

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE triumph of any particular intellectual standpoint as the interpretative gospel of the practical life of the day, always, sooner or later, produces a reaction in the opposite direction, which aims at curing the special dangers and mistakes to which the universal acceptance of what is in any case only a partial gospel has laid humanity open. Thus, the triumph of the gospel of individualism and its corollary, universal competition, and their acceptance as a panacea for all human ills and a means of attainment of the maximum of human perfection by the

man of to-morrow, has gradually given place to a reaction in various quarters against the obvious evils of a system which takes little thought for the average man, his needs and his limitations, and is liable to produce in the superman, doubtless a singularly efficient, but certainly an entirely unlovable character, while at the same time it has led to the over-emphasizing of the individual as distinct from the community, and to the accentuation of

the selfish virtues, if I may so term them, as opposed to those of self-sacrifice and zeal for the welfare of the world at large.

The acceptance of the Darwinian theory seemed to carry with it the recognition of the fact that all life was a battle-field in which each was struggling for his own hand, regardless of the ruin or disaster which he brought upon others. The successful man, in fact, was only modelling his life on the basis of Darwin's and Spencer's doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which appeared now, in the light of scientific facts, to be the only practical means to achieve the ends of existence. The result was a philosophy of life which began and ended in pure egoism and the over-accentuation of the distinction between man and man. Its motto, to all intents and purposes, was the motto of Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The last and in some ways the greatest of its Prophets was Friedrich Nietzsche. Prussia has carried this gospel to its logical extreme, but it must not be forgotten that the teaching on which it was originally based was long

ARRESTED current in this country, and elsewhere, as sterling
 BY coin in the realm of philosophy. The reaction
 ORIENTAL against this individualistic standpoint was tenta-
 PHILOSOPHY. tive and unostentatious enough at first. It gathered
 strength from a source, the trend of the influence
 of which was but little suspected in its early stages. This was the popularization of Eastern thought and Eastern philosophy through the medium of the writings, translations and commentaries of Professor Max Müller. This work, it is well to note at the present time, was accomplished by one who was a German by birth, though he had made England his home. The son of a poet, he had himself all a poet's lofty idealism and nobility of conception, one of the few great and pure souls who have given us by their life and work a higher faith in the ultimate possibilities of perfected humanity.

The Eastern attitude towards individual man, the Eastern conception of his destiny, were the poles asunder from the self-satisfied assurance of nineteenth-century dogmatism. In this philosophy, all that seemed most important to the Western mind of the nineteenth century was relegated to the realm of *Maya*, illusion. All that led man to boast of his personal achievements and his superiority over his fellow men, appeared in the light of the wisdom of the Indian Vedanta to be merely an accentuation of that "heresy of separateness," to use a phrase from the religion of the Buddhists, which cut man off inevitably from the Primal Source of his being, and the highest realizable good. His

individuality in this sense was thus a source of weakness to him, and not of strength. He was sundered by it from the Universal Life, that Self of which he was himself a part, and through this sundering he cut himself aloof, not only from his Divine Higher Self, but also from the general commonwealth of humanity whose interests were his own, had he but rightly apprehended his true relationship to the All. So this philosophy that brought back the Western World on the one hand to its faith in the Unseen, to its abandoned beliefs in the reality of the spiritual world, on the other produced a reaction of the most momentous kind against the political and social dogmas which, till then, had been the stock in trade of every Western politician, and of every university professor. The value and importance of this life, with its desires and ambitions, was not indeed denied by the Eastern philosopher, but it was relegated to its proper sphere. It was recognized as not being itself the reality, of partaking essentially of the temporal and the transitory. Such an attitude of mind was the surest antidote to the materialistic philosophy of the West. The aims that the average man laid greatest stress upon, the objects of his life-efforts, were shown in this Eastern mirror to be mere evanescent shadows cast upon the screen of Time, instead of the be-all and end-all of the great Endeavour.

Of all those who were inspired by the breath of this new wave of thought from the immemorial East and in whose spirit it took root and flourished and brought forth fruit, none bears its impress, transformed though it be by its Western setting, more strongly than Edward Carpenter. None has a stronger realization of that cosmic consciousness which unites each member of the human race with all his fellow men, and not merely with all his fellow men, but with all creation, animal, vegetable, and even mineral. No one has seen more clearly the deep implication bound up with this stupendous conception, has portrayed more lucidly the transformation of spiritual outlook which the acceptance of this conception brings with it. The very words that are bandied to and fro, the cant catchwords of our time, take on with Edward Carpenter a new, a deeper, and a fuller meaning. Thus, Democracy becomes, not the label of a party politician, but the history of the Divine Life Principle, immanent in the human race, the "organic growth of God himself in Time." And love, too, "whether taken in its most ideal or in its most sensuous signification," is realized as a form of the cosmic consciousness. The evils of our present stage of civilization, and the

THE GOSPEL
OF EDWARD
CARPENTER.

increasing over-emphasis it lays on the separateness of each individual, are nowhere more forcibly pointed out than in Mr. Carpenter's writings :—

The subject and object of knowledge (he tells us) drift farther and farther apart. The self is left face to face with a dead, senseless world. Its own importance seems to increase out of all reason ; and with the growth of this illusion (for it is an illusion) the knowledge itself becomes dislocated from its proper bearing, becomes cracked and impotent, and loses its former unity with Nature. Objects are soon looked upon as important only in so far as they minister to the (illusive) self ; and there sets in the stage of civilization, when self-consciousness becomes almost a disease ; when the desire of acquiring and grasping objects, or of enslaving men and animals in order to minister to the self, becomes one of the main motives of life ; and when, owing to this deep, fundamental division in human nature and consciousness, men's minds are tormented with the sense of sin and their bodies with the myriad forms of disease.*

How differently does life present itself to the individual who "conceives and knows himself, not as a toy and chance product of his own bodily heredity, but as identified and continuous with the Eternal Self of which his body is a manifestation!" He thus becomes as it were a spiritual psychometrist. He takes on all conditions and identifies himself with each in turn, living their lives and becoming themselves, till he knows through experience, the only teacher of living truths, the oneness of humanity, and sees himself no longer as a single unit, but rather as a mood or a pulse of the Universal Consciousness.

Mr. Carpenter's philosophy is an essentially catholic one, in the true sense of the word. All his views on special and particular subjects spring from this universalism in his radical standpoint. If he is a Communist—this word, I think, best describes his political position—he is merely a communist as a result of his cosmic vision ; i.e. he is a mystic first of all, and a communist, or whatever else you will, afterwards. Thus he believes in giving votes to women, but this would be to him merely a side issue. The essential is the implication in his philosophy of the imperative necessity of freedom for all in order that the human spirit may come into its own and realize its potentialities. Woman far more than man has had her development cramped, owing to social and political conditions which have limited her freedom of action. The need in her case, therefore, is the greater. Thus he maintains that the sex

* *Art of Creation*. By Edward Carpenter. London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. See also *Civilization, Its Cause and Cure*.

problem will never be solved until woman is free, and that the freedom of woman must ultimately rest on the communism of society.

Let every woman (he writes) whose heart bleeds for the sufferings of her sex, hasten to declare herself and to constitute herself, as far as she possibly can, a free woman. Let her accept the term with all the odium that belongs to it; let her insist on her right to speak, dress, think, act, and above all to use her sex, as she deems best; let her face the scorn and the ridicule; let her "lose her own life" if she likes; assured that only so can come deliverance, and that only when the free woman is honoured will the prostitute cease to exist. And let every man who really would respect his counterpart, entreat her also to act so; let him never by word or deed tempt her to grant as a bargain what can only be precious as a gift; let him help her to gain her feet; so at last, by what slight sacrifices on his part such a course may involve, may it dawn upon him that he has gained a real companion and helpmate on life's journey.

Mr. Carpenter is under no illusion as to the far-reaching nature of the changes which would be involved in society in order to transform his idealism into a practical reality, and it is

nothing less than this that he contemplates, if not
 A
 PRACTICAL for to-day, at least for some not too far-distant
 IDEALIST. future. In this sense he describes himself as one
 of those "who dream the impossible dream, and it comes true, who hear the silent prayers, who accept the trampling millions as the earth, dreaming, accepts the interminable feet of her children, who dream the dream which all men always declare futile, who dream the hour which is not yet on earth, and, lo! it strikes."

Edward Carpenter looks back upon the communism of early states of society as a condition which must return to earth, though in an altered and higher form, if the glaring evils of present-day civilization are by any means to be eliminated. Man, he holds, has learnt his lesson from the era of competition and individualism, and, with the fruits of the knowledge of good and evil gained from this, he must apply himself to reorganize humanity on simpler, healthier and more natural lines. The shams of society, the hypocrisies of Mrs. Grundy, the curse of prostitution, the horror and squalor of slum life in the great cities of the world, all meet with his unsparing condemnation, not merely in themselves, but as the fruit and inevitable outcome of modern social conditions. He cannot understand the attitude

of the politician who can pass them by or accept
 THE ONLY them as inevitable, because he dare not face the
 WAY? revolutionary alternative. The social state which
 winks at such horrors stands for him self-condemned, and

regarding it thus, he is not afraid to face new modes of life, new relations between the sexes, new conceptions of a world where property has a different meaning to what it possesses to-day, even though these cures may appear to the average man worse than the disease for which they are prescribed. Like others before him, he preaches the return to Nature. It is, in fact, implicit in his creed, which is above and beyond all else a revolt against that artificiality and those unnatural conditions which he satirizes so remorselessly.

When (he says) I hear and see the droning and see-sawing of pulpits ; when the vision of perfect vulgarity and commonplaceness arises upon me—of society—and of that which arrogates to itself the sacred name of England ;

The puppet dance of gentility—condescension, white hands, unsoiled dress, charitable proprietorship—in the streets, the barracks, the church, the shop, the house, the school, the assembly,

In eating, drinking and saying good morning and good night—of the theory of what it is to be a lady or a gentleman ;

Of exclusiveness, and of being in the swim ; of the drivel of aristocratic connections ; of drawing-rooms and levées and the theory of animated clothes pegs generally ; of belonging to clubs and of giving pence to crossing-sweepers without apparently seeing them ; of helplessly living in houses with people who feed you, dress you, clean you, and despise you ; of driving in carriages ; of being intellectual ; of prancing about and talking glibly on all subjects, on the subject of setting things right—and leaving others to do the dirty work of the world ; of being a magistrate or a judge and never having committed a common crime, or been in the position to commit one ; of being a parson and afraid to be seen toying with Christ in a public ; a barrister and to travel in a third-class carriage ; an officer and to walk with one of your own men ;

When I see the sea, spreading, of infidelity, of belief in externals—in money, big guns, laws, views, accomplishments, cheap goods—town councillors, cabinet ministers, M.P.'s, generals, judges, bishops—all alike ;

When I look for help from the guides and see only a dead waste of aimless, abject, close-shaven, shabby, simpering, flat, pompous, peaked, punctilious faces :

O England, whither—strangled, tied and bound—whither, whither art thou come ? *

He turns from all these artificialities with the exclamation, " I choke ! " and escapes from the contemplation of them into the open air, and the fresh breath of the countryside. " It is over," he says, " daylight ! The sweet rain is falling, and I hear the songs of the birds."

With such a conception of the social problem and the revolutionary character of the methods required to purify it of its most glaring defects, it is no matter for surprise that the moral

* *Towards Democracy*. London : Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

code as ordinarily accepted is not so much remodelled in the light of his philosophy as infused with a new meaning and new character, as the handmaid rather than the tyrant of mankind. At the base of this moral code lies our conception of two opposites, good and evil, between which our dualistic philosophy has been in the habit of seeing a radical antagonism. Carpenter lays great stress on the fact that our views of life are warped by this illusory conception, and that in reality the question of good and

evil is one purely of relativity. That is to say, the determining factor in the question of good and evil is not something inherent in the things themselves, but something in you who enter into relations with them.* "Things are good and evil only in relation to your will." You cannot, in short, pigeon-hole things in this manner according to their essential characteristics. You can, however, use them wisely or foolishly. You can be their master or their slave, and herein lies the secret of their good or evil influence upon yourself.

There is nothing, in short, that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it, and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man, and there is no passion or power or pleasure or pain or created thing whatsoever which is not ultimately for man and for his use or of which he need be afraid or ashamed at. Things cannot be divided into good or evil, but all are good as soon as they are brought into subjection.†

It is this illusion which has misled the ascetics and made them look upon the body as a thing evil in itself—as, in short, the prison-house of the spirit, whereas in reality the mastery of its owner is the determining factor which decides whether it shall be a prison-house or a palace of joy. Bound up with Christianity from its very commencement is this idea of the essential evil of matter, and the consequent contempt for the flesh as the enemy of the spirit. From this point of view the body is something which is to be suppressed and crushed so that the spirit may triumph. As Mr. Lewis well says: "There is no more sense in asceticism, as ordinarily conceived and practised by religious devotees, than there is in starving and bleeding the roots of a plant; though there is such a thing as root pruning against rank and fruitless growth."

So saturated were the early Christians with this false idea that many of the first converts refused to be baptized, owing

* See *Edward Carpenter: An Exposition and an Appreciation*. By Edward Lewis. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 5s.

† *Towards Democracy*, p. 362.

to the fact that they were married, and the idea has permeated—and may I say vitiated?—the whole thought-atmosphere of Christianity down to the present day, passing into our Church services* and hymn-books in many phrases and expressions that will readily be recalled by the ordinary church-goer. Bishop Ken, in his allusion to the “vile body” of man, was merely voicing the general consensus of the opinion of Christendom. In contrast to this Carpenter writes:—

The body is not vile. It is not only a Temple of God, but it is a collection of temples; and just as the images of the gods dwell in the temples of a land, and are the objects of service and the centres of command there, so, we may say, the gods themselves dwell in the centres and sacred places of the body. Every organ and centre of the body is the seat of some great emotion, which in its proper activity and due proportion is truly divine. It is through this bodily and physiological centre that the emotion, the enthusiasm, that portion of the Divine Being, expresses itself; and in the pure and perfect body that expression, that activity, is itself a revelation. The total physiology of Man is, or should be, the nearest expression of divinity complete, and the replica or image of the physiology of the Cosmos itself. †

Well, indeed, does Mr. Lewis observe that “There are few better solvents than Carpenter’s writings for one of the radical errors of traditional Christian teaching:—that there is a necessary schism between body and soul, that at best the body is something to be perpetually fought against, constantly suppressed and subdued, and at worst something to be cut off or plucked out and cast from us.” The pure and healthy mind will have nothing of such notions. They arise in the first place through a reaction against excess and licentious over-indulgence, and breathe inevitably the unhealthy atmosphere in which they have come to birth. Alternatively they are the children of an unnatural self-restraint, fostered by the restrictions and limitations of a social state which is inimical to the sane development of the personality. We fear to remove the restrictions lest worse befall. Not so Edward Carpenter, who sees in their continuance merely the cowardice of those who shrink from facing one of the gravest problems of social life, and who boldly denounces “the cant of sex, the impure hush, clouding the deepest instincts of boy and girl, of woman and man.” The surest antidote for such subtle spiritual poison is indeed to be found in that mental outlook which seeks every-

NO SCHISM
BETWEEN
BODY AND
SOUL.

* In the marriage service itself, for example.

† *Art of Creation*, p. 161.

where for health and wholeness and declines to be cramped by the warping conventionalities of modern civilization. This mental outlook is characteristically expressed in such lines as the following from *Towards Democracy* :—

O for a breath of the sea and the great mountains !

A bronzed hardy live man walking his way through it all.

Thousands of men companioning the waves and the storms, splendid in health, naked-breasted, catching the lion with their hands ;

A thousand women swift-footed and free—owners of themselves, forgetful of themselves, in all their actions—full of joy and laughter and action ;

Garbed not so differently from the men, joining with them in their games and sports, sharing also their labours ;

Free to hold their own, to grant or withhold their love, the same as the men ;

Strong, well-equipped in muscle and skill, clear of finesse and affectation (The men, too, clear of much brutality and conceit)—

Comrades together, equal in intelligence and adventure,

Trusting without concealment, living without shame but with discrimination and continence towards a perfect passion.

O for a breath of the sea !

This is the sort of new life that Edward Carpenter sees arise to take the place of the squalor, the oppression and the conventionalities of the social system of to-day. He sees it rise out of the ruins of the past " like a young fern frond uncurling out of its own brown litter."

Out of the litter of a decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken down creeds, customs, ideals ;

Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and Fear, meanest of all (the stronger in the panic trampling the weaker underfoot) ;

Out of miserable rows of brick tenements with their cheapjack interiors, their glances of suspicion, and doors locked against each other ;

Out of the polite residences of congested idleness ;

A NEW LIFE out of the aimless life of wealth ;

FROM Out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly done ;

THE OLD. Out of the wares which are no wares poured out upon the markets, and in the shop-windows,

The fraudulent food, clothing, drink, literature ;

Out of the cant of commerce—buying cheap and selling dear—the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation,

The smug merchant posing as a benefactor of his kind, the parasite parsons and scientists ;

Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world ;

Lo ! even so I see a new life arise.

Such is Carpenter's ideal—a very beautiful one most of us will admit, though many of us will pause twice, nay thrice, before committing ourselves to take such steps as alone can

interpret it in terms of actual fact and put it to practical application in our own lives and the lives of those around us. These ideals are indeed very far removed from anything that has been propounded on the political platform. They are, in fact, in many ways almost the antithesis of those remedies which in popular parlance label themselves "socialistic." They are mainly so because they spring direct from the heart and are the expression of a high spiritual ideal, which seeks first and foremost the means for the full development of the best and noblest potentialities of the entire race. Money-grubbing schemes for the transfer of wealth from one class to another, or for the enriching of political sycophants at the expense of their opponents, "People's Budgets" providing for the taxation of garden cities and the recreation grounds of the people, and for the building of jerry-built houses as a suitable substitute for the lungs of our great cities, are even more calculated to retard the amelioration of the race and its rational development, than the hopeless negativity of a conservative blindness to the most crying evils of our modern civilization. Mr. Carpenter would put the axe to the root of the tree.

NO HOPE
FROM POLI-
TICIANS.

Is this a counsel of despair, or a counsel of perfection? Little, indeed, is to be hoped from the venal selfishness of the party politician. Even if there is not room at the present stage of the world's history for the resuscitation of the Golden Age on the lines of Mr. Carpenter's romantic ideals, there must still be many upon whom the shame and scandal of the conditions of life as at present constituted weigh so heavily that they would gladly welcome some mighty wielder of the forces of revolution who, regardless of tradition, would take upon himself to "shatter to bits" the whole social scheme as at present constituted, and "remould it nearer to the heart's desire." We look, however, in vain for the man or the opportunity. Shall we ever find him at long last?

The heart to feel, the eyes to see,
And Danton's own audacity!

Edward Carpenter began life as curate to that well-known exponent of Broad Church theology, Frederick Denison Maurice, but it soon became evident that the Gospel that it was his destiny to preach could not be delivered from any pulpit, nor could the life that he desired to live be lived under the ægis of any ecclesiastical establishment. Quite early he felt the need of associating himself in some intimate form with the life lived in contact with nature, and with some form of manual occupation. His first and

in many ways his greatest book* was written under these conditions, and could indeed alone have so taken form. The life that he led must, Carpenter felt, express a revolt against the tyranny of mechanism; that curse of modern civilization which tends to make us all to a greater or less extent into automatic machines. As Mr.

EARLY LIFE
OF EDWARD
CARPENTER.



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EDWARD CARPENTER (1905).

Lewis most happily puts it in his Appreciation, "The man who tears a reed from the riverside and makes a pipe, though he produce not even a melody, but only a bird note, or a love call, performs a god-like act. Better make pipes with Pan than play a pianola."

So it came about that Carpenter, in his need to live his own

* *Towards Democracy.*

Z .

life and express his attitude towards Nature and man in some literary form, betook himself to the farm of a friend who lived in Derbyshire, where he found time both for writing and work on the farm. Extension lecturing in the first instance gave him practice with his pen, and in public speaking, but before long he had built his own shanty in the fields with his own hands, and was at work on his first literary experiment. "Here," he says, "within the hut or in the fields and the woods all that spring and summer (1881) and on through the winter by day and sometimes by night in sunlight or in rain, by frost and snow, and all sorts of grey and dull weather, I wrote 'Towards Democracy,' or at any rate the first and longer poem that goes by that name." About two years later he took a small property in the village of Millthorpe, between Sheffield and Chesterfield, where he finally settled down and earned his living by market-gardening, continuing to write, of course, at the same time.

Although a dreamer of dreams, Carpenter is never really aloof from the realities of practical life. If he has a gospel he must needs put it into practice. He must needs as far as possible live the life that he preaches to others, and at the same time look upon a life so lived as having a very direct and practical bearing on the general welfare of the community. "Truth and simplicity of life," he tells us, in his latest book,* "are not mere fads; they are something more than abstractions and private affairs, something more than social ornaments. They are vital matters and lie at the root of national well-being. They are things which in their adoption or in their denial search right through the tissue of public life. To live straightforwardly by your own labour is to be at peace with the world. To live on the labour of others is not only to render your life false at home, but it is to encroach on those around you, to invite resistance and hostility."

In the notice of Wood's *Concentration* in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, it was stated that the price of this book was 2s. 6d. This is an error. The price, as a matter of fact, is 8d. net.

* *The Healing of the Nations.* Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

INDIAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead the Man"

THE soul of a people is revealed in its art—using the term art in its widest sense, and so embracing its literature, its music, and its architecture. "Architecture is frozen music," said Madame de Staël; and in the buildings of ancient India, the sculptured magnificence of its temples and the dusky splendours of its monasteries and college-halls, we may read the outward expression of spiritual harmonies of which our mediæval European cathedrals are the glorious echoes.

Those who question this statement will do well to study carefully the brilliant work by Mr. E. B. Havell on *The Ancient and Mediæval Architecture of India*,* wherein it is written that :

The romantic spirit which informed the art of Indian Buddhist builders was the spirit of the Gothic cathedrals, and Gothic art was the gift of Indo-Aryans to their brother craftsmen in the West.

Mr. Havell places the beginning of the history of Indo-Aryan architecture about 300 years B.C., or a short time before the reign of Asoka, the famous "emperor, missionary and saint," who first made Buddhism a state religion. Asoka reigned 263-226 B.C. He was the grandson of Chandra Gupta Maurya, who founded what is known as the Mauryan dynasty, "by consolidating the numerous republican confederations and petty kingdoms of Northern India, whose quarrels had made Alexander's opportunity, into an empire strong enough to bar further invasion from the north-west for many generations." This famed Emperor, Asoka, through the burning zeal of his propaganda, first gave to Buddhism an impetus which spread its mantle to the farthest confines of the East, and to the Western world as far as Alexandria, so that to-day it still numbers among its followers about one-third of the whole human race.

"The essential derivations of Indian architecture in construc-

* *Ancient and Mediæval Architecture of India; A Study of Indo-Aryan Civilization.* By E. B. Havell, Author of *Indian Sculpture and Painting, The Ideals of Indian Art, Indian Architecture: its Psychology, Structure and History*, etc. With 176 illustrations and map. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. 1915. Price 30s. net.

tion and decoration," says Mr. Havell, "will be found not in imperial palaces but in the life of the village folk." The village commune was the microcosm of a self-governing system, perhaps "the most perfect the world has ever seen." The Aryan ideal was essentially democratic, in the sense of the best for all. Village and town-planning in ancient India reveal a unique blending of science and mysticism, for the Indian master-builder glorified his work by the belief that only the best must be offered to God, and that "best" was a constant effort to express scientific truths in artistic form.

This magnificent harmony of daily life consecrated by religion expressed itself in the glorious temples, shrines, and chapter-houses, which are the pages of India's Bible, records of a race of poets and dreamers, who thought in symbols, to whom the dark rain-cloud was Brahma's elephant, and the azure dome of the over-arching sky Vishnu's blue lotus-flower. A people who three thousand years ago idealized womanhood in the exquisite legend of "Savitri," the wife whose all-enduring love was stronger than Death.

Every Indian village was built in the shape of a cosmic cross, with four terminal gateways facing the four cardinal points of the universe. This ensured that the principal streets were kept purified by a constant stream of fresh air and sunlight. Sometimes the cross took the form of the Swastika, or magic square.* The long arm of the cosmic cross, pointing east and west, was known as the King Street (Râjapatha). The short arm of the cross, which pointed north and south, was named Broad Street (Mahakala), or sometimes South Street (Vamana). The verdure of luxuriant trees and foliage enhanced the beauty of these principal streets. The whole village was encircled by a wall or stockade, within which was a path known as the Way of Auspiciousness or Good Fortune. To perform the ancient Aryan rite of "circumambulation" of the village by way of this encircling path, was part of the daily routine of the village priest. A peepul-tree, or a banyan, planted on a mound in the centre of the village at the intersection of the arms of the cross, served as a parliament or place of assembly where the village elders, five in number, met to administer justice and regulate local affairs. When the village

* Mr. Havell says it was considered highly inauspicious for "main streets to run upon diagonal lines, in the direction of the intermediate points of the compass." Not only would this "lay out" impede free play of air and sunlight, but it would also render the village more vulnerable to raids from outside enemies.

was large and important, these deliberations took place in a pillared hall, named Mandapam.

It was here also (says Mr. Havell) that, by listening to the learned disputations between the pandits of the village, or of wandering ascetics versed in the spiritual lore of the Aryan sages, that the Indian peasant, illiterate only in the narrowest technical sense, acquired that familiarity with abstruse philosophical speculation which sometimes astonishes the European who tries to penetrate beneath the surface of Indian life. All this fine traditional culture is being entirely swept away in British India and in "progressive" native states, by systems of education devised in the offices of Anglo-Indian cities, as far removed from real Indian life as Manchester and Birmingham, which destroy the spirituality of Indian life, turn the village craftsmen into city clerks, and uproot the whole foundation of Indian civilization, based upon a far more perfect conception of law and order than that which they seek to establish. . . .

Intensely interesting is the mystic symbolism surrounding the Ashata, or village council tree, a symbolism which pervades the whole of Indo-Aryan thought. It was the tree of Vishnu, Vishnu "the Sun at noontide, the all-pervading Cosmic Force." Vishnu, the Preserver, was the second person of the Hindu Trimūrti, or Trinity. Brahma, the First Person, was the Creator, the Lord and Giver of Life; his symbol the rising sun. The setting sun typified Siva, the Destroyer, the Lord of Death and the Under-World, who goes down into darkness only to rise again as Brahma, with the morning light. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva were three alternative manifestations of the One, the Maker of Heaven and Earth, the Trinity in Unity. The Indo-Aryans did not worship three separate Deities. The Western Church expresses this mystery in the Creed of St. Athanasius: "There are not three gods but one God." This mystical doctrine, common to both the great branches of the Aryan race, thus had its beginning in "the twilight of the forgotten Long Ago."

The village shrine expresses the history of Indian temple building in microcosm. The form of the shrine or temple was always determined by the particular aspect of the divinity to whom it was consecrated. A Brahma temple is square, and has four entrances, one facing each cardinal point. A Vishnu temple has only one entrance, and this always faces the rising sun. Sometimes a shrine is dedicated to "The Man Lion" incarnation of Vishnu, when it must always stand outside the eastern gate of the village. It is said that the latter position of this shrine commemorated some warrior's doughty deed. A Vishnu shrine is also specially characterized by a pillar or spire, called Vishnu's pillar, or standard, which supported the heavens;

hence, no doubt, the derivation of our Western church-towers and steeples. A temple dedicated to Siva was crowned by a dome and had also a single entrance, which faced the setting sun. The three aspects of the Divinity, however, are often found combined in one and the same temple.

In the mind of the devout Indo-Aryan his religion claimed a threefold expression : First, he worshipped the special aspect of the Divine appropriate to the individual soul ; second, that of the Guardian Divinity of his house ; third, the Guardian Spirit of his village or clan. Thus was embodied his whole duty to God and his neighbour. " But," as the author reiterates, " the philosophy of the pure Aryan religion, though it recognized many different manifestations of divine power in nature, was essentially monotheistic, and as much opposed to image worship as the Puritanism of Christianity and of Islam. It is this aspect of Aryan religion which is represented in the Buddhist sculpture of Asoka's time." Buddhism resented any attempt to personify the Deity, and even the Brahmanical sect only regarded images as an aid to the mental grasp of the abstract philosophic conceptions of the Vedas.

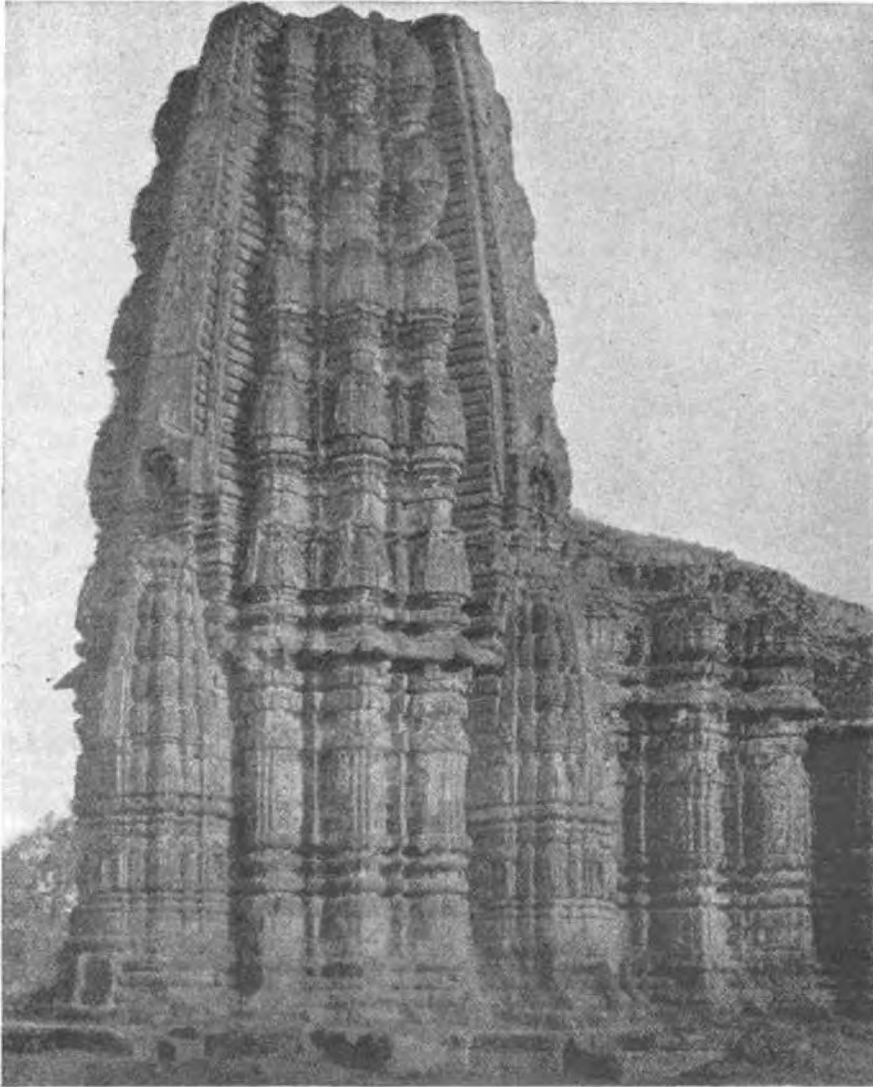
Mr. Havell's pages glow with eloquent descriptions of the magnificent universities of ancient India, " richly endowed by royal and other benefactors." These universities also maintained and educated a number of poor scholars. Famous monastic halls of learning existed in India as far back as Buddha's time, and from within their walls Buddhist teaching expanded into China.

An idea of the bygone glories of India's universities may best be conveyed by quoting the author's description of the college halls of Ajantâ, a seat of learning hewn in the solid rock of the hillside, famous in India's golden age (A.D. 400-800), an age when the great epics Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata—India's " Odyssey " and " Iliad "—crystallized into their present form, and the Bhagavad Gîta, " a synthesis of the religious teachings of the time," was written.

Ajantâ, carved out of the rocky scarp of the Wâghorâ torrent in the upper basin of the Tâptî River, was probably one of those universities of a strictly sectarian character, devoted to the propagation of a special cult. In some remote time, before the Christian era perhaps, it was only a retreat for a few Buddhist recluses who might have found some natural caves in this wild ravine—carved like the crescent moon and remote from the haunts of men—and made themselves a hermitage looking down upon the torrent which had carved a passage through it, like the holy Ganges rushing out into the plains at Hardwar. Higher up the ravine ends as a

precipice, over which the torrent pours from the wooded heights above in seven falls, as Gangâ leaps through the matted locks of Siva's hair in the forests of Himâlaya.

Gradually the fame of these saintly men spread over the countryside. Ajantâ became a place of learning, and many pious benefactors helped to cut monastic halls and chapels deep in the hard trap rock.



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[MR. JOHN MURRAY.

A VISHNU TEMPLE, AHINADNAGAR DISTRICT, BOMBAY.

I regret that I cannot do more than give passing reference to the several generations of college halls and chaitya-houses, on which Mr. Havell dilates with such masterly detail; the stately glory of arch and pillar, of shadowy gateway and mystic sun-

window, the vanishing splendours of painted ceiling and sculptured frieze—all these rise before us in imagination as the facile pen of the author reveals them to our wondering gaze. But—

The chief glory of Ajantâ is in the frescoes, which are now nearly all that remain of the greatest pictorial art of India. . . . By a fortuitous circumstance a large fragment of one of the finest frescoes, and one of the greatest masterpieces of any age, in the first monastic hall, is one of the best preserved.

It is painted on the wall to the left of the principal shrine. The central figure is of a youth crowned with a royal tiara and holding Vishnu's blue water-lily in his right hand. A water-lily is also fastened on either side of the tiara,* and the long black curls falling over his shoulders are garlanded with jessamine. He is looking downwards in a pensive mood, as if filled with the presentiment of coming sorrow. . . . On his left side a young princess, similarly crowned, accompanies him. Close to her in the background is a building, no doubt the royal palace, from which the party is coming. Behind on a mountain-side *gandharvas* and *kinnavas*, the heavenly musicians, are discoursing sweet music. Siva sits conversing with Parvati, and the Devas are watching with interest the great event in the world below. . . . No doubt the subject is the marriage of Prince Siddhartha.

Contemporaneous with Ajantâ was the famous rock-hewn temple of Elephanta, situated on an island facing the harbour of Bombay.† The island of Elephanta was so named by the Portuguese invaders because of an immense stone elephant which guarded the Bay. As Ajantâ reveals the bygone masterpieces of Indian painting, so Elephanta cherishes the remnants of her glorious sculpture. The island is formed of twin hills divided by a narrow valley, and in the sheer rock of the western hill, 250 feet above the waves, the hands of unknown craftsmen long centuries ago lovingly wrought the superb temple dedicated to Siva, which has been fitly named India's Parthenon.

The roof of this mighty temple is supported by six rows of pillars, six in each row. The extent of the interior is about 91 feet square. It possesses three entrances, with pillared porticoes, and what would otherwise have been a fourth entrance is filled by a colossal bust of the Trimûrti.

The central head of this remarkable Trimûrti group represents Vishnu, the Preserver. On his jewelled crown glitter the symbols of the daily march of the sun in his splendour, his rising, zenith,

* Vishnu's water-lily, or lotus, occurs constantly in Indian decorative art. It is symbolic of Creation—The Spirit of God that "moved on the face of the waters" (Gen. i.).

† Bombay formed part of the marriage portion of Princess Katherine of Braganza, when she became the wife of our Merrie Monarch, Charles II.

and setting. He wears also his necklace of pearls, "worlds innumerable in the making," and a gorgeous golden collar studded with gems, typical of the five elements—earth, air, fire, water, and ether. These are respectively in the preceding order—diamond, sapphire, ruby, emerald, and pearl. Siva, on the left side of the group, holds a serpent, the Indo-Aryan symbol of "life, death, and reincarnation." In his diadem is a human



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[MR. JOHN MURRAY.]

THE TRIMŪRTI, ELEPHANTA.

skull garlanded with flowers—emblems used in the ritual of Siva-worship. Instead of Brahma, in this case there is, on the right hand, the head of Parvati, the Spirit of Springtime, Siva's bride, she whose grace and charm lure the Lord of Death each returning year from his fastness in the snow-wreathed Himālayas.

During the vanished centuries Indian art has suffered incalculably from the ravages of Mohammedan and other despoilers. Its

star sank in the eighth century A.D., but to rise again in Western lands in the splendour of the Middle Ages. Yet, as Mr. Havell says, "one sculpture like the Trimūrti of Elephanta and one painting like the Prince Siddhartha suffice to show that Indian artists may stand among the greatest in the world."

At this present time, when humanity stands at pause, watching the titanic struggle of Might with Right, the closing words of the author must surely find an echo in every heart :

Rheims Cathedral, the glory of the Middle Ages, is shattered by twentieth-century savages ; but the genius of the Latin race survives and the traditions of Gothic art are still alive in India, the land of its birth. Only a new spiritual stimulus is needed to revive their old creative force, and the comradeship-in-arms of East and West on the battlefields of France will surely be followed again by a closer spiritual fellowship in the arts of peace. So the spirit of Gothic art may be reborn, and East and West may join once more in raising a great monument to the glory of God, in memory of the heroes who have fallen in the fight, and of the martyrs who have suffered for the cause of freedom.

THE RUINED CHURCHES OF BELGIUM

By A. S. FURNELL

BEHOLD, O Lord, these desecrated stones,
 The labour of the patient men of yore,
 The carved lacework, and the windows' lore
 That veiled the day in many-coloured tones.
 The very pavement sheltered hallowed bones,
 The air hung heavy with the prayers it bore
 Up the steep heights of bliss for evermore
 To saints triumphant, seated on their thrones.
 Thou that transmuted evil into good,
 Whose providence the pious hand may trace
 In each Ascension from a Calvary,
 Unloose a nation from its bitter rood,
 And make these scars which peace cannot efface
 The stigmata of Belgium's Liberty !

METEORITES AND THE WORLD CRISIS

By A. P. SINNETT

AT the first glance there seems to be no connection between the occasional bombardment of the Earth by stones from the sky and the terrible war now in progress. Information, however, derived from occult sources of teaching with which I have the privilege to be in touch, shows that there is a strange, roundabout relationship between these apparently disconnected phenomena, that will, I think, be found curiously interesting to all who have patience to follow a somewhat intricate explanation. But this, to be intelligible, must be preceded by a survey of the knowledge so far acquired by ordinary means concerning the mysterious missiles aimed at this world from outer space, and comprehensively described as meteorites.

Until the beginning of last century, every one, and for a long time later most people, disbelieved absolutely in the alleged fall of stones from the sky. Ancient literature was full of stories concerning such falls, but science, such as it was in the eighteenth century, could not understand where the stones came from, and so took refuge in disbelieving that they came at all. The alleged falls were laughed at as mediæval superstition. Almost all new discoveries have to go through a similar experience. They are first laughed at, then they make people angry, then they are treated as having been well understood all along. The two earlier stages have been described as the "Pooh-pooh stage, and the Bow-wow stage," but they lead equally to the attitude of mind which treats the discovery eventually as a matter of course. The British and other Museums by degrees accumulated hundreds of meteorites, many of which had been seen to fall in various parts of the world. They were analysed and classified. Some are called "siderites" by reason of being composed almost entirely of iron; others are called "aerolites," being of a more stony character; others again are called "siderolites" being a mixture of iron and composite minerals. They do not favour any particular place, time, or season. They fall in all parts of the world, some in the tropics, some in Arctic regions. We have

had a few of the smaller ones in this country, one only a few months ago in Lancashire. This was seen to fall, but it only weighed about thirty-three pounds, and we have to go back for a hundred years in search of a bigger one falling in England, and that (bestowed upon Yorkshire) was only fifty-six pounds in weight. The biggest in the British Museum, weighing three and a half tons, was found in Australia, though no one knows exactly when it fell.

As for the question where they come from, all sorts of hypotheses have been started, and some of them are very ridiculous. Without stopping to examine these in detail I may say at once that occult information on the subject, derived from those who can see things happening when we on this plane of life with limited vision can only frame guesses, is to the effect that meteorites of the massive order of which I have been speaking so far come, in almost all cases, from the orbit of the asteroids, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. But before following up that statement further it is necessary to say a word concerning shooting stars. They are recognized by science (quite correctly) as identical in their nature with the more massive meteorites. But they are due to very small bits of matter met by the Earth in its progress through space, which themselves moving with planetary velocity dash into the Earth's atmosphere at rates varying from ten to forty-five miles per second, and so by friction with the atmosphere even at its high and rarefied levels, are heated up to incandescence and dispersed in vapour before reaching the earth's surface. We see occasional shooting stars at all seasons, but they flash across the sky in abundance at certain times of the year, because at such times the Earth crosses the orbits in which great swarms of minute meteoric bodies are circulating. But curiously enough none of the big meteorites have been known to fall at the seasons (November and August) when we get showers of shooting stars.

What is the natural history of the minute meteoric swarms, the orbits of which are crossed every year by the Earth, and what that of the massive swarms constituting the asteroids?

Occult teaching has long made us familiar with the idea that in remote ages of the past, other planets existed which lived through their appointed destinies and ultimately died, in what may be thought of as planetary old age. When the evolutions that a world has borne are entirely complete, and all the perfected life has passed to higher conditions, the mere physical body of the world disintegrates—is pulverized as a step in the direction of its ultimate resolution into still more rarefied forms of matter. The

swarms that give us our shooting stars are the pulverized remains of planets that fulfilled their destinies at periods of incalculable antiquity, long before the Earth with which we are concerned came into existence; long even before the Lunar Manvantara began. But the asteroid swarm of massive fragments obviously represents a natural operation at some period in the past, quite unlike the pulverizing process due to planetary old age, and yet as obviously suggesting the idea of a former world that has been broken up. We need not wait for occult teaching to give us that idea. That brilliant writer on Astronomy, Miss Agnes Clerke, discountenances the theory, but none the less describes in detail the view of other astronomical writers who regard the asteroids as the remains of a former planet, and I may say at once that occult teaching definitely confirms that view, which will, I think, eventually reach the stage of having been known all along.

The meteorites themselves furnish us with scientific evidence that they are broken fragments of a former world, apart from occult information to that effect. Some of the "siderites" (masses of iron) have been found to contain minute diamonds. Now modern science has discovered a way of making real diamonds by an artificial process, with the help of iron. Melt iron, and increase the temperature of the molten mass to an enormous extent in an electric furnace, and then throw in a handful of charcoal, or carbon in any other form. The temperature must be above that at which carbon itself is fused. Then the whole mass must be suddenly chilled by being thrown into cold water. The outer surface hardens and contracts, exerting a stupendous pressure on the still molten mass in the interior, thus providing the condition under which carbon can be crystallized—the condition in which it becomes diamond, the condition, that is to say, of being first melted and then subjected to enormous pressure.

Now imagine a planet with great masses of iron in its interior—and that idea is quite compatible with scientific guesses at the constitution of the Earth's interior—being suddenly broken up, no matter for the moment by what forces. Masses of iron in the molten state, for before the break-up the planet would have been, like all others, in an incandescent condition inside, are suddenly hurled into the intense cold of outer space. Any carbon associated with them would thus be treated exactly as we treat our fused carbon in the laboratory when making real-artificial diamonds. The presence of the diamonds in the meteorites is a good bit of evidence supporting occult information about the broken-up world.

How do the meteorites escape from the orbit of the original planet? That is not difficult to understand. First we may indulge in the audacity of assuming that divine power decreeing the destruction of a world, would begin by relaxing the cohesive and gravitational forces that hold matter together. And as this relaxation dissipated the outer crust, interior expansive forces operating explosively would complete the work and incidentally scatter fragments far beyond the main centre line of the orbit. Later on such scattered fragments might easily come within the attraction of surviving planets and be further whirled into new regions of space. The huger masses, constituting the minor planets of the asteroid series, would be beyond the influence of the explosive forces and would remain in the original orbit. And, again, lesser masses, moving at very different velocities, would sometimes clash together and break up in turn into bits not too huge to become meteorites. Reasonable scientific guesses are thus quite in harmony with the occult story concerning the origin of the deeply interesting bodies under consideration.

But how are we to account for the method adopted by Nature in breaking up that planet, so entirely unlike the method employed, so to speak, in the case of the planets that died of old age and gave rise to the pulverized remains now constituting the shooting star swarms?

The nameless planet that once revolved in the asteroid orbit perished—was destroyed by Divine power—in early life. It never attained old age. It never fulfilled its original destiny. It fell into evil ways and had to be destroyed. The statement in that bald form sounds absurd—almost meaningless—but it is susceptible of interpretation. Let us begin with a hint derived from our meteorites. Analysis shows that they consist of pretty much the same kinds of matter as those which serve to build up our own world. Iron, sulphur, carbon, silica, nickel, oxygen and one or two others of the so-called chemical elements familiar to earthy chemistry, are abundant in meteorites, and the presence of a dozen or twenty more has been detected. The nameless planet when started in life was set up with a stock-in-trade of matter resembling our own. Were its ultimate destinies, if all had gone well, intended to resemble our own? Very possibly, but the nameless world was never allowed to reach the stage of man-bearing. We are hardly in a position to understand the condition of a world intended to bear a humanity, before such humanity was actually differentiated or evolved, but we can dimly realize that such a world would be under the guidance of spiritual Beings, the pro-

duct of previous evolutions, with whom Will would be free! They would be able to adapt themselves to the Divine idea or to oppose it; to resist that impulse and to strike out a course of development leading to some antagonistic ideal equivalent to what we call Evil. Now that is what happened in the case of our nameless planet. Its growth became saturated or controlled by impulses hopelessly at variance with the Divine ideal. Our comprehension of Divine methods is not clear enough for us to say that the *only* course available for Supreme Wisdom and Power in presence of such conditions was the destruction of a world that had gone hopelessly wrong, but our information, derived from occult teaching, is to the effect that destruction was the course actually pursued in the case we are dealing with. The nameless planet was destroyed, broken up into the fragments that now constitute the stream of asteroids, as a consequence of the manner in which its evolution had gone wrong!

The idea that evolution can go wrong—that a Divine purpose can, so to speak, be frustrated—may shock imagination at the first glance, but it can only be so shocking for those who will not attach adequate importance to the principle of human free will. Many people are willing enough to talk about the Divine spark, the God-like germ in humanity, but often fail to see that it involves the idea of free-will. The God-like germ can only grow into the perfect God-like result by the steady exercise through countless lives of free-will in that direction. The goal is not foreseen at first. An effort to do the right thing, to be decently kind to others, to lead a respectable life, is enough in the beginning. As enlightenment develops, free-will becomes inspired with the desire to do good, to help on the evolution of mankind towards God-like perfection, and then comes clearer knowledge, greater power, and, for those who have trodden the path just described, the fulfilment of the Divine purpose. But that can only be fulfilled by the co-operation of the individual man with the Divine purpose, and if in some sad cases that has been utterly wanting, the Divine purpose is not fulfilled. In that individual case evolution has gone wrong.

And so it may be seen that conceivably the sad result may be reached with worlds as well as with individual human units. Along some lines of thought we must be content with vague conceptions. We cannot hope exactly to understand the conditions of individual or collective development in precisely the opposite direction from that sketched out above. But in connection with any evolution dependent on the right direction of

free-will, it is obvious that persistent exercise of free-will in the wrong direction must give rise to terrible results when maintained with adequate determination. With such terrible results, though for commonplace observation they are invisible, we on this world are now contending.

The effort to detach a world altogether from the Divine purpose and carry it on in the interests of an evil purpose, gave rise, when attempted in the case of the nameless planet, fabulous ages ago, to a Divine intervention that defeated the attempt by destroying the world thus threatened with a mortal disease. Its growth was still at an early stage. The sacrifice involved no destruction of advanced entities. But how is it likely that Divine power will deal with the world crisis we on this earth have now to face? For whoever regards that crisis as just a war between Germany and the Allies—certainly the most terrible and colossal war the world has ever seen, but just that and nothing more—misunderstands it as completely as a dull-witted atheist would misunderstand a human creature if he imagined him a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, and nothing more. By a fairly wide circle of occult students now, the war is comprehended as the outcome of a stupendous effort by dark powers of prodigious expansion, in some measure the outcome of human free-will misdirected towards evil during a long course of ages, but fortified or energized by spiritual influences antedating even their development. The effort that gave rise to the catastrophe of the nameless planet has been repeated on this Earth. That is what gives such wonderful interest to the story of that earlier catastrophe.

The conditions, however, under which we are now facing the present attempt, are entirely unlike those of the former crisis. This world of ours is far too well advanced in evolution to be dealt with as a failure and wiped off the map of the solar system. This time the attack must be repelled. The unseen energies of the dark host in the background can only be combated by unseen powers of Divine origin. On the physical plane the struggle must be carried on by human agency. The ultimate result is certain, because the world has attained a stage of progress that forbids the idea that supreme Divine power will allow it to be finally wrecked. As compared with the world that was destroyed, the difference is like that between an acorn and an oak tree. But though much of the work that has to be done will be done for us on higher planes, on the physical plane the task to be accomplished is ours, and the duration of the war may be thought of as dependent on our own exertions. These are sometimes supple-

mented in emergencies in a way clairvoyant combatants have wonderingly perceived. During the retreat from Mons on one occasion when a thin rearguard was awaiting attack, and an overwhelming host of the enemy was seen to be approaching, this host halted, was seen to be in some confusion and ultimately retired, why, no one on our side except the very few who had superphysical sight could comprehend. Those who could see said they saw "a row of shining beings" between the two armies. On another occasion, much later on, when again a thin line of our troops seemed on the point of annihilation, an advancing body of German troops drew back for no obvious reason. Some of them a few days later were taken prisoner, and asked why they fell back on the former occasion. They said, because they saw the enormous mass of reinforcements coming up behind our line! As a matter of fact no such reinforcements were really coming on. Protection in other ways has frequently been granted us, though, for subtle reasons readily guessed, invisible supporters must not engage in the war in the sense of actually destroying hostile life with unseen weapons—with forces, that is to say, derived from higher planes of nature.

Thoughts of this kind are quite outside the range of commonplace imagination, and people who can only think of the war in terms of millions spent and lives lost, and who only guess at its future course by reckoning the millions and lives still in reserve, will be quite unable to realize the significance of unseen storms, the possibilities of danger that have nothing to do with shells, battleships or submarines, and are equally unable to appreciate the value of unseen support. But the spectacle before us for those who can at any rate feel, if not actually see, beyond the limitations of the physical plane, is immeasurably grander even than the spectacle of heroism in the field, and the more inspiring for those of us who, in whatever humble fashion may be possible for us at home in the background, may be doing our best to help the great good cause, and thus to co-operate with Divine philanthropy in guarding the human race from annihilation.

THE ACCIDENT

BY D. A. CHRISTIE

IT was my first aeroplane trip. To my astonishment I experienced no fear, no dizziness, and was amusing myself by studying the vast panorama below, thinking what I should be like at the bottom, if we had a mishap. The propeller formed a comfortable background of security to my thoughts, and I enjoyed it all very much.

A vast mist loomed above us. Already the propeller's roar was booming as if in a confined space.

We quickly emerged from the dampness of the cloud-strata, the engine beating cheerfully and steadily, and a forty-mile-an-hour wind making my nose red and "tingly."

The clouds below had the appearance of a dark, storm-tossed sea, and above there was naught but limitless blue and a glorious sun.

We mounted thus for some ten minutes, when an exclamation from the pilot drew my attention away from my contemplation of the clouds and skies, and following the direction of his gaze, I saw, to my horror, that the wire cable supporting the right wing had become dangerously frayed and was fast parting under the strain of air-resistance.

"We're done for," shouted my companion, and then, immediately afterwards, but with more assurance: "We'll have to be damned careful if we're to come out alive."

He altered the planes till we were driving down a steep spiral into the clouds.

In a few moments we entered the chilly dankness of the cloud-belt, and soon after we dropped out of it into a dull light, with the earth some thousand feet below, looking like a vast game of chess.

We reached an elevation of some 500 feet with no mishap, but as our angle of descent was too steep to land, Vincent, the pilot, attempted to modify it.

The strain was too much for our enfeebled machine, and at some 200 feet the cable parted with a twang like some huge violin-string, and the end lashed the side of the car with a vicious

smack. At about 100 feet we got caught by a gust of wind, and the right wing broke and tore away with a sharp ripping sound.

Then the fall began.

By this time I was dull and numbed with fear and the awful strain, and I have only a blurred recollection of yelling something aloud as I saw the green fields heel over, and, after a swift view of clouds, come into sight again.

I noticed dully that my friend Vincent was unlashng himself. He leaped wildly.

I can remember seeing the vivid green of a tree in front of me—a sickening, rending crash.

Then I received a blow on the head, which covered my eyes and face with blood, a violent painful wrench to my back where I was bent backwards till there was a snap, then . . . nothing. . . . I awoke to the sensation of a drowsy warmth pervading my limbs, and felt, at the same time, curiously light and airy.

I yawned luxuriously, and turned on to my left side.

On sitting up and looking round I found that I was on a mossy bank and away to the left was a dishevelled-looking sycamore tree with a flaming mass of wire and canvas at its foot. A knot of people were looking on.

Four men were carrying some limp object on what appeared to be a straw-covered hurdle. They put it down, and I heard a groan.

I got up and walked over to investigate.

"I'm all right, doctor. Go and see how Carthew is," said a voice, which I recognized as Vincent's. He was lying crumpled up on the straw.

The man bending over him stood up.

"Don't worry about that, old chap ; he fell underneath."

"There's nothing wrong with me," I said. No one paid the slightest attention, no one moved. Only Vincent looked at me in a surprised way, and after an attempt to speak, closed his eyes.

"I'm all right," I repeated. Again no one moved save Vincent, who grinned a hideous grin of agony.

I wondered how he'd come to be in this state, and at the same time I wanted to tell the doctor that I was all right.

I bent over to touch him and draw his attention to the fact of my existence.

"Carthew !"

I turned round and saw a tall man beckoning to me.

I lost interest in everything else. Indeed I seemed curiously remote from them all and seemed to have seen this man long

before, somewhere. He was tall, wore dark clothes, and had a long black beard.

"Who are you? I seem to have met you, but I can't for the life of me remember your name."

"Vyvian's my name. We were at Eton together."

Vyvian! Vyvian! The name seemed familiar.

"Oh, yes! I remember you now; but you were clean shaven then."

We walked on a little way.

"I always thought you were killed at Spion Kop. Where have you been hiding all this time?"

He looked at me and smiled kindly.

"I *was* killed at Spion Kop."

"Rot!" I said. "If you're dead, then I'm dead too."

He laughed this time.

"You are!"

MANIFESTATION.

By C. FARMAR.

GOD gave me you in the dark, in the dust
 Æons ago, when life was a star
 Nebulous, hidden in spaces afar,
 When the earth was a flaming crust.

God gave me you when the first frail flower
 Was a bud in its folded leaf,
 Ere joy was born, or the shadow of grief—
 When time had no measured hour.

You gave me God in a flash of flame
 Ere soul was incarnate with breath,
 An aureole crowning the brows of death
 Showing me God—You came!

WILLIAM EGLINTON, MEDIUM

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

THE name of William Eglinton will ever be remembered in the annals of Psychical Research as one of the great pioneers in the *Borderland* and a builder of the bridge which spans the gulf between the worlds of Spirit and Matter. This famous medium was born on July 10, 1857, at Islington, London. As a boy he was extremely sensitive, imaginative and dreamy, and of that temperament of which poets are made. His hot, passionate temper was something of a flaw in an otherwise gentle nature. His education was entirely a commercial one, and at an early age he left school to enter the publishing house of a relative, where for a short time he was learning the business of printer and publisher. He had practically no religious training, as his father was an agnostic and bitterly opposed to Christianity (though his mother was distinguished by a sweet and gentle piety), so Willie became also an agnostic, and entirely disbelieved in any future life or spiritual world, accepting the materialist's view of total annihilation.

The death of his mother was the greatest grief of his early life, and caused him to think more deeply on the mysteries of life and death, and try and fathom the truth of the various religious doctrines, with the result that he became more than ever a confirmed atheist. At that time he used to attend Mr. Bradlaugh's lectures in the Hall of Science, and was one of that famous atheist's most enthusiastic disciples. Curiously enough it was at the Hall of Science that he later received the first impetus to a career which was spent in fighting against Atheism and Materialism. Eglinton happened to be present at a debate on Spiritualism between Dr. Sexton and Mr. Foote. The former had been converted from Atheism to Spiritualism by witnessing some marvellous psychic phenomena, and was spending his life in renouncing the theories which he had previously so eagerly preached. Eglinton was much impressed, and when he returned home from the Hall of Science started some investigations on his own account, following the rules and instructions laid down by Dr. Sexton. A home circle was formed, chapters from the

Bible were read and hymns were sung, a proceeding which was quite unprecedented in his family circle.

At first Eglinton was very sceptical and laughed at the religious service, but his friends determined to give it a fair trial and sat patiently, and later, at the request of his father, he consented to treat the matter more seriously. On one occasion, after arriving at this decision, he was holding the usual séance when a strange mysterious feeling came over him which he could not shake off. Then suddenly the table began to show signs of life and vigour. It rose off the ground and floated in the air until the sitters had to stand up to reach it. Later it answered questions and gave test communications to those present. The next evening saw them sitting eagerly for further manifestations. After the prayer had been read Eglinton suddenly passed into a state of ecstasy, and later on fell into a deep trance, from which he was awakened half an hour after with some difficulty. Certain communications received proved conclusively that his mother had returned to him, and that there was indeed no such thing as "death." Frequent séances were then held with a professional trance medium, and soon stronger phenomena gradually developed, and instruction and guidance were given by a spirit named "Joey Sandy," who later became one of the principal directors at all Mr. Eglinton's séances and was the means of convincing many thousands of the truth of Spiritualism and the life beyond the grave.

Another of Mr. Eglinton's guides (or instructors) named "Ernest" came to him about eighteen months after the advent of "Joey Sandy," and this spirit, like Joey, displayed a high intelligence, great kindness and sound common sense, and was respected and liked by all who came in contact with him. Various phases of mediumship were subsequently developed—trance, healing, clairvoyance, and finally materializations—not with a cabinet, but in the moonlight as they sat round a table.

At these séances Mr. Eglinton's mother always appeared—radiant and transcendently beautiful, and (to quote Mr. Eglinton's words), "looking more as we imagine spirits to be than any I have seen since, and they are not a few." Later, Mr. Eglinton was induced by a friend who had been to a séance with a professional medium, to give dark séances, and after that the really spiritual séances seemed to leave them and in their stead they obtained the rough physical phenomena so common to all dark séances.

Mr. Eglinton's mediumship soon attracted public attention,

and he received numerous applications to sit, but for a long time he declined to become a professional medium. His first notable séance took place in February, 1876, at the house of Mrs. Macdougall Gregory, and was largely attended. Amongst those present were the late Viscount Walseley, Lady Mount Temple, Viscountess Avonmore, General Brewster, Mr. A. Joy, and Captain James. The most striking results were obtained.

At the next séance he met Mr. Dawson Rogers (the well-known editor of the *Spiritualist*, and later of *Light*), who became his life-long friend and co-worker in Spiritualism. Two other friends he made at the same time were the Rev. W. Miall and Rev. W. Newbould, well-known Spiritualists.

Mr. Dawson Rogers, in concluding his report of these séances, stated: "I will only add my belief that all present had the most implicit confidence in the genuineness of the manifestations."

Séance followed séance in rapid succession with marvellous manifestations, and Mr. Eglinton was kept very busy in London and travelling the provinces giving exhibitions. He visited most of the towns in England and Wales, and then went on the Continent, where his séances were attended by crowds of distinguished people. The manifestations were so numerous and of so varied a character that it would be impossible to mention more than a few in this article. Amongst the spirits who appeared at Merthyr Tydvil was a Captain Hardy, who in earth life had been well known for years to several of those present. He was a man of five feet ten and very powerful build. He came across the room from the cabinet with a quick, heavy tread—so heavy that the floor shook, and greeted the company in a loud voice, stopping to shake hands with two or three who recognized him at once. On leaving them to re-enter the cabinet he turned to one of those present and exclaimed, in a voice like thunder: "Eight bells, old comrade, good luck to you!" This materialization was a remarkable one, for it was beautifully complete, tall, powerful, majestic in appearance. The materialization of gold and gems occurred at several séances. This was done by spirits whilst the medium lay in a deep trance. On one occasion a one-armed spirit named Abd-u-lah came forward covered with jewels, and directed them to have more light. The gas was then turned full on, and he came close to each one present and allowed them to examine his jewels, which were amazingly rich. This spirit was as solid as any human being, and moved about amongst the company like a human being, allowing anyone to handle the diamonds,

rubies, emeralds, and golden ornaments which for the time being were perfectly substantial and genuine, though of course they dematerialized when the spirit vanished later. The next to materialize was "Joey" (the medium's "guide") in a very becoming dress. He took a seat at a table and asked for a book and paper, which were given to him. For some time he moved his hands as if gathering something from the atmosphere, then he suddenly dropped on the table a massive diamond ring. One of the party, Miss M——, picked it up and examined it carefully under the gas light. It was a heavy gold ring with one large diamond in it, evidently of great value. "Joey" stated that its value was 900 guineas. He then made, apparently from the atmosphere, two diamonds, "about the size of half a large pea," which were handed round for all to examine. The ring and diamonds were laid on the table, and there next appeared "a wonderful cluster of rubies," with a large ruby half an inch in diameter set in the centre. Lastly there materialized a gold cross having twenty very fine diamonds in it. The cross was five inches in length. Every one handled all these things and examined them carefully. There was no doubt about their genuineness. Then when they had been sufficiently examined and admired, "Joey" took the jewels and putting them in paper jingled them, then caused them slowly to dematerialize, just as one might melt hailstones in heat, until they entirely disappeared. He told them that the market value of the gems was about £25,000, and remarked that he could make Eglinton the richest man in the world, "but it would not be the best thing for him, and probably the worst." "Joey" talked at great length afterwards, giving his audience good counsel and advice, and all were greatly impressed. This spirit used to make yards and yards of muslin out of the thin air by merely waving his hands to and fro. The entranced medium was placed side by side with "Joey," so that no one could say that the medium was masquerading as a spirit.

At a séance held at the house of Dr. Nichols, Earls Court, London, Professor Zollner's experiment of tying knots in a cord, the ends of which were tied and sealed together, was repeated. Dr. Nichols cut four yards of ordinary brown twine, examined it carefully and tied the two ends together by a single knot (which included both ends of the twine); then passed each end through a hole in one of his visiting cards, tied another square knot, and firmly sealed this knot to the card. He then asked a gentleman to seal it with his signet ring. On the card he also

put the date and his signature. Six persons sat round a small table (in full daylight) and the sealed card was placed upon the centre of the table, the fingers of each person being placed upon it, while the loop of string hung down upon the floor. They sat thus for a minute, when raps were heard and Dr. Nichols at once examined the string and found *five single knots tied on it*, about a foot apart, *on the single endless string!* though the ends were still firmly fastened and sealed and had never left his sight. Dr. Nichols justly remarks: "It is certain that no mortal man could have tied these knots; equally certain that all the magicians and philosophers of Europe cannot now untie them under the same conditions." Dr. Nichols kept the knotted cord as a souvenir of the occasion for years after.

One of the best and most frequent phenomena occurring through Mr. Eglinton's mediumship was that known as "direct writing." Often in a few minutes a sheet of paper would be covered with messages in half a dozen different handwritings, and signed with the names of people (known to the sitters) who were "dead," often giving facts only known to the person for whom the message was intended, and of which the medium could not possibly have had any knowledge. Messages were written sometimes in French, Greek, German and other languages of which Mr. Eglinton was ignorant. Occasionally the messages were written on a book slate, a fragment of slate pencil being placed within, then the book slate closed and sealed. On one occasion when a pencil was laid on a sheet of paper something seemed to come out of the air and take up the pencil, then writing commenced and went on for five minutes. On looking at the paper it was found that six verses of poetry had been written there descriptive of the departure from home of one of the sitters (a Miss Glynn). No one was near the paper whilst the writing was going on, and the medium's hands were firmly held. At the bottom of the paper a footnote was written in "Joey's" well-known writing: "To Nellie, on her departure from home," and in the corner a pencil portrait of "Joey."

The following instance will show how very quickly messages were written by spirits. One evening Dr. J. Farmer and Mr. Eglinton were sitting talking when they were joined by a Mr. Hargrave, a young man who was just commencing a literary career and was anxious to obtain advice. Mr. Eglinton suddenly said: "Let us see what our unseen friends can tell us on the subject," and picking up a blank card from several lying on the table, he showed both sides of it to his companions, then threw

it across the room where it fell under some bookshelves, and with it a stump of pencil. Almost immediately he said to Dr. Farmer, "Doctor, please pick up the card." Dr. Farmer sprang forward and got it. It might have lain there two seconds. On one side of the card the following was written in a firm, bold hand :—

"Monsieur Hargrave,—La bonne fortune et la mauvaise sont nécessaires à l'homme, pour le rendre habile ; et aussi la patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux," which being interpreted is :—

"Good and bad fortune are necessary to man to develop his talents ; moreover patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

Below this message was the word "renverser," and on turning over the card they found ten words written in a language unknown to them which resembled some of the Slavonic tongues. It was later shown to a German gentleman, who stated that it was Hungarian, but he was unable to translate it.

One evening the Countess Wachtmeister was present and asked for a message. She was quite familiar with three languages—French, English and Swedish, and naturally expected one of these. She placed a blank card carefully examined in the middle of a large book on which she placed her hands. In a few seconds she took out the card, and found that it was covered with writing in German, which neither she nor anyone else present could read. The next day she took it to a German friend, who translated it for her.

Mr. Eglinton travelled over the Continent, giving séances, and then went to America, South Africa and India, attracting wherever he went the highest and most distinguished people of every country, including Royalties.

Amongst the distinguished persons in England who attended these séances, the following may be mentioned : The Duchess of Manchester, Julia Countess of Jersey, Countess of Caithness, Countess of Portsmouth, Countess de Grey, Countess of Dalhousie, Lady Alice Montagu, Lady Granville Gordon, Lady Macdonald, Earl Stanhope, Earl of Dunraven, Earl of Crawford, Lord Poltimore, Earl Dudley, Lord Rayleigh, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir Edward Inglefield, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., Sir William Crookes, Professor Wallace, Professor Sidgwick, Sir W. Barrett, Professor Balfour Stewart, Sir Oliver Lodge, Colonel Ellis, Hon. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., etc., etc.

During his stay in Paris he gave several séances to persons of

distinction, notably to the Princess Lucien Buonaparte, which were highly successful. As an example of typical slate messages I will give the following, which purported to come from the spirit of Dr. Nichols' daughter, Wilhelmina, who had died a few years previously. Dr. Nichols said there was no doubt that it was really his daughter's handwriting, and he produced a letter written by her shortly before her death so that the writings could be compared. The message reads thus :—

" MY DEAR PAPA,—I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that I am able to send you these words of greeting and love, after so long a period of silence. Silent, however, only in outward form, for, as you and dear Mama know, I am constantly with you in spirit. What a great boon is this God-given power that enables me to tell you this myself! Dear, dear Mama! How many hours I have spent in ministering to her in the tenderness of my love, and how futile have been my efforts to free her from pain and suffering. Please give her my best love, and with the same to yourself, my own Papa, I am, ever yours in the blessed faith,

" WILLIE."

(She was familiarly called Willie by her parents.)

Very numerous, successful, and consoling were the séances which Mr. Eglinton gave in various parts of the world. At Bruges he was the means of freeing a ghost from a haunted house which had been occupied by the unhappy spirit since the year 1498. It was the ghost of a monk who had murdered a beautiful nun there, and had been earth-bound in the greatest misery ever since. The process took several séances, and Mr. Eglinton suffered a good deal and was terribly exhausted afterwards. Prayer was the means chiefly used.

After years of strenuous labour in mediumship Mr. Eglinton suddenly gave it all up, and retired into comparative obscurity, but he has left on record some of the most marvellous psychic doings ever accomplished in this terrestrial sphere, and well worth handing down to posterity in print, as a reminder of the close proximity of the spiritual world and of the great truth that there is no Death.

THE GROWTH OF INDIVIDUALITY

BY LEONARD BOSMAN

ONE great problem which has ever remained unsolved except in those realms where only Thought is real and speech unknown and unnecessary, i.e. in the depths of the Silence, is that of Individuality. There has been so much talk of coming from God and returning to God that the mind becomes somewhat bewildered, not liking to let go its hold on the feeling of Ahankara, or I-feeling, but yet dimly sensing the truth that all life is but the expression of the One, all forms the vehicles for that expression, and that even the feeling of the separated self is an illusion created for a purpose.

Is there, then, no real Individuality? Are we but parts of God, atoms in the Body of God, as it were? If so, then God Himself is an Individual, for the Logos, or manifested Ruler of a solar system, is not the Absolute All. If God is an Individual, then, what is *That* in which *He* has His Being.

The mind which is finite cannot grasp the Infinite, and hence we cannot obtain an answer which shall be *absolutely* satisfying. Nevertheless some *conception* of the Whole may be sensed, though that *conception* cannot be labelled and fixed as a *fact*, for it is an *Idea*. There is a wide gulf between the fact and the Idea, which man must bridge if he would attain to freedom.

Without authority, with no opportunity for proof, merely as a suggestive thought, the following is offered purely on its merits.

Far back beyond the ages and ages of manifestation we may think dimly of the One Life containing in Itself the Potentiality of becoming, One without a Second, the One Individuality. There, on the plane of the Absolute, if we can reach it only in thought, it may be possible to realize the Idea of the One, the many merged within It, and hence no idea of separated Individuality. But this conception is difficult of apprehension to the mind, which, however immersed in the Self, yet thinks in terms of separation, on individual lines. It is a curious paradox, but yet we can dimly sense the idea of the Absolute being One and Indivisible, and yet at the same time permitting the illusionary feeling of separation and individuality *during manifestation*.

However, all that we may say of the Absolute belittles it, for to speak in terms of the Illimitable is at once to limit it and lose it. We cannot then define the Absolute, and so we descend to that which we can understand, albeit vaguely, but yet more clearly, for we are manifested beings,—the manifested world ruled by God, the Logos.

According to the doctrines of Occultism, as far as we may understand them, we learn that the Logos, or Ruler of our system, is the Result of a vast evolution, of ages and ages of manifestation. He comes forward bringing with Him a vast army of progressed Souls, hierarchies of Beings from previous evolutionary periods. Within Himself is the inherent power of becoming many, of sending forth Rays of His Light in which are sparks, individualities to be. These individualities are within His Orbit and exist within Him, and yet in some inexplicable manner have their birth through Him, have their separated life given by Him, that they too may evolve and become Gods in actuality as they are potentially.

There is another way of viewing this idea of Individuality and its *Persistence*, which explanation, being added to the previous one and *being blended therewith*, may serve as a guide to the Reality behind them both, for all has not been said or realized when *words are placed upon paper*, for words are but symbols which *should* lead us to Reality. The rest is silence.

The Logos, having evolved to the state of almost absolute Perfection, comes forward in His turn to evolve a Universe. He is, as it were, the Great Leader of a cosmic army coming forward into the enemy's country, into the field of manifestation, to conquer it and administer the law and help forward its progress and return with the result, the spoils, to the country (non-manifestation) from which He came. Within His orbit or in His camp is but one army, and yet in that army are many units, all at different stages of evolution, officers of all grades and men in the ranks. There is but one army, but One Consciousness and One Life, the Life of God. All is contained within His aura, or camp, and yet the individualities seem ever to exist as individualities. Until, however, He wills to manifest, the separated units of consciousness have no opportunity of realizing their *existence*, their individual and separated *self-consciousness*. When, therefore, the hour strikes, they come forth "each on his lot," each following the line laid down by his Captain, the head of the smaller army, or ray, as it is called. They then gradually learn to attain to a state of consciousness which is in some inexplicable manner

different from the state of non-consciousness in which they were before the forthcoming. This is called Self-Consciousness.

Here can be answered the so-called weighty problem of the One becoming Many. Why does the Logos send forth these units within His consciousness to attain self-consciousness? For *what* purpose is all the becoming and returning? It is not difficult to answer theoretically in words, the difficulty lies in our capacity to grasp the Idea behind it.

In the consciousness of God, persisting as soul centres, with the potentiality of becoming atoms in His Body, we are non-conscious, i.e. in a condition which is beyond human consciousness, but yet requires *something* that it may be *realized* or *appreciated*. What is this something? It is contrast.

So we come forth into a world of passing things, of illusions, of "pairs of opposites," that being weighed in the balance we may not prove to be wanting, as has been explained. All lessons are learned by contrast. Through functioning in forms we learn to realize that this One Life in which we exist is but One, though yet containing the power of becoming within itself. This we learn by viewing other forms.

In order to realize Itself, Consciousness, as the subjective side of Nature, must view the form or objective side of Nature, and in this way, denying the objective to be its own Self, it falls back upon its Self and knows that there is only the One Life and that the objective is but the shadow thrown forth upon the screen of manifestation. The Self permits division to spring up, that, seeing its shadow, the objective side, it may deny it and thus affirm Its own Absolute Eternal Consciousness and Persistence. To be conscious implies in one stage being conscious of something outside the self, but at a later stage this merges into Absolute Consciousness, a state which is neither consciousness nor unconsciousness as understood by the finite mind, but a condition including, though beyond, both.

As in the One Life, the Self, this great play goes on, the Self reflecting Itself as the objective side, or not-self, that, denying its opposite, its reflection, by contrast the realization of Self may remain; so with the egos who are said to come from and return to God. In viewing other egos, or rather the forms which separate the egos off from their fellows, they realize a new form of consciousness. Denying that the others are themselves, they learn self-consciousness and at a later stage again realize that there is but One Consciousness. Then they "return to God," return to the state of Cosmic Consciousness with an indefinable

Something added, a realization, an appreciation of that Consciousness in which all individuals blend as One whilst yet realizing themselves as sparks in the flame. Thereby, having attained self-consciousness, they appreciate the more the greater Consciousness of the Self, the One Who includes in Himself the Many.

This descent of the Monads, the sparks in the flame, is beautifully expressed in *The Pedigree of Man*, by Mrs. Besant, who quotes an occult catechism from *The Secret Doctrine*—

“ ‘ Lift up thy head, O Lanoo (disciple) ; dost thou see one, or countless, lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky ? I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva ; I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.’ ” “ The flame,” continues Mrs. Besant, “ is Ishvara (God, the Pervader) . . . the undetached sparks are the human and other Monads. The will of Ishvara to manifest works in these portions of Himself, undetached from Him, and this will turn them towards the world of matter, and they pass into the Second Logos (Second Aspect of God) and dwell in Him, the Sons of the Father ; from the Third Logos (the mind aspect) they receive the touch that gives to each a ‘ spiritual individuality,’ the faint adumbration of separateness.” They enter into the different streams, as already explained, and come forth into manifestation, dwelling for ages as Angelic Beings until the time arrives for their descent (the “ fall of the Angels ”) unto denser planes, for every being has either to become “ Man ” or has been “ Man,” according to H. P. Blavatsky. These beings collectively are known as the Fourth Creative Hierarchy. The descent of these monads into denser forms until they reach the depths of materiality is fully and beautifully described in *The Pedigree of Man*, to which the reader is earnestly referred.

The whole purpose of the continual interplay between the Self and the Not-Self, between Man and his vehicles, between one individual and another, between Life and Form, may be expressed in a few words.

Existence is merely that we may realize PER-sistence. Again the rest is Silence, the Silence which comes with Initiation. Until then we must patiently await a deeper understanding of the Greatest Problem of Life.

THE FIERY MAN

By PHILIP MACLEOD.

IN some parts of Germany, notably in Franconia, the peasantry believe, or used to believe, in a supernatural phenomenon called the Puhu, or Fiery Man. The nature of this phenomenon may be gathered from the narratives given below. It is stated that the Fiery Men are the souls of persons who in life removed their neighbour's landmark. Why these persons should be punished in this particular manner does not appear; we are not justified in assuming that the spiritual world uses our weights and measures, or takes our ideas to guide its operations. "We do not," says Charles Lamb, "know the laws of that country"—and perhaps we are hardly qualified to lay them down, even when we have passed the very highest examinations.

There is a curious legend of a girl who was induced to call from a window, "Come and kiss me, Fiery Man!" Presently the terrified company heard a swift foot upon the stair, and a panting breath at the door, which they dared not open. Suddenly two hands were struck on the wood, and the steps retreated again; but on the door there remained the deep charred marks of two fiery hands.

This, however, is merely a legend, which may or may not be true. Not so the following strange experiences of good Pastor H——, communicated by that excellent Evangelical clergyman to the *Homiletisch-Liturgische Correspondenzblatts* in the year 1834, as an example in a discussion on a certain point of theology. Here we have, as above observed, first-hand evidence.

The Pastor tells us that he made a little walking-tour, in the course of which he stopped at a house in a small town near Neustadt a.d. Linde. Having made a call at a village some distance off, he was returning, late at night, and had come to within two miles of his temporary abode, when he noticed a will-o'-the-wisp flying from a village on a steep hill beyond the river, over to the road, and back again. Apparently, he then lost sight of it for a moment or two. But his experiences are best given in his own words, which the present writer translates, as literally as possible, from the original:—

Then I noticed in the window of the castle there [on the hill] a light that I had not observed before. But I never thought that this light could

be the same as the will-o'-the-wisp I had seen, till it suddenly drove out from the window, sank to the ground, sprang up and down once or twice, rolled, looking like a great fire, down the steep hill, took the river in a curving leap, and flew, having become small again, over the meadows and the ploughed land, up the slope straight towards me.

It took eight or ten seconds to come all this way—a good quarter of an hour's walk. It stopped for a moment in the ploughed land, some twenty or twenty-five paces from me, and then set off moving, exactly like a man carrying a lantern; and I quite clearly saw the hand that held the light, and it swaying to the pace, and the movement of the legs was visible to me behind the light, which kept up with me step for step. . . .

Now I got into such a fright that I began to pray for courage and heart, in case this uncanny thing should approach me. But after it had gone with me some hundred paces, it turned and flew, in the same manner that it had come, and just as quickly, back to its home, where in a few seconds it vanished.

And now I began to blame myself for my foolish fears, and to wish that I could see this curious thing again. My wish was soon granted; in seven or eight minutes, the light appeared again in the castle, flew over the valley, just as before, tore up the slope at the same wild speed, straight towards me, and again began to keep step with me in the plough, at a distance of twenty paces. But if I had trembled before, now I shook indeed, and began to pray to my Saviour, that He would grant me such heart and courage that I should fear no creature, but only Him, my just Judge. I pronounced the last words aloud, and the ghost fled away as before. And now I thought of what I had written in the *Correspondenzblatt*: How ill it beseeemed a Christian to be affrighted by such apparitions; so I resolved never more to make light of such fears.

Next evening the Pastor consulted Herr S—1, a Town-councillor of Newstadt a.d. Linde. This man, as we learn from another source, had been from his twentieth year, and without any preceding illness, gifted with the power of seeing apparitions. Curiously enough, this power in him seems to have been accompanied by extraordinary bodily health and vigour, and an unusual capacity for normal affairs. He took the Pastor's revelation as something of everyday occurrence, and said that he had often met that spirit; if he walked that way at night, it would accompany him for a quarter of an hour along the road.* Herr S—1 had never spoken to him. He described the spirit as of a shining sulphur-yellow,† and quite transparent.

So far Pastor H—and his experiences. Our next evidence

* At S— in Co. Dublin there is said to be a ghost of a young man, in ordinary attire, who sometimes walks for a short distance with the policemen in a certain road there at night. He never speaks, but sometimes in passing people he pushes them off the pavement.

† Curiously enough, an apparition "sulphur-yellow and dully shining" was credibly reported, about seventy years ago, to have been seen in a haunted house at Szedged in Hungary.

upon this subject comes from Pastor Schneider, of Feldberg, a Lutheran clergyman. His relation was published in 1850. *

Pastor Schneider tells us, that he once had the cure of Lutheran souls at O.E. Having had occasion, one November, to visit the town of Freiburg, he left that place for home at eleven o'clock in the evening, by mail-coach. The coach brought him to a point about two hours' walk from O.E., and there he got down, intending to finish his journey on foot.

It was a fine night ; there was a moon, but it was not very bright, being in its last quarter. Herr Schneider met nobody on the way. About four in the morning he came into the outskirts of the village where his parsonage was situated. His experience may be given in his own words :—

Suddenly I saw a bright fire, in the middle of the village street, about twenty or thirty paces from me. It was as round as a round basket, burning briskly, with many flames, pale, something like the flames of spirits of wine. I took a rest and propped myself on my stick, looking quietly at the fire ; I thought some boys must have lighted it. Thus several minutes passed, while I continued to look at the fire.

At length I began to walk quietly on towards the fire, which was still burning in the same way, neither increasing nor diminishing ; when suddenly, just as I was close to it, it rose up to about twenty feet above the earth, hung still for a moment, and then swiftly sped through the air towards the churchyard ; I could see it distinctly, and watched it suddenly sink down into the churchyard and disappear. The moonlight was strong enough to enable me to see that there was not a trace of wood, coal or ash on the spot where the fire had been, and in all the houses about all was sleep ; not a sound of life or of light. . . .

Last year [1849 ?] I saw a " puhu " again. It was in the autumn ; I was returning with my children from a walk to M—. As we came into our little vale, a puhu was hurrying to and fro on the top of the hill between this place [Felding ?] and O.E. ; we followed the burning apparition with our eyes for a long time. When we got home, I took the telescope and very attentively observed the apparition with that instrument. It was just like the other appearance described above ; round, and blazing with many pale flames, and of the size of a basket [v.n. sup.]. For a long time it ran to and fro upon the hill opposite the parsonage, till at length it went down into the valley and disappeared among the houses.

For the rest, I testify, with my signature, to the plain truth of the incidents here related.

J. J. SCHNEIDER, *Pastor.*

It is remarkable that the belief in the puhu seems to have prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Feldberg before Schneider's time. A German poet alludes to this belief, very contemptuously, as a sort of old wives' tale. In the face of the Pastor's quite unexceptionable evidence, it would seem that the story of the puhu is something more than that.

APHORISMS ON NATURE

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

DO not let us be deceived by words. "Principle" is a great offender. What do those mean who speak of gravity, for instance, as "a principle"? Are they confusing the word with "principal," and postulating some guardian-demon to watch over and direct the motions of bodies? Modern science, at least, should beware of the errors of her parent, and not commit that of the phlogistonists over again.

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Gravity is not a "cause"; it is simply a general term used to cover many facts. So also no law of nature has anything to do with the metaphysical concept of causation. A law of nature is simply a statement of generalized facts of experience.

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Note that a natural law is a statement. Hence were it more correct to speak of man inventing rather than discovering this or that natural law. The laws of nature are tools man devises for dealing with his experiences, not the causes of those experiences.

* * * * *

There is thus a closer analogy between the laws of nature and the laws of a country than some think. True in the first case corresponds to good in the second. But a false law of nature, *i.e.*, one which doesn't work, is reckoned no law and is discarded. This is, unfortunately, not always the case with a bad law whereunder the people groan.

* * * * *

The only cause known to man is his will. He has read his own volition into nature, and tried to make this adequate to explain his own life and actions. But a child cannot conceive and bring forth its own mother.

* * * * *

Man may be sure that there is another Will beside his own, since nature resists his operations and follows her own orders and sequences.

* * * * *

The attempt to explain sensation as the result of the action on man of an objective world external to him, and consequently outside of his understanding, is an attempt to explain the known by means of the unknown.

* * * * *

The attempt to explain some sensations as the result of the action of one man (or mind) on another is a reasonable and successful attempt. Why not for *all* sensations? Is it less reasonable if infinity has to be postulated of the Man (or Mind) who acts?

* * * * *

Modern science has doubtless rendered animism impossible—and materialism for the same reason. For she shows nature to us as a harmoniously working unity, whilst the atoms, forces and "principles" of materialism are as much disparate demons as those of animism. But science has not banished will from nature: only she bids us postulate One Will instead of many.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, this One Will may have many servants and, perhaps, some enemies.

* * * * *

Now that matter has been dissolved into a prior element, the new materialists speak of this element, the ether, as "uncreate and self-existent." So did the old materialists speak of matter. Thus history repeats itself, and the errors of one age are committed in the next.

* * * * *

Behold! the ether is a creation of the scientific imagination, as was also matter. It is a finer, better tool, more adjusted to the needs of advancing experience. Sensation, thought, will, love—all that pertains to spirit—these alone are the elements of reality—empirical reality.

* * * * *

Space and time, as Kant proved, are merely forms of thought, mental categories. They exist only in mind. But there is another category, a more profound manner of arranging and beholding phenomena—the category of causation.

* * * * *

"Creation" is the theologian's term for that which the metaphysician calls "causation." But how often is it misused to describe processes which occur in and occupy both time and space.

* * * * *

If the language of mathematics is used, then causation may be described as perpendicular to both space and time. In a sense, however, it includes both these and the dimension perpendicular to them as well. Thus it both cuts across and includes, as less within greater, both space and time. It is an ever-active process, beginning neither here nor there, neither then nor now, transcending the categories of space and time.

* * * * *

He, who like Swedenborg and many another seer, can get his eye in line with this dimension, shall see out of time and space into the spiritual realm, until something of the splendour of God shall become visible to him.

* * * * *

Every natural object, or (to speak more correctly) phenomenon, is the product and symbol of a spiritual process and reality. And every true poet is a spiritual seer.

THE LIGHT OF VISION

BY R. B. INCE

WHEN shall our sight be cleansed, that we may see
 The visions of the spirit, earth and air
 Transfigured by that trembling light and rare
 That mantles heaven in silvern majesty:
 We feel and grope and pray, eternally,
 That we may find some upward climbing stair
 Promising quittance of our donjon bare
 And blindness of our dark captivity.

We wait and listen, like a carven faun
 With upraised finger, in some garden old,
 Longing that ere we die a voice may thrill
 Deserted vale and nymph-neglected wold,
 To warn us that the gods are with us still,
 Quenching the stars and heralding the dawn.

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.*]

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reviewer compares my book *The Thirty Days with Dracula*. I have not had the pleasure of reading Mr. Bram Stoker's story, and I thought I had never heard of it. It is a curious fact, however, that when I was writing *The Thirty Days*, coming to a point where I needed a name for a ship, on the spur of the moment, without (so to speak) breaking my stride, I wrote the word "Dracula." I haven't the faintest idea why it came into my mind: I was vaguely under the impression that I had invented it.

This story of mine appears to be of the kind which provokes comparisons. Besides *Dracula*, it has been compared with *Flames*, by Robert Hitchens, which I have not read either, and with *Jekyll and Hyde*, which I *have* read, but which certainly did not influence me. The conception of Stevenson's story is, indeed, fundamentally different. It deals with a changing or dual personality, whereas the whole point and essence of *The Thirty Days* is that the personality does *not* change.

In some small degree, possibly, I got an impetus from the work of a writer who has not been mentioned by any of the reviewers—Edgar Allan Poe—but in overwhelming measure the book owed its inception to a familiar experience, an experience so familiar to most people, and so taken for granted, that its significance is usually missed. I was walking along a road one day, when I thought I saw, coming towards me, a woman whom I knew to be dead. It was the illusion of a moment only, but it left a strong impression on my mind, because the prevalent emotion in me—indeed, the only emotion—had been fear. I began to ask myself why. Here was a woman young and pretty, gentle, charming: yet, at apparent sight of her, I felt literally cold with fear. Why? I wrote the story *The Thirty Days*, through which this emotion of the fear of the dead runs like a stream of ice, but I have still not got an answer to the question. I merely used the emotion without knowing the reason of it. But a reason there must be. There is no natural instinct without some meaning, some motive. People usually reply, if you put the question to them, that the fear is due to the occurrence of something apparently impossible—though why that should excite fear, rather than amazement or incredulity, I don't know. It is an explanation that doesn't satisfy me in the least.

There is all the difference in the world between a fairy tale and a ghost story. If you were to wake some morning and find that a palace had sprung up across the road, you would be astonished and mystified beyond expression, but you would not be afraid. If, on the other hand, a dead friend were to walk into your office, if, after you had put him into his coffin and cremated him, he were to talk to you over the telephone—as Brocklebank did—you would not only be astonished, you would be afraid, your astonishment, probably, would be overwhelmed by fear.

Again I ask, why?

THE LONG HOUSE,
HINDHEAD, SURREY.

Yours faithfully,

HUBERT WALES.

[Suggestion and the association of ideas would account for the feeling *now*, but not for its origin, unless we trace it to the fear evoked by the thought of death. But why then do not the materialized forms at a séance excite the same feeling. The sceptic will have an answer ready, but is he right?—ED.]

A REINCARNATIONIST'S "WHO'S WHO."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your March number you give a Reincarnationist's "Who's Who," and you ask if the great men mentioned were nonentities in their other lives, or if it is a case of once a celebrity always a celebrity. Allow me to point out that the celebrities in question appear nearly always in the same sex, and indeed with one or two exceptions this appears the general rule up to a certain stage. One might therefore answer your questions by saying that once an ego has found its value in the world and become a celebrity for anything, the sex through which that power manifests becomes a natural channel for further fame in future lives as a celebrity. (Perhaps the best exception to this is that of Queen Victoria as a reincarnation of Alfred the Great.) Between these lives as celebrities are lives in bodies of the opposite sex as nonentities for the development of certain characteristics for the next life as a celebrity. When a high point of spiritual development is attained the question of sex seems to disappear, for celebrities in the world of philosophy and religion remain celebrities, though changing their sex. The question of sex seems to apply to politics, literature, business, soldiery, exploration, poetry, and such careers.

I have my doubts as to some of the parallels given in the list, because in actually investigated lives and their reincarnations, it has been found that for two people who have been husband and wife to again become husband and wife is very exceptional, and almost unknown as yet. One investigator said that for two egos to take on a relationship in any incarnation that they have held before is the

exception, and is only done for special and extraordinary purposes. I have always heard of Napoleon I being a reincarnation of Alexander the Great, but never as yet of Charlemagne, though that seems possible and probable. He may have been all three and other similar celebrities.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Yours truly,
A. R. WARREN.

A WARNING TO PREMATURE PEACE SEEKERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you will permit me to send forth, through the channel of your valuable Review, a certain message that I received inspirationally, from the Unseen, last week. My heavenly Guide from time to time impresses my mind with teachings on the great events of this period of woe and calamity, as also on other matters. Sometimes I am forbidden to disclose these, but occasionally I am told that I am to "Send them forth." The present message appears to me to be of vital interest and importance to the world at large, and was given to me in response to my earnest prayer for light and teaching about certain tidings that reached me from England in a recent letter from one who is not only spiritually endowed, but is also a close and careful observer of the currents of public feeling. The words in the letter were these: "*There is a rising tide of peace-loving people who are ready to lay down all at Germany's feet in trust that a miracle will be worked, and peace secured.*"

The reply was given to me thus:—The great power which affects me like magnetism, both physically and mentally, quite enveloped me, and I was "told" to seek in the scriptures and I should be led to find there the Lord's Word, and to know His Will. I am not familiar with the Bible as many are, and should have been long in groping after the passages that I was rapidly guided to, passing without hesitation or pause, except to note chapter and verse, backwards and forwards from book to book; the special portions to be read appearing to be illuminated, and the intervening passages to be dim, so that I could not fail to know exactly where each began, and ended. I simply obeyed, opening the Book at random, hand and eye being smoothly and quickly guided, and time given me to note the portions on a sheet of paper.

I give below these notes. Thus, and in this order:—

2 Thessalonians i. 6-9; ii. 3-12 (*special light on v. 11*); iii. 4.

Isaiah lvii. 6-12; lix. 15-19; lii. 10; lx. 22; li. 21-23; xli. 1-13 and 25-29; xiv. 24-27.

Ezekiel v. 8-17; xii. 14-28.

Jeremiah xxiii. 19, 20, 28.

Daniel viii. 23-25; ii. 27-45; xii. 1, 3, 6, 7, 10.

Revelation xiii. 1-13.

After reading the passages which hand and eye were so rapidly guided to that at the moment I could not grasp them, and even now, after study, I feel that I but dimly comprehend their application, these words were spoken as it were within me, not audibly yet impressively:—

“ Until all MY purpose is fulfilled there shall not be peace. Vain and presumptuous are the thoughts of men to make peace when I, the Lord, make war. Have I not called forth the nations of the earth to destroy that WICKED, the son of perdition? Shall any bow themselves at his feet whom I have appointed to destruction? I have called the faithful unto MY cause to maintain it. Let the people take heed that they hearken not to deceiving counsels, and so fall into a pit. The end approacheth. Then shall MY WILL be accomplished, and the whole earth shall know that I AM the LORD. Then, and not before, shall come MY PEACE. Send forth MY Words and fear not. Give not the words of the BOOK but the numbers, and bid all go to the fount of MY Holy Word in the Scriptures, and seek therein for those portions thou hast been taught to find and see, they are but a small portion, yet with this clue they shall seek further and ever shall the light shine forth to them that seek in humility and faith; yet bid them beware of false light. Them that ask of ME humbly and faithfully I will surely lead unto the true light, for I AM the LORD who bringeth to pass Mine ancient Word given unto My faithful servants in ages past, without comprehension, and now to be fulfilled. These are the Latter Days. Peace be unto thee. Fear not, my daughter. The true vision cometh unto thee. Peace. MIRIAM.

NATAL.

A DREAM AND STUDENT'S SYMPTOMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the boy's dream as reported by A. Z., I suggest that during physical waking consciousness the lad was rather fond of stars, and that after a very vivid out-of-the-body experience, he mixed the memory of the latter with the thought-forms of stars which would be surrounding his body, and so got the recollection of the dream on waking. Again, the dream may have been purely symbolical, to explain which one would want to know something of the environment, etc., of the dreamer. The “Get up or you will be late for school” was most likely told him on the astral plane, where the youth may have been delaying for the mere pleasure of it.

“Student's” symptoms are fairly common. The first may be produced by attempted obsession, or if you sit in a chair which is already occupied by an astral entity or so-called “departed.” As the latter can occupy the same space as a physical person, you can have the same symptoms in any position. The astral body is a fairly moist affair. Hence the creepy feeling. You will see an allusion to

this on page 32 of that admirable book, *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. I also recollect Mr. A. M. Turner, a well-known South London Theosophist, in 1911-13 telling a meeting how, while examining the reflection of his health and astral auras in a mirror, he saw two or three human entities moving about in the room, and on one of them coming close to his right side, the cold or creepy feeling supervened. At psychic meetings where the "dead" are too freely discussed, or communication with them advocated from this side, instead of from their own plane, or at sensational or vividly "tragic" entertainments, where crowds of entities are attracted, you will have several sweep over you at a single sitting.

Seeing white mist or the like before going to sleep is usually a sign of budding clairvoyance, a similar experience being encountered during the early stages of crystal or mirror gazing. Generally small, bright Eastern scenes appear, which are astral pictures of varied origin. The writer, during his early psychic attempts, saw Eastern cities in blue light or luxuriant oases. These casual and uncontrolled flashes of clairvoyance, as far as the things seen are concerned, are greatly influenced by the countries where one's past lives were lived, and also by the temperament of the seer—for instance, a love nature would see the scenes in pink light, a Jupiterian in blue, etc.

Re "Student's" electric sparks, his whole health aura must either be heavily charged with electricity or some abnormal state of consciousness has supervened when they are seen. For instance, the writer has seen the inner portion of his mental aura while still in his physical body.

If you wake up slowly, or are near your physical body when you wake up, you may feel the sensation of getting back or re-occupation. If you wake up suddenly or come back from a distance you will not feel this sensation physically. Your correspondent probably does not get very far away during sleep, and so slips back slowly. There are, I may add, a variety of experiences in respect to this matter, some making a practice of waiting for a few minutes before "waking," while others avoid coming back from a distance hurriedly immediately prior to waking, as this gives the physical body a feeling of weariness. Your correspondent was, however, beset while out of his body once, and had literally to make a bound for his fleshly sheath.

Yours truly,

E. E.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF DIET.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My thanks are due to you for the opportunity given for learning more of the views of Mr. J. Louis Orton upon "the psychological aspect of diet," and to him for kindly replying to my request. I am indebted also to your journal for recommending his work on

"Rational Hypnotism," which I have been studying, and from which I have gathered much valuable help and knowledge. I hope Mr. Orton will see his way clear to publish the very interesting and instructive lecture he recently delivered before the members of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society: I think he entitled it "The Royal Road to Learning." I am sure it would appeal and be a help to many.

Yours faithfully,
STUDENT.

VISIONS OF THE CHRIST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest your compilation of prophecies and omens. I thought you would be interested to know of further visions, which I think you could without doubt verify.

Nearly one and a half years ago there were seen in the sky three appearances of Christ. The first was at Bath—the Saviour was looking sad. The other two, I believe, were at midnight, and He had a sickle in His hand. One of these was seen at Nice, and at the same time in London. Mention was made of these in the paper called *The Morning Star*. You could get these occurrences hunted up in the paper.

The sickle and its meaning is obvious now, in view of the millions of men that are being mown down?

Trusting you will be successful in getting hold of the details.

I remain, yours faithfully,

WEST VIEW, SHIRLEY,
SOUTHAMPTON.

WM. F. M. COPELAND.

THE ORDER OF THE SERVITORS OF THE IDEAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is now generally admitted that the present European War is a war instigated by ideals. It has been forced upon us, by a nation, or more truly by a certain party within that nation, which, led by wrong ideals, or, to speak more accurately, by ideals misunderstood and misplaced, is seeking to assert by main force its supremacy over the rest of Europe. We on our part are resisting this attempt in the name of other and higher ideals. Thus for the first time in many generations we are being forced to recognize that the Ideal rules the world. No longer shall we dare to banish thought to the realm of the unpractical, as we have hitherto done, for we are now witnesses that the power of thought passes estimation.

The time is then ripe for initiating a movement which will have for its ultimate aim to impress the cult of the Ideal in the minds of men. Accordingly a new Order has been founded, called the "Order of the Servitors of the Ideal," and its Inaugural Ceremony took place

with great success on March 25 last at the International Club. Besides myself, the following well-known persons constitute the Advisory Committee: Count Bertram di Colonna, Arthur Cuthbert, Esq., Lady Muir Mackenzie, Miss Felicia Scatcherd, Mrs. Hall-Simpson, R. Dimsdale Stocker, Esq., A. E. Waite, Esq., Alderman D. S. Ward. The new movement is already attracting great attention, and promises to become a factor of far-reaching influence in helping to eliminate the evils under which the world at present groans. I hope therefore that you will allow me to make it more widely known through the intermediary of your influential paper.

THE ULTIMATE AIM OF THE ORDER is to impress the cult of the IDEAL in the minds of men, that such evils as the world is now labouring under will become impossible. Misplaced or misunderstood ideals spell retrogression and disaster. Right ideals properly understood and revered in relation to the Infinite Being and the Divine Purpose will in the end bring about true progress and permanent peace.

To impress the importance of the IDEAL upon the outside public constitutes the main work of the OUTER CIRCLE, to which all are welcome, irrespective of stock, creed or school of thought. For the support of this work the ORDER is dependent entirely upon voluntary offerings and subscriptions.

Those who have the Cause of God and Humanity at heart, and are wise enough to look further ahead and labour so far as they can for that which ultimately will bring about the triumph of that Cause, are invited to fit themselves for the task by joining the MIDDLE CIRCLE, in which a training is undergone which embraces the entire being—physical, neurological, mental and spiritual—and which is based on the best that can be found in the most ancient wisdom as well as the most modern research. Such training is designed to produce "supermen" in a sense far nobler than that to which we have become accustomed hitherto.

Those who have successfully passed through the training of the Middle Circle will be admitted to the INNER CIRCLE, which will constitute the moving spirit, so to speak, of the ORDER.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

G. DE MENGEL,

INTERNATIONAL CLUB,

Founder and Acting Secretary.

22A REGENT STREET, S.W.

WEST COUNTRY STORIES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest the article appearing in your last issue entitled "A Strange Tale from Sussex."

When a student wishes to gain knowledge on strange matters he must approach his object in the right spirit; there is a tendency to-

wards silence on mysterious subjects, whether the one who has the knowledge to impart is an adept or an agricultural labourer.

A few stories, culled by the writer at different times, will no doubt give readers food for thought, and it is for them to accept or reject them.

A man (well known to the writer) had some money stolen from him, and having a profound respect for a certain "wise man," he journeyed to see him, with a view to finding out the thief or getting his money returned. How this was to be done was altogether out of his reckoning, but that "something" would happen he doubted not. The interview duly took place, and the seer said, "Get a bullock's heart, and stick a certain number of new pins in it, then hang it up the chimney of your room, stop all cracks and crevices and lock the door and wait in silence." (This had to be done at night.) This was duly done, and my informant said that he had a rather bad time, but finally the money was precipitated down the chimney; this was followed by the heart, which dropped into the fire; the money was picked up from the floor in the centre of the room.

Another instance was as follows: A man had the misfortune to cross a person who bore him a considerable amount of illwill in consequence, and eventually it appeared that something had been done to make him suffer for it. On journeying to his work, when he reached a certain spot, he became covered with vermin, and these loathsome insects remained on his person until he passed the same spot when homeward bound, then they all disappeared. After trying various remedies without avail, the sufferer (acting on advice) repaired to a cunning man, and as a result of the visit he lost all signs of the trouble.

A case of quite another phase of the mysterious might not be out of place in this letter.

Some few years ago a lady friend of the writer had the following curious happening in her family. A relative of hers, before his demise, among other wishes stipulated that the family Bible should become the property of a certain relative. After the death of the giver, the owner of the Bible wished it to remain in the custody of one who lived in the house of the deceased; it was kept in an upstairs room, and then the trouble came—a cock crowing was heard proceeding from the room containing the Bible. This went on until the owner had been communicated with, and when he had taken the Bible away the crowing ceased.

Yours faithfully,

T.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THOSE who would follow closely the daily chronicle of war must have maps on table and means of marking the maps from day to day, and they need large maps to save them from confusion ; but—given time and patience—the thing is possible. Those who would follow the trend of opinion—historical, political, military, philosophical and metaphysical—if the word must be used—on the war-subject have no charts to guide them, and there is no more bewildering occupation than to pursue the lines of thought, on the part of persons presumed to matter, in the chief magazines and quarterlies. Given all time and patience, the thing is indeed impossible—impossible to read, much less to digest inwardly. Here is *The Hibbert Journal* and here is also *The Quest*, both bristling with articles. We may err in isolating from attention a paper on the "Meaning of the War," but it is done perforce and instinctively. We are not so likely to err in isolating Miss Evelyn Underhill on "Problems of Conflict," as she gave us her preliminary views on "Mystics and War" in the January issue of *The Quest*, and we are content therefore to note that she is still talking, but now in *The Hibbert Journal*. Speaking generally, we distrust the professed mystics in connection with the war. We found it difficult a little while back to be patient with Mr. B. G. Theobald, when he explained that the present Armageddon is the manifestation of a crisis in the soul of the world, or with Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, who believes that the war on earth was preceded by war in heaven. On the present occasion—much as we respect Miss M. B. Theobald and her great psychic gifts—we cannot extend our sympathy when she joins issue with Miss Underhill on the question of the mystic taking part in a war under any circumstances, the rectitude of which she denies. But we concur still less with Miss Underhill in her diatribe against quietism and her panegyric of the active mystic, who "grows by conflict" and goes to war with a good conscience. These things were settled in the East to its own satisfaction by the *Gita*, long ages ago, from which settlement also we differ on our own part. We have not yet pictured Ruysbroeck wielding a mace, or St. John of the Cross a battle-axe, and this is how it stands with us, but apart from any intention to write theses on the subject and deprecating those who do, as we question whether they understand (a) Mystics

or (b) War. We have, however, by no means exhausted the mystics in the current quarterlies. Baron Friedrich von Hügel, a notable exponent of Roman Catholic mysticism, writes in *The Quest* on "The German Soul and the Great War." We recommend the discourse to those who have time because of his distinguished position, but we do not propose to read it, because the German soul does not happen to concern us. It is different with Professor Bergson in *The Hibbert Journal* on "Life and Matter at War," because he is scarcely "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of mysticism, and is content to be (a) brief and (b) chiefly historical. The life which is at war is moral and the matter is physical force—France, if you like, against Prussia. Mr. Mead has also drawn us on the spiritual use of war, because he is content to trace the good emerging from the evil, to dream of what might be effected by "absolutely unselfish prayer," and to speculate in what direction it may be possible to rise beyond "the passion of national hatred." When will the quarterlies tire of these themes?

Among the few occult periodicals which now reach us from France, the *Psychic Magazine* has carried through two issues a communication claiming to come from the spirit of Joan of Arc, described as the Guide of France. It is borrowed from the pages of *La Vie Nouvelle*, in which it appeared during the months of January and February, 1914, or several months in advance, not alone of the war itself but of any clear expectation concerning it. The message is due to the mediumship of a simple peasant, fuller particulars wanting, and it describes at very great length a German invasion of France by a vast army passing through a neutral country, the intervention of allied powers for the help of France, the ultimate victory of the Allies, the circumstances under which peace will be attained, and the new spirit which will afterwards reign in the world, leading to an age of regeneration. The profuse and declamatory style notwithstanding, it is certainly a remarkable document, though the prophetic chronology of events offers only confused analogies with the actual course of the war.

We have explained already that *The Kalpaka* is a "magazine of knowledge," connected with "latent light culture," of which an explanation seems wanting. Between its supposed presentation of Indian Mysticism in the light of Advanced Thought, one is often in regions which are stultifying to an ordinary intellect. We had deemed in our Western ignorance that health is a state of life, but the definition of one self-styled "Swami" assures us that it is life itself, while another discourses

of a voice "in the shape of light," which appears an egregious image, but is possibly the latent light passing into utterance. Such are the shapes bodied forth by the imagination which seethes in these pages. *The Kalpaka* has, however, consolations to offer from time to time. One is glad to meet with the woman "whose idea of virtue lay in the possession of a marriage certificate." It is good also to hear that human nature may one day reach so high a grade of perfection that "adversity will be out of a job." *Adsit omen*. But the great joy of the last issue is an adventure with a Rosicrucian, being the picturesque tale of an alchemist who designed to manufacture gold but actually produced a slab of purest platinum, owing to the misreading of a formula at some common drug-store.

A very curious interest attaches to a communication, which appeared recently in *Light*, on a new field of experiment in "the ethereal transmission of thought." Mr. David Wilson, whom we understand to be a qualified engineer and electrician, became impressed some time ago (*a*) with the theory "that the conductor of telepathic force is the luminiferous ether which exists throughout all space," and (*b*) with the fact that intelligible words have been received occasionally in ordinary wireless apparatus "when the aerial receiving wire was entirely disconnected from the receiving circuit." The theory is that of "a practical photographer of great experience," and the fact was vouched for to Mr. David Wilson by a continental experimenter, who added that the words obtained had usually some bearing on himself or his family, while he was "totally unable to surmise as to their origin." Mr. Wilson ultimately devised an apparatus comprising a battery, a very sensitive galvanometer and a detector. The instrument being in order, he observed one day that the needle of the galvanometer was deflected, but this he attributed to "some kind of vibration not sufficiently pronounced to be perceptible to the senses." However, a few days subsequently the needle, which meanwhile had been obstinately quiescent, developed a further movement "with what seemed to be more method," the deflections running in "similar groups of four," the first three being quick and the fourth more protracted—in fact, "the Morse call signal." Yet a few days, and Mr. Wilson began to receive messages from two "personalities who have elected to designate themselves Tehuti and Kha-em-Uast." Some of them were of Egyptian character, but there was also a piece of psychological doctrine couched as follows: "All personalities are differentiated in consciousness, but are united in sub-consciousness

into one absolute, complete and indivisible unity." It should be observed (a) that the apparatus is Mr. Wilson's own invention, from which we gather that he could not receive wireless messages of the known kind, and (b) that the first question is whether he or some assistant employed by him possesses what the editor of *Light* terms "the necessary psychical conditions," meaning mediumistic powers. It is pointed out by our contemporary that "the idea of obtaining psychical communications by telegraphic methods is not new." In fact, there have been various devices of this kind and we referred to one of them some months ago in these pages. Mr. Wilson is obviously at an early stage of his experiments, and we may look for further developments. He is of opinion that his initial results furnish confirmation of the theory that "any agency which can transmit thought can also simultaneously affect the condition of an electrical detector of some kind of ethereal wave." He calls his instrument the New Wave Detector.

The "Mystical Press" of Nevada has launched a small periodical, to represent the "Mystical Revival," under the title *Ek-Klesia*. It is a magazine with a mission, and the missionary is the Rev. Holden E. Sampson, whose works on "Progressive Creation" and "Progressive Redemption" contain much curious material, summarized in his most recent volume entitled *The True Mystic*. One might question whether such a title as *Ek-Klesia* is the best that could be chosen to enlist support in America, but it is perhaps beyond our province. The contents are strange, like the books mentioned above, and Mr. Sampson promises that his own autobiography will appear presently in its columns. Those of our readers who have made his acquaintance already know that he is a man of vision, and that what he sees psychically must be distinguished from his views belonging to fields of research, for which his equipment is not always adequate.

We offer our sympathies to the founders of *Man*, a magazine devoted to physiognomy, astrology, graphology and allied subjects, under the editorship of Mr. C. W. Childs. After a brief life under this designation it was found that the Royal Anthropological Institute issues transactions under the same title. The new journal has therefore been altered to *The Super-Man*. As an undertaking "devoted to a solution of man's greatest problem"—that is to say, of himself—the founders feel that when the first difficulty has passed the new name will convey more clearly the general purpose in view.

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REVIEWS

MARS : THE WAR LORD. By Alan Leo. London : *Modern Astrology* Office, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

To Mr. Leo, astrology is a living, vital science, a key to unravel the mysteries of human evolution. In the courses of the stars he sees traced out the cycle of humanity. "Those," he says, "who fail to see in its teachings the evolution of the human soul are simply using the planetary positions as counters, and horoscopes as cribbage-boards." Those who regard it as synonymous with fatalism should read this little volume to understand how the astrologer, whilst seeing the working of planetary influence in man, yet regards him as essentially free ; and those who consider the subject to be fortune-telling pure and simple should prepare themselves to have their minds violently disabused !

In the three lectures comprised in the present work, delivered to the general public under the auspices of the *Astrological Society*, our author interprets the present world-crisis from the point of view of that astro-philosophy with which his name has for many years been especially identified. Of the central figure in the present conflagration he says : "In the Kaiser's horoscope Mars is in Pisces, the sign of self-undoing. . . . Admit that the Kaiser is the representative of the German nation, and the future of that empire is known." Quoting from *Modern Astrology* for July, 1910, he remarks of ourselves : "The British Empire is now coming to the sign of the balance, and much will depend on the patriotism of her people," and in the united response of the whole of our vast Empire he sees a happy augury for the future.

Divested as far as possible of technical phraseology, and prefaced by a short introduction to the basic principles of the Science, this little work, whilst offering an illuminative and interesting exposition of the significance of current events, should do much to win the attention of those who, either through prejudice or indifference, have not so far made their acquaintance with one of the most "occult" of "occult sciences."

H. J. S.

WOMAN'S MYSTERIES OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. By D. Amaury Talbot. London : Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

NONE who are interested in folklore, mythology, comparative religion, occultism, or indeed any of those sciences of the spirit which transcend materialistic thought, can fail to be attracted by Mrs. Amaury Talbot's present work, wherein she deals with the extraordinary beliefs and ideas of the Ibibios, a primitive tribe of Southern Nigeria, where the weird practices of *Juju* and *Voodoo* are more than mere fables.

It is well known that the greatest religions were rooted in primitive tribal customs. Frazer's *Golden Bough* contains a perfect literature of this kind, and now Mrs. Amaury Talbot, whose book is a fount of wonder, like Calenta's well in the Elizabethan drama, tells us of the Ibibios, and their "Three Great Mothers," water, earth and stone, in "the grove of

the All-Father," just as in the second and alchemical part of *Faust*. There is also the same belief in the "Power of the Name," which agitated the Quabbalists, the Indian sages, the Greek philosophers, and the Egyptians. The Ibibios believe in bush-affinities, in the transmigration of souls, in elementals and nature-spirits. The divine Isis—figure of the Great Mother—looms beautifully large in the mind of this primitive people as "Eka Abassi," and is every whit as exquisite a conception as that of the ancient Egyptians.

Mrs. Talbot's chapters on the childhood, marriage and burial customs of the Ibibios make good reading. We have much to learn from primitive man. He knows many things we have forgotten in our severance from Nature's heart; and his morals, in most ways, and when unimpeded by his ignorance and superstitious dread, are far superior to ours. And after all, is it not a hard question to ponder, whether the vices of ignorance and superstition are not far preferable to those of civilization and so-called culture?

R. M. B.

SERVITUDE. By Irène Osgood. Illustrated by Wilfrid Pippet. John Richmond. Price 7s. 6d.

It is but rarely that the reader, jaded by the ordinary novel, receives a thrill of old romance, a breath as of roses and dew in the sunlight of a summer's day from the garden-closes of the past. But Mrs. Irène Osgood's *Servitude* is indeed old romance, and she blends her European characters most successfully with the picturesque, barbaric peoples of Algiers. It is a lively story of the days of sea-piracy, and one of the remarkable features of the book is the absolute correctness of detail, betraying long and careful study of the subject. "Newgate Moll" is an inimitably drawn character in her way, in whom the heart of a French or Russian writer would have delighted. But the parts which most rejoice the heart as well as the appreciative mind, are those descriptive portions of the natives of Algiers; the pictures of the Dey and his hareem, the Forest scene, the Moorish women, the dancers of the Arabian Ouladh Wail, and above and beyond all, the ride to her death of the Sultana Hayque, the deposed favourite of the Dey.

One cannot quote from a book like this, but must leave it to the reader to absorb its glamour. Even without the fine character of the American heroine, Betty, superadded, I venture to predict it to remain a classic of its kind. It is well illustrated with drawings by Mr. Wilfrid Pippet.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE COMING CHRIST: CHRIST IN HUMANITY. By Johanna. Letchworth: The Garden City Press, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THAT the present epoch is pregnant with vast issues is apparent to all but the most blind. Simultaneously with the engagement of tremendous armies in a veritable battle of Armageddon, a silent force works in the background stirring the earnest-souled to hope and longing for the coming of a great Teacher. The writer of the present work is frankly averse to the idea of the Second Advent of a historical personage. "It is futile," she remarks, "to look for him outside, when Jesus speaks always from within!" With this sentiment we are heartily in agreement, as we are with her general endeavour to formulate a rational yet mystical Faith.

It is only when the whisper comes, "Lo, here! Lo, there" that the question arises in one's mind as to who shall really know. Nevertheless it well may be that out of the purging fire through which the Western nations are now passing, a new spirit shall be born, a fresh impetus be given to go forward to realize higher and nobler ideals. We pray that it may be so. Meanwhile, the spiritual-minded will find in this volume by "Johanna" much that is of true merit—much refreshment and inspiration, and a broad, unsectarian presentment of a rational Theosophy—using that word in its broadest sense. The universal Christ may not be confined within the narrow limits of any particular creed. A companion volume to the first of the series (*Christ in You*) it is nevertheless complete in itself, and may be obtained and read independently, although none, we think, who have read the one will long leave the other unread. H. J. S.

THE DIWAN OF INAYAT KHAN. By Jennie Westbrook Duncan.
London: The Sufi Publishing Society, 100D Addison Road, W.
Price 2s. 6d.

MRS. JENNIE WESTBROOK DUNCAN is taking her place as an Orientalist and an interpreter of the thought and poesy of the East. She will be remembered for her collaboration with Mr. Magan Lal in translating *The Diwan of Zeb-un-Nissa* (Wisdom of the East Series). She has now produced a prosodic version of the writings of Professor Inayat Khan, the Sufi teacher, who is now in England preaching the ethics of Sufism, that inner spiritual doctrine Mohammed taught to Alee and the chosen few, while promulgating Al-Korân among the general masses.

As may be imagined the Diwan of Inayat Khan cries aloud of the Orient. "The Oneness of Allah," recalls the highest Quabbalistic and Brahmanic teachings.

In "Consciousness" and "Kismet" there are fine, thoughtful lines. In "The Dream of Life" we see that the writer follows the Hindu trend of belief concerning Mâyâ or illusion, while like that other Persian mystic, Omar Khayyâm, he is above all a fatalist.

As he says, in Mrs. Westbrook Duncan's rendering of "Kismet":

"Before our births, Kussam, who makes our fate,
Ordained us happy or unfortunate,
And wrote upon our brow and on our hands
The signs that tell to him who understands
Our Destiny, decreed for good or ill.
So pass the Wise, bending to Allah's will,
Their lives into His mighty hands resigned."

The book has both spiritual grace and psychic depth.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

HERITOR OF ALL. By Gertrude de la Poer. London: A. C. Fifield,
13 Clifford's Inn, E.C. 1915. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS poem is described by the author in her foreword, as an Ode in metrical prose, which "applies equally to the completion of one year in the life of an individual as to a year completed in the measurement of time as from January to December in our calendar." The subject of the ode is the passing of the Old Year into the New, to the accompaniment of much symbolic moralizing. A Diary of thirty pages is included, at the end of the poem, with the object of making it a suitable birthday or New Year's gift.

EDITH K. HARPER.