will be the king of clubs. Spades stand for very dark people ; hearts moderately fair, and diamonds very fair.

Having in this instance settled on the king of clubs as significator, take the pack of thirty-two selected cards, and giving them a preliminary shuffle, ask your friend to shuffle them thoroughly, and at the same time try to fix definitely in his mind as a clear thought and as free as possible from emotion, any great desire he may have at heart, or any subject on which he wants information. He should shut out all other thoughts and wishes, keeping the one idea as clear a mental image as he can ; for the more calmly and distinctly he can dwell on his wish, the better chance there will be of his receiving enlightenment from the seer. Confused or agitated thoughts disturb the conditions. This hint given to the sitter, tell him to take plenty of time collecting his thoughts while shuffling the cards, and when ready, let him cut them in three packs with his left hand. It is said to be fortunate if in making these three cuts a card is dropped ; most people mechanically try to make clean cuts, but if any fall their significance should be noted. Now turn up the three packs and see what the cuts are. If the inquirer has cut "himself," i.e. the king of clubs, it is lucky, and still more so if the nine of hearts appear. But the nine of spades turning up would be a bad beginning. Let us suppose the club king does appear, the other two cuts being the ten of clubs and ace of spades. I should read this to mean that the first important happening in this "fortune "



was a long journey over water on a matter of business for the significator ; moreover, the fact of the inquirer having cut himself makes it a certainty that the voyage with its object will be successful. The cuts noted, pick up the three packs together, and then begin dealing out three cards at a time. Take the *highest* card of the first three, or if there be two alike, take the odd one, and place it at the *right-hand* beginning of a half-circle or horse-shoe in front of you, discarding the other two. If the three cards happen to be the same value, discard all three, and go on to the next three, again taking the highest or odd one for your horse-shoe and discarding the others. After a few turns of this the pack is finished. Then gather up the discards, shuffle and make the inquirer cut again, but only once this time, and proceed as before, dealing in threes and selecting for use. When the pack is once more exhausted, repeat the shuffling, cutting and dealing in threes for the third and last time, completing the left-hand end of your half circle. Lay aside the discards that are over.

Now study attentively the cards before you, and first notice whether they group themselves noticeably in black or red ; this is lucky or unlucky as the case may be. Then look for the significator ; if he has come out at the top or near the top of the horse-shoe, that is fortunate, for he will more or less control his own destiny. But circumstances will be too strong for him, if he appear near either end. If by chance the significator fails to come out in the course of dealing, he must be taken from the discards and placed as the last card of the half-circle. Next see what cards, and of what colour, are close to him ; what he " looks towards " and what he is " turning his back " on. Then look where the queen of his suit falls—if she has come out—for this queen is the woman he should marry, if a bachelor ; if married, she is his wife. Naturally if the inquirer is a woman, you reverse this order, and look for the king of her suit. Should the significator and his queen chance to come out next one another, it is most fortunate, denoting continuance of happiness to the already married, and to the unwed, a certainty of marriage with his or her affinity. Also notice carefully where the knave of the significator's suit falls ; it is an important card, meaning the thoughts of the corresponding king or queen. Of course the other knaves take their ordinary meanings.

Having thus well studied the general position of the cards, you next proceed to count nine from the significator (including him) and see what the ninth card means ; not only that, but

see what cards lie next the ninth one and how they affect it; for instance, suppose your ninth card is the ten of diamonds, this by itself means money. But on the right of the ten, suppose the ten of hearts, and on the left, the seven of diamonds. Now two red tens together mean a wedding, and that small diamond always tells of delay, therefore the ninth card in this case would give us a postponed wedding. Repeat this counting nine times, always beginning on the *last ninth* card. At first you will find yourself uttering the bald meanings of the cards as you have learnt them, but with practice you will gradually discover a connection come into these meanings, with a curious feeling of certainty—the only way I can describe it—that you are interpreting what is absolutely true.

When you have finished the nine counts, gather up the cards and, having shuffled them, return to the inquirer, make him shuffle and cut again, and then repeat the whole process of dealing and discarding in threes to form a new horse-shoe, which is read in exactly the same way as the first. Only this time, after the ninth count, you continue the fortune by taking up a card from each end of the half-circle, interpreting the meaning of each pair as you go along, until you have taken them all up and thus finished the reading. Again, when doing this, should the significator and his queen chance to be picked up together, it is very lucky, and if he is paired with the nine of hearts in this way, the cards say he will have his wishes without fail; the reverse of course holds good in the case of the nine of spades, which, as a single card, means failure and defeat. Whatever card is paired with the significator in this last process, should be regarded as a kind of key—according to its general meaning—to the fortune, *taken as a whole*. The first horse-shoe I interpret as signifying events either actually transpiring at the moment (and possibly unknown to the inquirer) or what will happen in the course of a few days; the second is put out to represent the more distant future. But, as I have said before, I do not think that the cards foretell anything beyond a few months at most.

As will be realized, the above is only a very simple method of reading the cards, its merit being a short and easy formula. But with this as a foundation, and with plenty of practice, any one, as I have pointed out, can presently multiply meanings and combinations and also invent fresh ways of dealing. Some readers lay out the thirty-two cards in four rows of eight cards each, and, finding the significator and his king or queen and the knave of the significator's suit, count nine every way from each

of these three cards, interpreting the ninth card exactly as in my way of dealing. This is quite a good arrangement and makes a variety occasionally, but I venture to think my dealing is the more interesting. And in fortune-telling the great thing is to keep the inquirer interested; never let him get bored, while you are hesitating over a meaning or pondering the appearance of some new combination; for if he gets slack and lets his mind wander from the business in hand, you will find yourself also getting *distract* and nervous; the *rapport* between you will disappear and you will be able to tell him nothing. So cultivate a certain amount of "patter" relating to what you are doing; this keeps the inquirer entertained, and oddly enough one's own intuition seems to work ten times better when one is chatting more or less mechanically than in a silence which soon becomes oppressive. Why this should be so I do not know and perhaps it would not be everyone's experience, but it is invariably my own.

It seems hardly necessary to warn the intelligent card-reader *never to dwell* on disaster or ill-luck. That they must sometimes show in the cards is inevitable; but when this is unmistakable, make as little of it as is possible compatible with truth. I have never yet seen a fortune that had not some *good* luck about it, and it is both wiser and kinder to emphasize that rather than linger over probabilities of misfortune. Clouds must shadow us all occasionally, but I always think that one of the advantages of the cards is, that in foretelling these clouds, they so often show us quite as much of the silver lining as of the black and threatening outside.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The experience which I am about to put on record here came to me without any desire or anticipation on my part. Up to the time of its occurrence I knew telepathy only as a term for something at which the average person seemed inclined to shrug his shoulders; and I was quite guiltless of any occult studies. The wish was, therefore, not father to the fact.

With this brief preface, let me tell my story.

In July, 1910, a friend of mine, having spent a fortnight at a popular seaside resort, returned one Saturday evening to London. I—who lived in a county town more than fifty miles from the City—knew casually that she was returning home that day; but I did not know her time of travelling, and indeed her journey was a matter to which, in the ordinary way, I should have given no particular thought.

But on that Saturday evening, as I was writing in my study, the thought of my friend came suddenly into my mind, together with an overpowering conviction that she was in danger on the railway. I endeavoured to thrust the idea aside, and to get on with my task; but it obsessed all my thoughts, and rendered work impossible. At last, in despair, I rose from my desk and went out to procure the evening newspaper, thinking that, by assuring myself that all was well, I might remove this strange uneasiness. The paper contained no tidings of any accident; but for the rest of the evening the impression lingered, weakening and gradually passing away during the following day. In a few days I received a postcard saying that my friend had returned home, and the experience of that Saturday evening slowly faded from memory.

But mark the sequel. A month or two later I had occasion to visit London, and lunched with this friend. Among other topics, the conversation turned upon our holidays, and I asked—

“How did you enjoy your rest by the sea?”

“I had a capital holiday,” was the reply; “but the coming home was most unpleasant. I felt sure that we were in for a serious accident on the railway. We returned, you will remember, on a Saturday evening; and when about half-way home the carriage rocked and

bumped so much that I thought the train had left the metals. One of the other occupants of the carriage, a lady, fainted, and another became very ill; indeed it was a home-coming that I shall never forget. It may be that the hot weather had, as is sometimes the case, affected the metals; but we felt so strongly about the matter that we wrote a complaint to the railway company on reaching home; and I have a letter from them, thanking me for my communication, and promising to investigate the circumstances attending the affair."

As the story was unfolded I seemed to live again through the experience of that strange Saturday evening. My friend knew nothing of what I had then passed through, for I had never mentioned it to her; and indeed the experience had faded into the far background of memory till this story brought it into startling prominence.

Writing as an outsider in occult matters, it seems to me that my experience is capable of only one inference; and that is, that sometimes there occurs a strange and unexpected connexion and transference of ideas between two minds which are far removed from each other. The fact that these experiences are exceptional I should consider as no strong argument against their value as evidence of the occurrence of telepathic communications; since we do not know the conditions and limitations which govern such experiences. A century hence men will probably be better able to explain these things.

That we are faring to a new world of thought and experience—though it be largely across uncharted seas—is undoubted. Just as in far-off days travellers are said to have learnt of their proximity to the Spice Islands by the sweet odours which the breezes brought to them across the waters, so to us at times there come strange evidences of possibilities and realities beyond our present grasp of understanding. In these days, when, more than ever, "the world is too much with us," we may well be thankful for these challenges to our too materialistic views of life and of reality.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY NIDD.

MEDIUMS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know if it is exactly in your line, but it might help if you could put a note in your next issue as regards our experience. My wife is a medium for automatic writing. Her guide has, since the beginning, been assisting those of the Allies who are "passing over" at the front.

I suggested to him about a fortnight ago that it might assist his work if he brought some of those spirits to our Sunday evening conversations. For the last two Sundays, he has brought from 200 to 300, all nationalities, and he says the effect is remarkable; they

are greatly helped, and assisted to realize their new conditions, made happier and comforted, especially those who are much confused.

It occurs to me that others whose spirit-friends are helping the newly risen might like to try if they could be of use in some such way. We just hold an ordinary conversation with our guide, often on most commonplace topics, with a joke here and there, and I try in a simple way to let them know where they are, and that things are going well, etc.

We have had a few lines written by a French officer, and a most grateful, touching and dignified message from an Indian, who showed his face to me clearly, and said he would never forget what we had done for him. Outline faces were also drawn.

Faithfully yours,

H. PEMBERTON.

SUMMERVILLE, YORK ROAD,
KINGSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PREDICTIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—When the question of the natural law on which prophecies depend is raised, I think much error arises from false ideas as to the relation of time to eternity. We exist, as subjects, in time and space, and naturally relate motion and change to time and space. But when we consider the ego, we regard time and space as phenomenal and naturally regard motion also as phenomenal. So we, commonly, hold that for the *noumenal*, the ultimate of motion is motionlessness; of space, spacelessness; of time, timelessness. Surely in this we err?

The most beautiful phrase I know for the ultimate is C. C. Massey's: "The accomplished in the accomplishing." It is not true that motion, time and space vanish in the ultimate. The truth is that the ultimate *transcends* them all. The ultimate, as Kant held, is beyond all human ideas; but still there is a faculty in man, transcending thought, which enables him to be "aware of" the ultimate. In the ultimate, therefore, there is transcendence of motion and rest, of time and timelessness, of space and spacelessness; we cannot hold, for instance, that motion disappears in its limit rest, we must hold that *both* are subsumed under the transcendent. There is the Accomplished in the Accomplishing. When, for example, we hold that if space be non-existent, its opposite spacelessness must have existence, we are explaining *by human ideas* the ultimate which is *outside or beyond human ideas*. But this we cannot do. The ultimate must be transcendent, and so beyond human ideas.

When we exercise our faculty of "insight" or "awareness," we travel beyond the purview of human ideas. That this faculty exists in the subject, I hope to prove in a work I am engaged on.

What lies in the future is not yet, normally, within the purview

of human ideas ; human ideas travel with human experience up to the present passing moment of time ; but no further, apart from imagination. But—in our universe as subjects—the present holds the future. May it not be that when we exercise the faculty of insight, some part of our *human state* as subjects transcends our universe of ideas ? I merely suggest this, but if there be force in the suggestion, then prophecy is merely a *projection* on our universe of ideas, of that which, to us, lies in the future, but which is really a part of the ultimate, of the “accomplished in the accomplishing.”

Our universe, our existence as subjects with all our human experience, is phenomenal of the ultimate. What does this mean ? That it all is lost, disappears, in the ultimate ? No. It means that it is part of the ultimate or the ultimate itself partially perceived by us. Full perception, then, of the ultimate includes our time, past, present and future. There is, for the ultimate, no *Everlasting now*. There is something, beyond human ideas, transcending the past, present and future. In human expression we may say including or subsuming the past, present and future. Kant's term “duration” has transcendent meaning for us, Bergson's term “duration” is used by him in an anthropomorphic sense. Prophecy, then, is no more than an extraction of the future from the ultimate, from the Accomplished in the Accomplishing, and this extraction is projected on the present. Prophecy is possible if we have the faculty of “insight,” as I allege.

But if we bear in mind the fact that all human beings are trained not to think correctly, and also the influence of human desire and the force of imagination, then the probability is that all recorded prophecies are false or so confused with imaginary details as to be untrustworthy. Until peace and freedom have been so fully established that each man can express himself to others as he is known to himself, all prophecy must be unreliable.

This makes the prophecy of Johannes so vitally interesting. For, whenever originated, it is now, in the passing present moment, in course of trial by passing events. I cannot remember any like case.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHI.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your remarks on St. Malachi's Papal Prophecies, you might have strengthened these considerably had you chosen. Take for instance, Pius IX, *Cruz de Cruce* (a cross from a cross). The tribulation which overwhelmed the Papal States in his time was truly “a cross from the cross” of Savoy, the white cross of the House of Piedmont succeeding the Papal tiara on the flag. His successor, Leo XIII, found in his motto, *Lumen in Coelo*, a refer-

ence to the crest of his family (a noble one of Perugia). This crest was a flaming comet, truly "a light in the sky." Pope Leo XIII often used his family arms quartered with the Papal shield. He was immensely proud of his flaming "light."

Yours faithfully,

CLARA L. CORFIELD.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—For several years I have seen little sparks like an electric light, floating, always above me, and at a distance of about a foot or two away. I should be so grateful if you or any of your readers could kindly explain to me what they mean. I have been for the last five years much interested in Occultism and Theosophy, and I notice that the little sparks come much more frequently if I am devoting a good deal of time to reading on those subjects. Occasionally the light is so bright as quite to startle me for the moment. Sometimes weeks will pass and I do not see any, and at other times they come every few days or even oftener. I may mention that my eyesight is very good. It would be a great satisfaction to me to know the explanation of these little electric sparks.

I remain, yours truly,

ARGENTINA.

TWO VISIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to R.G.C.'s inquiry, my interpretation of his two visions are as follows:—

The lighted lamp is the husband, the candle the wife, who, I should judge, is an amiable helpmate, as she is bending before the greater light. The cat shows an enemy, probably a female one, approaching through the husband. As, however, the lamp and candle are supported on a table, which usually supports the comestibles upon which physical life subsists, the couple will be supported through the trouble, which will mainly affect the wife in passing.

Yours faithfully,

T.

FREEWILL AND NECESSITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—For a long while now this enigma has seemed to me simply to run parallel with that involved in a well-known physical fact. We know that the human organism can exist only between certain degrees of temperature, and that these limits are very narrow, indeed almost infinitesimal, compared with absolute zero on the one hand and the presumed heat of the sun in itself on the other. Yet

the whole manifold complexity of human life takes place between those very narrow limits.

So likewise the cosmical limits, which man's will cannot pass and continue to exist *as that of man*, are very limited ; but within those limits his will has to him a vast free play, provided that it does not clash too violently with the wills of other people. But just as the ability to bear the extremes of heat and cold which approach the last human limits differs considerably among the human races, so likewise does the will of strong souls endure and prevail beyond the margin at which the will of the less strong souls succumbs.

The problem in both cases is : Why has the human organism been so constituted that it is set between narrow limits of both temperature and will-prevalence, and allowed free play inside those limits ?

Yours truly,
D. X.

BOOKS ON ALCHEMY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Can any of your numerous and learned readers give me a list of best books to read, with a view to master completely the principles of the Kabala and the science of Alchemy ?

Yours very truly,
C. D. LIMJEE.

VARSOVA, ANDHERI,
INDIA.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal does honour to itself and all intellectual England by giving the place of honour to Abbé Noel's study on "The Soul of Belgium." Mr. Mead has told us how, in his conception, the present world-agony has raised the world at large from the status of a vegetative to that of a conscious organism. Mr. Wilmshurst has defined the quality of consciousness as social. The Abbé Noel sketches the characteristics of Belgian national consciousness on the war-threshold, and delineates the subsequent change. It is not that Belgium has found her soul in the searching, but that a veil has been lifted from the deeper meaning of her desires. It is not that she has changed, but has come to know what she was. In that morrow to which we all look forward with eager, expectant hearts, certain already of the outcome, Belgium will take her place "with a broadened national consciousness." In virtue of an unconditional sacrifice made to her "innate respect for legal rights," we agree that it "will be hers to extend the region of Faith, Justice and Freedom." . . . Most things are good, and several of real importance in this issue of *The Hibbert Journal*. Professor Paul Vinogradoff sketches "The Slavophile Creed," defined as "the most complete expression of the romantic tendency in European thought," and as such, of course, distinguished from the more familiar concerns of Pan-Slavism. It may be said to have centred in the development of popular ideals and in the renewals of a living connection between the educated class and the people. The Headmaster of Eton covers a considerable field in answer to the question "What next?" He speculates in particular on that pregnant moment when a representative of Great Britain will take his place to discuss with foreign delegates "the immediate future of the map of Europe." In this discussion he holds that Britain's voice should be paramount, and she will have "a noble opportunity of vindicating a higher law of international dealing." The graphic "Narrative of a Professor of Louvain" will interest and move many. Even articles with purely literary titles like "George Meredith and his Fighting Men," by Dr. James Moffatt, do not escape the one pre-occupation; and those which are inevitably outside it are passed over perforce in a notice like this. Let Professor Noel Paton's "Physiologist's View of Life and

Mind" be, however, an exception. It discusses the difference between living and dead things, and concludes that "if we adopt the kinetic view of heredity, there is no difficulty in extending the physical and chemical laws which explain the phenomena of dead matter to the explanation of the phenomena of life. But to the explanation of consciousness there is no way of applying them. For Professor Paton, as for us, "the great and profound mystery is not the difference between living and non-living things, but the nature of the difference between creatures without and those with a consciousness."

The Quest on the present occasion is to some extent a war-number, and its predilections are illustrated by the fact that in the two first articles this engrossing subject of debate is considered from a mystical standpoint. Dean Inge writes on "The War and Mysticism," Miss Evelyn Underhill on "Mysticism and War." With all our respect for the interesting personalities of both writers, we question whether they are typical representatives of Mysticism. Dean Inge made it moderately plain in one of his books that the claimant to first-hand mystical experience was a case for pathologists, and Miss Underhill, after making one notable compilation, appears to be losing her grasp through over-much treatment of a single theme. In the present instance Dean Inge is able to tell us within the limits of four pages that, as regards himself, he considers that the "near prospect is more cheerful" than he thought at an earlier stage; that "we shall probably be able to convince the enemy that war is bad business"; and that anyhow the mystic, being "accustomed to take long views," will regard even an "eclipse of justice, liberty and democracy" for fifty years as no more than a momentary affliction, because the eternal values will remain. In the course of thirteen pages Miss Underhill offers comfort to those whose faith in mysticism is shaken by the present intervention of brute force. To be frank, we did not know that such a difficulty had arisen, or that any one had found time to say, as suggested, that "there is no place for the dreamer and the contemplative." One feels indeed that a case is supposed which gives some opportunity to the discourse. However this may be, Miss Underhill offers her assurance that the mystic "accepts the fact of war"; that "strife in itself is neither good nor bad"; and that in view of "the blow administered to our rampant individuality," the present particular war—if we understand her—is certainly "not wholly ill." It will be seen that the intent is excellent, but whether it was worth while to ingarner all the commonplaces

which fill the pages of the paper must be left an open question. . . . The really important article on the war-subject is Professor Nicolas Orloff's "Holy Russia," and though connected with present events by the last paragraph only, there is a living interest in "The Soul of Poland," by Monica M. Gardner. A word should be said also of "The World-Soul and the War," by Mr. B. G. Theobald, whatever may be thought of the cosmical idea involved by the title. But if it be worth while to speak our mind on the matter, we much prefer the old ways and concerns of *The Quest*, being those which have made it dearer to our heart than all other quarterlies in England. It follows that before all the papers enumerated we prefer Mr. Mead's "Approach to the Religion of the Spirit," Mr. W. Montgomery's comparison of Plotinus and St. Augustine, and Mr. E. J. Thomas on "The Basis of Buddhist Ethics." If there be anything outside these, if there be anything on the war and its rumours, it is "The Miracle" of Mr. Algernon Blackwood, an impression of the London streets as they are now. Here is the prose-poem of a true mystic, a wonderful picture, for very truth a miracle, closing in the music and meaning of a great morality.

There is one interesting, though not desirable, fact which *The New Age* makes evident in its last issue; and this is that American Freemasonry has an unhappy point of analogy with the Latin Church, which our contemporary never tires of denouncing. Once upon a time that Church possessed the glorious art of building, but the extent to which it has been lost is made evident by the external proportions and character of that woeful edifice which is the Cathedral at Westminster. Once upon a time the old Building Guilds, the Dionysian Artificers, the Collegia and the Comacine Masters possessed that wonderful secret which caused stones to speak and architecture to express the aspirations of genius rising towards heaven itself; but the extent to which it has been lost by Speculative Freemasonry—the supposed descendant of those ancient and honourable craftsmen—is shown unwittingly by *The New Age*, in presenting a delineation of the so-called Scottish Rite Cathedral at Galveston, Texas. The issue is curious otherwise in several respects. It appears that a further item must be added to the long list of clandestine bodies claiming connection with Masonry. This is The True Kindred, having headquarters at Chicago, where it numbers a few hundred members, composed of Master Masons and their female relatives. It is clandestine from the Masonic standpoint because it communicates Masonic secrets, but this

constitutes for its rulers a title to existence and a claim to superiority over Masonically recognized societies for women, like the Eastern Star. The True Kindred seems to be an old patchwork from the snippings of Masonry, as one form of its Rituals existed so far back as 1847.

We are glad to find that the Alchemical Society is not alone able to continue its meetings, when so much has passed into suspension, and with an increase rather than otherwise in average attendance, but that its various papers and discussions—as shown by *The Journal*—maintain their interest for those concerned in the subjects. The issue before us deals with some alchemical experiments which were made by M. Jolivet de Castelot, president of the *Société Alchemique de France* in 1893, with results that indicated certain traces of metallic transmutation. In the course of a very interesting debate at a recent meeting, it seems to have been generally agreed that fuller and better evidence was required on the subject.

Light recalls us once again to the case of Joanna Southcott, and gives us some reason to believe that, in the opinion of a few persons now living among us, her spiritual mission was sealed with high authority. Our contemporary mentions also the movement known as the Gift of Tongues, which began at Port Glasgow in 1830, and the claim of Mrs. Buchan, who—like Joanna Southcott—regarded herself as the Woman Clothed with the Sun, mentioned in the Apocalypse of St. John. It is time that these and some other collateral cases, with the claims involved therein, were re-studied from a point of view which was impossible in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Then, on the one side, there were a few impassioned believers and, on the other, the world at large, crying “imposture” when it did not cry “delusion of the devil.” We believe that the research involved would not be without reward to anyone who undertook it, recognizing—in the words of Saint-Martin—that “the world is full of these things,” and assured also that the keywords are not “imposture,” “diabolism,” nor “Divine Revelation.” The maker of such an experiment would do well also to remember that in the rare old volumes of *Light* there is a mine of information on movements of the past. They were regarded as offering “real evidences of spiritual power and direction,” and in reaffirming this recently it recognizes no doubt that we are not at the end of understanding the subject when this has been said, but at the beginning only of a complex quest after mysteries of human motive and leading.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND VISIONS OF ST. HILDEGARDE. By Francesca Maria Steele. With a Preface by the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Cr. 8vo., pp. xiv + 246. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

ST. HILDEGARDE belongs to a group of saintly women whose inward experience offers a grave problem from the standpoint of true mysticism. They followed that path of sanctity which from the standpoint of Latin Christianity constituted, and still constitutes, the mystical way. They were celibates, ascetics, conventualists and contemplatives of a high type, and each of them was eminent in all that stood for self-devotion according to the best lights of the Church. According also to those lights, they had rich rewards, some of them in the more simple experiences of Divine Union, some of them in the mysteries of spiritual espousals and marriage with Christ. St. Bridget of Sweden, St. Mechtild and St. Catherine of Siena are the most notable among many examples, in addition to St. Hildegard herself, who was the earliest in point of time. There are two respects in which she was least favoured of all, for her records have nothing to tell us of immediate communion with God and still less of mystical bridals. She is perhaps most readily comparable with St. Bridget for her visions and revelations, though her political aptitude reminds one of the Sienese saint. In the work under notice she is spoken of throughout as a mystic, and the problem to which I have referred resides precisely in the justice or otherwise of this denomination. If mysticism is concerned only with the path and term of Divine Union, she has no claim on the title, nor can her revelations—inspired or not—receive, as they do here, the qualification of mystical. They are literally like trance addresses or automatic communications, while the visionary experiences of the two other holy women have the seal of psychism over all their details. These things belong to the fairyland of the soul, but the path of mysticism is followed apart from images into what Saint-Martin calls the deep which gives up no form, and—according to the Dionysian records—in the negation of all that is mental as well as all that is sensible. I should add that Miss Steele's book is written in a very clear and interesting way, and its extracts from the visions will serve most people concerned in place of the Latin collection in the great patrology of Migne.

A. E. WAITE.

MY HEART'S RIGHT THERE. By Florence L. Barclay, Author of "The Rosary," etc. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 1s. 2d., post free.

THIS touching and charming story, by the author of *The Rosary*, is one of those sidelights on the Great War which serve to brighten some of the gloom surrounding the Christmas-tide of 1914. "Jim," the soldier hero, is doubtless a fair picture of many another "Tommy Atkins" who is to-day fighting for King and Country, and "Pollie," the erstwhile nursemaid at the country rectory, is a pattern of what a soldier's wife should be. When men and women such as these predominate in the un-leisured ranks, we may hope to see England come into her own again. It is to the

nobility and purity of earth's poor ones that we must look for a regenerated people.

Florence Barclay's pen has lost none of its cunning. She "touches the toil about our doors with the air of Heaven," and never fails to awake a sympathetic chord in the heart of the reader. It would be well could a copy of this little book be put into the hands of every soldier's wife.

EDITH K. HARPER.

ATMA-JNĀN, OR, THE GARDEN OF THE HEART. By Brother Ramananda and Meredith Starr. London: William Rider & Son. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS perfect mystical gem from the pens of Brother Ramananda and Mr. Meredith Starr, bearing a spirited preface by Mr. Elias Gewurz, will come as a boon to the thinkers whose idealism suffers in these days of storm and stress, for it is dedicated "To All Who Seek to Enter the Garden." And who has not sought to do so? Had not the Celt his Garden of Avalon, the Hebrew his Paradise, the Babylonian his Gan-Eden, the Egyptian Elysium, the Greek Hesperides, the Mohammedan Al-Jannet, Semiramis her Hanging Gardens, sweet-voiced Persian Sa'di his Gulistan with its Bostan, while even Aubrey Beardsley's exotic pencil drew a Mysterious Rose Garden? And now we have an Atma-Jnān, a Garden of the Heart.

In it there rests much lovely Hindu wisdom; it bears a touch of the Song Celestial, Evelyn Underhill and the "Eureka" of Edgar Allan Poe. It leads the ascetic spirit like a light, as Virgil guided Dante through the Infernos of Maya unto the seven heavens that blossom as a rose in many tiers. It teaches us again in its own words, not to forget the little things of life, since every "atom holds the spirit of a star." And as its last chapter has it "The Lotus Is Complete" within us when its end is reached and we feel even as some Tibetan monk, who swings his prayer-wheel in his mystic exaltation while the dewdrop slips into the shining sea of peace at last. It is a little purple and golden book that lutes with siren piping and holds a sibylline spell.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

A MAGICAL POT-POURRI. By L. A. Bosman. London: The Dharma Press. Price 1s.

THIS quaint little book enshrines many fragrant fragments, just as a pot-pourri bowl is filled with the lavender and roses of the summer. It contains "Quabalistic Maxims," a chapter on the ever-alluring subject of delusive "Mâyâ," many extracts from the Persian "Gulshan i Raz," a poem "Towards The Light," "God So Loved The Disciple," and other good things. One of the quotations from "Gulshan i Raz" is especially mystical and illuminating:

"The Self is, it changeth never, the Sun that never sets. It is told of Abraham in a Mohammedan legend that he saw a star and called it Lord, but when it set he exclaimed: 'I like not gods which set.' This is the true Guide for those who seek the Altar of Reality. The Self is always at the Meridian, the true Sun of the Freemason. The Sufi Mahmud, in commenting on the legend, says: 'Say always, I love not those that set.'"

A Magical Pot-Pourri lacketh not magic.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.