

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullus addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macoy Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Occult and Modern Thought Book Centre*, 687 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; The *Oriental Esoteric Library*, 1207 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the "Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXI.

MARCH 1915

No. 3

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT would be interesting to know how many families there are in the British Isles who have associated with them some special form of psychic death-warning. They certainly are fairly numerous, and I should be inclined to think probably more numerous than in any other country. Perhaps the explanation of this lies in the settled state of the country, which has allowed tradition to grow up and be handed down from generation to generation. Certainly no parallel to this state of things could be found in

FAMILY
GHOSTS.

America, though there may be a few isolated instances, and I question whether such a parallel could be discovered in any European country, although here, again, we are familiar with one or two well-known cases, such as that of the white lady of the Hohenzollerns, who, it is stated, has been very much to the fore recently. An argument against the theory that this is due to settled political

conditions may be urged in the case of Ireland, where the banshee is so common a death-warning in the case of many families. But though Ireland has had a very disturbed political history, there is no country where the people are more susceptible to psychic influences, or where tradition has a stronger hold.

Among the strangest death-warnings in connection with Irish families is that of the foxes on Lord Gormanstown's estate, which congregate at Gormanstown Castle when the head of the house is about to die. The family crest is a fox, and the fox is evidently in the nature of a totem of the clan, possessing some occult relation to the family history. The authors of *True Irish Ghost Stories* (published by Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin) cite three cases of this occurrence: "When Jenico, the twelfth viscount, was dying in 1860, foxes were seen about the house and moving towards the house for some days previously. Just before his death three foxes were playing about and making a noise close to the house, and just in front of the cloisters, which are yew-trees planted and trailed in that shape." The foxes, it is stated, "came in pairs into the demesne and sat under the viscount's bedroom window and barked and howled all night. Next morning they were to be found crouching about in the grass in front of the house." More remarkable still, they walked through the poultry and never touched them. After the funeral they disappeared. At the death of the thirteenth viscount in 1876 the foxes also put in an appearance, being constantly seen under the window when the then Lord Gormanstown was supposed (erroneously as it proved) to have taken a turn for the better. When the fourteenth viscount died, there were similar occurrences. On this occasion "the coachman and gardener saw two foxes near the chapel and five or six more round the front of the house, and several crying in the cloisters." Two days later Mr. Preston, Lord Gormanstown's son, was watching by his father's body, in the chapel.

About 3 a.m. (says our author) he became conscious of a slight noise, which seemed to be that of a number of people walking stealthily around the chapel on the gravel walk. He went to the side door, listened, and heard outside a continuous and insistent snuffling or sniffing noise, accompanied by whimperings and scratchings at the door. On opening it he saw a full-grown fox sitting on the path within four feet of him. Just in the shadow was another, while he could hear several more moving close by in the darkness. He then went to the end door, opposite the altar, and on opening it saw two more foxes, one so close that he could have touched it with his foot. On shutting the door the noise continued till 5 a.m., when it suddenly ceased.

The drummer-boy who appears playing his bugle at the deaths of the Earls of Airlie has been alluded to before in the OCCULT REVIEW, and this apparition is fully corroborated by those who know the family. The original drummer was, it is stated, put to a cruel death by an ancestor of this family, and ever since then his apparition has appeared as a death-warning.

The authors of the book above mentioned cite a further instance of a family in County Galway in the case of whom a spectral child heard crying in the garden round the house is held to be the forerunner of death or misfortune to the family. The lady who related this story gives an instance of which she herself was witness. Dinner on one occasion when she was a guest was kept waiting for Mr. G., who was absent in town on business.

She went out on the hall-door steps in order to see if the familiar trot of the carriage horses could be heard coming down the road. It was a bright moonlight night, and as she stood there she heard a child crying with a peculiar whining cry, and distinctly saw a small childlike figure running round and round the grass ring inside the

HARBINGERS evergreen hedge, and casting a shadow in the moonlight. OF WOE. Going into the house she casually mentioned this as a peculiar circumstance to Mrs. G., upon which, to her great surprise, that lady nearly fainted, and got into a terrible state of nervousness. Recovering a little, she told her that this crying figure was always heard and seen whenever any member met with an accident, or before a death. A messenger was immediately sent to meet Mr. G., who was found lying senseless on the road, as the horses had taken fright and bolted, flinging him out, and breaking the carriage pole.

The accident apparently was not fatal.

In another instance what are called the Scanlan Lights are seen at the death of members of the Scanlan family, of Ballyknockane, Co. Limerick. These lights, says the correspondent quoted by our authors, are always observed at the demise of a member of the family. "We have ascertained that by the present head of the family they were seen first as a pillar of fire with a radiating crown at the top, and secondly inside the house by the room being lighted up brightly in the night. By other members of the family now living, these lights have been seen in the shape of balls of fire of various sizes. The last occasion of this apparition was as recently as 1913, when a member of the family passed away."

The story of the origin of this apparition is probably apochryphal, but it may be given for what it is worth. It appears that Scanlan Mor, King of Ossory, from whom the family claims descent, was cast into prison on one occasion by a hostile monarch. St. Columcille demanded his release and, being churlishly refused,

declared that he himself would set him free. That night a bright pillar of fire appeared in the air and hung over the place where Scanlan was imprisoned. A beam of light darted into the room where he lay, and a voice bade him shake off his fetters. He did so in amazement, and was led out past his guards by his angel deliverer.

In the case of another family in Co. Wicklow, a family death is preceded by the appearance of a spectral lady. The doors of the sitting-room open and a lady dressed in white satin walks across the room and the hall. In the case of another Irish family a looking-glass is said to be broken before any member's death. In another case again, in Queen's County, the death is heralded by the cry of a cuckoo, and this, it is stated, occurs at no matter what season of the year the death may take place. There are other families in which the death-warning takes the form of a ghostly carriage, the rumbling of the wheels of which is heard at night when no material coach is to be found. This story is told of the Macnamaras as well as of the Westropp's, and also, I believe, of other families besides. But whether the occurrence is invariable in the case of deaths or only happens occasionally, I do not know. Of the Irish banshee Mr. O'Donnell has already written in the OCCULT REVIEW, and his article is quoted from in the present volume. The banshee appears to vary to a certain extent in appearance according to the family to whom it manifests, but it never appears to the particular individual whose death it foretells, even though it is seen in his presence. In the case of the Earls Ferrers there is the tradition of the birth of a black calf to a cow of the ancient British Chartley herd as a death warning.* The herd at the present time is, generally speaking, white, but their British ancestors are said to have been black, and occasionally a calf will hark back to the colour of the ancestral herd.

Another celebrated omen is the white bird of the Oxenham family, which has been settled at South Taunton in Somerset for many generations. A member of this family was the famous John Oxenham, who went with Francis Drake to Nombre de Dios in 1570 and was captured by the Spaniards and hung as a pirate. The incident is referred to in Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho*, which contains in chapter two a vivid description of Oxenham seeing the bird while drinking a toast. There are very numerous instances recorded in which this apparition proved the forerunner of

* The land has been sold, but this does not appear to have invalidated the tradition.

a death in the family. The author of *The Grey Ghost Book* and *Another Grey Ghost Book* * quotes in the latter from an old brown leather-covered volume containing some rare and ancient tracts, entitled *A True Relation of an Apparition in the Likeness of a Bird with a White Breast that appeared hovering over the Death Beds of some of the Children of Mr. James Oxenham*. The date of the book is 1641, and it is stated to have been "printed for Richard Clutterbuck and sold at the Sign of the Gun in Little Brittain neare St. Botolph's church." The frontispiece of the tract is divided into four compartments in each of which is the picture of a death-bed and a bird like a dove hovering over it. At the foot of the four pictures are the following inscriptions:—

1. John Oxenham, Gentleman. Aged 21. Died with this aparition above. Witnesses Robert Woolley and Humphrey King.

2. Thomasin, the wife of James Oxenham the younger, Gentleman. Aged 22. Died with ye like Aparition. Witsesse Elizabeth Frost and Ioane Tooker.

3. Rebecka Oxenham. Aged 8. Died with ye same Aparition. Witsesse Eliz. Auerie, widdow, and Mary Stephens.

4. Tomasin, a Child in a cradle. Died with ye like Aparition. Witsesse Eliz. Auerie and Mary Stephens.

To the above-named Rebecka the story narrates, that the bird appeared about eleven of the clocke and hovered over her. "She was," says the narrator quaintly, "a virgin of great hopes and wondrous docile, of a gentle and courteous behaviour to all." Tamazine, the daughter of the above-mentioned James Oxenham, to whom the bird also appeared, died in the same month and year as Rebecka (September, 1635).

Another kind of apparition which appears before deaths is that of a dog. I have heard a number of instances of this, though generally speaking these have referred to the death of some individual person, and the apparition has not been traditional in the family. But I understand there are cases in which a dog figures as the regular family death-warning just as the banshee, the white bird, the fox, etc. A case of the kind is cited in *Another Grey Ghost Book*, in which "a little white dog" figures as the family apparition. A friend of the writer's sends the following experience of her own, which I quote direct from the volume mentioned. She says:—

I was sitting in the garden with a Sandhurst friend of ours, a relative of Field-Marshal Sir John French, who was staying in the neighbourhood. As we were talking, I saw a little white dog run under his chair and appar-

* London: Eveleigh Nash. 5s. net.

ently hide there, for it did not come out. Knowing that it did not belong to the house I said to our friend, "Look, a little white dog has just gone under your chair. I wonder whose it is and where it came from. Do pick it up and let me see it. I love dogs, and this is such a

DOGS AS pretty one." He got up instantly and moved his chair.

DEATH But there was no dog. It had suddenly vanished in the most extraordinary way. I noticed that he looked about

PORTENTS. for it in rather a half-hearted manner, and at last, turning to me, he said gravely, "To tell you the truth, there is no dog here. This is a warning for me. In our family a little white dog always appears before a death." Trying to speak lightly and laugh it off, he went on, "I hope it's for nobody I care for, but for some old foggy I've never seen." When next we met, some time after, he told me that an uncle in Ireland, to whom he was very much attached, had died on the night of the day on which the little white dog had appeared. I remarked what a strange thing it was that I had seen the dog and not he, but he said that on many previous occasions the wraith had appeared to some one quite unconnected with the family, only always near to a member of the family, to whom it was invisible.

Other forms of death-warnings, such as the stopping of clocks, the falling of pictures, loud and unaccountable knockings and the apparent dropping of heavy weights the material counterparts of which do not exist, are common enough, but I do not know that any of these warnings are peculiar to specific families. At the time at which my old nurse died, to whom I was much attached, I was sitting at 9.30 in the morning after breakfast within a yard of a glass door, on which a crashing bang was suddenly struck, there being no one present in the flat at the time except myself and nothing normal which could possibly have caused it.

A number of cases have been given in which ghosts have been laid which have proved a source of embarrassment to the tenants of the houses which they haunted, but there is as far as I know no case in which one of the ancestral family ghosts has been induced by the priest to cease his unwelcome attentions. It would be

SPELLS interesting at any rate to know if the banshee, for instance had ever been induced to desert an Irish family to which she had become attached. What, AND COUN- TER-SPELLS. one wonders, is the link that connects the haunting

entity with the family, and must it necessarily pursue that family till it finally dies out? Such phenomena seem in their character to partake of the nature of spells that automatically perpetuate themselves. Is there not some counter-spell which may be used to rob them of their power? A deeper understanding of the laws by which spells are worked would probably throw a light on this mystery. Doubtless many families would be only too delighted to rid themselves of their ancestral ghost.

A lady (the wife of a General in the Indian Army) who has written for the OCCULT REVIEW some particularly interesting articles dealing with the after-life and the condition of existence on the astral-plane, under the pseudonym of M. S., has sent me a list of what she terms "Re-births," which has been communicated to her, as I understand, through her spiritual mentor. These re-births claim to be earlier incarnations of celebrities of the present day and of the last century. She has attached an asterisk to those about whom she regards her information as most indubitable. For myself, I do not pretend to confirm or to deny. Some are certainly extremely plausible, while with regard to others, a sceptical attitude seems the most natural to adopt. I give the list rather with a view to provoke criticism and comment. The subject is one that excites widespread interest, and this not only among occult students. I gather that the reading of my paragraph dealing with Nero as a supposed earlier incarnation of Kaiser Wilhelm lead to this communication reaching me. Of the list given some of the identifications will be familiar to most readers—that for instance of W. E. Gladstone as Cicero, of Napoleon as Charlemagne, and of Edward VII as Edward the Elder, and the late Lord Salisbury as Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh. William Morris as Chaucer sounds plausible enough, though I should be inclined to identify Tennyson with Virgil rather than with Ovid, and Shelley as Æschylus sounds a little doubtful. Cecil Rhodes as Oliver Cromwell and Eckarthaussen as Plotinus might commend themselves to many, but it seems difficult to identify Nietzsche with Aristophanes, or the King of Italy with Charles Martel. Maeterlinck as Marcus Aurelius appeals to one's sense of the fitness of things, and also perhaps General Booth as Peter the Hermit. But who is Epaminondas of Alexandria, who is supposed to be the prototype of Herbert Spencer? I confess I never heard of him. The identification of Agrippina with the Empress Frederick seems a little hard, and I can imagine a list of this kind indefinitely extended to the great annoyance of one's pet aversions among the leading figures of contemporary life. A *Who's Who in Reincarnation* as a supplement to the familiar book of reference might well be productive of both exasperation and amusement, and I commend the compilation of such a volume to those who are specially in touch with the spiritual sphere adjoining our own. It is noteworthy that each individual is only given one other incarnation. Were they nonentities in their other

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CARNATION-
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"WHO'S
WHO?"

lives, one wonders? or is it a case of once a celebrity always a celebrity? For myself I am inclined to think that conditions and circumstances generally give the opportunity for fame, that the "mute inglorious Milton" may well be a subsidiary incarnation of the great poet, and that if it had not been for the French Revolution Napoleon himself might have lived and died unknown.

The list, as sent me, runs as follows:—

LIST OF RE-BIRTHS.

Queen Victoria	*Alfred the Great	Huxley	Thales
Edward VII	Edward the Elder	Gibbon	Strabo
William II	*Nero	La Marck	Pliny (Elder)
Frederick (the father of the present Kaiser)	Germanicus	Lepsius	Seneca
Empress Frederick	Agrippina	Ranke	Tacitus
Present Empress	Poppæa	Sir W. Crooks	Av erroes
King of Italy	Charles Martel	Swinburne	Sallust
King of Belgium	Pepin le Bref	Alfred de Musset	Pierre de Ronsard
Late Grand Duke Serge	Domitian	William Morris	Chaucer
Grand Duchess Serge	Domitia	Shelley	Æschylus
Duchesse d'Alençon	St. Elizabeth of Hungary	Keats	Virgil
Peter the Great	Hengist	Tennyson	Ovid
Queen Elizabeth	*Boadicea	Browning	Euripides
Napoleon I	Charlemagne	Bossuet	Demosthenes
Catherine of Russia	Semiramis	Gladstone	*Cicero
Maeterlinck	Marcus Aurelius	Oscar Wilde	Rabelais
Emerson	*Epictetus	Kingsley	Frobisher
La Rochefoucauld	Juvenal	Ouida	Rienzi
Edmund Gosse	Martial	Savage Landor	Marco Polo
Froude	Bede	W. T. Stead	*Sir Walter Raleigh
Nietzsche	Aristophanes	Lord Methuen	Sir Philip Sydney
Victorien Sardou	Empedocles	The late Lord Salisbury	Lord Burleigh (minister to Queen Elizabeth)
Ariosto	Sappho	Carlyle	Pym
Herbert Spencer	Epaminondas (?) of Alexandria	Cecil Rhodes	Oliver Cromwell
Newton	Heraclitus	Lord C. Beresford	Vittor Pisani (Venetian sailor, 14th century)
Darwin	Democritus	General Kuroki	Carlo Zeno

Charles Bradlaugh	Jack Cade	Camille Flam-	Tycho Brahe
General Booth	Peter the	marion	
(late)	Hermit	Herschell	Ptolemy
Sven Hedin	Christopher	Pobodonoztseff	Torquemada
	Columbus	Eckhartshausen	Plotinus

I have received the subjoined interesting psychic record from the Rev. E. D. S. Camus. Several inquiries have reached me with regard to the possibilities of psychic help being rendered to the wounded on the battlefield, and the fact that such aid is not only possible but is actually being rendered at the present moment will, I am sure, be a matter of especial interest to all practical occultists. I need hardly recall to the attention of readers the fact that Miss Dorothy Kerin, the good angel in this work among our soldiers, was herself the subject of one of the most remarkable spiritual cures of recent times, and doubtless many of them have already read the account of this marvellous incident either in Dr. Edwin Ash's book, *Faith or Suggestion*, or in Miss Dorothy Kerin's own record, published by Geo. Bell & Sons, Ltd., under the title of *The Living Touch*. Mr. Camus writes :—

The following will be of interest to all fond of thoroughly investigating psychic experiences, as its record contains more than one absolute proof. On the morning of November 7 last, at about 8 a.m., my wife woke and said to me: "I have been with Dorothy Kerin in the night—I seemed to be on the battlefield but no battle was in progress—it was moonlight—and many wounded were lying on the field. They appeared to be quite recently wounded. I noticed the distinctive uniforms of the Allies. Bending over one with a look of compassion on her face and laying her hands upon a gaping wound near the shoulder I recognized Dorothy. Going to her I said 'May I help you, Dorothy?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'please do, for my time here will be short and yours must be shorter, for your baby will wake at three this morning and will require you, so will you please quickly walk round about noticing which of the men seem in the greatest pain and letting me know so that I may try to relieve those in greatest need.' This I willingly did, and had only just finished showing Dorothy the men I considered in greatest agony when I was awakened by hearing baby cry. I at once looked at the clock, but to my surprise (as I felt my night experience had been real) the hands pointed to four, not three o'clock." This last statement of my wife's surprised me, especially as she mentioned to me the various characteristics of the uniforms, with which she had previously been unacquainted. But a few minutes afterwards, when rising, I happened to glance at the clock which my wife had seen in the night (since a night light was placed in front of it) and discovered that it was exactly one hour fast. It was an eight-day carriage clock which I had wound somewhat hastily upon retiring the previous night, finding that it had run down, and evidently I had inadvertently put the time on one hour.

As scoffers might say the coincidence in regard to the baby awaking was merely a fancy of the night, I think this is worthy of mention, particularly as the habit of our baby was to sleep until 4 a.m.

Now for the most interesting proof of all. Later on that day Dorothy Kerin, who lives in Highgate, turned up at our house. The first words she spoke were these, addressed to my wife: "I saw you last night on the battlefield—I often pray I may go there (though I have never told you before) in order to be used to heal the wounded." I may add that a few weeks ago Miss Kerin received a letter from a Captain Berry at the front, telling her that when wounded he had in some way become conscious of the fact that she was laying healing hands on his wound. And from this wound he made a most excellent recovery.

There has been some discussion in the public Press recently relative to the so-called prophetess, Joanna Southcott. This strange visionary, as is well known, left behind her a sealed box, which was to remain unopened till a hundred years after her death. This period has recently expired, and accordingly there appears to have been a rather general expectation that the aforesaid box would be opened, and that the predictions which it is supposed to contain would be given to the world. It seems, however, that instructions were left that the box was only to be unsealed in the presence of twenty-four bishops, who, it was anticipated, would unite to make an unsolicited appeal for this to be done. The bishops so far have not responded, hence the box still remains closed, and it is open to the imagination of the superstitious to play around its contents with what edification to themselves it may. One almost inevitably associates in one's mind

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, PROPHETESS OR IMPOSTOR? the celebrated safe of Madame Humbert, "La Grande Thérèse" as she was called by her compatriots, and the box of the humbler but no less notorious Joanna Southcott. Perhaps we are wrong and the box may, as some think, contain predictions which are at the present time in course of fulfilment. Those

who adopt this position argue that Joanna foretold in her own language "the overthrow of Satan's power and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom," and that it is not a little curious that the expiration of the hundred years after which the box might be opened coincides exactly with the outbreak of the present gigantic struggle. Joanna was unquestionably the victim of many strange delusions, one of which,—viz., the idea that she was destined to become the mother of the Messiah—has been shared with her by not a few victims of religious hallucination and neurotic instability. Mr. F. G. Montague-Powell has kindly sent me an admirable portrait of Joanna, which I am reproducing

for the benefit of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. An interesting letter from this gentleman's pen dealing with Joanna and her alleged mission appears in this month's correspondence columns.



JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

About September, 1913, curious stories appeared in the papers with reference to certain psychic phenomena occurring at the time in the village of Alzonne in the South of France. A number of the children of this village, as well as some of the older inhabitants, were witnesses of apparitions of Joan of Arc, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and also of the Virgin Mary herself. The identifi-

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cation of some of these was doubtless rather dubious, and all did not appear to see the same apparitions alike, which seems to be evidence of their partially subjective character, but in the identification of Joan of Arc there was no difficulty, as she was seen as a young girl on horseback in full armour. It was stated at the time that an abbé in the neighbourhood, being told that Joan of Arc spoke Latin, put to her a question in that tongue, requesting that if she had come to announce war she would make a star appear in the sky. The sky at the time was very cloudy, but shortly afterwards the clouds separated and half a dozen stars immediately came into view. This statement appeared in the papers at the time, and the record was also given in the OCCULT REVIEW, so that the vision in question cannot possibly be classed as one of those predictions after the event to which the sceptics are so fond of alluding.

THE
PROPHECY
OF JOAN
OF ARC.

Another record of a somewhat similar character in the spring of the same year has reached me through a valued correspondent, whose friend, Mrs. Carpenter, is my authority. The statement runs as follows:—

In the spring of 1913 a party of ladies on the Sussex coast were discussing a paragraph in a current *Zenana* magazine which referred to recent appearances in the sky. One of these ladies (the widow of an Indian officer) said she had received a letter from either Bath or Bristol (I forget which) saying that Christ had appeared in the sky with a scythe, and that a little girl had told her mother she had seen Jesus. Mrs. M. told us she had heard of another appearance (not authenticated), that a rainbow had appeared with the words, "I come quickly."

Among those present in the circle of ladies was a resident in Kent, who said that some time previously she was driving in a pony carriage and heard her two young daughters talking, but paid no attention, as she was attending to the driving. When they reached home the children said, "Mother, we have seen Jesus while we were out."

Just then visitors were announced, and I told them of what I had just heard. They immediately told me that some time previously their nephew, a boy of between four and five, was one day in the porch of their house on the Front at St. Leonards with one of his aunts, when he said, "Oh, Auntie, I can see God up there!" pointing to a spot in the sky. "Can't you see Him, Auntie?" For some time he kept pointing to the same spot, saying he could see God. I asked Miss S. how long ago this had happened; she replied about a fortnight. I then returned to the other room and asked Mrs. M. how long before their experience had occurred. She also fixed the time at about a fortnight previously. Therefore the appearance in Sussex and the one in Kent occurred about the same time, and I believe those in the West of England occurred about the same date also. She added that one of them was mentioned in a Bath paper.

One is inclined, with or without justification, to associate

these and the apparitions in the South of France as more or less kindred phenomena. The appearance of a vision of Christ with a scythe in his hand as a symbol of war, and the words seen in the sky, "I come quickly," may naturally now be associated with the present crisis, though we have no record in this instance as in that of the apparition of Joan of Arc, of a definite reply to a definite question in relation to the outbreak of war. Psychological phenomena, it has been noticed before now, are apt to come, if I may use the expression, in epidemics. There has recently been an epidemic of automatic drawing and painting, of which many instances beyond those referred to in the OCCULT REVIEW have been brought to my notice. The same is the case with epidemics of religious revivalism, and it would appear that the phenomenon of apparitions of the saints falls under the same category. (It may be remembered that another instance of this was recently reported from Russia.) I might here add an incident which I have so far left unmentioned in connection with omens of the

THE
CROWNS OF
POLAND
AND
HUNGARY.

war. I have referred to the strange and altogether unexpected discovery of the crown of the kings of Poland in the trunk of a tree, but a further incident of a kindred kind was also recorded in the papers about the same time. This was the discovery of the ancient iron crown of the kings of Hungary. The nature of the find was not so striking in its character as that of the crown of Poland, and I regret that I cannot now trace the cutting in reference to the matter. If any of my readers can supply particular information on the subject, I shall be greatly indebted to them. It is surely not by a mere accident or coincidence that two ancient crowns of mediæval monarchies were brought to light again (after having apparently been hopelessly lost) almost at the same moment.

A further corroboration has reached me, since the last issue appeared, of the Johannes Prophecy. Mrs. Rooke, who sends me the account, states that she has persuaded her friend, Mrs. S., to write down her recollections of seeing the Prophecy of Brother Johannes upwards of sixty years ago. Mrs. S. is now an old lady of seventy-seven and an invalid, and naturally does not want to be troubled by needless inquiries, so she has not authorized me to make her name public in the magazine. But the account she gives is such a curious one that I think readers would like to have it, as written down by herself. Mrs. S. was a young girl

MORE LIGHT
ON BROTHER
JOHANNES.

of barely sixteen at the time she saw the manuscript, but it made a great impression upon her owing to the terrible nature of the catastrophe it foretold, and it will be noticed that her father, who read it to her, made something in the nature of a prophecy himself with regard to her living to witness its fulfilment. Mrs. S.'s account runs as follows:—

It must be at least sixty years since I saw the old manuscript of the prophecy. My father received it in a box full of papers and pamphlets from my grandfather after the latter's death. He had then had them by him for some time, for I remember his expressing regret that he had not investigated them sooner, as he had found many very old and most interesting things. This, however, was the only one I saw. It was written on vellum or parchment, and looked very old, and was in curious characters that I could not decipher. He had succeeded in doing so, and he read it to me. It was in effect identically the same as the prophecy now in discussion. I was intensely interested in it and have never forgotten it. When he had explained it all to me I said: "And when do you suppose all this will happen?" "Ah!" he said, "that I cannot tell, probably not in my lifetime. But if you live to be an old woman you may see it." "Oh, God forbid!" I said. I remember his earnest gaze when I said that. He was a very learned man, and deeply read. It always seemed to me as a child that there was nothing he did not know! I am now nearly seventy-seven. I was sixteen when I saw the manuscript. But it was *very old then*. I don't know what became of it.

January 27, 1915.

(Signed) K. S.

It is certainly most extraordinary what a number of predictions have seen the light in connection with the present war. The following prediction recorded by Dr. Clement Philippe, President of the *Société Belge de Médecine et Pharmacie en Angleterre*, as quoted from a recent issue of the *Globe*, is not one of the least remarkable of the series of predictions which I have been giving from month to month in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.

On December 13, 1913 [he writes], I was at a medical conference in Brussels. The most eminent doctors connected with the French health resorts were in turn initiating their Belgian colleagues into the mysteries of hydro-thermal science. On this particular day, Amédée Tardieu, who had the honour of personally attending for two years H.R.H. the Countess of Flanders, mother of King Albert, had been speaking of the Auvergne, and in the course of a banquet he uttered these words, which made his fellow-guests smile: "In 1915 we shall be in Berlin and we shall have reconquered Alsace and Lorraine."

A CLAIRVOY-
ANT DOCTOR
AND WHAT
HE FORESAW

Ironical interruptions only served to make our confrère more serious, and he continued, almost with a prophetic air: "I'm telling you the truth, in 1915 we shall be in Berlin and we shall have reconquered Alsace-Lorraine." And he then explained himself to his astounded audience. In his sonorous voice, Tardieu, one of the greatest French medical authorities, a universally-respected veteran of seventy-two, added—

"I had a friend, the director of the observatory at Mont Souris, who was clairvoyant. Three months before the outbreak of the war in 1870 I saw him in tears; he was coming out of a mediumistic trance. 'I am crying,' he said, 'for the country and for myself. I see you, Tardieu, three months hence on the boulevards handling money in your hat, and counting it at the Gare du Nord, then you leave with an ambulance. At Aulnoye you're stopped by a railway accident, but by a miracle another train bears you to the East. At Monthermé an engine-driver is killed and an ambulance man will say to you, "Chef, I'm a driver," and will take his place. Your train will continue on its journey to the East where the wounded are weltering in their blood. And then events will hasten: the Empire will fall, we shall lose Alsace and Lorraine, and, a horrible thing, later I see Frenchmen wounded by Frenchmen. But it will only be a terrible trial, and in 1915 we shall have taken back Alsace and Lorraine and we shall be in Berlin. And I weep also for myself, my wife and I will be dead in six months, and some one will adopt our children.'

"Now," Tardieu asserted with emphasis, "all that actually happened. On August 13 I was with the ambulance service of the 8th Army Corps. I was collecting money in my uniform cap along the boulevards, and on my arrival at the waiting-room of the Gare du Nord I counted out 28,000 francs in gold and bank-notes. At Aulnoye there was an accident; by good fortune another train came along and took us away. At Monthermé the driver was killed, and one of my ambulance men took his place. And then came Sedan, the fall of the Empire, the loss of our provinces, and the fratricidal Commune.

"All that happened as was predicted. My friend and his wife died, and I adopted their children. And that is why," Tardieu concluded, "I firmly believe that we shall reconquer Alsace and Lorraine and that 1915 will witness our entry into Berlin."

That was said at a friendly dinner on December 13, 1913, at Brussels by a convinced and ardent patriot. And now! Who knows?

I recently made some remarks, illustrated by a small map, with regard to the assumed locality of the final battle of the war. It will be remembered that the Prophecy of Mayence states "that the victor would command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux, between Hamm, Woerl and Paderborn." Information is now to hand which places the

THE
CHAMP
DES
BOULEAUX.

Champ des Bouleaux between Hamm and Unna. Unna itself does not appear on the map I gave, but it can be easily placed by noting that it is midway between Dortmund and Woerl. If Unna is marked on this spot and a straight line is then drawn between Unna and Hamm, the Champ des Bouleaux should be approximately equidistant between the two. It is, as far as I can gauge, S.S.W. of Hamm and E.N.E. of Dortmund. This information is given in a book entitled *La Bataille du Champ des Bouleaux*, published in Paris (43 rue du Seine). The volume

in question is in the nature of a futurist story of the war, the romance being based upon the statements made in the Prophecy of Mayence. The site is thus described on p. 68 :—

In the centre of the Westphalian plain, half-way between Hamm and Unna, rises a small hill dominating the flat expanse of plain. At the summit of its central crest is a wood of birches (*bouleaux*), fan-shaped at the edge, the stems of whose white saplings rise toward the sky. From the skirts of the wood the view embraces the grey extent of country stretching between the tributaries of the Rhine.

Our futurist romancer, writing of this stupendous conflict, observes that "the battle of the Champ des Bouleaux will live eternally in the memory of our latest descendants like the battles of Actium, of Poitiers, of Lepanto and of Waterloo."

With regard to another locality alluded to in the Prophecy of Mayence in connection with the Franco-German War of 1870 and the defeat of Napoleon III, viz. le Chêne Populeux, it is stated in *La Fin de l'Empire Allemand*, by J. H. Lavour, that this is in the Ardennes, close to Sedan. This little work gives a detailed account of the following predictions: The Prophecy of Lehnin (that of Prior Hermann, already alluded to in my last number), the Prophecy of Mayence, and the predictions of Fiensberg, dealing with the forecast based on the additions of the numerals of the various dates. The Prophecy of Hermann is given in full detail with elaborate historical references and interpretations.

In view of the great interest taken in the psychic paintings which appeared in the Christmas number of the OCCULT REVIEW, arrangements have been made to reprint a limited number of sets of these, omitting the picture entitled *The Ankh*. The four illustrations will thus be those of *Astarte* and the *Veiled Sphinx*, by Annie K. Diver, and *With Healing in His Wings* and *The Dawn*, by Kathleen Heron-Maxwell. These illustrations will be supplied post free for 4*d.* the set. An early application is desirable, as there is no intention to reprint further.

The following further donations have been received for the Red Cross Hospital Fund, and are acknowledged with many thanks :—A. J. Rainsford, 10*s.* ; S. G. R., 5*s.* ; C. A. L. M., 5*s.* ; A. S. W., 2*s.* 6*d.* ; Tau, 2*s.* 6*d.* ; P. W., 2*s.* 6*d.* ; Denise, 2*s.* 6*d.* ; V. and C., 2*s.* ; Hilda, 2*s.* ; A., 1*s.* Amount previously acknowledged, £6 12*s.* This brings the total received to date up to £8 7*s.* In next month's issue I shall make a statement as to how the money has been dealt with.

THE ETHEREAL PLANE

BY DR. HELEN BOURCHIER, Author of "The Crown of Asphodels"

III. THE ROAD

I HAVE been asked to give some directions in what ways and by what means a dweller on the physical plane may pass, consciously, on to the ethereal plane.

There are, no doubt, many roads into this mysterious country, all more or less difficult, some, probably, reaching back into former incarnations. I can only describe the one I myself followed. And I must say, first of all, that it is a long and not particularly easy road. But I am certain that to anyone who is sincerely determined to follow that road, there will come, from time to time, on its various stages, guides and helpers who will set him forward on the way. There is no guide who will take you the whole way along that mysterious road, nor are there any directions given at the beginning of the journey which are sufficient to carry you on to the end.

In the Western world there may be already, or there may be discovered in the future, swifter means of travel to that far country, but my first guide came to me in the East, and the Eastern ways are long and patient. At the same time it may be that I was an unusually slow and lagging pilgrim, for this reason: my medical training in a school that is, perhaps, the most sceptic and the most material in the world, had produced in me an attitude of mind that made it impossible for me to accept any teaching that was not capable of material proof and also made me extremely impatient of methods the results of which were long delayed.

My introduction to my first teacher, the one whom I have called the Seer, who is no longer on the physical plane, was apparently quite casual and accidental, but I understand now that the whole object of my going to the East was that I should meet him and become his pupil. "When the disciple is ready, the Master is also ready."

My first interest was solely in phenomena. Knowing that the Seer was a member of the Theosophical Society, I demanded to be shown miracles and to have the whole theory of occultism

explained to me. Neither of these things did the Seer at any time attempt to do. He explained that phenomena were not of the slightest importance, that every advanced disciple had the power to produce phenomena, but that by the time they were sufficiently advanced to do so, their interest had already passed on to matters of greater moment. The only way then seemed to be to become an advanced disciple, so that I might be able to do these things if I wished to do them. I had no doubt whatever in my own mind that when the time came I should be as anxious to test the reality of phenomena as I was on the first day of my discipleship.

"Before you enter on the path of discipleship," said the Seer, "I must warn you that there are very great and very real dangers to be met with on that path. You must be prepared to face serious risks. If you are not prepared to face them, you had better give up the idea of becoming a student of occultism, at once. No one can protect you or guarantee you against these dangers."

"Spiritual dangers, or physical?" I asked.

"Both."

"Tell me about them, then."

"You have heard of the Astral Plane, where the elementals dwell? When you begin to study occultism, or ordinary spiritualism, for that matter, it is as if you lighted a lamp on that astral plane, which attracts the attention of the elementals, who up till that moment were quite uninterested in you and your affairs, but who may now begin to occupy themselves with you. Some elementals are mere tricky sprites who will amuse themselves by trying to frighten you and confuse your mind. Some are immensely powerful and inimical to man. The smaller annoyances will be that you will hear knocks and raps and uncanny noises and whisperings; you will feel cold winds or hot winds blowing on you when there is no wind; you may see shadows and movements, or eyes staring at you out of the darkness. As these elementals are able to look into your mind and find out what are the things you are most afraid of, they can produce an extremely unpleasant impression. All these pranks sound very unimportant, now, while I am talking to you, but they are apt to have a certain unhinging effect on your nerves when they happen at night when you are alone in the dark. For this reason it is well always to keep a light burning in your room at night. And above all, remember this: that if you are not afraid, but keep yourself well in hand, you can

order those elementals to leave you, and they will go. The great thing is not to be afraid. The worst things that the really powerful elementals can do is to enter into your body and keep your own spirit in subjection. This is what has been known as 'possession' and is a very real danger. Or a strong elemental to whom you have given power over you, because you have allowed yourself to be afraid of him, may drive you out of your body and take possession of it entirely, himself. Or they can simply kill the body outright. All these different things have happened at one time or another. For example, in the cases where people have gone out of their minds, or where the character has seemed to change in an unaccountable manner, after a course of séances with a medium. The one thing you have to remember if you are attacked by one of these powerful and malignant elementals, is this: they can only injure your body, they are powerless to touch your soul. Not all the elementals on the astral plane, combined together, can kill an immortal human soul. Their power is absolutely limited to the body, but as far as that is concerned they are undoubtedly dangerous. And those people who dabble in spiritualistic phenomena are naturally more exposed to the attacks of elementals than others.

"There is another thing I must warn you of: if you become a genuine student of occultism, a *bona fide* disciple, you must not expect material prosperity. You will not be allowed to collect riches, or to obtain fame or honours. If you earn money, or if money is left to you, beyond what is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it will be taken from you. Also it is quite possible that your health will suffer, you will lay yourself open to attacks of various illnesses, which, very possibly, are within the control of elementals, though we have no absolute knowledge about this. We do know that here in India, the natives say that if the festival of Juggernaut is not kept, if there are no willing sacrifices, there is always an outbreak of cholera in the district that year. And we know that actually that has happened. The road the disciple has to follow, especially at the beginning, is both steep and difficult. There are no pleasant, flowery inducements to enter it."

"Why?"

"If any disciple, having set foot on that road, turns away out of it and goes back into the material life of the world, that disciple is in a worse position than if he had never entered upon that road."

The principal element of discouragement that I met with at the beginning of this road, was its intolerable dullness. I had looked for the excitements of initiation, for the fireworks and the dangers of phenomena. All I was given was this order—

“Kill out anger and fear, desire and confusion of mind.”

Now and again when the Seer talked to me of the life and the purposes of the Masters, in which he was deeply learned, I asked him, “Is it not possible to see one of the Masters? I would give anything, I would make any sacrifice, to see one of them for a moment.”

His answer was always the same. “If one of the Masters came here into this compound and sat down beside you and began to teach you, what would he tell you to do? To kill out fear and anger, desire and confusion of mind. You know that as well as any Master can tell you. If you are not willing to give your mind to that, no Master can help you. You would not expect him to give a theatrical exhibition of his powers, I suppose?”

That, of course, was what I really did want. What, I suppose, every student has wanted from the beginning of discipleship.

At this time I was given *Light on the Path* to read and meditate upon. And for several years, in some of the solitary places of India, I meditated deeply on the profound teachings of that book which stands alone from among all books that have ever been written.

Soon after my meeting with the Seer I began to practise *Pranayam* with a view to raising *condalini*. This practice, I may remark incidentally, is begun by every Brahmin boy at the age of eight. There were two or three other students, disciples of Subba Row, who were also doing *pranayam*. We were all told that it would take us two years, at the least, before we could raise *condalini*. It is, I believe, known to all students of occultism that the raising of *condalini* is the awakening of a centre of occult knowledge within oneself, by means of which the disciple is enabled to understand and learn many mysteries. In some parts of India, I have been told, it is used as a means of divination.

So far as I know, none of that group ever succeeded in raising *condalini*, nor, I believe, did any of them continue doing *pranayam* for two years. I was obliged to give it up in the first year on account of a very serious illness which came upon me,

as I had been warned it might do. The concentration required for that practice was, no doubt, useful at that time, but I understand that I was not sufficiently advanced to have the use of the power of *condalini* which can be used for the purposes of black magic, a temptation that more or less assails all disciples at the beginning, by reason of its being easier and productive of more immediate results than true occultism.

I returned then to the study of *Light on the Path* and the fulfilling of the four rules: "Kill out fear and anger, desire and confusion of mind." For about fifteen years I remained in this phase of what I may call purely mental study and meditation, and then I met another teacher who took me on another step.

With this new teacher we began with ordinary séances with paid mediums. This, I was assured, was necessary to break through the crust of materialism and awake the psychic senses. At the beginning I was absolutely sceptical about all mediumistic phenomena, which I believed were invariably produced by trickery. We were fortunate enough to find two very powerful materialization mediums, a mother and daughter, and we began with a series of séances with them. At first we had the usual phenomena of noises and movements and touches, and then, one day, I had a very curious experience.

We were sitting together, the four of us, in a dark room, when one of the mediums went into a trance. She began to talk very hurriedly, in a strange voice, and I asked the other medium what she was saying. "She is saying something about the Seer," the other medium answered. Now, none of the people present, except myself, had ever heard of the Seer, who had died some years before in India. The medium in trance, who was sitting next to me, took hold of my hand and leant over me and spoke in a low tone in my ear. Her touch, her voice, her whole personality and the words she said were all absolutely as if the Seer himself were sitting beside me. And I suddenly saw before me like a panorama, in that dark room, a wide, sandy plain with a horde of Indian horsemen in brown turbans, and, standing in front of them, the Seer. I had once heard him speak of an army of brown-turbaned elementals, of those who are friendly and helpful to human beings, with whom he was somehow connected.

The Seer told me then that he had been long trying to get into communication with me, but that he had been unable to reach me.

When the series of séances was finished we went no more

to professional mediums, but the fellow-disciple who was my new teacher and I sat together, more especially for automatic writing by which we received messages and instructions. In the beginning we had a good deal of trouble with wanderers and idle elementals who are always attracted to the places where séances are being held. This is not a reason for being afraid of or for avoiding séances, it is merely one of the obstacles to be overcome at the beginning of a long and difficult road. We persevered steadily with these séances, trying to weed out the wandering spirits and those foolish elementals who tried to pass themselves off as guides. We had a room entirely set apart for these séances, into which no one ever entered except ourselves and those few students who, from time to time, sat with us. And in process of time a centre was formed, under the charge of an appointed guardian, protected from all intruders from the astral or the physical plane. The creation of this centre was a matter of several years of uninterrupted effort. But from the very beginning we received, from time to time, instructions how to carry on the work. Of these instructions I am only allowed to mention some of the earlier ones, for every disciple must find out for himself the footsteps on the path in which he may set his feet.

Among the instructions we were given in the séance room were certain observances, as they were called, which we were directed to repeat. These observances were not the same for both of us, for the fellow-disciple was much further advanced on the path than I was. One of the first observances that was given to me was the following: "I demand the opening of the psychic senses," to be repeated every night just before falling asleep. And it was carried on for two years without any apparent result. Then it was changed for another observance which I cannot give here. The result of the first observance did not come to me till after I had been doing the second for some time. And when the psychic senses began to open it seemed incredible that I should ever have been unaware of them, so natural were they and so simple.

I am unable to fix the exact time when I actually became aware that I had entered the Hall of Learning. My being there seemed so simple and so natural, the appearance of the Hall was so extraordinarily familiar, that it seemed as if I had known it always. And having once entered I was free to go there always, at any time. There I found the Seer waiting for me, full of eagerness about the work he was doing on that plane,

in various wonderful places to which he took me, from time to time, when I joined him in the Hall.

He explained to me then that the Hall of Learning is a meeting-place, a neutral ground belonging neither to the spiritual plane nor to the physical, to which both the dwellers on the physical and the spiritual planes are able to come, under certain conditions, while it is impossible for the dwellers on either the physical or the spiritual planes to go from one to the other. All cases of apparitions after death, are invariably apparitions of the astral body, not of the actual spirit. It would appear that the spirit has still a certain connection with the astral body for some time after death, and is able to send the astral body on to the physical plane to obtain news of those still on earth, in whom the spirit is interested. This fact would explain much of the aimless behaviour of apparitions; they are not sent to give news or information but to obtain it for the distant spirit.

The fact that on the ethereal plane, in the Hall of Learning, we can meet the souls of those who have gone before, and commune with them as closely as we could when they were on earth beside us, gives its transcendent interest to this place. It would seem that no effort, no self-sacrifice, could be too great to obtain the entrance there. And there we can obtain that certainty of the continuous life after death which, in our hearts, we all cry for, even the most believing of us.

At the time that I began to study occultism I was not aware of the splendid promise of the ethereal plane. I might otherwise have found a shorter road to reach it.

What I have set down here, as clearly as I can remember it, is the manner in which I gained admittance to the Hall of Learning, and from there to many other places on the ethereal plane. There are many details, important in their order, no doubt, spread over the years of that effort, which have now become dim and uncertain in my mind, for the reason I have already given, that every disciple must find out the steps of the road for himself. And the only way to ensure this is to blur the memory of the steps taken, as soon as the disciple has passed them, so that he may be incapable of indicating them to those who would follow him.

SUBTLE OCCULT INFLUENCES

By REGINALD B. SPAN

WE are the subjects—and so is everything around us—of all manner of subtle and inexplicable influences, and if our ancestors attached too much importance to these little understood arcana of the occult side of nature, we certainly attach too little.

The sympathetic effects of crowds on each other, of magnetism on plants and animals, and of strong positive minds on the weaker and more negative ones, are now established facts. There are other asserted phenomena which we generally treat with ridicule and scepticism, which also have facts for their basis, though they are probably too capricious in their nature to be very available—that is to say, they depend on laws which at present are beyond our comprehension. In a more highly evolved condition of the Human Race (in the distant future), these laws will be understood, and what seems incredible and miraculous now will be ordinary and natural then.

The extraordinary susceptibility to atmospheric changes in certain organisms, and the faculty by which a dog can track its master over long distances of unknown country, are analogous facts to those of the divining rod, by which water and metals can be found by some occult influence moving the rod held between the hands of a person endowed with a peculiar gift of sensitiveness to magnetic radiations.

The "man in the street" knows nothing of this power and so he naturally discredits it, but the fact remains that springs of water, and many rich deposits (and veins) of gold, silver, copper, and other minerals, have been discovered by the divining rod—which in most cases is simply a forked hazel twig a few inches long. The *modus operandi* is to hold each side of the fork in either hand, with the end pointing downwards, and then slowly and carefully traverse the ground to be searched for mineral. On coming immediately over a deposit, the "rod" will at once commence to jerk upwards; and if the occult influence is strong, no physical strength on the part of the operator will avail to keep it still—and, should force be applied, the twig will snap in his hands.

It is difficult to determine exactly what this influence is, though no doubt it is due to magnetic radiations from the metal coming

into contact with the animal magnetism of the operator and thus producing an "electrical disturbance." It is probable that not only our bodies, but all matter sheds its atmosphere (magnetic and electrical) around it. The sterility of the ground where metals are found is notorious, and it is asserted that to some persons the vapours that emanate from below are visible, and the height to which they ascend shows how far below the surface the mineral treasures, or water, lie.

The effect of metals on somnambulists is well known to those who have paid any attention to these subjects.

Humboldt discovered the same sensibility in zoophytes, where no traces of nerves could be detected. Frascatorius asserted that symptoms resembling apoplexy were induced in certain "sensitives" by the proximity of a large quantity of metal. There was a case in France of a gentleman who could not enter the Mint at Paris without fainting.

Passing from the occult influences connected with metals, we will take the inexplicable influences which animals have on some organisms. As a well-known instance, the late Earl Roberts was strangely affected by cats. It was impossible for him to bear the proximity of the feline species. The presence of a cat made him feel faint at once and filled him with fear and horror, and he would beat a hasty retreat or have the animal driven away. There was no natural cause or rational reason why he should have been thus affected, so we must infer that it was some subtle magnetic influence antagonistic to his personality.

There have been other cases of people being affected by the presence of cats in a similar manner and even to the extent of detecting a cat's proximity unaided by any of the natural senses.

The presence of some human beings affects others in the same inexplicable manner, though there is absolutely no reason for the intense repulsion and dislike inspired. The strong belief that formerly prevailed in the efficacy of sympathetic cures can scarcely have existed without some foundation, nor are they more extraordinary than the sympathetic falling of pictures and the stopping of clocks and watches connected with deaths and disasters in the families of the owners. There are numerous well-attested cases extant of such occurrences, and some well-known physiologists pronounce the phenomenon indisputable. A curious instance in point was the stopping of "Big Ben" at the very time its maker died. Pictures falling before or at the deaths of their owners, or some member of the household, have been noticed over and over again in all parts of the world.

Of the subtle influence of mind over matter we have a remarkable example in the numerous well-authenticated instances of the *Stigmata*. In most cases this phenomenon has been connected with a state of religious exaltation, and has been chiefly recorded in the annals of the Roman Catholic Church, though in this country the fact has been pretty much discredited, but without reason. Ennemoser, Passavant, and other eminent physiologists assure us that not only is the phenomenon fully established as regards many of the "saints," but also that there have been indubitable modern instances, as in the case of the Ecstasies of the Tyrol; viz. Catherine Emmerich—commonly called the Nun of Dulmen—Maria Morl, and Domenica Lazzari, who have all exhibited the *Stigmata*.

The most remarkable of the three was Catherine Emmerich, who at an early age began to have visions and display "gifts" of an abnormal nature. She was very pious, could distinguish the occult virtues of plants and was an expert herbalist, could read people's thoughts, see what was going on at a distance and reveal secrets. All her life she suffered from extreme delicacy, and exhibited a variety of distressing symptoms which terminated in her death. The wounds of the crown of thorns which appeared round her head and those of the nails in her hands and feet were perfectly genuine phenomena. They bled regularly every Friday, and when the blood was wiped away the wounds appeared like numerous tiny punctures. Later, a double cross appeared on her breast and remained till her death, when it vanished the instant the soul left her body. Her life was spent in prayer and fasting, her nourishment being chiefly water. Though only a poor peasant girl and without education, she discoursed, when in an ecstatic state, as one inspired from the highest sources of wisdom, learning and spirituality. She could see in the dark as well as by day, and often worked all night making clothes for the poor without any light.

A very remarkable case of the influence of mind over matter is related by the celebrated Doctor Kerner. At the time of the French invasion of Russia (under Napoleon) a Cossack pursued a Frenchman into a cul-de-sac, where, the Frenchman being brought to bay, a terrible conflict ensued in which the latter was severely wounded. A person who had taken refuge near by, and was unable to get away, saw the whole affair, and it made such an awful and deep impression on his mind that when he reached home there broke out on his body the very same wounds that the Cossack had inflicted on his enemy. The subtle power of hypnotic

suggestion is akin to that phenomenon. The placing of a postage stamp on a person's neck when under the "influence" and imbued with the idea that it is a blister, has actually had the effect of raising a blister on the skin. By the occult force of imagination human beings can injure others at a distance—even to the killing of them. In ancient witchcraft it was a common practice of those who understood the working of these forces to revenge themselves on their enemies by the power of the Imagination, aided by certain practices in black magic.

The Kabbalah teaches that in all times there have existed men endowed with magical powers to work good or evil. If they choose the evil, so much the worse for them; but if a man sets his desires on what is godly and right, he will be endowed by the free grace of God with supernatural faculties. The highest degree of this condition of Light and Spirit is the "holy ecstasy," which was common amongst the Saints, Seers and Martyrs of old. To them came the highest and most powerful occult influences, even that of God Himself. According to the Kabbalah, mankind is endowed by nature, not only with the faculty of penetrating into the regions of the supersensuous and invisible, but also of working magically above and below, or in light and darkness. As the Eternal fills the world, sees, and is not seen, so does the soul fill the body and sees without being seen, and in a state of lucidity (known as clairvoyance) perceives what the physical sight is blind to.

"It is perfectly evident to me," said Socrates in his last moments, "that to see clearly we must detach ourselves from the body and perceive by the soul alone."

In the mystery known as *Palingenesia* we have a remarkable instance of occult forces of Nature in their most subtle form. *Palingenesia* was practised by some of the chemists and alchemists of the sixteenth century, and such well-known scientists and chemists as Kircher, Vallemont, and Digby used to exhibit their art in resuscitating the forms of plants and flowers from their burnt ashes. It is reported that Kircher in the presence of the Queen of Sweden resuscitated some roses from their ashes, much to the amazement of all present. This seeming miracle was entirely operated by natural forces.

Gaffarillus, in a book called *Curiosités Inouies*, published in 1650 in France, and two hundred years later translated into English and published in London—when writing on the subject of talismans, etc., observes that "since in many instances the plants used for these purposes were reduced to ashes and no

longer retained their form, their efficacy which depended on their figure should inevitably be destroyed, but this is not the case, as by an admirable potency existing in nature, *the form though invisible is still retained in the ashes.*" He then quotes an account of an experiment successfully carried out by Mr. Du Chesne (one of the best chemists of the period), in conjunction with a Polish doctor, at Cracow. Certain phials containing chemicalized ashes were heated to a certain temperature and then exhibited the forms of various plants. A small obscure cloud first arose which gradually became more palpable and took on a defined form, such as a rose, or whatever plant or flower the ashes consisted of. Mr. Du Chesne was not successful in any further attempts.

A well-known alchemist named Oetinger carried on numerous experiments in this subject, and wrote a book called *Thoughts on the Birth and Generation of Things*. In summing up his ideas on the matter, he stated, that "the earthly husk remains in the retort whilst the volatile essence ascends like a spirit, perfect in form, but void of substance."

Oetinger describes how in one of his simplest experiments he took some balm leaves which he cut up very fine until they were like powder, and then placed the mass in a glass retort, and poured rain-water upon it. He then placed a receiver above, and heated it till the water boiled, and later increased the heat, whereupon there appeared on the water a coat of yellow oil about the thickness of the back of a knife, and this oil shaped itself into the forms of numerous balm leaves, which did not run into one another but remained perfectly distinct and well defined, and exhibited all the marks that are seen on the leaves of the plant. He kept the fluid some time and showed it to a number of people. When he shook the fluid the leaves ran into one another, but resumed their distinct shape as soon as it was at rest.

There is no doubt that *Inspiration* is governed by subtle occult influences. Men of genius—poets, musicians, artists, inventors—whose work bears the stamp of inspiration, will tell you that some influence quite apart from themselves helped to produce their finest work. Tennyson always declared that the best things he ever wrote were entirely due to some unseen influence working through him—using his fine brain as a transmitter for sublime thoughts in beautiful poesy. It is only necessary to read Mozart's account of his moments of inspiration to realize the identity of the ecstatic state with the working of genius. "When all goes well with me," he says, "when I am in a carriage, or walking, or when I cannot sleep at night, the thoughts come

streaming in on me most fluently. Whence or how is more than I can tell. What comes I hum to myself as it proceeds . . . then follows the counterpoint and clang of the different instruments, and if I am not disturbed, my soul is fixed, and the thing grows greater and broader and clearer ; and I have it all in my head, even when the piece is a long one, and I see it like a beautiful picture, not hearing the different parts in succession as they must be played, but the whole at once. That is the delight ! The composing and making is like a beautiful and vivid dream, but the hearing of it is best of all."

The world of matter and sense is governed by occult influences, which are all about us and permeate everything, and though apparently inert and immaterial are nevertheless most real and active. Much of the crime which is committed would seem to be due to evil occult influences. Our lunatic asylums contain many victims of demoniacal possession (or obsession by evil beings not of this world), though the age does not allow that such a thing is possible. Psychologists and Occultists have proved beyond doubt that "possession by devils," as the Bible terms it, is as real a fact and danger to-day as it was in the time of Christ. Places, and especially houses, seem to come strongly under strange psychical influences and often retain a peculiar atmosphere which affects all who come within their precincts. There are houses pervaded by occult influences which prompt the inmates to suicide or murder. In one of these houses (St. Heliers, Jersey) there is a particular room in which half a dozen persons from time to time have committed suicide. In none of these cases was there any reason why they should have killed themselves. There is apparently nothing wrong or peculiar about the room, which is a bright sunny one of large size. The "Powers of Darkness" against which we are so strongly warned in Holy Writ are a very real danger to Humanity, as they are very malignant and delight in evil of all kinds, and especially in ruining human beings. They have great and subtle influence and infinite cunning. The great safeguard is prayer to God. These Evil Influences are responsible for much of the sin, disease and wretchedness of the world. Our lives on earth are really governed by occult influences—good and evil, and it behoves each one of us to be on our guard. This life is much more complex than anyone would judge from outward appearances, and we see but a very small fraction of what really exists. On all sides lies the *vast domain of the Occult and Mysterious.*

THE PROPHECY OF MALACHI

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

INDEPENDENTLY of any claims which it may possess from the prophetic standpoint, that list of oracular papal mottoes which has been less or more famous for over three hundred years, under the name of the Prophecy of St. Malachi, has considerable interest from the historical and bibliographical field of view. In the first place, the prelate to whom it is attributed was an important ecclesiastical figure in Ireland of the twelfth century, a man of zeal and activity, a man also of conspicuous personal sanctity. He was successively Abbot of Benchor, now known as Bangor in County Down, Bishop of Connor, now in the county of Antrim, and Archbishop of Armagh, in which capacity he was primate of all Ireland. He was a correspondent of St. Bernard, whom he visited twice at Clairvaux, on his way to Rome, and on the second occasion the Irish prelate died in the arms of St. Bernard, who preached his funeral sermon. This was in 1148, and in the fifty-fourth year of his age. The discourse is still extant, together with a second sermon on his anniversary festival, certain letters and an extended life of St. Malachi. The last in particular ranks exceedingly high among the works of St. Bernard, that is to say, "among the most methodical and elegant of his writings." Such at least was the opinion of the Jesuit Maffei, who translated it into Italian, and he is said by Alban Butler to have been "a true judge and passionate student of eloquence." Malachi is said to have been one of the first saints who was canonized in solemn form. The statement is on Latin authority and may mean that the process was recorded in one of the earliest bulls. In any case there was a promulgation of that kind, and it will be found in the great collection of Mabillon.

So far as regards the historical interest in the alleged author of the prophecies, and in the second place there is that of the bibliographical order, which centres largely in the authenticity of the text. Perhaps in part on account of its oracular nature and the repute of its alleged author, but much more because of later explanations designed to exhibit its gradual fulfilment through the centuries, and finally on the ground of expectations concerning possible fulfilments to come, the little work has been

curiously popular. The Latin text has been printed many times ; there have been various French versions, at least one Italian rendering, and one also in English. The question as to its authorship has been alike of attack and defence, with a predominance on the hostile side, but no special skill on either. The most tolerable adverse criticism is perhaps that of the Rev. M. J. O'Brien, who published an *Historical Account of the Prophecy* in 1880, while the least satisfactory, being one—as it seems to me—with a touch of insincerity, will be found in Abbé Le Can's *Dictionnaire des Prophéties et des Miracles*, forming volumes xxiv and xxv of Migne's *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique*, 1851. The defences, so far as I am acquainted with them, seem indifferently bad.

The real strength of the case against the prophecies is one of a simple kind and cannot *per se* be called conclusive, as it is purely negative. The prelate to whom they are attributed died, as we have seen, in 1148, and if they are actually his work, they either preceded the pontificate named first in the list, that of Celestine II, which began in 1143, or they belong at the latest to that of Eugenius III, who was enthroned in 1145. I should certainly prefer the former of these alternatives. So far, however, as research has proceeded on the subject, no reference has been found to the prophecies on the part of contemporary writers or of any historians for a period of 450 years. Their publication for the first time took place under the auspices of Arnold de Wion, in his work called *The Tree of Life*, which appeared in 1595. He is also the first writer who produced certain explanations of the mottoes, showing how they applied to the succession of pontiffs from Celestine II to his own day. He referred these explanations to R. Alphonsus Ciaconius, who was of the order of Friars Preachers, but they have never been found in his works, and the suspicion is that Arnold invented them. Apart from that writer's good faith, and as to this the materials for judgment are scarcely in our hands, nothing attaches to the question, which is solely the value, if any, of the oracles considered as forecasts and of the explanations considered as evidence in that direction only. Provisionally, therefore, I will grant the contentions on both sides to the most drastic criticism and will assume, not indeed that Arnold de Wion wrote the prophecies and their interpretations out of his own head, but that their antiquity did not much precede the date of his *Tree of Life*. There will thus remain for our judgment the mottoes or oracles referable, by the hypothesis, to the popes who ascended the throne of St. Peter after 1595 and such explanations as have appeared, from later hands than

those of Arnold, in elucidation of these. I am not proposing to furnish a complete list, and the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW has given a few notable cases of the way in which recent popes have corresponded to their particular mottoes. I shall select on my own part five examples of interpretation subsequent to Arnold de Wion. They are presumably the work of a French Jesuit, Jean de Brussières, or they were published at least by him in a work entitled *Flosculi Historici*, of which there are several editions. I have used that of Oxford, 1663, and the schedule of oracles and meanings will be best presented as follows:—

- I. Leo XI, 1605.—Motto: *Undosus Vir*, that is, a man full of waves, or as a French rendering has it, the undulating or flowing man. The meaning is that his life or his activity melted away like a wave. His pontificate lasted 24 days.
- II. Paul V, 1605.—Motto: *Gens perversa*, that is, the perverse race, a reference to the disturbed state of the Church and the Christian world during this pontificate, in part through political causes and for the rest through heresies.
- III. Gregory XV, 1621.—Motto: *In tribulatione pacis*, that is, in the tribulation of peace. The explanation is that this pope was appointed legate to the Duke of Savoy during the pontificate of Paul V, and he brought about a peace between that prince and the Spanish king.
- IV. Urban VIII, 1623.—Motto: *Lilium et Rosa*, that is, the Lily and the Rose. One explanation is that this pontiff had bees in his coat of arms, and bees extract honey from these flowers, which seems childish. Another states that he was a Florentine, and the city of Florence derives its name from a red flower, while its device is a lily. During this pontificate there was war in France, signified by the lily, and in England, represented by the rose.
- V. Innocent X, 1644.—Motto: *Jucunditas Crucis*, that is, Joy of the Cross. The chief explanation is that he was raised to the pontificate on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. Alternatively, the joy of peace was procured after the crosses and afflictions of many wars. The Peace of Westphalia was concluded in this reign.

Whether the application of these five oracles offers anything which can be called forecast is a question which I am inclined to leave in the hands of my readers, with a simple reminder that the mottoes were in print prior to the pontificates concerned. It is largely a question of personal appeal and judgment. I should

call the first interpretation a subtlety. The words *undosus vir* would be curiously descriptive of a man whose character was conspicuously unstable, but not of the comet of a very brief season. The fifth example seems to me best of all, as a pope who was raised on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross had very good cause to take the words *Jucunditas Crucis* as his motto for the whole period during which he was Vicar of Christ.

Let us glance now at two or three oracles which are referable to earlier reigns, but from the standpoint of hostile criticism were devised after the events. If these are much more to the purpose there is more to be said for the criticism than appears on the bare surface. Most of them are exceedingly apposite, and there is consequently a wealth of choice. (1) The motto of Celestine II, 1143, is *Ex Castro Tiberis*, that is, from a Castle on the Tiber, and his name was Guido de Castello, after the town Citta di Castello, situated on the Tiber. (2) The motto of Lucius II, 1144, is *Inimicus Expulsus*, or the Enemy driven out, and he belonged to the Caccianemici family, a name formed of two Italian words signifying to expel enemies. (3) The motto of Eugenius III, 1145, is *Ex Magnitudine Montis*, or—according to its free rendering—from a great Mountain, and he was born at Montemagero, near Pisa. (4) The motto of Urban III, 1185, is *Sus in Cribis*, or the Sow in the Sieve, which device constituted the arms of the House of Crivetti, to which he belonged. (5) The motto of Adrian V is *Bonus Comes*, the good Count, and he was one of the Counts of Lavagne, while his name was Othobonus, or the good Otho. I might produce almost the whole list with similar results; and it would look therefore that most pontiffs prior to the publication of the prophecies by Arnold de Wion are well characterized by their Malachian oracles, and those who came after vaguely. So far as I am aware, this point has been missed by criticism. There are, however, some items which a forger should have done better. It does not appear, for example, that Honorius III, 1216, was ever a canon of St. John Lateran, but his motto, *Canonicus de Latere*, carries this meaning.

I have left out of consideration the later oracles, and their application to recent pontificates. It has been shown in these pages that those of Pius IX and Leo XIII are exceedingly suggestive. I do not think, in conclusion, that the prophecies are the work of St. Malachi, though he is accredited by his biographer St. Bernard with prophetic gifts, but I should regard the attribution as older than Arnold de Wion. The whole subject is in an unsatisfactory state, and stands over for future research.

THE RHYTHM AND COLOUR OF LIFE

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER

IT is not so much the rhythm and colour round about us, the melody that we hear and the colour that pleases or offends our eyes, as the play of these forces within, which is my theme. My aim is to show you how intimately sound and colour are associated; and to prove to you that we must seek within for an explanation of the wonderful but absolutely diverse effects which rhythm, in the form of music, and colour produce upon different human beings.

The effects are not confined to the mental and the spiritual planes. It is not merely pleasure nor yet even inspiration which are thus derived, but the whole physical being is profoundly influenced by these subtle forces of Nature, which are too often depreciated, and are little understood.

Do you realize when listening to music that every tone has its distinguishing colour and also throws the ether and the air into vibrations of exquisite form? Science has ingeniously arrested these tone-vibrations by many mechanical devices, making visible the marvellous forms, and proved the invariable connection between tone and form,—every tone-vibration imprinting its special form; and there are colour-sensitives, here and there, psychically developed persons, who see the tone-colours. When our sixth sense is developed we shall all see them.

Ruskin pronounced colour, "The purifying element in material beauty"; and when we consider colour in merely its optical character, as it constantly acts upon human emotions, we recognize that the manner of its use inevitably refines or coarsens life. Now, these varying effects of colours, as of sounds, upon the emotions and feelings are caused by essential qualities—constitutional differences in human beings—which, however subtle, are capable of analysis.

We ought to appreciate the melody and harmony of colour as we now do the melody and harmony of sound; but human evolution has not progressed so far in the finer elements of vision as it has in the coarser ones of hearing. You know the vibrations of sound are much coarser than those of light and heat, which are allied.

Sound is the builder and disintegrator of the universe. In its incessant activity it is doing one thing or the other all the time. Whether certain sounds shall affect a particular person favourably or unfavourably depends upon the internal condition of that person,—that is, upon the movement of the life-forces throughout the body. These conditions under all circumstances, whether harmonious and in perfect health, or discordant and diseased, are vibratory, and accord-

ing to their antagonism or affinity with the external forces—the waves of sound striking upon the nerves of hearing—is the effect produced.

A decade ago, when the National Society of Musical Therapeutics was formed in New York City, the newspapers took the usual lively interest in anything out of the ordinary, and interviewed many well-known physicians to obtain "views" on the subject. The ignorance developed was amazing. But it will suffice my purpose to quote *verbatim* the opinion of only one of the most noted nerve-specialists in town. Dr. D. said: "I have found music attractive to idiots, degenerates, and persons of abnormal temperaments. I do not regard it as a therapeutic agent in any way. It may be used to render life more agreeable to a patient, just as a good bed or a painted wall may be used. It may be soothing to a lunatic, but so is a hair-brush. A sonata of Beethoven's may benefit a lunatic, but in that case so would the rattle of elevated railroad trains."

I feel personally indebted to Mr. Arnold Bennett for expressing in graphic terms my own opinion as to the physically and mentally demoralizing effect inflicted upon human beings subjected to the terrific, hideous jangling racket caused by the above-mentioned trains (see *Your United States*); and I think the suffering public should be protected from the malpractice of so-called medical "specialists" who cannot distinguish between disintegrating noise and music of the highest order in their effects upon human nerves.

The interest of men in the therapeutic value of melody and colour is not a new idea. It is only a revival, and the revival began for our day, more than a hundred years ago, when observant and thoughtful men noticed the effect of these forces upon human emotions. In Biblical times this influence of music was an accepted fact. The Israelites revered the mere effect of tone as the "Voice of the Almighty." When David with harp and voice roused Saul from his insane melancholy, and wrought his cure, the result was not deemed a miracle.

On the Continent of Europe, in 1806, there was an influential movement leading to experiments into the influence of music in the cure of disease, and the term "medical music" came into use. Very early, too, the union of colour with tone roused interest in "colour-hearing," as it was called. A Bavarian physician named Sachs wrote on this subject in 1812. M. Clapuride, psychologist of the University of Geneva, has made extensive examinations and found 205 persons out of 407 having the habit of connecting colour with tone. As a rule, the persons examined supposed all persons had the faculty of thus distinguishing sounds, and they were disturbed when they learned it was an idiosyncrasy. The interest in the subject was sufficient to call together a convention at Geneva in 1893 for its consideration.

Nordau (in *Degeneration*), referring to this study of colour-values

in immaterial things, pronounced it "this mad idea." But was not Morse considered "mad" when he proposed to send messages from New York to Washington by wire? And what think you the Puritan fathers would have done to men who said they had talked with each other when one was in New York and the other a thousand miles at sea? The truth is that the colour-sensitives are *avant-coureurs* of conditions to which the race is moving onward; and the day is dawning when the real degenerate will be recognized as the pure materialist who, in denying Spirit, stifles his own soul. He moves through life blind to the terrific forces and marvellous influences of the invisible world which enshrouds us, and which affect him even more powerfully than they do the spiritual nature, because, through denial, he is placed in antagonism to the highest, most beneficent influences; and he presents no shield against the malignant ones.

The huge blunder of the ages has been that men have studied man as something entirely separated from his surroundings. They have considered him as a supreme creation all by himself. But—pardon the homely simile that flashes across my brain—Topsy was nearer the truth when she said she "growed." We are all growths, evolutions, if you prefer the term, from lower, simpler, less complex forms; and from the remotest star to man himself, every visible thing is compounded of invisible atoms drawn one to another by the affinity of their constitutions or of their vibrations. There is relation and inter-relation everywhere. None lives to himself alone. All life is a vibratory force, and it is not limited to animate things, but exists in a latent form in every atom of the Universe, visible and invisible,—the invisible forces being as inconceivably more powerful as they are finer.

This germ of life is a Trinity, holding within itself the possibilities of Spirit, Soul, and Mind, or power of thought. In the lowest and simplest organisms, thought manifests as desire. It is the "desire" element in chemicals which manifests as affinity. It is the likes and dislikes in the mineral kingdom which govern all amalgamations; and the higher the organism in the scale of creation, the greater is the power of thought to determine the character of the life and its consequent evolutionary progress; for, knowingly or unknowingly, it determines the nature of the vibrations—the atoms—all of which are building energies, that are drawn to it. Thus, these ceaseless activities of invisible forces within, governed or *misgoverned*, make us what we are.

It is not by analysing the human being that we can understand why he is so variously affected by differing sounds, tones, and colours. Picking in pieces, breaking up, dissecting, are most unprofitable tasks. The moment you separate one element from another it is bound, removed from the restraint of that other, to act differently. If this law be obeyed by crude iron, how much more profound must be its effect when applied to the great mystery of Life.

For example : the anatomist tells you that the human brain rests securely upon a water-bed, and that all the spaces in the brain itself are filled with a limpid liquid resembling pure water. This is the condition after so-called death. But the occultist says that in life and in health these cavities are receptacles purely for the most subtle of ethers, an ether which so pervades the skull that its entire contents are as if they were not !

In the *Upanishads* this ether is described as " the bowl " in which are mixed all the other increasingly complex ethers, from which are evolved the grosser forces. This metaphor applies beautifully to the brain, for it is, very literally, the bowl wherein man mixes, through the thoughts there evolved or hospitably entertained, his life forces out of which, hour by hour, he is moulding his character and individuality. What we need to do to understand the human constitution is to build from the primordial atom, and learn how by increasing complexity—but, note well, never by the least separation from the primal Creative Force!—we arrive at the wonderful, baffling being man. With increasing complexity, the ties of union between atoms, through affinity or the attraction of diversity, are multiplied and varied beyond possible computation.

It is through his nerves that man comes in contact with all external influences, transmits them to every cell in his body, and reflects them upon his environment. More intricate far than the most complex telephone switchboard that man has ever constructed, is his own private telegraph system. It may give you a clearer idea of the marvellous intricacy of the human nervous system, if I tell you it would take a model as large as St. Paul's in London, to display it to the naked eye. If counted at the rate of fifty a minute, working twelve hours a day, the nerve cells could not be counted in less than 200 years. More invisible than these cells are the subtle etheric forces that affect them, and it is these we must study. We are mentally shut out from this invisible world around about us only by our lack of conscious affinity with its more subtle vibrations. Our sense perceptions respond only to grosser stimulants ; that is, coarser vibrations. But the finer forces are playing upon and through us at every instant of time, and we must develop higher planes of consciousness through refining the physical self in order to come into touch with them and become conscious on these more subtle planes.

There are colour-sensitives who see colour in everything, not merely in musical tones but in every vocal sound, in names and in personalities ; and to whom the days of the week have distinct colour-value, as also every musical instrument. The scientist, however, is baffled when he attempts to classify these impressions, for they lack agreement. To one person, Saturday and Sunday are golden in colour ; to another Saturday is white and Sunday black ; and a voice which is deep red to one is but rose-colour to another. These differences in impressions received by colour sensitives are most

reasonably accounted for by the difference in the character of human beings.

We every one of us see through a veil, for we look out upon the world through a transparent film of vibrations, oscillating with inconceivable velocity, so subtle are they. These form our personal atmosphere, the human aura filling the auric envelope; the prevalent hue of these vibrations casts its reflection upon every object we see, unless the vision is very highly trained, and the vibrations in the aura are of extreme purity and refinement. This brings us to a subject the discussion of which seldom fails to excite interest, though most attempts to explain the origin of human idiosyncrasies are received by the majority of our fellows with scepticism when not with derision.

The small guard of light-bearers who persistently march in the van of progress point unvaryingly to the planetary influences at the hour of birth as accounting for these; and all the languages of the world are enriched with a symbology which preserves to the moderns facts concerning this influence which the ancients knew, but which average humanity for the past century or two has pronounced "those rank superstitions which we have outgrown." Who does not feel heartened and cheered by the cordial hand-shake of the jovial man, and turn shrinkingly away when a glance is received from the piercing eyes set in a Saturnine visage? One child has a fiery temperament, all passion and hot tears, while its sister goes through life as a perpetual sunbeam. Her "sunny" disposition is constantly praised; and as constantly, rebuke and punishment are the portion of the poor little mortal afflicted by Mars' too ardent rays.

Now, to put this stellar influence in modern scientific terms and give you a picture of the forces incessantly playing upon and through man, fare forth with me into the invisible and try to imagine the palpitating, oscillating life-forces that fill all the granules of sound-space. You know, it is an immensely more difficult task to gain an intellectual grasp of this infinity of minuteness in the Universe than of its vastness.

It is said that in an ordinary drop of water there are five hundred millions of infusoria, possessing organized bodies the intricate functioning of which must require about one thousand atoms; and Gaudin estimated that a large pin's head contained eight sextillions of atoms. Truly the atom of science is a marvellously interesting thing; but to the occultist, who looks deeper within, all atoms are gross compared with the subtle sound-granules which enwrap them and out of which they are evolved. I say "enwrap" simply to give you a picture of the separation between these so infinitesimal atoms which float, as it were, in this subtle ether. It is the same ether which fills the "bowl"—having the qualities of both space and sound—and it penetrates the atoms, furnishing the space in which their manifold spirillæ vibrate ceaselessly. The finer and more subtle a substance, the more potent its character; and the speed of spirillæ within the

atom is estimated at several hundred trillion vibrations per second.

A molecule is the smallest portion of any substance in which its properties reside, and it is composed of two or more atoms. It is itself so small as to have been invisible, even under the most powerful microscope, till recent years, when the wonderful invention of Dr. August Koehler disclosed it. By means of this new microscope, which is operated in the dark in conjunction with the camera and ultra-violet rays, particles which are 1,100,000th of an inch apart are separately and distinctly revealed.

In the transformation of water into steam, the water is not broken up into atoms but into molecules only; and there are the same number of molecules in a square inch of water and in a square foot of steam. What is it that separates the molecules in the steam? The ever-present sound-space granules of ether carrying with them an expansive vibratory force which we know as heat. Heat vibrations are only one of several forms of vibrations, varying in property and effect according to their form, which are held latent in the marvellous all-pervading sound-space granules, without which none of them could come forth into manifestation. It is through motion that all created things come into manifestation, hence motion is sometimes called the creator; but we should never lose sight of the Divine Idea above, beyond, within all manifestation. The form of motion determines the character and effect.

Sound is an inherent quality of space, but the character of the sound is modified by the form of the vibration which passes through space. Colour follows form in Kosmic manifestation, but is inseparably connected with it; and from its primal impulse this creative motion is rhythmic, every vibration having its distinctive form, colour and rhythm; but all forming together the Harmony of the Spheres.

Now, space, the carrier of sound, being everywhere, pervading all things, necessarily sound penetrates all bodies, ever seeking its harmonious counterpart, with which it unites. Chomet says: "It [sound] impregnates the molecules of the bodies where it accumulates, modifies them, and alters their mutual arrangement." There is a certain pillar in the Cathedral at Rheims that trembles if a trumpet be sounded or a drum struck in the middle of the nave. As for the effect of sound upon the more sensitive structure of human nerves, when the great singer Malibran heard for the first time Beethoven's symphony in C minor, she was thrown into convulsions, and had to be carried from the hall.

But enough of these illustrations. Let us resume our efforts to imagine the invisible. All space is filled with these vibratory forces. Chains, as it were, of atoms associated together by similarity of form and colour are fleeting along crystal pathways from star to star, planet to planet, and from the sun and the moon to all the planets, including this our earth. These currents change from hour to hour as the various centres of activity in the Universe move in their orbits, and every

life in the Universe is a centre attracting these currents of life-force.

Aggregations of like atoms become visible to psychic sight, just as our normal eyes see the cloud of white vapour form in the blue sky; and colour and form—remember that they are never dissociated—determine the nature of their activity and consequent effect when that activity becomes centred in gross matter. Every force, you understand, has colour; and its currents varying from hour to hour affect different people differently according to the initial current flowing at the hour of birth.

Suppose, for instance, that the red ray is prevalent when the babe draws its first breath, filling its lungs with terrestrial atmosphere. The red principle will dominate in the wee mortal, and modify the influence of all other currents as they in turn flow. The *seal*, the individuality that Nature stamps, is imprinted thus, and it will give the bent to the character launched on life's current. It also imparts the tonal key to that life, whence arise the innate likes and dislikes, attractions and repulsions affecting the emotional nature.

To win freedom from this *bias*, or birth-determined inclination, is the most important task in the school of life. Environment is the moulding factor in the first years, then Education lays her hand upon the tender child; and too often, alas! tries to fit a square peg into a round hole,—the red and the green rayed, the blue and the yellow rayed children must all submit to the same *régime*. Thus, you see, environment and education are overwhelmingly important factors in the real awakening of the child to a consciousness of both his duty and his power. The development of intelligence and of discrimination between right and wrong bring the responsibility to choose the acts which fill the day with gladness or with sorrow; and from this time the future lies with the eager, growing mind. Shall Desire or Will be its guide?

Desire is prompted by external things; the Will acts from within and is the Soul's agent in determining what shall be made of this life. When Will is united to Soul-Force, an awakened soul-consciousness—nothing can withstand it. When the longing for purity is so great, so profound, that, knowing good and evil, the mind freely chooses the good, then and not till then does the human creature rise above circumstances, frees himself from the current of influences under which he was born, ceases to be the plaything of Fate, and creates circumstances for himself. Then, and not till then, has he won his birthright of freedom.

BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGY

By GERALD ARUNDEL

SIDDHATTHA GOTAMA, generally known to the Western world as Buddha, is one of the brightest lights of this planet. In the opinion of his adherents, to speak of him as only a genius or a famous man seems almost irreverent. They resent it, just as uncompromising Christians would resent the remark that their great Teacher was a reformer and a visionary, just as a conservative Arab would resent the remark that Mahomet was at once a dreamer and a fighter. This sublime sage must be classed with those whose characters, lives and works seem to transcend all temporary and local limits, who, at their best, suggest the Eternal and the Universal, the deepest secrets and highest heights of Being. Carlyle calls them immeasurable men, that is, men whose possibilities and capacities cannot be measured by the ordinary ethical and intellectual standards.

Even a sketch of the life of the wonderful Arahat or Teacher whose name is the most brilliant and the purest gem in the fair circlet of Pali literature would require too much space. It must suffice for the present that he was a highly-cultured Indian who, at a comparatively early age, began to devote himself to the consideration of the problems of life, the search for truth and the higher happiness, that he gave much of his wisdom to his countrymen in short, pithy sentences known as sutras, that his gentleness and lovable goodness, his keen mental power, the beauty and grandeur of his aspirations, and the charm and magnetism of his character, won for him numerous ardent disciples, that his influence deepened and widened after his departure from this world, and that an immense mass of special literature and the enthusiastic devotion of millions of earnest adherents testify to the greatness of his soul and the value of his doctrines.

The gist and kernel of his philosophy of life may be set forth in a few brief sentences. But, to speak somewhat in the Oriental fashion, every sentence is as full of meaning as an egg is full of meat, as a flower is redolent of perfume, as a forest is redundant with foliage. The conditions of individual existence are all painful. Birth, disease, decay, unpleasant experiences, unsatisfied desire—are they not all painful? The ordinary

man gives himself up to the passions; but the passions give pain, whether disappointed or gratified; and it is easy to see that a life devoted to passion is grovelling, unhealthy, unprofitable. The earnest man may become an ascetic. But ascetism is painful, and it does not give wisdom. Between the two extremes, says Gotama the Buddha, lies the Middle Path, which leads to the highest human condition—Nirvana, that is, rest, peace, spiritual happiness. When a person is in this condition, his lower desires and instincts have been chastened away to nothingness, and the higher faculties are in their most excellent equilibrium. This is the supreme state of Arahatsip. The three cardinal sins—raga, dosa and moha, or sensuality, ill-will and stupidity—are dead. The Arahat has the best wisdom—the Right Views, the Right Aspirations, the Right Verbal Expression, the Right Means of Livelihood, the Right Endeavours, the Right Mindfulness, and the Right Rapture. He has moments of ecstasy—not the feverish transports of the passionate poet, but the heavenly ecstasy of the godlike sage and teacher. Buddha implies, though he never says: “Your greatest wealth is yourself, that is, your higher self. It is your duty to get possession of yourself, and this you can do by becoming worthy of yourself.” He implies, though he never says: “In your highest moments, you are qualitatively superior to all evanescent conditions—you are in your transcendental consciousness.” How simple it all is, yet how pregnant with meaning! What striking resemblances to some of the teachings of Plato! What resemblances, even more striking, to some of the sayings of him who suggested the peace that passeth all understanding, and whose kingdom was not of this world!

The ethics of Buddha involve a peculiar system of thought, which is no less valuable than interesting. The work *Buddhist Psychology*, from the scholarly pen of Mrs. Rhys Davids,* is therefore worthy of close study. Clearly, and very often with commendable conciseness, Mrs. Davids gives the principal teachings of the Nikayas—explaining the inner meanings of all those sutras which up to now have been not a little problematic to the majority of European students and readers, now and then pointing out the differences and the resemblances between Buddhistic doctrines and the reasonings and conclusions of Greek philosophy.

First, confining herself to the more ancient and more authentic

* *Buddhist Psychology: An Inquiry into the Analysis and Theory of Mind in Pali Literature.* By Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.

collections of teachings—the Digha, Majjhima, Samyutta, Anguttara and the Fifth Nikaya—she very carefully examines Gotama's theory of Consciousness and Ideation, a good deal of which is contained in the Anguttara; then she considers the famous Abhidhamma-Pitaka from the psychological point of view; and, after giving the reader much valuable information on this great subject, she deals with the absorbing conceptions of the Milinda and the additions made to Theraveda philosophy by Buddhagosa.

The observations made incidentally on the Aristotelian reasoning and the Platonic methods show that she has pondered to some purpose on the contrasts between the Indian and the Greek minds. But once or twice she hardly seems to do justice to the full significance of the Peripatetic doctrines and the distinctions laid down by Plato; and she has omitted to note that the analogies are at least just as striking and just as instructive as the differences. This is an extremely fascinating, as well as an extremely profitable subject. We have often thought that he who should succeed in blending the suggestions of the Indian with the reasoning of the Greek, and in filling up the gaps between the two philosophies, would come very near to that absolute metaphysical truth which cannot be expressed in any language. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Davids felt that lengthy observations on this extensive subject were not within the scope of her work, which, though very explanatory, is at times somewhat compendious.

To a great many readers, the ugly rock of offence in Buddha's philosophy is his presumed negation of the soul. But the truth is that Buddha does not absolutely deny the existence of individual soul, nor the theory of the persistence of soul after bodily dissolution and decay; though it may often appear that he does. Mrs. Davids gives some of the truth when she thus explains part of the belief of his adherents: "For Buddhists, the dissolution of the factors of a living individual at death was complete: body 'broke up,' and mind or the incorporeal ceased. But if, in the final flickerings of mind or *viññāna*, there was a coefficient of the desire to enjoy, involving a clinging to or a grasping after life wherewith to enjoy, then those dying pulsations, as cause or condition, *produced their effect*, not in the corpse, but in some embryo waking elsewhere at that moment to life, it might be in the next house, or it might be in some heaven or purgatory." This is not all, as Mrs. Davids herself has implied in other parts of her work. And, there are five important considerations, which must not be omitted. First, with extremely few exceptions, all human entities cling to life

at the last moment of bodily existence ; so the inference would seem to be that in the majority of cases, the souls continue and preserve their identities. Second, as each subsequent existence is determined by the quality of desire in the dying person, every soul gets that special re-birth which accords exactly with his condition at the moment of departure. Third, there are several significant passages in the canon, of which the deeper meanings are opposed to the doctrine of the non-persistence of soul. Fourth, because Buddha's conception of soul differs from that of other philosophies and religions, it does not necessarily follow that he denies the existence of individual soul. Fifth, Buddha's opinions on the subject could not be determinately and unequivocally expressed ; indeed, the subject baffles all logical and ratiocinative methods—it belongs to psychic suggestion even more than to dialectics.

Many paragraphs in *Buddhist Psychology*, being particularly important, are worthy of long study. But, indeed, the student should study the entire work. The quotations from the canon, and at times from other sources, impart an intellectual pleasure, and now and then a feeling of rare, serene poetry, which alone would give peculiar value to a book.

The first time an ordinary European meets with the teachings of Buddha, he marvels at their simplicity, perhaps at their apparent shallowness—he may think them jejune and wellnigh barren. But when he has begun to consider them seriously, he soon finds that he has entered a very ample maze of thoughts and suggestions, a maze in which he is likely to lose himself. In this strange labyrinthine forest he discovers precious stones, beautiful flowers, luscious fruits, satisfying waters ; and, when he has mastered the plan of the place, he feels that it is indeed good for him to be there.

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.}

FRANCIS SCHLATTER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Eells' article on the "Christ-man" Schlatter of Denver put me in a reminiscent mood. I was living in Denver at the time and visited him three times. I think he is correct in his statements regarding this singular individual, but he does not seem to be aware that an account of the evidence of his death, as far as known, appeared in a leading New York paper some years later, accompanied by some illustrations. This information of his death had been forwarded to the United States by the Alcalde of a certain town in Mexico. His remains were found in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Alongside of him was found a certain copper rod he is said to have always carried, and one or two other articles I have forgotten. The last individual who had intercourse with him was a cowboy who accidentally came across him in these solitudes. After some conversation the cowboy explained there was something wrong with his pony, and Schlatter treated it and subsequently was asked if he required any food, but declined, saying he was fasting. It is said that before he arrived in Denver that autumn, '94 I think it was, he underwent a forty days' fast in New Mexico, and also another similar one some months after his disappearance from the city. I think it is quite possible that this had something to do with his death, for he impressed me as being a man who lived on a higher plane and was completely indifferent to the motives or considerations which govern the majority of mankind. Some of the Theosophists claimed that he was a very advanced soul. Food and clothing was all he would accept, I believe, but there were numerous individuals who undoubtedly made money by his presence in the town. I heard he declined a very flattering proposition to go to Omaha, Nebraska, and remain there awhile, saying he did not want their money. He did not seem to be much given to speech nor did he claim to be an infallible or instantaneous healer, but only if "the Father" was willing. He generally made his appearance outside Alderman Fox's house about nine and retired from ministering to the crowd at four. The first day I went there shortly after noon I saw no chance of reaching him, owing to the crowds. The next time I went there, about ten, I took my place

in the line with many hundreds in front of me, men, women, children, the majority of whom seemed to be in comfortable circumstances. A brisk trade was being done by hawkers of handkerchiefs bearing his picture, refreshments, etc. However, when four o'clock came and he stepped off that low wooden platform on which he stood there were still very many ahead of me, and I left. But the statement I have heard from other sources that people paid considerable amounts for a place in the line is not only incorrect, but ridiculous, for times were exceedingly hard in Colorado just then, following the panic of '93.

The third time I went there I determined to be early, and arrived on the ground at six in the morning. Even then there was a goodly number standing in line, and I considered myself fortunate in reaching him before noon. Grasping my right hand in his, he simply remarked "handkerchief," for I had forgotten to hand him mine to hold in his other hand, as was customary with every one in the line. Thus he held them for about twenty seconds, his face looking upwards, his lips moving slightly as though repeating some words, and then dropped them to reach for the next individual. He did not seem to take any particular notice of anyone. I noticed his hands were very large, even for a man of his strong physique, while his face bore a certain resemblance to those so many artists have given Jesus, but more broad and less fine. I never saw a satisfactory photo of him in the town, the majority being obviously faked and touched up, and the most life-like one had a curious misty appearance about it. I did not notice any particular sensation from holding his hand, nor have I met one who did. Like many others, I was neither sceptic nor believer, though probably more inclined to be the latter, from the numerous cures I had heard he wrought. In justice to him he had given out when first he commenced operations that it was necessary to have faith in his healing power, and then, if the Father was willing, it might come to pass. He also said if you possessed this and simply wrote to him, a personal interview was not necessary.

About two months after Schlatter had left Colorado I met a man living in the southern part of the state, a railway official, who told me that being unable to personally see the healer, he thought he would try this, and his complaint, an aggravated case of catarrh, disappeared later. In my own case, however, deafness, accompanied with ear noises in the right ear, did not disappear until some weeks later. To what extent suggestion played a part in the various cases of healing attributed to him is difficult to say, for it enters, I think, into nearly every form of healing.

The indignation of people, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to see him, at his sudden and unexpected departure from Denver was hardly justified. He had not entered into any agreement with them, nor did he disclose his future movements, and his ministrations had been granted freely to anybody for nearly two months. Did he owe them anything? Had he been the type of individual represented

by Alexander Dowie, Mary Baker Eddy, Hiram Butler, Brigham Young, etc., who combined religious leadership or something tantamount to it with the accumulation of dollars and property, he certainly could, by emulating their noble examples, have had a very good start that time in Denver and had a large following. But Schlatter did not stand in the same category, and cared for none of this, or to serve God and Mammon. Anyhow, I felt most refreshed and gratified to have met a man of his type. I should consider him a mystic rather than anything else, and that he would have been such no matter in what position of life he woke in at birth or what the world thought of his life. I rather incline to think his casual appearance as a healer in the Far West represented a certain probationary period to him in his continuous evolution.

Yours truly,

LONDON.

FORBES R. JOHNSTON.

CLOUD PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been deeply interested in a wonderful sunset over the sea which lasted from twenty minutes to half an hour.

The glorious celestial scene or phenomena was one of continual movement and change.

It was my good fortune to witness it at the beginning of December last, while at Caswell on the beautiful Gower coast near Swansea.

The sky in the background was of a clear silver and gold. The first thing that arrested my attention was a big black cloud in the form of a huge and perfect *Black Eagle*, in the foreground, flying from the sea towards the land.

Both the platform under it, and the distant sky behind it, were of silver and gold with faint grey hills at the horizon, dipping to the sea.

Some way to the left of the *Eagle* was a black profound cloud in the form of a *Lion*, at ease, with its big calm head well erect and its pose as one of calm dignity looking on.

As I looked more closely on the silver flat surface between the *Eagle* and the *Lion* I noticed a quantity of *Bears*, big and small, actually running about.

The silver sky in the background became *lighter* and *brighter*, and with this change the *Eagle cloud* became *smaller* and *fainter* and turned into vapour and transparent clouds until the *Eagle* finally disappeared altogether.

The *Lion* became bigger and remained distinct, with the same calm pose.

The *Bears* were changing their position. To the right of where the *Eagle rose* and *disappeared* there distinctly came to view pyramids, hills and a sphinx. Camels were calmly and gracefully sauntering up and down, and forms, as of men, were to be seen.

The *Bears* disappeared at this point.

With the *Lion* to the left and the scene of Egypt to the right there appeared, in the centre, near the point at which the *Black Eagle* had vanished, a golden light, which shaped itself into the form of a beautiful bright golden *Cradle*, *perfect in form*, standing on the silver platform and shining out gloriously against the silver and grey background.

Standing by the clear-cut golden cradle was a tall *figure*, draped in grey.

The clouds of Egypt were all changing, and still further to the right there appeared a dainty clean-cut small animal, standing with its head high in perfect relief against the still silver and gold horizon. The little animal might have been a *goat*. It had horns.

The sun finally dipped and was lost behind the horizon, and with it all the glorious phenomena disappeared too.

I turned to my companion, Mrs. Lean, and said, "How wonderful it seems."

We should have thought such a scene quite impossible had we not seen it.

The Golden Cradle in the place of the Black Eagle was such a contrast—a simple bright picture of glory and innocence.

It seemed the dawn of a new Teacher or new Epoch which might come, at the going out, or the dying, of *The Eagle*.

I remain, yours faithfully,

32 ABINGDON COURT,
KENSINGTON.

CATHERINE M. DAVIS.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As one of your Theosophical correspondents would say, the explanation of "Argentina's" inquiry is "quite easy," and the lights which your correspondent calls "electric sparks" are simply rapidly recurring thought-forms of devachanic or purely mental matter, the mental thoughts (as distinct from emotional ones) being sent out either by the student "himself," by someone who is thinking of "him," or they may be simply attracted to "his" immediate neighbourhood by the attitude of interest in the philosophical or Theosophical studies which are mentioned. Your querist will know best which of these is the most likely, knowing his own circumstances. Your correspondent must of course be slightly clairvoyant, or have temporary flashes of this faculty in order to see the golden or incandescent electric light type of mental thought-forms in question, which, as I have suggested above, are formed by purely intellectual thinking—that is, thought which is quite free from all desire or emotions. A good example of this (rather an extreme or "expert" experience) was given by another correspondent in your issue for December (I think), where he described how he watched the construction of a golden-coloured thought-form of mental plane matter, which he built

up and completed by thinking out a somewhat subtle point from the Vedanta philosophy. An experience of a very similar nature may be had if you are reading a book with purely mental interest, but yet while you are viewing the printed words you either consciously or subconsciously think now and then and make an ever so transitory mental picture of what you are reading about. In this case you will see the "lights," "sparks" or, to be correct, purely mental thought-forms appear on the page before you.

Yours truly,
E. E.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—If your correspondent "Argentina" refers to a volume of lectures by Mrs. Annie Besant, entitled *The Changing World*, she will find on pages 64-65 an explanation of those "electric sparks" or "etheric atoms" which she occasionally sees. Mrs. Besant says that those who can see them have begun to develop etheric sight. She further claims that it is possible to control the movements of those "sparks" by the power of the will.

Yours truly,
THEOSOPHIST.

RATIONAL HYPNOTISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As before consulting Mr. J. Louis Orton, I had been an invalid over seventeen years, and had fruitlessly sought the aid of leaders in the medical profession, physical culturists, etc., etc., I feel impelled to say, how little anything that is written can convey an adequate idea of his methods. He has an aptitude for hitting upon weak points that is certainly equalled by very few, and spares no pains. I consider, however, that *everyone* should read and would profit *very* much from reading *Rational Hypnotism*, and would be glad that they had been lucky enough to know the book. If all sufferers were to do that they would be acting for their best interests—though Mr. Orton would thereafter have far more work than he could possibly get through.

This is a rambling epistle, but I trust your feelings for humanity will lead you to print it.

Yours faithfully,
F. A.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am not desirous of depreciating the ability of Mr. J. Louis Orton or the worth of his indispensable book on this subject, but in reading his letter I felt much disappointed at the absence of any remarks by him on what may be called "the psychological aspect of diet." It is evidently a subject with which Mr. Orton seems specially qualified to deal, and I am convinced that many of your readers would welcome with me some light from him upon this question.

Yours faithfully,
STUDENT.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. F. Gray will find a number of attempts to solve the 666 riddle in De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*. He will probably find a copy in one of the public libraries.

One guesser gives ἡ φρήν (the mind), and also ἐκκλησῖαι σαρκίκαι (fleshly churches); but since St. John says the number of the Beast is the number of a man, neither of these are very satisfactory. The same objection applies to ἐκκλησία Ἰταλικά, and ἡ λατίνη βασιλεία (the Latin kingdom). The solution λατείνος (no doubt, in the mind of the solver, the Latin Pope) is accepted by many. Τείταν (Titan) has been given, but then who is Titan? Also Βενεδίκτος. All these add up right enough to 666, but De Morgan gibbets in his gentle way many whose solutions have to be padded with ridiculous artifices to get the total right.

The most generally accepted opinion is that the Emperor Nero was meant; but I have forgotten how it is done, and have tried without success to re-construct the solution. Nero had a lot of names of his own, and adopted a good many more when his mother married an emperor, if I remember right.

Does Mr. Gray know the number of Jesus Christ? It is 888, given quite according to Cocker by Ἰήσους. The Holy Ghost is 801. This tells us Whose was the Voice in the Revelation which said, "I am Alpha and Omega": for $\alpha = 1$, and $\omega = 800$. How does this stand for the Holy Ghost? Well, as everyone knows, the Holy Ghost takes the form of a dove, the word always used being *περίστερα*. Giving the proper value to each letter we have:—

π	80
ε	5
ρ	100
ι	10
σ	200
τ	300
ε	5
ρ	100
α	1
<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>										
Total									.	801

Surely no solution except a Greek one should be accepted.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. MATTHEY.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The recrudescence of the teaching of Joanna Southcott at the present time is not among the least interesting of its countless interesting features. May I venture to describe my slight con-

nection with her in her lifetime? On July 4, 1812, the Hounslow Powder Mills blew up with a tremendous explosion which was heard for many miles round. My father, then about six years old, was sleeping in his mother's room at our house in Kingston-on-Thames, and well remembered and often described to me his mother's maid rushing into the room and crying, "Oh, ma'am, Joanna's child is born," thus showing how deeply her teaching had cut into the heart of that class. For Joanna was a maidservant.

I think that there can be no doubt whatever that she was a genuine seer, and a psychic of high but utterly untrained faculties. She was, in fact, the child of her age, and that the very lowest depth of materialism: 1750-1814. Again, the clergy and others who acted as her exponents and interpreters were, like herself, sunk in a literalism both dead and deadly. She endeavoured to fit and to frame her undoubted revelations with texts in the Bible, wrung from their context, regardless of their original import.

She foresaw this war 1914-15, describing it in her own language as "The overthrow of Satan's power and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom." So of course—if we omit the finality—it certainly is. Such equivalents as might come more naturally to our lips, such as the Gospel of Force *versus* the Gospel of Love—or more briefly Materialism *versus* Idealism, mean after all much the same thing.

Again, she saw, but "as in a glass darkly," the "Advent of Woman," or the Feminist Movement. She discerned that in Revelation xxii. 2, "The Tree of Life" was Woman. She failed to discern its still greater and more startling features. Literalism beset and obscured her, until at last she made her most vital error in proclaiming herself to be the Woman.

Acting upon that and guided by Revelation xii. she believed that she would bear a child, as another Virgin had borne a child, and that on its birth it would be snatched up to Heaven, from whence it would descend, a Saviour in power and great glory.

Seventeen doctors pronounced her to be *enceinte*, and then all symptoms disappeared. The above was the explanation she gave of the disappearance. Shortly after this she died of a painful and dreadful internal disease.

In her lifetime she must have had more than 100,000 followers. For the last hundred years, without intermission, a service of "Lifting up of Hands" has been held in London and elsewhere by followers of her teaching, whose numbers, I am told, are on the increase. She has left behind her a sealed and corded chest containing still further prophetic writings which still remains unopened and in the care of its appointed wardens. It seems to me impossible to doubt that whether in ecstatic trance or in "open vision" she had access to the Plane of Causality, where most events take place before they come down to the physical plane for manifestation, for this is a world of effects and not of causes. It corresponds, I imagine, to the Kabbalistic world of Yetzirah. But

what she saw, she saw in "symbols," and she could not interpret them, or at least in her attempt she "transposed the planes," and her literalism deprived her visions of much of their value. But it seems to me clear that we must rank her with the seer of the second Esdras, with James Hogg in the *Ballad of Bonnie Kilmeny*, if not with the vaticination of the monk Johannes. And showing how even details may flutter down as it were into a poet's mind (and all true poets have access to those regions), let me call attention to the wonderful description in "*Bees in Amber*," by John Oxenham, under the title "*Policeman X*," where, written seventeen years ago, the poet finds to his hand, all unconsciously, the historic phrase "a scrap of paper"—are they not all akin?—speaking the same language because coming from the same country? Is she not in a true line of succession: Joanna, Joan of Arc, the monk Johannes, the divine St. John? But the fact remains that whereas under her portrait in the National Portrait Gallery was written Joanna Southcott, Impostor, there is now inscribed, Joanna Southcott, Prophetess.

I am, dear sir,

Yours obediently,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

SIGNOR EDUARDO MAJERONI.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to write a sketch relating to a certain period of the Italian drama. I wish to touch on the period of Madame Ristori's visit to San Francisco, in 1875 or 1876. I particularly wish to obtain information relative to a certain brilliant actor, Signor Eduardo Majeroni, who was her leading man in those days. I have written to Italy, but can obtain no information. Of course I realize that the actor may have died years ago; he would be, if living, old now. Could I, as other means have failed, by any legitimate occult method discover whether he be living, and where? Or, if he be dead, when he died and where? Is this possible, or not?

Yours faithfully,

QUERENT.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE suspension of French, Belgian and perhaps some Spanish periodicals of a psychical and occult nature was a consequence which followed speedily on the European war ; and it has been either the same in Germany, or its periodicals of this kind no longer reach us. We miss in particular *La Revue Spirite*, *Le Voile d'Isis*, *Le Fraternaliste* and *La Revue Mystérieuse*. There are, however, some exceptions, and they are welcome when they arrive. The *Journal de Magnétisme* seems to follow its course unbroken, and the conferences of that *Société Magnétique de France*, of which it is the organ, are still held in Paris. The *Journal* is publishing a translation of Mr. Hereward Carrington's séances with Eusapia Palladino in America. We learn from the review pages that the occult works of Stanislas de Guaita, unavailable for some years, have been reissued in collected form. They are fantastic records of an interesting but fantastic *littérateur* who founded a Rosicrucian Society apart from any tradition, much as others have established systems of symbolical Masonry on warrants personal to themselves. The *Psychic Magazine* also reaches us, somewhat reduced in proportions and frequency — *pendant la guerre*. It has an interesting *recueil* of prophecies belonging to the past, including some which are held to have reached fulfilment in 1870. There is otherwise that of the Greek Kosmas, who lived in the eighteenth century and foretold that the allied armies of Christian kings will march on Constantinople and that those Turks who do not perish in the conflict or retire to Asia will embrace Christianity. * Finally, there are citations from a pamphlet by Mad. Clavel, published in 1902 and again apparently in 1904. It foretold (1) a conspiracy for the partition of France ; (2) a gigantic war, in which Germany, Austria, and France would be involved ; (3) victory for the French arms ; (4) a severe visitation of Germany ; (5) an end to the reign of the German Emperor ; and (6) the emancipation of Poland. The apparent suspension, or at least occultation, of Spanish periodicals does not include the Buenos Aires output, from whence *La Estrella de Occidente* still arrives occasionally. It is of opinion that the present war is a great blessing in disguise, from the standpoint of evolution, and that the destruction of Prussian militarism is of absolute necessity, prior to a new era of peace and universal brotherhood. One does not

cite the opinion because it is important in itself, but because it tends to illustrate feeling among occultists in Latin America.

We note that *The New Age* is beginning to fulfil the promise with which its exclusive dedication to Freemasonry was advertised some months ago. Its recent issues have a wider appeal to Masonic recognition than was possible so long as it remained merely an organ of the Ancient and Accepted Rite in its Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A. In an important article on Madame Blavatsky and Masonry the nature of her supposed claim to initiation is cleared up once and for all in a way that vindicates her truth and honour. It appears that the late John Yarker conferred on her, by what is called communication, the Degrees of some Rite of Adoption, and in 1878 she expressly denied in print her connection with any other form of Freemasonry. The Rites of Adoption are many, and we cannot identify that which Mr. Yarker conferred, or in virtue of what authority, if any, he happened to act. None are Masonic in character, but are curious trivialities designed to provide women with substitutes for Grades which, owing to old traditions, are open to men only. *The New Age* also reminds us of that secret treasure of Scottish Rite Masonry, the treatise of Albert Pike on the Craft Degrees, which may be seen—under conditions—at a certain Temple in Washington, but which never goes out of the building and, hypothetically, is never copied. There is a rumour that Pike protected it from circulation by an anathema pronounced upon anyone who transcribed it. The risk has been taken, however, as a text exists in England. . . . The foundation of a National Masonic Research Society, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, was mentioned recently in our pages, and we have now received a copy of the monthly magazine which forms part of the great scheme. We wish *The Builder* that long life and prosperity which evidently it is going to deserve. The number before us is handsome in appearance and excellent in contents, though it is obviously but an earnest of future efforts and attainment. The chief editor, Mr. J. F. Newton, contributes an article on "Masonry and World-Peace." War is characterized as "devolution, not evolution" and "not the survival of the fittest but the sacrifice of the best." We conceive that Masonic Brethren the whole world over will concur in the statement that "every Lodge is an emblem and prophecy of the world, and there will be no abiding peace on earth until what Masonry exhibits on a small scale is made world-wide, and its spirit of goodwill among men of all ranks." Mr. Newton adds

that "other way out of war there is none." Mr. B. R. Pound, Professor of Jurisprudence in Harvard University, writes on the philosophy of Masonry. Another important article discusses the position of the Royal Arch Degree, and is designed to show that it arose from the introduction of Speculative into Operative Masonry.

Two issues of the *Journal of the Alchemical Society* have arrived within recent dates, and are memorials of sustained activity. Whether they can be held to represent the realized design of the founders is another question. They convey a certain doubt and illustrate a difficulty which is not of times and seasons. There are not many alchemists in Great Britain, whether for the attempted laboratory practice of an art that is unknown rather than merely cryptic, or for an interpretation of the most baffling literature which has appeared during Christian times. There are not therefore many lecturers or writers. The wonder is that it has been possible to initiate and maintain a society of alchemists and a periodical as its official organ. What is not surprising is if such a journal should fail to fill its pages without departing from its real concerns. Before its suspension owing to the war, *Les Nouveaux Horizons*, which represents the *Société Alchimique de France*, became a record of psychical research, spiritism and modern occultism, with only isolated references to alchemy, its ostensible subject. Our English contemporary is unlikely to deviate so far, but it seems good to offer a friendly word of warning. It is deviating in one direction which it is surely possible to avoid, and this is in the notice of books that do not belong to its subject. The transactions, e.g., of a Masonic Rosicrucian Society—independently of the fact that they are at once poor and pretentious—have no concern in alchemy, and the journal of an alchemical society should have no concern in them. On the better side of their contents, its last issues include an interesting paper on the Hermetic writings of Edward Kelley, who claimed to possess a large vessel containing the red powder of transmutation; a short study of an Arabian alchemist, Alipili, designed to indicate the problems besetting the spiritual side of alchemy; some notes on that intellectual atmosphere of the Middle Ages in which alchemical literature developed; and a short note on the philosophical channels of alchemical tradition, which does not, however, correspond sufficiently with its title.

Among recent theosophical magazines there should be a word of welcome to *The Vahan*, for Dr. Haden Guest's words on the

outlook respecting the war. He remarks that if man is purely material, then the Bernhardi school are right, and "the supreme arbiter is force"; but if man is primarily spiritual, "then the supreme arbiter is the law that rules the unfolding of spirit." Mr. A. P. Sinnett affirms that the leaders of Germany are "completely obsessed" by the "Black Powers," which also influence the nation to a large extent. He has occult information that the worst stories afloat concerning atrocities "fall far short of the horrible reality." . . . We are indebted to *Theosophy* of Los Angeles for account of an article—in another American periodical—by a certain Mohammedan sheikh, which it seems to cite with approval. He affirms that sword and flame are seemingly "the Christian ideal," and Christians are therefore "the most despised men in the length and breadth of Asia and North Africa." He is, however, an apostle of toleration, and this he defines as follows: "True tolerance . . . teaches us that what is right in Peking may be wrong on the shores of Lake Tchad, and what is wrong in a Damascus bazaar may be right at a Kansas ice-cream social." He is not apparently speaking of manners, and he advises us that this view is far broader than "professing Christianity." It is broader also than the eternal verity or that moral law which issues therefrom and is also eternal. That this kind of thing may be written by an egregious sheikh does not pass comprehension, but that even American periodicals should print and quote it is from one point of view strange and from another instructive.

There are some suggestive notes on the origin of evil and its mystery, by Mr. C. E. Benham, in *Light*. He says truly that we do not distrust mathematics because we cannot square the circle; and we need not regard theology as at fault because it can give us no absolute clue in respect of evil. In mathematics there are approximate valuations which serve practical purposes as well as squaring the circle, and there are also working hypotheses about evil. They have their difficulties, and if the problem is insoluble at the root it is good to remember that the most exact of all the sciences has also insoluble problems.

The last issue of *OM*, i.e. *The Occult Messenger*, gives an account of M. Poincaré, the "valiant president" of the French Republic, and claims him as an occultist, which means that he is "a very keen exponent of Graphology."

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REVIEWS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT. By John Snaith. 9 ins. × 5½ ins., pp. vii + 405. London, New York, and Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 12s. net.

MR. SNAITH is an ardent disciple of Hegel and of his able exponent, Dr. Hutchison Stirling, and he has written a book that contains much that is interesting and suggestive. Here and there, perhaps, it is rather dogmatic—an almost inevitable fault in a work by an "absolutist"—and loses much of its effect through discursiveness. Moreover, the author presents his views largely by means of a critique—often appreciative—of Kant, which must render his book difficult reading in the case of those not thoroughly acquainted with the philosophy of the latter.

To Mr. Snaith, as to Hegel, the most important fact in the universe is the fact of thought. Thought is being, fundamental reality. Thought is infinite—though I am afraid Mr. Snaith is not justified in his assumption that a thought of the infinite is an infinite thought. As so, following Hegel, true logic is no mere mechanical contrivance, but the creative activity of thought, whereby absolute truth may be attained.

Since man, says Mr. Snaith, can think God, God necessarily is. And if it is argued that man's thought of God implies only the idea, not the reality, of God, he would reply that true ideality and true reality are identical. For him, to be forced by logic to postulate God is to know God; and the position, I think, is of interest.

Nevertheless a system of philosophy that can justly take to itself the title of "absolute truth" must be an irresistible system. It must compel assent in the mind of every honest inquirer. And the fact that no system does this is the most obvious argument against "absolutism." Mr. Snaith speaks of false experience and true experience. But no experience can be false as *an experience*, though bad reasoning may base a fallacy upon it. What we need to realize is that there are *grades* of truth, *grades* of reality, from the truth of appearance to the truth that abides for ever, from the reality of illusion to the Reality that is God. Then we shall see the Absolute as an Ideal which we shall, indeed, never reach; but which we may hope continually to approach for eternity.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH ALLIED WITH SCIENCE: A Catechism for Parents and Teachers. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. [Twelfth Edition.] 6¾ ins. × 4 ins., pp. xii + 135. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 1s. net.

THE popularity of a book is no very safe guide to its quality. But in this case, I suggest, appreciation and value go together. Sir Oliver Lodge's *Catechism* was first published in 1907 at 2s. net, and has gone through eleven editions at that price. It is now issued in a cheaper form, at a price within the reach of everyone. And it is a book to be read by everyone. Certainly it should be in the hands of all parents and teachers—all who have the charge of children and, holding their spiritual welfare dear, wish to instil into their minds a basis of faith that shall stand firm

against the weapons of destructive criticism. What Sir Oliver Lodge has essayed, and admirably succeeded in doing, is to lay the groundwork of the temple of faith with the stones of science. He would be the last to maintain that science is able to complete the building, or that it should remain unbuilt for that cause. The fervour of emotion, the testimony of the poets, prophets, seers, and the evidence of one's own religious experience, are needed for that. Only let us lay the groundwork firmly and not build on the sands of fantasy. The only point about the book I feel inclined to question is the advisability of introducing speculations as to pre-existence (*vide pp. 77 et seq.*), though Sir Oliver Lodge is careful to label these as speculations.

H. S. REDGROVE.

A TEXTBOOK OF THEOSOPHY. By C. W. Leadbeater. T.P.H., India. Pp. 148. Price 1s. net.

MR. LEADBEATER has done Theosophy good service in this book. The amount of information that he has managed to compress into its pages is truly amazing—yet his exposition is clear and lucid throughout. The chapters on *The Constitution of Man* and *The Purpose of Life* are particularly good. All who are seeking an answer to that oft-heard question, "What is Theosophy?" should get this book. They will find that it answers many questions besides that one, and though it may raise others, the earnest reader will feel encouraged to go on, to seek further and to probe deeper. The book is thought-stimulating—and that is perhaps a book's highest function.

E. M. M.

THE CRUCIBLE. By Mabel Collins. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 2s. 6d.

MABEL COLLINS first shed her starry beams upon life in *Light on the Path*. Now, as with all thinkers and sensitive occultists, her dreams are affected and troubled in "The Crucible" of this dæmonic war. She expresses her thoughts on the present limbo of being, this purgatorial phase through which humanity is passing towards the Ultima Thule of spiritual peace, with clarity and charity of mind. She adjures us to love our enemies and remember the teachings of the mystics, to slay the evil thought-forms wherewith hatred and malice are peopling the world by our great response of love. She tells us how, at the side of Belgium's noblest King, Christ walks as He went by the side of St. Francis, an eternal model and moral of the mastery over illusion and ordeal. Through suffering we will yet enter in by the narrow gate of heaven. As Miss Collins says:—

It is no hour for praying for favours. It is the time for seeking the Source of all good, and asking for strength to learn the mystic lesson of the Crucifixion. When the lesson is learned, pain, the teacher, will withdraw from the path.

Every seeker and seer should read this little book.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE THIRTY DAYS. By Hubert Wales. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 6s.

WHEN your business partner, after dying in your arms in Switzerland, and having been cremated before your very eyes, calmly walks into your

office a few days later with no apology for his existence, and unable himself to account for the fact, you may be pardoned for entertaining some slight doubts of your own sanity. No less than this is the striking situation with which Hubert Wales' remarkable occult romance opens, and we venture to predict that few will be able to resist the spell of the mystery into which the reader is plunged. Events move quickly and logically to the startling climax, and the *dénouement* is swift, concise and compelling. To reveal this would not be fair to the prospective reader, but we may be permitted to remark that we have never read anything quite equal to it since the weird fascination of *Dracula* laid its grip upon our imagination.

H. J. S.

THE EXPRESS. Nos. 1 and 2, as foretold one hundred years ago, to be published by the hand of a Woman in the tenth year of the century; and containing the Life and Divine Writings of the late Joanna Southcott. By Alice Seymour. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Two vols, illustrated. Pp. viii., 366; vi., 413. Price 4s. 6d. net each.

"THERE appear clear predictions," says the author of these tomes, "that the Lord will warn the Nation, and by Expresses . . . one year before He begins His heavy judgments, and indicate that when the date has four figures—as 1911—that then the hand of the Lord will be felt either by this land or in other nations." Now, then, is the psychological moment for calling attention to the prophetess revered by Alice Seymour; and so, though it is twelve months since *The Express* was sent to me, these lines are published for the first time.

Joanna Southcott, who died on Christmas Day, 1814, is one of two female figures of the Georgian epoch whose privacy seems to have been abolished by the decree of the crowd. The other is Mary Anne Clarke. But whereas Mrs. Clarke's indignity was the punitive result of avarice preying on sensuality, Joanna Southcott's was the result of religious mania, or inspiration, compelling her to expose herself to eyes indecently humorous. It was her belief that she would give birth to Shiloh, the mystical child in Genesis and Revelation, who "is to rule all the nations with a rod of iron"; she was expecting to become a mother when she was sixty-four years of age, and though medical science can easily conjecture a morbidity of body which would foster her hope of maternity, and though she died fruitless to the physical eye, her disciples have been able to retain faith in her and her maternity and her messages to mankind.

Her characteristic literary medium was verse of the sort which in spiritualistic insanity is readily produced—verse in which prepositions govern the nominative case and gleams of meaning float like moonlight on rolling waves of balderdash.

Joanna, an excitable spinster whose chastity had been unsuccessfully attacked, was capable of intense mother-love: witness a dream which she had on June 19, 1804, of a child who "sprang into [her] arms with eagerness, and threw his Head into [her] bosom, as though he would have died with joy." This dream-child came after Joanna had dreamed of breaking the top of the devil's finger; and "fighting with the devil," it should be mentioned, was an item in her workaday life.

Christian and minatory Joanna is a typical voice emerging from dis-

eased philanthropy or philanthropy ill at ease. After seeing her amiable foolish face it is excusable to imagine that she was the victim of a laborious and paltry joke on the part of one of those intelligences who operate through mediumistic people.

Miss Seymour seems to have exposed herself to a similar influence, for on January 27, 1909, we find her clairaudient and writing, "what I seemed to hear coming in great anger." And among the words spoken in her "Lord's fury" we find these: "Yea, I will cry; I will roar, and none shall make Me afraid." Are not such words more appropriate to the Bull of Bashan than to the Master of the world?

Prophecy is praised by fulfilment, and before fulfilment it is respected according to the lucidity, weight and dignity of the words containing it. In these confusing volumes Joanna appears to a hard, critical eye, uninformed by a peep into the future, as a crazy poetaster whose lot was to amuse the world whom she hoped to regenerate. In the world of art there is room for irony and the tears that rust it. W. H. CHESSON.

THE SOUNDLESS SOUND. By the Teacher of The Order of the Fifteen. Transcribed by Harriet Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D., Secretary of the Order. Los Angeles: The Curtiss Book Company.

THIS small volume is full of the mystery of the working of the Spirit, and its beautiful message is one that, taken to heart, would help to unravel for many the tangled skein of earth's daily life. "Man's thoughts are the world's babel in miniature," says the writer. A true saying indeed. Even now the thoughts of one ambitious "War-Lord" have materialized into an Armageddon!

What is the Soundless Sound? "It is that Divine Power which lies veiled behind all the imperfections." It is the "One Voice in all" which speaks of the spiritual unity of mankind.

. . . You cannot bring one joy, even to the least of your brethren, that your own soul is not filled with the same joy, for the joy you feel is the joy of the One Life surging through the universe. By your own effort you have opened a door and permitted it to flow through you. You have sounded a note on the great Harp of Life, and its vibrations will never cease. They shall spread from sphere to sphere and open to you the Melody of the Divine, the Soundless Sound.

To quote more from this miniature casket of gems would be to open the box too wide. The dreamer of dreams and the practical worker for humanity alike may find inspiration and hope in these mystical Teachings of the Order of the Fifteen. EDITH K. HARPER.

PICTURES OF BUDDHIST CEYLON. By F. L. Woodward, M.A. T.P.H., India. Pp. 63. Price 2s. 6d. net.

HERE are some extremely vivid descriptions of the ceremonies that take place in the Buddhist temples of Ceylon. They will be read with interest by all who want to know more of this ancient and wonderful religion. The book also contains *The Story of the Weaver's Daughter*, a charming allegorical tale; some meditations *At the Foot of a Tree*; and a paper on "The Near Coming of a Supreme Teacher."

E. M. M.