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BY  
RALPH SHIRLEY

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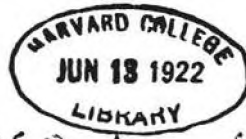
THE  
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY  
RALPH SHIRLEY

“NULLIUS IN OBLIVIONEM SCITURUS”

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# CONTENTS

## JULY.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH (LOVE AND SACRAMENTALISM. PHENOMENA AT THE BATTLE OF MONS) . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 1
THE MAIDEN OF ORLACH (Dr. J. Kerner) . . . . .	<i>Translation by Claud Field</i> 12
THE ARYA SAMAJ . . . . .	<i>Harendra N. Maitra</i> . . . . . 25
AS THE FLOWER GROWS. Part II . . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 29
MASTER-BUILDING . . . . .	<i>Arthur Edward Waite</i> . . . . . 39
SUSSEX METHODS . . . . .	<i>G. A. L. W.</i> . . . . . 43
A DREAM RECORD . . . . .	<i>Emma Pemberton.</i> . . . . 45
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 48
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 55
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 59

## AUGUST.

NOTES OF THE MONTH (TENACITY AND TALENT. IS THE FUTURE EVER FORESEEN?) . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 63
ART MAGIC (Verse) . . . . .	<i>C. L. Ryley</i> . . . . . 75
THE ANGELIC LEADERS . . . . .	<i>Phyllis Campbell</i> . . . . . 76
PSYCHISM AND IDEALISM . . . . .	<i>J. Arthur Hill</i> . . . . . 83
THE MYSTERY OF DESTINY . . . . .	<i>A. H. Wynne</i> . . . . . 88
THE ALMADEL OF SOLOMON . . . . .	<i>A. W. Greenup, D.Litt.</i> . . . . 96
AS THE FLOWER GROWS. Part III . . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 103
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 110
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 115
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 119

## SEPTEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH (WITCHCRAFT) . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 123
OMENS AND WARNINGS OF THE WAR . . . . .	<i>Phyllis Campbell.</i> . . . . 137
MAGIC AND SORCERY IN ANCIENT MEXICO . . . . .	<i>Lewis Spence</i> . . . . . 145
THE PAPER MAN: A DREAM . . . . .	<i>Neville Meakin</i> . . . . . 153
AS THE FLOWER GROWS. Part IV . . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 161
THE ANGELIC LEADERS (REPRINT) . . . . .	<i>Phyllis Campbell</i> . . . . . 166
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 171
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 177
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 181

## OCTOBER.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH (MORE ABOUT THE MONS ANGELS; BOBOLA'S PROPHECY; "THE DEVIL'S MISTRESS") . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 185
GHOSTS WITH A MISSION . . . . .	<i>Elliott O'Donnell</i> . . . . . 199
A RUSSIAN IDEA OF THE ANTI-CHRIST . . . . .	<i>Edith K. Harper</i> . . . . . 209
THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS . . . . .	<i>Katharine Cox</i> . . . . . 214
DREAMS, PROPHETICAL AND SYMBOLICAL . . . . .	<i>Reginald B. Span</i> . . . . . 217
HINDU MARRIAGE AND ITS IDEALS . . . . .	<i>Harenda N. Maitra</i> . . . . . 224
ANGELS . . . . .	<i>Wm. Wynn Westcott, M.B., S.M., etc.</i> . . . . . 227
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 235
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 239
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 243

## NOVEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH (PROPHECIES THAT ARE BEING FULFILLED. KARMA, NATIONAL AND INDIVIDUAL). . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 247
INVITATION OF MORPHEUS (Verse) . . . . .	<i>W. H. Chesson</i> . . . . . 259
HAUNTED ROYALTIES . . . . .	<i>Elliott O'Donnell</i> . . . . . 261
THE VISION (Verse) . . . . .	<i>C. L. Ryley</i> . . . . . 270
UNDERCURRENTS . . . . .	<i>Gerald Arundel</i> . . . . . 271
THE WHITE LADY AT CARLSRUHE . . . . .	<i>Archibald McDiarmid</i> . . . . . 280
WEST COUNTRY SUPERSTITIONS . . . . .	<i>Reginald B. Span</i> . . . . . 284
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 292
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 299
NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS . . . . .	. . . . . 303
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 307

## DECEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH (REINCARNATION; DIRECTIONAL ASTROLOGY) . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 309
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1915 (Verse) . . . . .	<i>Meredith Starr</i> . . . . . 322
SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRENTICE MULFORD . . . . .	<i>An Old Friend</i> . . . . . 323
THE CHOSEN CHILD (Verse) . . . . .	<i>B. C. Hardy</i> . . . . . 334
THE OLD WORLD CULTURE AND THE NEW . . . . .	<i>W. Gorn Old</i> . . . . . 335
CHRIST OF THE NIGHT (Verse) . . . . .	<i>Teresa Hooley</i> . . . . . 342
SORCERY AND MAGIC . . . . .	<i>P. S. Wellby</i> . . . . . 343
THE CALF PATH (Verse) . . . . .	<i>Emma Rood Tuttle</i> . . . . . 348
A DREAM IN TWO PARTS . . . . .	. . . . . 350
THE VAMPIRE SUPERSTITION . . . . .	<i>Capt. Vere D. Shortt</i> . . . . . 354
RELIGION AND SOCIOLOGY . . . . .	<i>Arthur Edward Waite</i> . . . . . 360
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 363
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 370
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 375



# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

FROM the point of view of the higher level of humanity God is Love, from the point of view of the mineral, God is chemical affinity. Chemical affinity and chemical repulsion cannot co-exist in nature. For the same reason, in our higher human nature, perfect love casteth out fear. Love, in short, in its commonest and most material acceptation, is a law of nature, manifesting itself as the affinity between chemical elements in the first instance, and later as physical attraction. The fact that, in its after developments, love transforms itself, so that it becomes the incentive to the noblest deeds of self-sacrifice and self-devotion, shows how, throughout, Nature utilizes the commonest and simplest needs which she has implanted in organic life, in order to develop, in the process of their evolution, the highest and most spiritual qualities.

The fact that the original basis or groundwork of all moral qualities is thus strictly utilitarian has been used as an argument by the materialistic philosopher to prove that these same higher moral qualities can be explained in terms of disguised self-

interest and self-seeking, and are not in reality to be attributed to the existence of noble and spiritual impulses, as has been taught by all the religious systems of the world. Look deep enough down, the utilitarian philosopher will tell you, and you will discover in every Christian virtue the personal selfish desire of the individual seeking for its natural gratification. While there is a certain element of half truth in this argument, it falls to the ground principally through its failure to recognize the distinction between the nature of the first primitive instinct and the ultimate goal towards which this primitive instinct inevitably tends. In other words, it interprets the highest forms of love in terms of chemical affinity, and refuses to recognize the fact that in the long process of evolution which leads by slow

THE UTILITARIAN'S MISTAKE. and imperceptible degrees from chemical affinity to love, the original characteristic of the force under consideration has not merely increased in potency, but has become transmuted in kind.

Nature, in short, does not merely evolve utilitarian tendencies into more complex utilitarian forms, but metamorphoses these tendencies into something nobler and higher. Evolution, thus, is not merely growth or development, it is transmutation; and if we look back far enough and look forward far enough, we shall see that, in its ultimate implications, it is the transmutation of the material into the spiritual. Nature is a magician, and, given sufficient time and favourable conditions for her experiment, there is nothing that she will fail to transform by her magician's wand. It is on these lines that Nature has always worked, and even on the lower planes we may watch her corresponding processes, the processes by which through change of temperature she transmutes the solid into the liquid and the liquid into the gaseous, working not simply by intensification, but by transformation.\*

The fact, then, that in the process of evolution, chemical affinity becomes transmuted into physical attraction and physical attraction into love, while love itself learns how to metamorphose its lowest elements into its highest, is no proof that Christian morality is merely utilitarianism masquerading as a virtue. Rather is it an evidence of the teleological interpretation of the universe, a proof that in the lowest organisms lies an unsuspected potency for higher things, the development

\* Or working in the reverse order in the gradual evolution of worlds from igneous, gaseous, fluidic and mineral upwards to vegetable, animal and man.

of which must have been foreseen and predetermined from the beginning, and contained by implication in their lowest forms as certainly as the oak exists potentially in the acorn.

All forces are designed to work on all planes, and it is always therefore possible to interpret them in terms of the higher or the lower plane. But the meaning of an act, it is always well to bear in mind, does not depend simply upon the nature of the act itself, but upon the terms of its spiritual interpretation. Acts have a symbolic significance, and the Christian will be the first to admit that the taking of the bread and wine in the Eucharist is a very different matter to the use of the same materials for the mere satisfaction of the needs of the body. To anyone, therefore, who adopts the sacramental standpoint, such a contention needs no labouring. It is, however, necessary to address the argument to others to whom sacramentalism is merely a survival of a primitive superstition, without validity to the modern man. It is also not less imperative to interpret to the average church-goer the real esoteric meaning of the sacramental element in his creed. To the occultist, the potency of all forms is enshrined in their symbolical significance. Unless symbolism

SACRAMENTS  
AND THEIR  
VALIDITY. were a profound truth in Nature, underlying, in fact, the whole problem of created life, a church sacrament would have no more validity than the merest empty form. It would, in fact, be properly described by the corruption of the ancient Latin formula addressed to the communicant at the Lord's Supper, which has become the most popular synonym for every description of charlatanry—"hocus pocus."\* The possibility, then, of a sacrament, in the sense of a vital and effective act, and not merely a species of ritualistic idolatry, rests on the ever-present symbolism inherent in the form, and the essential relationship of that form to the spiritual conception of which it is the shadow. It is indeed owing to the very fact that in its earliest stage of being the universe is a thought of the Creator, that all manifestation is essentially and primarily symbolical. The Eucharist is, then, no isolated instance of the magical power of Redeeming Love. All love, human or divine, lives, on its highest side, in a transcendental atmosphere which is in its very nature sacramental.

The trouble in this world lies, not so much in any essential difficulty that there is in realizing the sacramental side of love, but rather in the fact that the conditions of civilized life tend to obliterate from our minds the natural recognition of this truth

\* *Hoc est corpus* (this is the body).

rather than to help us to appreciate it. The statement that "marriages are made in heaven" is true only in the rarest instances, whether they take place in the registry office or in church. It is an almost universally recognized fact that marriages are unfavourable to the perpetuation of romance. In fact, the cynic will tell you that marriage is the best cure for love, but that it is doubtful whether the cure is not worse than the disease. I am not, of course, speaking here in any way against marriage; but just as you cannot have your cake and eat it, so the advantages of matrimony are set off by certain corresponding drawbacks which are too obvious to be open to dispute. The transcendental side of love exists almost entirely in its atmosphere of romance. The element of the commonplace inevitably intrudes into the home circle, however zealously we attempt to exclude it; and monogamy is only too liable to degenerate into monotony. The best that we can hope, under the most favourable and harmonious conditions, is that the early ardours of a romantic love may be transformed into a warm and lasting friendship. This best from the idealist's standpoint is after all only a second best, and it too often happens, as we are all of us well aware, that even this second best is far from being realized. The ideal, indeed, for ever eludes us, and never more certainly than when it appears to be within our grasp.

Mr. Edward Carpenter draws a picture, none the less harrowing because it is so often true, of the youthful lovers whose passing romance is stamped with the official seal of permanence by the officiating priest or Government official, as a prelude to two lives which might have been spent in happy usefulness, but are spoilt by the very pardonable youthful error of mistaking a passing sexual fascination for a natural compatibility of temperament. In such cases love seldom outlasts the honeymoon, and comes before long to be recognized as a temporary hallucination which has unfortunately resulted in a permanent inconvenience. The very glamour of the romance has been its own undoing, by leading to a misapprehension of the nature of the attraction. But for the intervention of the law, it might have proved but a harmless episode.

Love (comments Mr. Carpenter) when felt at all deeply has an element of transcendentalism in it, which makes it the most natural thing in the world for the two lovers—even though drawn together by a passing sex-attraction—to swear eternal truth to each other; but there is something quite diabolic and mephistophelian in the practice of the Law, which, creeping up behind, as it were, at this critical moment, and over-

hearing the two thus pledge themselves, claps its book together with a triumphant bang, and exclaims: "There, now you're married and done for, for the rest of your natural lives." \*

We may accept or reject the doctrine of twin-souls in its most obvious form, but the fact remains that, in a vague and generally unsuccessful sort of way, either sex, at least in the early days of their manhood or womanhood, are in search of some sympathetic and complementary being who will, on the one hand, make good to them their own deficiencies, and who, on the other, will serve as a mirror in which they may see, as Narcissus of old, in his shadow in the pool, the embodiment of their ideals in concrete form. There is a sense, therefore, in which every individual who is in love recognizes his own incompleteness, not merely, that is, his defects, but the fact that he does not in himself constitute a complete individual or *une*

INCOMPLETE- *being*. His desire, in a strange transcendental  
NESS OF THE way, impels him to merge his identity in that of  
LOVER. another, and thus to complete his personality.

If the result of this desire is the birth of another being, it is because love in its essence is the primary cause of all manifestation, and the child is therefore the visible sign and seal of its realization. Thus, when we declare that "God is Love," we are entitled to point to the visible universe in evidence of the truth of our assertion; for, as Dr. Richard Garnett well says, "the sleep of Deity had been perpetual had he not dreamed of Love." For "although Love has not called God into being, he has called Him into energy"; that is, into outward manifestation. Thus, God sees himself mirrored in the universe as a lover in the eyes of his mistress. Apart, then, from idealization, there is no real love; for "the ideal authenticates the lover as the halo the saint."

The action, then, of love is twofold; for while, on the one hand, it serves perpetually to draw down souls into the plane of manifestation, on the other, it is for ever launching them in pursuit of the most spiritual and most unattainable ideals. We are Nature's children, and must needs obey Nature's laws. We become lovers, since love is the fulfilling of a law of Nature. Once we

TWOFOLD have become lovers, we learn through the glamour  
EFFECT OF of love to sense the ideal, and thus to realize that,  
LOVE. in the Master's words, "Love is the fulfilling of  
*the Law*" that is, that love, in its highest sense,  
is the fulfilling, not merely of a law of Nature, but of a vital and

\* *Love's Coming of Age*. Edward Carpenter. London: Methuen & Co.

essential law of our being as citizens of a divinely ordered Cosmos. The need for the manifestation of love on the physical plane is temporary in its nature; but the necessity for its expression is eternal, and the method of its expression is determined by the plane of consciousness on which the spirit functions. Surely it is the greatest of errors to suppose that on this plane only the union of lover and beloved is susceptible of realization; rather must it be supposed that a more spiritual sphere presents far fewer obstacles to such a union than the world we live in, with its hampering conventions and its physical impediments. Even in this present world, with all its prosaic limitations, with its perpetual struggle for the bare survival of the individual, its drab and monotonous conditions, and its multitude of sordid necessities, it is extraordinary what a dominant part the romance of love has always played. If such an environment, as it encounters here, is impotent to stifle its transcendental activities, is it not the greatest of all proofs of the omnipotent power of love, and the greatest of guarantees that in a less material and less trammelled state it will prove the supreme lever for the attainment and fulfilment of the highest aims of perfected humanity?

Considerable discussion has taken place in the press recently with regard to certain alleged psychical phenomena which took place at the Battle of Mons. A reference to these was made in a recent article in the OCCULT REVIEW, by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. The editorial staff of the *Evening News* seized upon this statement as an excuse for an attack upon Mr. Sinnett, and by implication upon myself, as Editor, alleging, what had no foundation in fact, that the record given was derived from a fanciful

THE  
"OCCULT  
REVIEW"  
AND THE  
"EVENING  
NEWS."

story written by Mr. Machen in the columns of that journal. Seeing this attack, I at once wrote a rejoinder, giving the true state of the case. I regret to have to state that, deviating from every tradition of self-respecting journalism, the *Evening News* failed to insert my reply. This was all the more discreditable in the circumstances, in view of

the fact that Mr. Machen himself, the author of the fanciful story referred to, was well aware that I was in possession of the facts of the case, and that this being so, it would have been quite impossible for me to insert the article under the impression that his story was to be taken *au sérieux*. Of course, this point was made clear in my letter. The story of the apparitions at the Battle of Mons has reappeared in numerous papers who have cited

various different eye-witnesses for its authenticity. It should be noted that in the statements that have appeared in the papers, and that Mr. Machen regards as exclusively derived from his romance, the story of the bow-men, the central episode in his record, only figures in one, the records being mainly of apparitions of bands of angels, of mysterious cloud phenomena, protecting the Allies from the German onslaught, and of figures on horse-back.

At the risk of repeating a good deal of what has already appeared, I think it will be well to summarize some of these records which claim to be derived from first-hand evidence from the battlefield. We have in the first place the story of a military officer who called on the editor of *Light* in reference to Mr. Machen's story, and declared that, whether this was invention or not, it was confidently affirmed that several officers had witnessed a curious phenomenon in connection with the Retreat from Mons. This took the form of a strange cloud which inter-

PSYCHIC  
PHENOMENA  
AT THE  
BATTLE OF  
MONS.

posed between the Germans and the British. This statement was confirmed by a correspondent in *Light* of May 8, who, writing under the name of Scots, told of a member of the family of an officer (a certain General N——) who had also been at Mons, and stated that in the rearguard action there was one specially critical moment, when the German cavalry was rapidly advancing and greatly outnumbered our forces. Suddenly the lady's informant saw a sort of luminous cloud or fog interpose itself between the Germans and our men. "In this cloud there seemed to be bright objects moving. The moment it appeared, the German onslaught seemed to receive a check. The horses could be seen rearing and plunging, and they ceased to advance." This incident, in the narrator's opinion, saved the whole force from annihilation. This story appears to be the same as that narrated by Dr. F. R. Horton in a recent sermon at Broughton Church, Manchester, which he describes as repeated by so many witnesses that, if anything could be established by contemporary evidence, it must be true. "A section of the line," said Dr. Horton, "was in imminent peril, and it seemed as if it must be borne down and cut off. Our men saw a company of angels interposed between them and the German cavalry, and the horses of the Germans stampeded. Evidently the animals beheld what our men beheld. The German soldiers endeavoured to bring the horses back to the line, but they fled. It was the salvation of our men."

What is evidently another account emanating from other witnesses of the same occurrence is quoted in the *Worcester Herald* of June 19, from a letter received by a Hereford clergyman from one of his relations. The portion of the letter referring to the apparition runs as follows :—

Last Sunday I met Miss Marrable, daughter of the well-known Canon Marrable, and she told me she knew the officers, both of whom had themselves seen the angels who saved the left wing from the Germans when they came right upon them during our retreat from Mons.

They expected annihilation, as they were almost helpless, when, to their amazement, the Germans stood like dazed men, never so much as touched their guns nor stirred, till we had turned and escaped by some cross roads.

One of Miss Marrable's friends, who was not a religious man, told her he saw a troop of angels between us and the enemy, and he has been a changed man ever since. The other man she met in London last week, and she asked him if he had heard of the wonderful story of the angels. He said he had seen them himself, as while he and his company were retreating they heard the German cavalry tearing after them. They ran for a place where they thought a stand might be made with some hopes of safety, but before they could reach it the German cavalry were upon them, so they turned round and faced the enemy, expecting instant death—when, to their wonder, they saw between them and the enemy a whole troop of angels, and the horses of the Germans turned round terrified out of their senses, and regularly stampeded, the men tugging at their bridles, while the poor horses tore away in any direction from our men. He swore he saw the angels, whom the horses saw plainly enough, if not the German soldiers, and this gave our men time to reach the little fort or whatever the shelter was, and save themselves.

A further contribution to these Mons records was supplied by Mr. Lancaster, a Weymouth clergyman, in his sermon on May 30. The rector read a letter in the pulpit from a soldier at the front, who was in the retreat from Mons, and who said in the letter that his regiment was pursued by a large number of German cavalry from which they took refuge in a large quarry, where the Germans found them and were on the point of shooting them. At that moment, stated the writer of the letter, the whole of the top edge of the quarry was lined by angels, who were seen by all the soldiers and the Germans as well. The Germans suddenly stopped, turned round, and galloped away at top speed. The narrator adds that this is vouched for not only by the Tommies, but by the officers of the regiment.

We see here certain variants of what is apparently the same story, but in one case the apparition appears merely as a strange cloud, in the second it appears as a cloud with bright objects moving within it, and in the third, fourth and fifth it appears



definitely as a company of angels. It seems not improbable that the same apparition would have presented itself with these variations according to the psychic temperament and development of the beholder. The story of the strange cloud is confirmed by two other witnesses; one is described as a young officer home on short leave from the front, who after seeing it and noticing

**MANY**  
**WITNESSES.** the sudden check to the enemy's cavalry which followed upon its appearance, observed: "After what I saw that day nothing will make me doubt for a moment but that we shall win this war." The other record in confirmation of this same cloud story is given by Mrs. F. H. Fitzgerald Beal as related by a soldier of the Dublin Fusiliers who was injured at this battle. She says: "I told him of the story and asked him whether it was true. He said, 'Yes, I saw it myself, a *thick, black cloud*. It quite hid us from the enemy!'" Here we get a further variant of the same story, where the cloud, instead of appearing "luminous" or "strange" is described as black.

All these records seem clearly to refer to one particular occurrence during the Battle of Mons. There are others, however, which relate to isolated incidents in the war, but are of a somewhat similar character. There is, for instance, a story given in the Roman Catholic organ, *The Universe*. This story is told by a Catholic officer in a letter from the front, and runs as follows:—

A party of about thirty men and an officer was cut off in a trench, when the officer said to his men, "Look here; we must either stay here and be caught like rats in a trap, or make a sortie against the enemy. We haven't much of a chance, but personally I don't want to be caught here." The men all agreed with him, and with a yell of "St. George for England!" they dashed out into the open. The

**THE STORY**  
**OF THE**  
**ARCHERS.** officer tells how, as they ran on, he became aware of a large company of men with bows and arrows going along with them, and even leading the men against the enemy's trenches, and afterwards when he was talking to a German prisoner, the man asked him who was the officer on a great white horse who led them? for although he was such a conspicuous figure, they had none of them been able to hit him. I must also add that the German dead appeared to have no wounds on them. The officer who told the story (adds the writer of the letter) was a friend of ours. He did not see St. George on the white horse, but he saw the archers with his own eyes.

This is the record alluded to above which corresponds with Mr. Arthur Machen's story about the archers, and might doubtless have given colour to his contention that it was a reminiscence of his own narrative. It will be noticed, however, that it has

no relation whatever to the Battle of Mons, which was the subject of Mr. Machen's romance. A few days ago I was interviewing two English ladies who have been nursing at a hospital at St. Germain-en-Laye, in the neighbourhood of Paris during the present war, and are proposing shortly to return. Their position makes them specially well qualified to form an opinion on the authenticity of the narratives under discussion. In the course of our conversation the story circulated with regard to the alleged

phenomena at the Battle of Mons cropped up, and I mentioned the fact that they had been alluded to in the OCCULT REVIEW, but that certain organs of the London Press had held the alleged incidents up to ridicule, as being merely founded upon a romance that had appeared in the English papers. It was pointed out to me in reply that in France they were not merely implicitly believed, but were absolutely known to be true, and that no French paper would have made itself ridiculous by disputing the authenticity of what was vouched for by so many thousands of independent eye-witnesses. They added that whole battalions of French soldiers had seen apparitions which they identified as Joan of Arc on her charger, while others claimed to have seen St. Michael. Many of the British soldiers declared they had seen St. George, but whether St. Michael and St. George were different interpretations, according to nationality, of the same apparition, did not seem clear.

In connection with the apparition of St. George, the Rev. Fielding Ould, Vicar of St. Stephens, St. Albans, who has in the past been a contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW, narrated in a sermon a story which he claimed to have heard from three sources, and which he said he thought might be true.

A sergeant (he observed) in our army, had frequented a house of the Young Men's Christian Association, and had seen there a picture of St. George slaying the dragon. He had been deeply impressed by it, and when, at the front, he found himself in an advanced and rather isolated trench, he told the story of St. George to his men—St. George, the patron saint of England, whose name the warriors have shouted as their war-cry in the carnage of Crécy, Poitiers and on many another glorious field. When shortly afterwards a sudden charge of the grey-coated Germans in greatly superior numbers threatened the sergeant's trench, he cried, "Remember St. George for England!" to his men as they advanced to meet the foe. A few moments afterward the enemy hesitated, stopped and finally fled, leaving some prisoners in our hands. One of the latter, who seemed dazed and astonished, demanded to be told who were "the horsemen in armour who led the charge. Surely they could not have been Belgians dressed in such a way!"

Narrators of such incidents are not unnaturally shy of giving their names in view of the scepticism of the general public. They might be reassured if they realized how universal is the recognition of the actuality of the experiences on the other side of the Channel, and be encouraged to supply that testimony and those specific data without which, in a scientific age, no such incidents can be held to have been proved. To do so would be doing a service in the cause of truth, and helping to break down the all-too-prevalent disbelief in the reality of the unseen world which, more than anything else at the present time, is hampering the onward march of human progress, and has been perhaps, did we but realize it, the actual original cause of the present disastrous war. Later on, when the cessation of hostilities permits it, it may be possible to collect in a far more systematic manner some hundreds of written testimonies by eye-witnesses who will sign their declarations and give their independent evidence. There seems no reason why, in these days of psychical research, such a collection of evidence should not be tabulated and analysed, and put into volume form, so as to constitute a valid historical and psychical record of one of the strangest sides of this great world-conflict.

It is probable enough that we should ascribe the story of Drake's drum to the category of legendary romance. But perhaps it deserves a niche in our collection. Here it is, as told by Major W. P. Drury in the *Western Morning News* :—

Every Devon lad knows, or should know, the legend of Drake's drum, the first drum to circumnavigate the globe, and on which the drummer of the *Golden Hind* used to beat her gallant crew to quarters. It hangs to-day, as most men know, on the walls of Buckland Abbey, and Drake is said to have declared that the sound of that drum would bring him back across the centuries in England's hour of need. My present work takes me much upon the Moor at night, and among the lonely hamlets and farmsteads in the region of the Abbey I have heard persistent rumours that the beating of the drum has been heard of late. Call it superstition if you will. The simple folk of the district believe that Drake is being summoned.

# THE MAIDEN OF ORLACH

## A TRUE STORY OF POSSESSION

BY DR. JUSTINUS KERNER, Author of "The Seeress of Prevorst"

Translated by CLAUD FIELD

IN the village of Orlach, in the district of Hall in Würtemberg, lived an honest farmer named Grombach, a Lutheran, who at one time was elected mayor of the village. He and his family lived like simple country folk, and their only occupation was in the cattle-stalls and fields. Grombach's four children were busily employed in this way. His daughter Magdalene, twenty years old, was especially distinguished by her diligence. From early dawn till late at night she was engaged in threshing corn, breaking hemp, and mowing grass for whole weeks together. When at school, she did not take to her books, nor did she do so later, although intelligent in other kinds of work. She was, without being full-blooded, strong and fresh, a healthy child of nature, and had never been ill in her whole life, having escaped the common complaints of childhood, cramp, worms, rashes, stagnation of blood, etc., and had never taken any medicine.

In February, 1831, Grombach had bought a new cow, and this animal was often found tied in another place in the stall to that where it had been tied originally. This surprised Grombach all the more as he was quite certain that none of his own people had played this trick with the animal. Then suddenly the tails of the three cows in the stall began to be most artistically woven, as if it had been done by a clever braid-maker, and afterwards the woven tails were knotted together. If anyone unwove them, they were quickly woven again by an invisible hand. This was done with such rapidity that if anyone disentangled them, went out and immediately returned to the stall, where there was no human being, the tails of all the cows were found most artistically and carefully woven again. This used to happen four or five times daily. These strange occurrences continued for several weeks, and, though a strict watch was kept, no perpetrator of the trickery could be discovered.

About this time Magdalene, one day, as she sat milking the cows, received such a severe box on the ear from an invisible hand that the cap flew from her head and struck the wall. It was picked up by her father, who had heard her cry out and hastened thither.

There now often appeared in the cattle-stall a cat with a white head and black body. No one knew whence it came or whither it went when it disappeared. On one occasion this cat attacked the

girl and bit her on the front part of her foot, so that the marks of the bite remained. This cat could never be caught.

All through the year 1831 these smaller and greater annoyances continued. But on February 8, 1832, as the girl and her brother were cleaning out the cattle-stall, they saw a clear fire burning in the back part of it. Water was fetched, and the flames, which had already risen to the roof so as to be visible to the neighbours, were soon extinguished. The occupants of the house were greatly alarmed; they could not explain the cause of the conflagration, and supposed that it was the work of incendiaries.

These outbreaks of fire occurred in different parts of the house on the 9th, 10th and 11th February, so that, at last, on Grombach's application, the local magistrates ordered watchmen to be stationed before the house and in it, but the outbreaks continued just the same. Because of this danger, the Grombachs found themselves compelled to evacuate the house. But in spite of this and the posting of watchmen, fires continued to break out here and there in the now empty house.

Some days after the last of these, when Magdalene came one morning at half-past six into the cattle-stall, she heard in the corner, where a very old wall served partly as a foundation to the building, what sounded like the whimpering of a child. She at once told her father, who also went into the cattle-stall, but heard nothing. At half-past seven on the same day the girl saw in the back part of the stall, by the wall, the grey shadowy form of a woman who was draped in black. This apparition beckoned to her with its hand.

An hour later, as she was giving the cattle food, the same form appeared again and began to speak. It said, "Away with the house! Away with the house! If it is not broken down by March 5th next year, a misfortune will happen to you. For the present, however, enter it again at once; till that date nothing will happen. If the house had been burnt, it would have been according to the will of a wicked one, but to protect you, I have prevented it. But if it is not broken down by March 5th next year, I can no longer prevent a misfortune happening. Promise me that it shall be done." The girl gave the apparition the required promise. Her father and brother were present, and heard her speak, but saw and heard nothing else. According to the girl's account the voice was a female one, and the words spoken were High German.

On February 19, about nine o'clock in the evening, the apparition appeared before her bed and said, "I am, like you, a woman, and born on the same date as yourself. What long long years I have remained here! Still am I tied to a wicked one, who serves not God but the Devil. You can help towards my deliverance."

The girl said, "Shall I obtain a treasure, if I help to deliver you?"

The apparition answered, "Seek not for earthly treasures; they are of no avail."

On April 25 at noon the spirit again appeared to her in the cattle-

stall and said, "God bless thee, dear sister! I was also born at Orlach, and my name was Anna Maria. I was born on September 12th, 1412. [The girl was born on September 12th, 1812.] In the twelfth year of my age I was forced into a nunnery against my will."

The girl asked, "What sin have you committed?" The spirit answered, "I cannot tell you yet."

Whenever the apparition appeared to the girl, it always spoke in a religious way and quoted many passages from the Bible which the girl herself had not remembered. On one occasion it said, "They will think that because I am a nun, I don't know anything of the Bible, but I am well versed in it." It often quoted the 116th Psalm.

Once the girl said to the spirit, "Not long ago a clergyman told me to ask you whether you could not appear to others also; people would then believe that you are not merely an imagination of my brain." The spirit answered, "Tell him he might as well not believe what is written in the gospels, because he has not seen it. Another clergyman also asked you [and, as a matter of fact, he had] to tell him what I was made of; tell him in reply to look at the sun and see what it is made of."

The girl said, "But people would believe it sooner, if you appeared to others also." In answer to this the spirit sighed and said, "O God! when shall I be delivered?" It seemed very sad, and disappeared.

The girl reported that she only needed to let her questions to the spirit pass through her mind, and she received an answer at once. On one occasion when she only thought something which she did not wish to utter, the spirit said, "I know it already; you need not say it in order that I know it, but still you had better do so."

The girl often asked the spirit why it suffered so much, in what way it was bound to an evil spirit, why the house must come down, but the apparition only gave evasive answers or sighed.

From February to May this spirit appeared to the girl on different occasions, talked always in a religious way, and often referred with grief to its connection with a black spirit. One day it said that it would not come again for a long time, but that the girl would have to suffer the attacks of the black spirit; she must remain steadfast and never answer him. Often the apparition foretold events which subsequently happened, e.g., that this or that person would come to her the next day.

On June 24, St. John's Day, when all the others were in the church, the girl remained alone at home in order to prepare the midday meal. She was standing near the fire-place in the kitchen when all of a sudden she heard a violent report in the cattle-shed. She was about to go and see what had happened, but as she turned she saw a quantity of strange-looking yellow frogs on the hearth. The sight frightened her, but she thought, "I will collect some of these creatures in my apron, to show my parents, when they come home, what strange frogs they are"; but as she was in the act of collecting some, a voice called from

above (which seemed to her like the voice of the apparition): "Magdalene! leave the frogs alone!" and they disappeared.

On July 2, at two o'clock in the morning, her father went with her to reap in the field. When they had gone about sixty paces from the house, Magdalene said, "There is the neighbour's servant calling to us to stop and saying he will come too." Her father could hear nothing, but Magdalene heard the voice calling again and the sound of a scornful laugh. She said, "Now he is coming"; but she only saw a black cat. They went to the meadow, where Magdalene saw a black foal, visible to her but to none of the others. That day she found her work very tiring.

On July 3, as they went to reap at three o'clock in the morning, a voice called to her, "Magdalene, what sort of a woman is she who comes to you?" and laughed scornfully. Suddenly Magdalene said to her father, "Now there comes something!" She saw a black horse without a head, springing now in front, and now behind her.

At noon, as they were turning hay in the meadow, a black man came to her, walked up and down with her in the meadow and said, "What does that old frump want, who comes to you? Don't talk with her; she is a bad lot; but talk with me, and I will give you the key to the cellar under your house. There are eight barrels of very old wine and many precious things. Your father would enjoy the wine!" Then he laughed and disappeared.

On July 4, at three o'clock in the morning, a black man came to her and said, "Magdalene, help me to reap to-day; I will give you a thaler for every sheaf you bind. If you could see how fine my thalers are, you would certainly help me to reap! Don't you know me? I am the innkeeper's son. When I go again in the beer-cellar I will give you beer too, if you help me to reap." As the black man spoke, he kept laughing scornfully. He remained for a quarter of an hour and said, as he went away, "You are just such an old frump as she who comes to you!"

At five o'clock he came again, carrying a scythe and said, "This time I will help you to reap, so that you can finish more quickly; then we will go to the old woman's where there is plenty to eat and drink; but you must be friendly and answer me. Give me your scythe and I will whet it. So! now it will cut well!" He remained near her till seven o'clock. She had no need to whet her scythe that day, for it remained sharp all the time.

About twelve o'clock he again appeared in the meadow with a rake in his hand and said, "A proper labourer turns up punctually." He turned the hay behind Magdalene and kept on saying as he walked, "Answer me, you stupid! Then you will have plenty of money; I will repay every answer with treasures; I am rich. You must have a mass read, Magdalene, so that the weather may remain fine; nothing else is any use; you must have a mass read." Then he laughed again and disappeared.

The girl was, as already mentioned, a Lutheran, and there were no Catholics at Orlach.

The black man seemed to her to be wearing a monk's dress, and subsequently he declared that he had been a monk. On the morning of July 5, when the girl was in the meadow she heard the voice of her neighbour calling behind her, "Magdalene, have you brought your whetstone? I have left mine at home." She turned round, but without giving an answer; this she always carefully avoided doing, even when she thought, as on this occasion, that a real human voice was speaking to her. There stood the black monk and said, "I think you don't recognize people any more! That is an omen of your death. Look! I am your neighbour. What did your father want to take a book with him to-day for? Did he wish to read a mass?" Then he laughed. (Some one had advised Magdalene's father to take a New Testament with him, and as soon as the apparition appeared to hold it towards it, but he had left it at home on account of the rain.)

"Magdalene," he continued, "you don't whet your scythe properly! See! You must sit on the ground and hold the scythe in your lap. Sit down! Look! whet it so, and answer me and be friendly and then you will get a lot of shining thalers. Stop a minute! The flies are worrying you. I will drive them away." (He actually did so and during the rest of the day, none of them approached her, nor did her scythe need whetting again.) He went on to say, "Magdalene, you must tell your father to go with you to Braunsbach [a Catholic village in the neighbourhood], and there we will have a mass read that the weather may remain fine—but you must answer me."

At half-past eleven that day the black monk again appeared on the meadow near her. He had a wallet on his back, a scythe in his hand and began to cut the grass and said, "Magdalene, it is a disgrace that you cut your grass so untidily. If you give me your scythe, I will give you mine in place of it. And I will give you also the wallet on my back, which is full of fine shining thalers, such as you have not seen. See, I will give you them all, but you must answer me and not tell your father that I am there, or I will go home again at once."

On this Magdalene immediately told her father that the monk was there again. The latter then departed and called back scornfully as he went: "Come home with me too; I will have a mass read that the weather may remain fine."

On July 6, in the morning at half-past two, she heard the voice of her maid-servant behind her in the field, "Magdalene! come to your father quickly! Where are you going?" As she looked round she only saw a black calf, which said, "Ah! I nearly caught you that time! Your father can't frighten me away with the Bible; he shouldn't let people persuade him that he can! The Bible—stuff and nonsense! The mass is better and more imposing. Come, Magdalene, with me to Braunsbach; we will have a mass said, that the weather may remain fine!"



On July 8, at five o'clock in the morning, he came to her in the upper attic, just as she was making the bed and spoke behind her with the voice of the innkeeper's maid, "Good morning, Magdalene! My master and mistress have sent me to tell you that you should go to Braunsbach; they want to have a mass read, as the monk advised, that the weather may remain fine. They wish to have a mass costing a gulden, which is better than one for forty-eight kreuzers. You should persuade your father also to have a mass read for a gulden. It is worth some trouble to have a good hay crop, isn't it?" She was on the point of answering him when she stopped making the bed, looked round and saw the black monk. He laughed aloud and said, "I haven't caught you yet, but I will catch you some time." Then he laughed again and disappeared.

About this time her sister and she found in the cattle-shed on a beam a little bag, the contents of which clinked, as it fell to the ground. They opened it and found in it some thalers and smaller coin, the whole sum amounting to eleven gulden. It was inexplicable how the money came to be in that place, for no one in the house missed anything, and no one appeared to claim it. Then the black monk came to her and said, "That belongs to you, Magdalene, and is to make up for the box on the ear I gave you one day. Magdalene, say 'Thank you!'" But even that did not induce her to speak with him, and in the evening the white apparition appeared to her and said, "It is well that you did not answer him; you should not keep the money but give it to the poor." Accordingly a third of it was sent to the orphanage at Stuttgart, a third to the poorhouse at Hall, and a third to the village school-fund. The white apparition said further, "When you next go to Hall, walk about in the town till some one calls you; he will give you some money; buy yourself a hymn-book with it." Soon afterwards the girl went to Hall, and as she was passing through a street, a shopman called her, asked if she was "the girl from Orlach," listened to her story and then gave her a gulden, with which she bought herself a hymn-book.

On July 10, as she was watering the cows at a lonely brook in the woods, the black monk came and spoke with the voice of her neighbour Hansel. "This time you have no one by you. Your father said to me, 'Hansel! Be so good as to go after my Magdalene; she is alone with the cows in the wood. The black monk might come and compel her to answer, and might bring great misfortune on her.' So I have come, and see the monk is not with you. And now I will tell you something. Are you curious? Yesterday when I was in your house—was it yesterday or the day before?—and you had taken my little boy on your arm and gone into the garden, your father complained much about you, when we were alone and said, 'I won't keep Magdalene at home; she must go. She must either go to a nunnery—wasn't it strange of your father to say that?—or she must marry.' I don't think your father was quite wrong. What do you say to the nunnery? When I was a soldier I was also once in a nunnery; it is not so bad as

one thinks. Your friend, the innkeeper's daughter, is even now thinking of going to one. Or would you rather marry? Tell me! If you do, I know a fine fellow. Whom do you guess? Then you can do as you like. But if you go in the nunnery, you need do nothing; that is why the innkeeper's daughter is going there. But if you marry or go in a nunnery, you need not bind any more sheaves. This evening I will come for a little and help you bind sheaves. Have you finished yours yet?"

The girl gave him no answer; for though he could disguise his voice, he could not disguise his figure so as not to be recognized. He then disappeared. But as he had said, Hansel himself helped her that evening to bind sheaves, without knowing that the black monk had personified him and promised that he would.

On July 12 at a quarter to eleven the white apparition again appeared to her. It began to pray, "O Jesus! when shall I be delivered?" Then she said to the girl, "You increase my disquietude! Resist bravely the attacks of the wicked one! Never answer him! If you had answered him, even with one 'Yes,' the house would suddenly have burst into flames, for it is he who would have often burnt it down, had I not hindered him. He will still trouble you, but never answer him, nor speak a single word!"

Hereupon the apparition said that it would show her the place where the nunnery had formerly stood. It then led her some way through the village, and did so.

On July 15 in the morning when she was sitting quite alone in her room, the black spirit came to her in the form of a bear and said, "Now I have got you quite alone! Answer me! I will give you plenty of money! Why did you answer the other one, though she gave you no money? What good have you from your wretched life? Nothing but toil and trouble from early morning to late at night, stall-sweeping, cow-milking, grass-cutting, threshing. Only give me an answer and you are rich and need not trouble any more about that nonsense all your life long. Only give me an answer and I will not trouble you any more, and that old witch who only tells you stories and gives you nothing will not come again. But if you don't answer me, you will see how I will plague you!"

From this time onwards the black spirit generally made its appearances in the shape of some hideous animal, such as a bear, a snake, or a crocodile. He sometimes promised her gold, and sometimes threatened her with tortures. Whenever she held the Bible towards him, he disappeared.

On August 21 the spirit appeared to her in the form of a hideous animal as she sat knitting. She fell senseless, uttering the words, "The black one!" For many hours she lay unconscious, and these attacks of unconsciousness were repeated the whole of the next day. She struck at everything that approached her, with the left arm and foot, especially when the Bible was brought near her. Her parents sent

for a clergyman and a doctor because they could not understand her case. When the doctor asked her, "Have you fits?" she answered, "No." "Are you ill in any other way?" "No." "What is it then?" "The black one," was the answer. "Where is he?" "There!" and she struck her left side with her right hand.

She was bled and leeches were applied. She was in a magnetic somnambulistic state and said, "All that is useless; I am not ill; you are giving yourselves needless trouble; no doctor can help me." They asked, "Who then can help you?" Then she woke up suddenly and said "I have been helped." They asked, "Who has helped you?" She answered, "The lady," meaning the white apparition.

She now related that before her fainting fit the black spirit had attacked her in the above mentioned hideous form, had pressed her down, and threatened to throttle her, if she did not answer him this time. But just as she felt on the point of death, the white spirit appeared at her right, while the black one remained at her left. Both spirits, as it appeared to her, quarrelled with each other, but in a language quite unintelligible to her. Finally the black spirit fled and she came to herself. She knew nothing of the questions which had been addressed to her while she was in this state.

She now wept much over her unhappy condition, especially when she was told she had epilepsy. On August 23, when she was feeling especially melancholy, the white spirit came and said to her: "God bless you, Magdalene! Do not trouble! You are not ill. Others cannot judge in this matter. However many attacks you may have, I will protect you, so that they will not injure you, and it will be a sign to the unbelievers. People say, 'Why should such a spirit come to such an ignorant girl, who has learnt nothing, knows nothing, and is of no importance. It is a nun too and nuns know nothing except about Mary and the crucifix.' But they forget that it is written, 'Your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.'\*" Although doctors and other learned men may come to see you, they will all know nothing about it. Some will say, 'She is mad!' Others, 'She is a somnambulist!' Others, 'She has the falling sickness!' But do not trouble, Magdalene; it is none of them, and your trials will be over on the fifth of March next year. Only keep your promise that the house will be broken down." Hereupon the spirit repeated Psalm cxvi. and disappeared.

From that time Magdalene's father began to make preparations for pulling down his house, and for erecting another, paying no attention to what people said on the subject. The next time the white spirit appeared to the girl, it quoted many comforting passages of Scripture, but told her at the same time that the black spirit would take complete possession of her. At the same time it assured her that her soul would leave the body during the period of possession.

Accordingly from August 25 the attacks of the black spirit were

\* 1 Cor. ii. 5.

much more violent. He no longer disguised himself, but entered her and spoke through her mouth. From the above mentioned date the attacks usually assumed the following form. When engaged in some occupation, she would see him in a monk's cowl, which concealed his face like a black cloud, coming towards her. Then she would hear him say, "Will you not yet answer me? Beware, for I am going to plague you," or words to that effect. Then he would tread on her left side, lay five fingers of a cold hand on her neck, and enter her. Then she would lose consciousness, and with it her individuality, while the bass voice of the monk would speak through her lips. During these attacks her features were terribly distorted. The words which the black spirit spoke at these times were in keeping with his demonic character. They consisted of blasphemies against the Scriptures, the Saviour and everything holy, and of abuse of the girl herself, whom he always called "a sow." He abused the white spirit in similar language.

At these periods the girl's head was bent towards the left and her eyes were always quite closed. If they were forcibly opened the pupils were found turned upwards. Her left foot moved to and fro violently with its sole pressed hard on the ground. These movements of the foot would last during the whole attack, which was generally four or five hours long. Her shoes and stockings were removed to spare them, and at last the sole of her foot bled from chafing the bare boards. But when the blood was washed off after the attacks, the skin was found unbroken, the sole and the foot itself being ice-cold. The girl felt no pain in the foot, and on awaking would hurry far away from the spot. Her right foot would remain warm all the time.

On these occasions she awoke as if from a magnetic sleep. Her awaking was preceded by what seemed a struggle between her right and left sides. Her head would move now to the right, now to the left, till at last it sank on the right side. Then the black spirit seemed to leave her and her own consciousness returned. She awoke without any idea of what had happened to her and of what the black spirit had said. On awaking, she said she seemed to have been in church singing or praying with the congregation at the very time that the diabolical utterances were proceeding out of her mouth. This was in accordance with what the white spirit had promised her previous to the attacks. When the black spirit was in her, he would answer questions, but could not utter any holy names nor quote verses of Scripture. If at these times a Bible was brought close to the girl, she tried to spit at it, but her mouth being quite dry, she only hissed like a snake. The black spirit spoke of God with a kind of fear. "That is the worst of it," he said once, "that my master has himself a Master." He often expressed a wish and even a hope that he would some day be converted. It seemed to be not so much an evil will, but doubts as to the possibility of finding mercy and being saved, which hindered his conversion.

It was not surprising that doctors considered these symptoms to be those of an ordinary illness. They could not therefore believe the girl's assertions about the black and white spirits. On the other hand, some of them admitted that similar occurrences, which could only be explained away by a false exegesis, were narrated as matters of course in the gospels. Moreover they were quite unable to explain on scientific grounds the facts connected with the case, of whose actuality they had no doubt. For though they attempted in a general way to class the girl's case among nervous illnesses, and especially to define it as a form of epilepsy, the attacks themselves afforded no analogy with any known species of epilepsy. For no physical disturbance had preceded these attacks; the girl had never been ill in any way; even after the most violent fits she was at once fresh and strong, active and cheerful.

Nevertheless the majority of the doctors decided that it was demonomania arising from physical causes, a kind of epilepsy bordering on madness caused by some disorganization of the spinal marrow, especially the left side of it. In accordance with this diagnosis doses of belladonna and zinc oxide, etc., were prescribed. Massage with ipecacuanha and even cauterizing were also recommended. Fortunately the simple good sense of the parents did not allow these prescriptions to be carried out. No doctors could shake their faith in the white apparition who had declared that their child's affliction would certainly end on March 5th of the next year, provided that the house was broken down by then. Full of this confidence, they made preparations for pulling it down and for building another. After the girl had suffered in this way for five months, her parents brought her to my \* house for observation. I said nothing whatever to encourage their belief that their daughter was "possessed." This I did chiefly for the girl's sake, in order to be able to observe her all the more carefully. I also told them that it was an ailment for which no ordinary medicines would be of any use, and that they had been right to avoid them up to the present. The girl herself I recommended to use no other means towards her cure than prayer and a spare diet. I made a few mesmeric passes over her by way of experiment; these the black spirit tried to neutralize by making passes with the girl's hands in the opposite direction. Thus I abstained from using this and all other remedies, but felt no anxiety on that score, because for my own part I recognized this as a case of possession and believed the prophecy of the other spirit who had predicted her cure on March 5. In this confidence I let her leave my house as she had come and return to her parents at Orlach, after having by long and exact observation convinced myself that here there was not the least dissimulation or exaggeration of her symptoms on the girl's part. I urged her parents as strongly as possible, not to allow their daughter to be made a spectacle, to keep her attacks as private as possible, to let no strangers see her while

\* Dr. Justinus Kerner's.

having one, and to address no questions to the spirit possessing her. I myself out of regard for her health had addressed very few questions to her while under my roof.

It was not the parents' fault, who were only grieved at their child's sufferings and earnestly desired that they should end, but it was due to the obtrusiveness of outsiders that my warnings were ineffectual. Many curious people came to the hitherto quite obscure village of Orlach in order to see the girl in her paroxysms. This perhaps was so far useful that many besides myself were convinced of the unique character of her complaint. Among the many uninvited was one who had been invited, the Reverend Mr. Gerber. He saw the girl in her last attack and wrote an article on the subject in the periodical *Didascalia*, to which we shall return later on.

On March 4, at six o'clock in the morning, while the girl was still alone in her bedroom in her parents' house, for the pulling down of which all arrangements had been made, the white spirit suddenly appeared to her. She was so radiant that the girl could scarcely look at her. Her face and head were covered with a shining white veil. She was clothed in a long white dress which covered her feet, and said to the girl, "No one can save another; that is why the Saviour has come and suffered for all, but through you can be removed the earthly element which still held me below, so that I can confess my sins through your mouth to the world. Oh, let no one wait till the end but confess his guilt before his departure from the world! In my twenty-second year I was, disguised as a cook, brought by that black monk from a nunnery to his convent. I had two children by him, each of which he murdered immediately after its birth. For four years our unholy tie continued, during which time he also murdered three monks. I betrayed his crime, though not completely; then he murdered me. Oh, let no one" (she repeated) "wait till the end, but confess his guilt before his departure from the world!" The white spirit now stretched out her hand towards the girl, who had not the courage to touch this hand with her bare hand without wrapping her handkerchief round it. Then she felt a pull at this handkerchief and saw it glow. The spirit now thanked the girl for obeying her behests, and assured her that she was now purged from all earthly elements. Then she repeated the hymn, "Christ receiveth sinful men." The girl heard her continuing to repeat it when she was no longer visible.

While the spirit was still present, the girl saw also a black dog before her, spitting fire at her, but without effect. They both disappeared together. But in the girl's handkerchief a great hole was burnt, corresponding in shape to the palm of a hand, and round this hole were five smaller holes as if made by five fingers. There was no smell of burning nor did the girl notice any at the moment when the handkerchief glowed.

The girl was found in her room almost paralysed by fright, and brought at once into the house of a neighbouring farmer, Bernhard

Fischer, because Grombach now wished to have his house broken down quickly. Hardly had Magdalene been taken there than the black spirit appeared to her. He had now something white on his head in the shape of a tassel, though hitherto he had been quite black. He said, "Here I am again! You will surely cry because it is the last time! You see I have got something white on me." So saying he came to her and seized her neck with his cold hand; she lost consciousness and was now possessed. An eye-witness reports that she was now pale, with her eyes quite closed; when her eyelids were opened, the pupils seemed turned towards the nose, and the eyes seemed to be sunken. Her pulse was regular, and her left foot moved constantly to and fro. Her left side was considerably colder than the right.

From Sunday evening to Tuesday morning she took no food, and was all that time possessed by the black spirit. He announced that he would not leave her till half-past eleven on Tuesday. Then he said, "If I had followed St. Peter's advice, I should not have to be here," and quoted 1 Peter ii. 21: "For hereunto were ye called, . . . that ye should follow His steps."

During the day a great number of people collected in Orlach to see the girl and to address questions to the spirit. He answered to the satisfaction of those who tested him many questions about the convents, castles and antiquities of the neighbourhood; impertinent questions he repelled.

At night, when the police had ordered the spectators to disperse, the spirit said that he had prayed and joyfully asserted that he could now pronounce the words "Jesus," "Bible," "Heaven," "Church"; he could also pray and hear bell-ringing. If he had only been converted during the previous summer, it would have been better for him. He now made his confession as follows: "My father was a nobleman of Geislingen, an hour's journey from Orlach. He had a robbers' castle on the Löwenbuk by Geislingen between the Kocher and the Bühler, and its remains must still be there. I had two brothers: the elder inherited the castle; the younger perished in war. I was intended for the church, and entered the convent at Orlach, where I became the Superior. I was guilty of the murder of several of my fellow-monks, of nuns, and of children whom I had by them. The nuns I brought to the convent in male attire, and when I was tired of them, I murdered them. The children I killed as soon as they were born. When I had murdered the first three of my brother monks, she whom you call the 'white spirit' betrayed me. But at the trial I obtained an acquittal by bribing the judges. When I came back to the convent I murdered the nun who betrayed me, three more monks, and four weeks afterwards, in the year 1438, I committed suicide. As Superior of the convent, I was able to entice my victims to a secluded spot, and there I stabbed them. The corpses I threw into a pit, which was walled round. My belief was that men die like

animals and that then all was over with them. But—but it is quite different ; there is retribution after death."

The next morning the spirit gave some questioners quite correct information regarding the former convents at Krailsheim. Then he again expressed doubts as to whether there could be any mercy for him, when he must now for ever quit this place and the girl. "This evening," he said, "I must appear before the Tribunal together with her" (meaning the white spirit).

It was now half-past eleven in the morning. The workmen who were breaking down the house had come to the remnant of a piece of wall, which formed the corner of the house and was composed of quite different material to the rest of the building, being much stronger and evidently much older. The girl naturally could not see when this last part of the wall was pulled down, but just as it happened, at half-past eleven, she bent her head three times to the right and her eyes opened. The black spirit had departed and her natural life had returned. The Reverend Mr. Gerber, who was present when the last stone of the wall fell, describes her awakening thus: "At that moment she turned her head to the right and opened her eyes, which were clear, and looked, full of wonder, at the many spectators who stood around her. All at once, it occurred to her what had happened. Filled with shame, she covered her face with both hands, rose, and half staggering like one just awakened from deep slumber, hastened out of the room. I looked at the clock ; it was half-past eleven. Never shall I forget the surprise of the sudden transition from her distorted expression of face to the simple, human, friendly one, from the hollow unpleasant ghostly voice to her natural girlish tones, and from her partly motionless, partly restless attitude to her mobile graceful figure. All those present rejoiced, and congratulated her parents, for the good people were persuaded that the black spirit had now appeared for the last time."

"Her father showed me his daughter's scorched handkerchief. The holes in it had been plainly caused by fire."

After the house had been broken down, and the rubbish was being removed, a hole like a well was found, about ten feet broad, and twenty feet deep. In this hole and among the rest of the ruins were discovered human bones, including those of children.

From that hour the girl remained well and strong, and none of her attacks returned. A year later, in consequence of a cold, she suffered from contraction of the throat and voicelessness, but there was no return of her former symptoms.



# THE ARYA SAMAJ \*

BY HARENDRA N. MAITRA

INDIA is a land of sages, of great thinkers, where, as a Western writer has said, "men in loin-cloth by a dusty road-side say things that one would go far to hear." Many a life as great as that of St. Francis or Luther or Savonarola has been lived there utterly unknown to the West; lives full of the romance of struggle and sacrifice for an ideal. They come when there is need, with the force of an earthquake shock, generally leaving behind them some movement, like a volcanic island on the surface of the ocean of Hinduism, to continue for a long period, or, as is often the case, having fulfilled its mission, to be absorbed again into that ocean.

Such a life was that of Swami Dayananda Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj; a man of great learning, high fearlessness, puritanic integrity and unflinching if iconoclastic zeal in his devotion to truth as he saw it. Always a seeker after truth, plunged by his intense grief at the death of a beloved sister into meditation on death, life and the meaning of all things, fleeing from home to pursue his search for knowledge untrammelled, he wandered all over India as an ascetic, meditating amid the Himalayas, in the jungles and on the banks of the sacred Ganges, seeking out the most learned *pandits* and *yogis* in his consuming desire for truth, until at Mathura he found his *guru* and his mission. He spent the remainder of his life carrying out that mission with a fierce intensity of devotion until he was poisoned by a woman whose enmity he had incurred, as John the Baptist incurred that of Herodias. Such was the strange and dramatic life of the man who founded the Arya Samaj to embody those ideals which seemed to him essential for the regeneration of his beloved Motherland.

To anyone, therefore, who is interested in India, or to whom a great and vivid character appeals, *The Arya Samaj*, by Lala Lajpat Rai, the well-known Nationalist, with its interesting preface by Professor Sidney Webb, will be of great interest.

\* *The Arya Samaj*. By Lala Lajpat Rai. London: Longmans Green & Co. Price 5s. net.

The author has written with the devotion of a disciple and the clear analysis of a practical thinker, and we are indebted to him for a clear and simple exposition of the real meaning of the Arya Samaj movement, which has been much clouded by political associations, through which it is probably best known in the West, and which the author most convincingly proves have given a wrong impression of its real ideal. He sums up the teachings of the founder under three heads: the *Vedas*, idolatry and mythology, and the question of caste.

A return to the *Vedas* as the one source of pure spiritual teaching is the fundamental doctrine. It strikes on the one hand at other religions which its founder felt were having a denationalizing and therefore injurious effect upon the Hindu consciousness, and on the other hand at Hinduism as he saw it around him, which he considered a corruption of the pure Vedic religion. Like Luther, he declared the right of everyone to read the sacred Scriptures for themselves, and attacked the power of the Brahman priesthood as Luther did that of the Pope, thus bringing upon himself the fiercest opposition of that powerful class. On the constructive side, the doctrine of the return to the *Vedas* has done great good in the development of education along the line of Hindu consciousness and ideals, giving the Hindu youth a knowledge of the greatness of their own past, a pride in their own race, and a hope for the future. These ideas are embodied in two schools: the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College at Lahore and the Gurukula at Hardwar. At these schools, especially at the Gurukula, the teaching is carried on according to the ancient Hindu system of the Brahmacharya pupil and *guru*, a system so ideal in many ways that the modern educator, with the cry that our "education does not educate," might do well to investigate it. To the Hindu, learning is such a sacred thing that to charge money for it has always been considered a sin, and this idea is carried out in the Gurukula, as far as is possible under modern conditions.

In the matter of caste, the Arya Samaj movement was not so much an attack on caste as an effort towards its purification and a restoration of the original idea that a Brahmin is a Brahmin in so far as he lives up to the ideals of Brahmanhood, but that he loses the right to the privileges of a Brahmin when he no longer fulfils the Brahmin's obligations of learning, character and spiritual service. Dayananda claimed on the authority of Manu that "in ancient times persons not born of Brahmin parents acquired the position of Brahmin by learning and piety," and,

acting on this idea, a great work known as "*Shuddi*" (purification) has been carried on by the Arya Samaj among the so-called "depressed classes." In this work, children of the lowest castes are educated by Brahmins, trained in the disciplines and invested with the sacred thread of the higher castes. This work has done much good in the uplifting of the lowest, and it may be that, wisely carried out, it could be the solution, not only of this problem, but also of the adaptation of the caste system to modern conditions.

While on the constructive side of education and social work the Arya Samaj movement deserves the highest praise, on the purely religious side one must look upon it as a failure, for the reason that the founder lacked a real understanding of Hinduism itself. In his vehement crusade against so-called idolatry and polytheism, he was like one who sets up a man of straw to knock it down. In this born iconoclast, with all his deep learning, there seems to be a curious lack of deep and fundamental reasoning. He takes the *Vedas* as the supreme source of spiritual teaching. He believes in their infallibility with the same dogmatism with which the orthodox Christian believes in the infallibility of the Bible. But he gives us no reason for this belief. This is entirely contrary to the spirit of Hinduism. Hinduism never imposes any ideas from without upon the seeker for truth, not even the ideas of the *Vedas*. God can only be known through realization: that has always been the teaching of Hinduism. So, when Vriḡu, the son of the sage Varuna, asks his father to teach him the knowledge of Brahman, Varuna does not say, "Study the *Vedas*," he says, "Meditate, thus will you know Brahman." And Vriḡu, after many meditations and after arriving at various conclusions—that Brahman is Food, that He is Life, that He is Consciousness—finally reaches the supreme conclusion that Brahman is Love. Thus with the Hindu, religion is a culture, not a creed; God is a realization, not a belief.

All who have this realization of God, whatever their creed, are revered as saints. St. Francis would have been worshipped in India, and if any Christian missionary, renouncing all, would go through the length and breadth of India singing and preaching the name of Christ, he would receive the greatest reverence. Such a man, they would say, had the *Vedas* within him. God cannot be shut within the leaves of any book. Therefore, whether the people read the *Vedas* for themselves or not, that did not mean that they were shut out from the knowledge of God. And since even the learned dispute about the meaning of the

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*Vedas*, there may have been some ground for believing that the unlearned would be best fed by the *ideals* of the *Vedas* embodied in the *Puranas*, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramavana*, which are the daily food of every Hindu child. We do not give philosophy to babes!

Dayananda makes a great point of proving that the God of the *Vedas* is One God. Unquestionably, but unquestionably also is the God of the *Puranas*. Krishna himself, of whom there is probably more "image-worship" in India than of any one else, teaches in the *Bhagavad-Gita* the sublime truth of the One in the many, the Manifest and the Unmanifest. The *Rig Veda* says, "He is One, sages call Him by many names." The *Gita* says, "I am the One eternal God, manifested in divided forms." This idea of the immanence of God, and that images represent various manifestations of the One, is so much a part of the life of the Hindu people that, as the great Japanese writer, Mr. Okakura, has said, they "will take the dust of the feet of a holy man who tells them that God cannot be expressed in form, and immediately go as a natural consequence to pour water on the Shiva lingam." To the Hindu, the image or symbol is a help to concentration and realization in the same way that the crucifix and other images and symbols are to the devout Catholic. Dayananda, with that curious arbitrariness which we have noted, insists upon the *Homa*, or fire sacrifice, as an essential of the Vedic religion, for he says fire is the best representation of God, and God should therefore be worshipped by fire. We could almost imagine that Dayananda, who firmly believed in the doctrine of re-incarnation, was really some ancient Zoroastrian in whom the symbol of fire persisted when all other symbols were denounced. The *Homa* sacrifice is certainly a beautiful rite, and the symbol of fire must appeal to all, but can we limit the representation of God to one symbol alone? Even in the *Vedas*, the surface-critic might easily say that there were many gods—of fire, of wind, of water, of sky, etc. We have seen that these were recognized as aspects of the One God. The Puranic period is as much a part of the evolution of religion in India as the Vedic. Indeed, it may be said that in Krishna, the greatest character of this period, we have the harmonizing of the ideals of the three—the Vedic, or simple period, the Upanishadic or philosophic period, and the Puranic or imaginative period—representing in a general way the characteristics of the three *vogas karma* (service), *inana* (knowledge), and *bhakti* (devotion), and reaching their epitome in the *Gita*.

# AS THE FLOWER GROWS

BEING AN INTERPRETATION OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH "

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "Light on the Path,"  
"The Transparent Jewel," "The Crucible"

## PART II

THE text of *Light on the Path* has now been before the world of students of occultism for over thirty years. The book has held its own in spite of misinterpretations, misreadings and false statements. It is a proof of the fact that works, as well as beings, have individual karma. These rules were given to those on the physical plane who needed them and were ready for them, and those who are ready for them grasp at their meaning. To others they are meaningless.

The two sets of rules, each twenty-one in number, are written in living letters upon a wall in a sacred place in the ethereal world. That place, that wall, those letters have been there since time began, and will be there until time has ceased to be. Let there be no mistake about this. There is no authority connected with these rules, no "master" is responsible for them, nor any body of masters. They exist, as the phenomenal world exists, while we exist in it. They are a part of the great mystery of being, calling into life the highest part of man's nature.

The numbered statements which are included in these two sets of twenty-one are called "rules" in the text itself; it is therefore best to call them by this word which clearly indicates their nature. Their object is to make and keep straight the path of the disciple.

The title *Light on the Path* is no part of the text. It was given to the little volume when it was first brought out, by the Theosophical friend who was so anxious to send it into the world as to do so in spite of my earnest desire to keep it in manuscript. I did not think the world of occult students was ready for it then; I do not know whether they are ready for it now. Certainly no book has been more misinterpreted.

The "Notes" which in some editions are intermixed with the text, are in no sense whatever a part of it. They were written by myself and should appear only as an appendix.

The rules which form the text, the double set of twenty-one each, stand alone, not only in my experience, but in all literature.

They are blazing now, every word a jewel, on that wall where I saw them long ago and have seen them many hundreds of times since ; I, a little human soul, led by an ethereal being who guided me as one guides a child. I do not think any one can perceive the rules or is able to reach the place where they are revealed without such help. I was not merely permitted to write them down, I received the definite order to do so, and had to go again and again for the purpose of reading them all. Each time I was led to the place as a child is led, guided across a wide and glittering floor, and upheld when my strength gave way. And I knew myself as a little child, on that plane. I was ordered to write them down, as I have said, but I was not ordered to publish them, and when that was done in spite of my doubts as to the wisdom of the step, I could only hope the book had its own Karma with which I was not allowed to interfere. It appears that this was so, for good or ill according' to the state of those who read it.

*" These rules are written for all disciples."*

The word disciple is one of the most beautiful in our language, meaning, as it does, one who learns from another. It does not contain the same meaning as the word pupil, with which it is sometimes confused or interchanged. The Latin *pupillus* means actually a little boy, one who is in the care or charge of an older person, and who is bound to be obedient as well as to learn. The disciple is simply the learner, and a great doctor, a great musician or a great artist, will proudly declare himself the disciple of one still greater. There is no possibility of introducing the idea of obedience into the word. The *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*, compiled by Powis Hault, gives "chela" as meaning a disciple or pupil, which is a good instance of the confusion which exists between the two words, regarded by many persons as interchangeable. In reality they mean quite different things. The children in the council schools are pupils, and the law gives to the masters the power to physically punish those who are disobedient. Being under age they are literally, according to the derivation of the word, in the charge of the masters, who are responsible for them during school hours.

On page 161 of Subba Row's *Esoteric Writings* we have the statement that "Sankaracharya was a contemporary of Patanjali (being his *chela*)." It is pointed out in the same article that

Sankara was looked upon as a far greater man than Patanjali by the Adwaites, and also that the views held by these two great men were not altogether identical. In such a case the rendering of the Sanscrit word *chela* into English must be disciple, not pupil. It would seem obvious that this must be the rendering always where the learner is of age, and is a voluntary follower of any particular master ; it must therefore be the right one in all matters connected with occultism, where independent effort, and withdrawal from objects of sense (including the bodies of possibly embodied masters), is taught in all the great systems and schools.

The word master is one which always requires a descriptive word to accompany it ; it cannot be used loosely without causing the greatest confusion, its meaning being so wide and splendid. The Latin word from which our English word, "master" is derived means exactly the same as the Sanscrit *maha*, simply "great." The council school teacher is the great one in that little community ; the masters in art and music are the great ones even to those who are not able to become disciples and can but look and listen and admire. The word is one which must be coloured by context, and the surroundings with which it is associated. Those who desire to learn occultism from others who know more than themselves have a perfect right to call those others masters. If the adepts who have attained to knowledge in matters of occultism choose to take disciples, then are they rightly called the masters by them. Some, perhaps many, readers of *Light on the Path* suppose the words "nothing that is embodied—nothing that is out of the Eternal, can aid you" to be a contradiction of the possibility of an embodied "master." That supposition arises from a complete misapprehension of the position and aim of the stanzas known as *Light on the Path*. The one who reads these in their original position on the walls of a place of learning which is entirely outside physical life, knows that they are addressed to the adepts, the ones who have attained. It is *they* who are the disciples. This is shown clearly at the very commencement.

The position of these stanzas, in that place where they have been and will be while Time lasts, must be considered when looking for the meaning of the word "masters" when used in them. It was written in this place before the first avatar descended to help humanity, and it will be there not only at the consummation of this age but at the end of Time. It must be remembered that the one who reads these stanzas in their original

place receives them into his physical brain in the language with which he is most familiar. The word I read as Masters would be "the great" in any tongue. And who are "the great" in that high place of learning in which the Christ comes to teach? It can by no possibility mean anything less than the adepts. The opening and closing lines show that this is so. The one who "sees" and "hears" that which is "soundless" and "invisible" is the adept, the one who has attained, whose state is that described in the Patanjali Yoga Aphorisms as that of a seer without a spectacle. He has reached to this state by passing beyond the power of the pairs of opposites, so that he no longer experiences pleasure or pain. From this calm after the tempest, this "Yoga-sleep" (page 253, *Esoteric Writings*, Subba Row), the stanzas proceed to arouse the initiate. He must once more become a learner and enter upon the battlefield, in order to take the final steps. He must now be able to speak and to stand in the presence of the Master of the age in which he is a disciple. In the Bhagavad Gita Arjuna addresses Krishna as the Master of the world. The Master who came down to earth two thousand years ago, and who promised to remain with us to the consummation of the age, is seen and heard by all who are able to enter the ethereal and spiritual spaces in which He moves and where He is always ready to receive sinners and sufferers, as well as the disciples who learn from Him. These, the disciples, are expected to be able to speak, and to be able to stand in His presence, and therefore to be able to do His will and to understand the rules of the higher life.

"Attend you to them" is an injunction in respect to these rules "written for all disciples" which most readers will pass over without thought.

In the chapter called "The Illumination of the Adept" in Adams' *House of the Hidden Places*, a dialogue is given between the adept and the sill of the doorway through which he has to pass. "I will not let you go over me," says the sill, "unless you tell me my name."

"The weight in the right place is thy name," answers the adept.

The word "attention" is the entrance-word to the mystery teaching of *Light on the Path* as the "sill" is, at the entrance of the Gateway for the divine Osiris-soul, in Adams' interpretation of the esoteric teaching of the Grand Pyramid. The "dead" (who are now truly alive) enter upon a definite course according to the doctrine of ancient Egypt, described in the miscalled



" Book of the Dead " and illustrated by the passages and chambers of the Great Pyramid. But none can enter, even though an initiate, who does not know the true and inner meaning of the first step. So with the teaching of *Light on the Path* which is for those disciples who have not only burnt out the impurities of ordinary human nature in the crucible of human life, but have passed through the first stages of Yoga ; these disciples must then be able to give the right meaning to the entrance-word of this advanced school of thought before that entrance can be effected. The fact that without that right meaning no entrance can be effected shows that these rules are a true mystery teaching. It is easy to read them through, to study them, and even to attempt to live according to them, but without the true understanding of the first word of direction there is no understanding of the rules at all. All such aphorisms can be read as expressions describing mystic states, and therefore please and even satisfy aspirants who have within them the possibility of mysticism but who know nothing of practical occultism.

The word attention contains within itself, from its derivation, the idea of stretching. To stretch and reach out towards a method of development, and never to lose hold of it, implies great and continuous effort. Attention is no mere matter of reading sentences, of conning rules, of sitting in a school and listening to one who speaks and offers easy interpretations of difficult matters. On the contrary it is a stretching of the whole self toward a goal placed on high and apparently quite unapproachable ; a reaching out towards something within and beyond, something soundless and invisible. Without any compass the voyager embarks on this great undertaking. There is an invisible guide, a soundless voice, and upon these the aspirant depends, knowing that he is absolutely safe in the arms of his God, so long as his direction is true, his desire absolutely pure. The stretching out towards perfection which is an essential of the *Light on the Path* teaching is the willing crucifixion of the higher self. The lower self, the personality of the ordinary man, is crucified in time and space, in the inevitable duality which makes the pilgrimage (man and woman, pleasure and pain, heat and cold, etc.), but he has passed through these *as* a man, burnt in the crucible, The " stains have been burnt from his heart " by the raging fire. He has now to find his way from the plane of matter to the state of spirit. This can only be done by conscious effort. It is a part of rebirth, of the upward path of evolution. The crucifixion of every day is *apparently* God-sent,

but the crucifixion of the upward path is clearly and evidently entirely a result of conscious effort. This is plain, without confusion or doubt. No possibility of attributing the suffering of the upward path to God or Karma exists. It is definitely each man's own doing, conscious and willing pinning of himself upon the Tree of pain and sacrifice. By steadfast gazing upon the face of Pain he becomes aware that it is capable of change. Long since, when, as a man, he gazed upon the face of Avidya (evil) he looked long enough to see that face shrivel up and disappear. Only the man strong enough to do this can become a disciple. Now, in his new place in life that strength remains with him. He becomes aware of the true meaning of the mystery of the crucifixion. In the essential nature it can never be expressed, even to himself; he can only attain to the knowledge of it by clinging in spirit to the Father-Mother of the world. But he knows, as he passes through the bitter-sweet of life, that it is the mystic duality which makes the experience of humanity full of contrasts. And, with strength and determination to solve the mystery, he gazes upon it, making his mind into the transparent jewel of the Yogin in which all mysteries can, by true religious concentration, be revealed. With the stoicism of the philosopher he will choose pain to gaze upon, lest pleasure confuse him by its beauty. But such choice cannot be made; the two arms of the Cross are but one. As he looks intently into the dark face of suffering it becomes illuminated and is suddenly no longer seen as pain but as something even more beautiful than pleasure, with which it is blended to form this new consciousness. So with evil and good; they disappear mystically in the body that lies on the Tree, in which a new force arises, made of both and known as matter. He who will attend to the rules and aphorisms of *Light on the Path* must stretch towards a state of being which to the ordinary man appears impossible. He can shed no tear, he can inflict no wound, he can see his own heart's blood flow, knowing that out of this surrender of personality his greater self will arise. And while surrendering the self he must acquire such steadfastness on the plane of being to which he has risen that he cannot be shaken, that he will stand firm even in the presence of the masters.

The dignity and position of a master is of necessity the result of the needs and ignorance of the learner. The occult aphorism that the disciple commands his teacher is a mere statement of fact, following the same law as the aphorisms, "Ask and it shall be given to you—seek and ye shall find." It is not that

the disciple chooses who shall teach him, and orders what the teaching shall be, but that the demands of his nature draw that which is required by them from the inexhaustible, ever-flowing fount of life. Therefore the degree of discipleship being determined, the standing of the master can be guessed. School children are not taught by great professors, and eminent scholars are not taught by beginners. This is self-evident in the ordinary life of the world. It is a deep and intense truth in occult training. The high position of the disciples to whom the rules of *Light on the Path* are addressed is shown at once, in the first lines. In the second part, stanza 15, the disciple is told to do that which was held by the ancient Egyptians as being only possible in the initiation which comes to the just man after physical death. But the disciple is more than the just man and he is therefore instructed in the mysteries when he is prepared, no matter whether he is still embodied or not. It is clearly stated that these experiences are only to be apprehended by the inner senses. They are not to be imparted by any human voice, or any words written in the languages of earth. Therefore it is evident that no teachers using these means of instruction can be the masters before whom the soul must be able to stand, and in whose presence the voice of the disciple must be able to speak.

The secrets of the earth, the air, and the water, according to the Egyptian ritual, were shown to the soul of the man who had left the body by death. These mysteries have to be mastered by all souls who are ready to pass on, before leaving the wonderful world which has been their temporary home. The Masters indicated in *Light on the Path* are capable of showing these mysteries to highly advanced disciples, by means of the inner senses; they themselves therefore are dwellers in the world reached only by the use of those senses. They wear the glorified luminous resplendent shapes of the teachers of the human race. When the soul, in the Egyptian ritual, is told that he must pass "the road above the earth" he finds behind the Hidden Portcullis the face of the "Unseen Teacher." When initiation has begun the soul is so strengthened that it can bear "the distant but unveiled vision" of that face. As in the far past when this ritual of initiation after death was first written down in the Egyptian hieroglyphs it was Osiris the God who, waiting in the hidden mystic places for the souls of men, drew forth the Osiris nature of man; so now it is Christ the God who is fulfilling His promise of remaining with us even to the end of the world, who is ever in waiting on the mysterious threshold, and draws the

Christ-nature in man towards Himself. It is not necessary for the disciple to have laid down his physical body before he learns to stand and speak before these Masters; so soon as the inner senses are awakened the Unseen Teacher makes His Divine presence felt, even though His face may still be veiled. The glory and radiance of that face would be unbearable to one who had not yet entered fully into the territory of Light.

Such are the Masters of the World, the Guides of the human race, before whose divinity the soul of man must learn to hold itself with steadfastness.

These great cosmic souls know the sufferings and the sorrows of men, and have suffered and sorrowed with them. Osiris was killed and dismembered upon earth, only to become an ever-present friend in the world invisible to men, as Christ was crucified in time and space, and descended into the tomb of matter, to rise again and move always among those who are perpetually suffering this crucifixion. He is seen by all who suffer to the uttermost, to that point when pain breaks down the barriers and the inner senses are wakened. On the battlefield, in the hospitals, in the hour of death and in the day of travail, the glorious shape of the Good Shepherd is seen, because then the universal teacher, life, is forcing men to become disciples and to cry aloud for the help of the Master.

*Sight* is the first of the inner senses roused into activity according to the rules of *Light on the Path*. The disciple of this teaching is the highly advanced yogin who has conquered self and entered into the impersonal condition. He requires sight first of all, in order to see the path and know without doubt that he is following the right direction and going unerringly upon the way which will lead him to the Supreme. This is the meaning of the way of Yoga, that every sense, as it opens like the petal of a flower opens, shall be used for the Great End only, and for no lesser purpose. But the psychic and spiritual forms will and do develop their senses by natural slow evolution, and the experiences of life and death are the teachers. Never was that made more plain than now. I have shown in the *Crucible* how the terrible experiences of a world-war train men in the Yoga of *Light on the Path*.

To those who regard man from their high condition of super-human states, he appears as a somnambulist, who, with closed eyes, deaf ears, and without speech, walks to and fro, obtaining sensation as he best may under such disadvantages. This is because the physical body is not observed by them; its density,

which makes it the only one of man's bodies visible to physical eyes, causes it to be unnoticed by the eyes of light which look from higher planes of existence. They see the etheric double pursuing the paths into which it is led by the physical senses, unaware of the plane of its own life, where it is but as a deaf and blind mute is upon the physical plane. They perceive the desire body confused and baffled by inexplicable passions which reach it from the physical senses, flinging itself hither and thither in its own world without obtaining any certain or permanent satisfaction. These two bodies are held together and held in movement, free, yet not free, by the Breath of life, which is sometimes as a mighty wind, and sometimes as a mere faint flutter of air. It is that which creates vitality in these two bodies, even though they are deaf and dumb and blind. They form a vehicle for the fifth principle of man, the thinker, the reincarnating ego, which he uses to move about in. He is Arjuna and these form his chariot ; but it is not only from the density of the comparatively inert physical body that he receives impressions. All the parts of his chariot report to him. In the case of the ordinary man, during a whole incarnation the thinker is informed only of what the senses of the physical body are aware of. So soon as development begins and the inner senses awaken, he is informed of that which takes place in the worlds to which the etheric double and desire body belong. The first of the inner senses to awaken is sight, and when the etheric double opens its eyes upon the exquisite world to which it belongs, the thinker is transported into a new and amazing region of delight.

Death, as a factor in life, does its great work unerringly and incessantly, and one of its most important and vital tasks is that of touching the eyes of the somnambulists who grieve for the one who is gone, and raising the heavy lids which droop. But this is only a part of Death's work when the great Spirit of Love is present. When the one who leaves the physical plane is unloved, he has failed in his chief mission in life, and that failure follows into the realm of death. It is the agony of longing, the bitterness of grief, when a loved one is lost, that forces open the closed eyes of the inner bodies, obeying the desire of the ego to continue its relationship with the ego which has "changed its world"—the beautiful Japanese expression for what we call death. This it is which enables the mourner to see the unearthly shape of the one he has lost, either at the hour of death or soon after. The passing soul, as it becomes alive in its inner bodies, reaches towards the blind eyes of those it loves, in their inner

bodies, and rouses them, too, to life. The shape of the one gone is not seen by the physical eyes of the one remaining behind, it is, as Tennyson expresses it in the greatest line of "In Memoriam" "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost." Only so is any real sense of contact obtained, any real and vivid consciousness of the personality being present. And even if the mourner relapses into the state of the sleep-walker and returns to the life of the physical world to be led hither and thither by his physical desires and outer sense only, he never can forget that amazing moment in which he knew himself to be a spirit, gazing with the sight of inner perception upon the freed form of one he loved. It is remarkable how many persons have had that experience. In moments of confidence only can they be induced to speak of it, and usually they regard it as a unique experience peculiar to themselves alone. They have no idea that this arousal is one of Death's missions, which he has been fulfilling since the beginning of time, and will continue to fulfil until men need it no longer, being no longer sleep-walkers upon the spiritual and physical, but in full possession of their senses upon all the planes of being.

In quite normal and unstimulated development "dream" consciousness naturally follows upon physical consciousness, and the man becomes gradually aware that he is alive in another place when the eyes of his physical body are shut in sleep. He finds also that the experiences of this place, sometimes delightful, are sometimes also very disagreeable and painful. In fact, his etheric double is perceiving that which surrounds it on the etheric plane, and it depends on purity of purpose and the direction which he is taking whether his etheric surroundings are baleful or beautiful.

# MASTER-BUILDING

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

I HAVE before me a book which is described by its publishers in exceedingly striking terms. It is explained that the work has been written as a commission from the Grand Lodge of Iowa, U.S.A., that it was approved by that Body on June 10, 1914,



JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

and that henceforward a copy will be "presented to every man upon whom the degree of Master Mason is conferred in the Grand Jurisdiction of Iowa." The zeal and activity of this American Lodge has been mentioned more than once in the OCCULT REVIEW, in connection with a National Lodge of Masonic Research, founded recently, and in reviewing its official organ, some issues of which have reached us. That is a collective effort worthy of the highest praise and beginning to deserve it in the best sense of these words. Under the simple but pregnant title

of *The Builders*,\* the volume here under notice is, however, an individual effort—though bearing an important *imprimatur*—and there are two ways in which it marks an epoch. They are the circumstances of its production, as stated, and the value of its contents.

When a man enters Freemasonry it is customary to present him with the *Book of Constitutions* and the By-laws of that Lodge by which he has been received into the great community. These things are provided so that he may live in conformity with Masonic rule in things which concern the Brotherhood, and they are therefore put into his hands by an act of necessity, not by an act of grace. During a period of considerably over two hundred years, there may have been rare cases in which other information has been furnished, but they have not come under my notice. The new member has therefore very little knowledge of the organization into which he has come, its pretensions or its history. The mystery of speculative building, of temples spiritualized, the Symbols and Rites of the Order, their developments and transformations—of all these things he who would learn must seek—and it might happen that the Master of the Lodge would prove, not only the last person who could guide him, the very last person to instruct, but even the first to feel confused and astonished at direction being sought on such subjects. I am not wishing to suggest that there is no guidance possible. In this as in all things else, a man who wants to learn will not fail to find his teachers, while for the Mason also as for others there is a great cohort of instructors, each at his own value, in books and even in periodicals. There are also a few Lodges which pass as learned and issue transactions that those who wish may see, without very grave difficulty. Of course in the multitude of counsellors there is the confusion to be expected, and the most natural question arises: What have the Masonic headships to say upon the subject of Masonry?

Hereunto there has been so far no answer whatever, and when I come to the real reason, it is likely to be unexpected by some at least of my readers. Individual Grand Officers may write of that and this, but only in their private capacity, for—as a matter of fact—any teaching body of the kind implied by the question is not possible in Masonry. It is on the surface a "system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by

\* *The Builders: A Story and Study of Masonry.* By Joseph Fort Newton, Litt.D. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Crown 8vo, pp. xvi. + 317. Price \$1.25.



symbols." The morality is perfectly clear, and calls for no exposition, while up to a certain point the Rituals exist to explain the allegories and symbols. The essence and spirit of Masonry are not contained, however, within the terms of the definition which I have quoted. Rather they escape therein. But of that which lies beyond no governing body in Masonry has the power to speak with authority, such bodies being custodians of the surface meaning only and of what is involved thereby. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium*, and if it should profit little to consult the Master of a Lodge, in the great majority of cases, the profit might be less than nothing to consult the Grand Lodges, which would exceed their province by speaking. If some time or other in the history of Masonry—whether operative, speculative, or both—there grew up or was imported within it that strange ceremonial mystery which constitutes the Third Degree, and if it contains within it as a summary all the instituted Mysteries, the legend of the soul and the doctrine of Christ-Life on earth, the Grand Lodges cannot tell us when and how it was imparted, whence it came, or alternatively how it grew up within the four walls of the Universal Lodge. They cannot unveil the allegories, if this be their inward aspect, nor can they illustrate the symbols. It is their province to maintain landmarks and constitutions without innovations therein.

The result is that every man who becomes a Mason thinks what he pleases to think on all sides of the Masonic subject. He may regard it as a benefit society, a social club, a method of bringing people together, a concern which provides status, or things further from the purpose than one or all of these. He may believe alternatively that it is a great instrument of moral and social amelioration, or an aspect of religion; that it is the wisdom of Egypt projected through the centuries for ever and ever; that its first traces are in Aztec or even in Atlantis; that it is Kabalistic theosophy popularized in moving ceremonies; and so forward, without stint or hindrance. It is a perfectly open position, leaving every one rather helpless, but unavoidable in the nature of things.

And now what has happened during these last days? An important Grand Lodge—as we have seen—having otherwise many titles to influence and distinction, has set itself to remedy that portion of the difficulty which may be called remediable within the best and only measures that it is free to act. It has assumed no seat of authority in teaching; it has sought to arrogate to itself no artificial orthodoxy of opinion on matters of

speculation ; but it has resolved\* that the new Mason coming under its obedience shall know what there is to be known, outside controversial regions, on the foundations of Masonry, on general symbolism in its connection with particular forms prevailing in the great Craft, on the region of Masonic legend which goes before Masonic history, on the unquestioned historical data, on the history of the Grand Lodge of England, which is in one sense or another the Mother-Lodge of the whole Masonic world, on the story in brief of her children in other countries, long since grown up and working out their own destiny, and on that which—apart from all dogma—may be thought and held about the deeper meaning of Masonry, its philosophy and its spirit.

To attain this end the Grand Lodge has chosen Brother Joseph Fort Newton, a doctor of literature, who has prepared the designed memorial ; and so it comes about that we have this “ story and study of Masonry ” which is called *The Builders* ; and I know in my heart that every thinking Mason into whose hands it comes will wish devoutly that it could have been presented to him when he was first made a Mason and will generously envy those who are destined now to receive it under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Iowa. Dr. Fort Newton is known to us otherwise as author of *The Eternal Christ*, a series of studies in “ the life of vision and service,” and as a preacher who on many occasions has proved to have a mouth of gold. In his own words concerning Emerson, he is one of the seers of this day who have “ made the Kingdom of the Spirit something more than a visionary scene suspended in the sky.” Because of what he is in these respects and, for the rest, because of his Masonic scholarship, he has written a book which is not only the best introduction to the study of Masonry that I have met with in my whole experience—whether in English or another language—but is something also that belongs to the domain of literature. He has gifts therefore which have been wanting but too often in the generality of Masonic writers. Finally, he has accomplished a most difficult task without once imperilling the Grand Lodge of which he is the spokesman by any tincture of extravagance in theory or grave mistake in fact.

My knowledge of things as they are within Masonic measures is much too wide for me to dream that other Grand Lodges will adopt *The Builders* as their text-book, but I am not without hope that the high interest and importance which attaches to this little classic will bring it into general demand and that these words may help in that direction.

## SUSSEX METHODS

BY G. A. L. W.

IT was told to me only a year or two ago by a girl who had "made her full attendance" at the village school.

"Mother has done everything she can for poor Mag," the girl said to me.

Mag was her elder sister, who suffered from epileptic fits.

The girl's voice sounded very despondent, and she stopped at the corner of the table, and looked at me as she spoke, for she was clearing away the breakfast things.

I stopped my letter, and said, "Well, what has she done?"

Polly hesitated, and came nearer to me. "We got the nine unmarried men each to give their sixpence," she said.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, but I was interested, so I put down my pen, and begged her to tell me all about it.

"You see, Miss Jane, it's like this: you have to get nine unmarried men to each give a sixpence, then you take the coins and put them into a silk bag, and tie it round the neck of the person what has the fits; I think you have to say some words, only mother she won't tell me what it is you have to say."

"Did it do Mag good?" I asked.

Polly shook her head at me, and after a moment went on: "Then mother tried the moles' feet—you get the little feet, only just the feet, you know—we got the old mole-catcher from next door to give them to us, and you put them in a silk bag, just the same as the sixpences, and say some words."

"What do you say?" I put in.

"I told you, Miss Jane, mother won't tell me what she says; but you hang them round the person's neck—but there, what's the good? Mag kept taking it off; I think them fits make the poor thing silly."

"Perhaps the moles' feet got a little high," I suggested.

"Yes, that is what Mag said, but who'd mind that if it cured you of the fits?"

I looked at the half-cleared table, at my half-finished letter, and then at the clock; but no, it seemed too good an opportunity to lose, so I said: "I am sorry Mag is no better. Do you know how to cure any more complaints like that, Polly?"

"Oh yes, Miss Jane, mother she knows all sorts of ways of

curing things, but she says that people laugh at her ; but she knows it's true, for she has tried them, and so did her mother before her, and lots of the people about here too."

"Have you ever tried them yourself?" I asked.

"No," said Polly, "but one man mother knew here did ; he had 'big neck' [goitre], so he took a grass snake and he tied it round his neck for a few minutes, and said some words—I don't know what—then he buried the snake in the garden, and as that snake died, miss, his 'big neck' faded away. Mother knew him, so she knows it's right."

"But supposing the snake had worked its way out of the ground," I suggested, "what do you think would have happened then?"

"Oh, you put the creature in a bottle, and tie it down so that it cannot get away ; I call it very cruel. Mother she has 'big neck,' but she won't try to cure it because she's that afraid of snakes she won't touch one, let alone having the thing tied round her neck, and I don't blame her either, miss, do you?"

We talked for a few minutes longer about snakes, and I began to fear that I was going to hear no more cures from Polly that day, when quite by chance I happened to mention that some child in the village was said to have scarlet fever, and then Polly turned to me sharply and said : "Well, Miss, they could soon tell if it *were* the scarlet fever or not, and cure it too."

"How?" I hastened to inquire.

"You gets a sheep's melt from the butcher, and you tie it to the feet of the person who has the fever, and then if it *is* the scarlet fever, you see it—the scarlet fever—all running down their body just like little scarlet worms, and going into the melt."

I looked at her hard, for I found it difficult to credit that the girl was serious, but yes, she really meant what she said !

"But," I ventured, "think of the state of the bed!"

"Well, Miss Jane, I would rather have *that* than the scarlet fever, for it cures you in *twenty-four hours*, but of course nowadays there is trouble if you don't call a doctor in, and he will not let you do it, at least mother says she would not like to try with one there." And Polly turned away with a sigh and a frown at the thought of the narrow-mindedness of doctors !

Hard as it may seem to some people to believe it, these remarkable cures were really told to me by a village girl in Sussex, who saw nothing out of the ordinary in what she said. And yet there are people who would tell you that all the "foolish old superstitions" of that kind are dead !

# A DREAM RECORD

By EMMA PEMBERTON

THE following dreams have been dreamt by me during the last few years, and I have been often asked to write them down, as those to whom I have narrated them seem to have considered them rather remarkable. From a child I have often dreamt things that have come true. The first dream I remember was that of a conversation between my governess and a shop assistant, which, to my amazement, I heard again a day or two later when I went shopping with her. I was thirteen at the time, and it did seem very funny to know beforehand exactly what was going to be said next.

Once I dreamt about events at the end of the world. I seemed to be in an American town, evidently one of the new ones, from the very wide streets and a general air of nothing being quite completed—roads wandering off into the surrounding country and there ending unfinished, only one or two seeming to have any definite end in view. I was a visitor to the town, and on arrival was much struck by the terror that seemed to have seized all the inhabitants; they appeared frantic with fear and were falling on their knees in the streets and praying aloud. On inquiry, my guide informed me that there had been so many dreadful earthquakes in the neighbourhood, with other alarming things, that every one had become panic-stricken. This set me thinking of the prophecies of the last days, and I could not help feeling that it was a pity the people had not been living better lives and had thought of it before, and then they could have awaited the event with more calmness. Would such an eleventh hour repentance avail anything? Then crossing the end of the street came a company of angels on white horses, some in scarlet and some in white shining raiment, some carrying banners. The people ceased their clamour and gazed spellbound at the wonderful sight. These are the angels, I thought I heard my guide say, who have come to make ready the Lord's coming. Then the scene changed, and I found myself at the end of one of the unfinished roads which led on to some rising ground, in company with a great many others who had come from the town. They were all gazing at some lovely silk pavilions, all shining and turned different colours by the rays of the setting sun, which seemed to throw a glory over the whole scene. There seemed a great bustle among the pavilions, and many of the angels were hurrying to and fro. By now some of the more venturesome had gone nearer the encampment, and suddenly some excitement began to take hold of the waiting crowd, and looking along the path I saw one of the

lovely beings separate herself from her companions and walk slowly towards us. As she came, all went on their knees : to some she gave a token, sometimes two or three, and those people seemed overcome with joy and peace ; the others who got nothing were overwhelmed with grief ; and notwithstanding all their pleading, she sadly shook her head and passed slowly on. My wonder was great, and I could not imagine what it could be that could cause such joy. However, suddenly I found her close to me, and she gave me *four* of these tokens, (I have three children) saying, " These are your passports to heaven ; guard them carefully, for you will want them soon." I have rarely felt such peace as came over me at these words. All then vanished.

Another dream which I am now about to relate was, I feel quite sure, the means of saving my husband's life. For some years he had been in the habit of going shooting with some friends of his ; but at last he told me that he would never go again, as he really preferred golfing. I was glad, as I always used to feel fidgety, thinking some harm might occur. For a couple of months all went well, and I had ceased to think of it, when one Wednesday I dreamt that I was floating in the air, very much higher than the highest tree, and looking down on the landscape below, on to fields belonging to a farm which I could see in the distance. While I was looking I saw a shooting party cross one of the fields with a couple of dogs and get through the hedge. I heard a shot and at once a great commotion ; one or two ran to get a gate and placed one of the party on it, and went towards the farm buildings and laid it down in the nearest shed. I was much interested in all this and naturally wanted to know who had been hurt so badly, and I made a great effort to follow. Suddenly I found myself inside the shed, and to my horror discovered it was my own husband. The men were discussing what they should do, and at last decided to send for me, as they said " Perhaps he will live until she gets here." The scene then changed, and I had received the news at home, caught a train, found myself in a country trap with the horse going at a gallop. At last I got there and was just in time to say " Good-bye " before he died.

I was much upset by this dream, but consoled myself by thinking that it was impossible to happen as he had given up shooting entirely. However, it continued to worry me, so on Friday evening I told my husband, adding, that if he had been shooting that autumn the dream might have been sent as a warning ! He sat silent for a moment or two, then asked for a telegraph form, wrote one out and sent it off ; then, turning to me said, " I was going shooting to-morrow, and had intended not to tell you until afterwards, because I knew you would worry." He has never been since.

On another occasion, one January, I dreamed that I was in a funny old-fashioned house, going along a dark, cold stone passage with a door at the end. All the time I felt as if I must hurry or I should be too late. At last I reached the door, pushed it open and looked round

the room, which was full of people, all bending over the table looking at something. On my entry they drew back, and I felt instantly as if it had something to do with me, so I made a step forward into the room ; some one came forward and held me so that I should not see, but with a great effort I wrenched myself free and rushed to the table, but all I could see was a paper with some writing on it. I made up my mind I would see what it was, but each time I tried, either I forgot it as soon as read, or the words danced in front of my eyes. At last, with a supreme effort, I made out the words " The ninth of March and the nine following days." In the morning I wrote out the date and put it on the mantelpiece for every one to see. All went well until March 9, when my husband was taken very ill, and I had to fetch the doctor in the middle of the night, and he had to come two and three times a day until the ninth day, when he suddenly got better.

I occasionally visit my dream house, and on one occasion found myself in the music room, which is a perfectly lovely one with an organ at one end ; opposite are beautiful stained-glass windows which go almost from the floor to the roof, which must be about thirty feet above ; on either side are two large ingle-nooks each containing a fireplace, for the room is very large. On one side is a grand piano, and the whole of the other side between the fireplace and organ looks into a conservatory. It seemed as if I had just recovered from a long, long illness and was trying to play, but my fingers had got so stiff, that I was sitting, feeling very sad about it, when I suddenly heard the most fascinating music being played, and I listened entranced for some while, wondering who it could be, as it was being played on the same piano at which I was sitting. In the end I asked who was playing, and the answer came, " I am — —, and have been sent to help you with your music whenever you want me." The scene then changed to the afternoon in the same room, and I was entertaining some friends, when I noticed two of my children sitting on the floor playing with toys, and a man sitting behind them whom they did not appear to notice, apparently whispering ideas to them. On my asking who he was, he replied : " Oh ! I am instructor of imagination to your children." While I was thinking over the strangeness of the reply the dream faded away.

## 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.]*

### THEOSOPHY AND REINCARNATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your leader dealing with the above I think you have confused Theosophists with students and the general body of Fellows of the T.S., as, in spite of what you state, no Theosophist would dogmatically debate with another as to reincarnation, as they would both KNOW the main facts, being simply interested in discussing the various earth-life experiences in connection with their present karma. The students and T.S. people generally do the talking about "ifs," "ideas," and "theories," but they will leave these shallows when they are capable of sustaining themselves normally in the deep waters of KNOWLEDGE in due course—perhaps many thousands of years. Unfortunately, in a relative sense, as a teaching becomes vulgarized or popular, it gets diluted, so that the weaker vessels can contain it, and so from the good robust Blavatsky and (to my mind) simple SECRET DOCTRINE teaching, Theosophy has apparently fallen from its pristine purity and labours to-day under super-washing, teetotal, non-smoking [diet, lords of karma, personal worship, black boggy and similar trivial and foolish trimmings. However, they are no more theosophical, unless in the very broadest sense, than a barge is a battleship.

I explained about reincarnation and the variations in the sex of the personality, also the time between incarnations, in a previous letter in connection with the "Reincarnationists' Who's Who" (not published), but would again say that up to the seven final earth lives the new births are taken in cycles of seven males and seven female bodies. The time between earth-lives varies with (1) stage of evolution, (2) whether death was natural and the physical life "full," and (3) death unnatural or in youth. If a personal matter is permissible, the writer, for instance, passed over naturally in 312 B.C. at the age of eighty-three (physically) and reincarnated in A.D. 1792. Again, after dying unnaturally at Leipzig in 1813, he took birth again in 1881. In rare cases, when an early incarnation is desirable for some special purpose, an ego will use the personality of a child or individual who has just passed over, the child or individual appearing to recover, sometimes with quite a different disposition. Our excellent comrade W. Q. Judge said he did this, he having to take the personality of a slightly consumptive child as the best he could get.



Although I am not quite sure of it yet, my experience to date leads me to conclude that a fair guide to one's past or future incarnations may be obtained by "pushing" the next degree of one's ascendant down and all the planets a house back for the past, and a degree forward and the planets a house forward for the next earth-life. For example, with the 9th degree of Sagittarius rising in the current map, I would have had the 8th in the last and the 10th in the next. Further, with the Sun in the 1st, rising with Venus and Mercury, Uranus in the 9th, Mars in the 7th, and the three major planets in the 5th, I would have had them in the 2nd, 10th, 8th, and 6th in the last incarnation, and in the next, Sun in 12th, Venus and Mercury in 11th, Uranus in the 8th, Mars in the 6th, and the three majors in the 4th, and will hardly survive infancy.

I am of opinion, in spite of what you "dread," that with the President more or less pamphleteering, and the utterly misleading and incorrect stuff in the VAHAN leaders since the beginning of the war, that there is not much fear of INTELLECTUAL TYRANNY in the U.S. The reverse is in vogue now. It is hardly likely to affect the Divine Wisdom much, however.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR M. TURNER.

[I await any rejoinders to this communication.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With regard to the point raised in Notes of the Month, June, as to the validity of statements on details of reincarnation, as such statements deal with superphysical causes which cannot be verified by scientific procedure, it seems to me that the validity is a matter of trust in the person making the statements. All religions are founded on such trust; no religious doctrine, not the existence of God or the immortality of the soul, can be proved scientifically according to the present accepted standard of science. For science and scientific methods work on physical effects, and religion has to do with the superphysical.

Thou canst not prove the Nameless,  
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in;  
For nothing worthy proven can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven.

"We must not expect proofs of a nature incongruous with the fact we are considering. It is often impossible to give for psychological problems and theories a demonstration along mathematical lines, or a proof on the physical plane which a man can hold in his hand. The proof of any proposition must be congruous with the nature of the proposition."

The only person who *knows* that the superphysical exists is the

person who has had some superphysical experience. The others *believe*; they do not know. And the experience of the person who knows is of validity to himself alone. As Walt Whitman says:—

Each man to himself and each woman to herself is the word of the past and present and the true word of immortality;

No one can acquire for another—not one.

No one can grow for another—not one.

With regard to dogmatism among members of the Theosophical Society, the one dogma of the Society is belief in human brotherhood. The Theosophist may believe, of course, what he likes or *knows*, but he has no right to impose his own belief on others. If in our public or written statements we are sometimes dogmatic it must be put down to original sin, i.e., ignorance, the result of a low stage of evolution. The leaders of the Society are never tired of repeating that their statements as to superphysical conditions are neither final nor authoritative; they are to be held, to quote Mrs. Besant, "as observations liable to modification, to correction, to reviewal. You should hold them with a light grasp, as hypotheses temporarily accepted until negated or confirmed by further observations, including your own. If they illumine obscurities, if they conduce to sound morality, take them and use them, but never let them become fetters to your mind, gaolers of your thought." (From a lecture delivered by Mrs. Besant to the British Convention of the Theosophical Society, July 4, 1909.)

If ever some Theosophical Constantine should, as you suggest, declare as President that there will not be peace within the ranks of the Theosophical Society until all Theosophists think alike, his words would deal its death-blow. For Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Jains, Jews, Christians of all the sects and every great division of Christianity are never likely to agree entirely on religious or other matters. And the Theosophical Society does not seek peace, but truth.

ELISABETH SEVERS.

(It may interest some of your readers to know that in his *Inner Life* (vol. ii, p. 458), Mr. Leadbeater deals with the intervals between lives. He states that the class to which an ego belongs, the mode in which he has attained individualization and the length and nature of his past life are factors affecting the interval, which may range from a period of 2,000 years of the more advanced to the five years of the least advanced members of the human family. It has also been stated, by either Mr. Leadbeater or Mrs. Besant, that seven lives are generally spent, broadly speaking, successively as man or woman to evolve and build firmly into the character the qualities characteristic of each sex. This change of sex does, I think, throw some light on the reason for the effeminate man and the masculine woman. Each may be incarnating in a change of sex and still exhibiting the dominant traits of the last lives.)

## WOMAN AND THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—It will occur to you and to many of your readers that one of the most momentous episodes in the War is the Degradation of the Kaiser and of the seven other unworthy knights of the MOST NOBLE ORDER of the GARTER. There is, as you will have perceived, a great deal more involved in this timely act of King George than is apparent on the surface. The Garter is, as we know, a distinctly feminine order. In an exoteric phrase, one may say that it was founded for the defence and for the protection of women. In this sense, and were it taken alone, there are many of us who would rather repudiate such defence and such protection. The "protected woman" is a rôle which many of us would feel as obsolescent if not obsolete to-day. There was a time, in rough mediæval ages, when such defence and such protection were absolutely needed. That day, one had hoped, had gone by for ever. At the very least one cannot read Lord Bryce's Paper on the proved Belgian atrocities without feeling that here at least Knights of the Garter would have found their *métier* in protecting those poor unprotected women. But it has not been so—some of these very knights have been the ones upon whom all the responsibility for these atrocious acts must rest. A stroke of the Kaiser's pen would have made them impossible. They have condoned and countenanced, if they have not actually ordered them to take place. Therefore have they judged themselves unworthy, therefore has their Degradation only confirmed what by their own acts they have proved themselves to be—unworthy.

But, sir, this matter goes much further and much deeper than the removal of a Banner and the striking out of an unworthy name. It is an act which has a cosmic significance, which with your permission I will endeavour to show.

It is plain from many proofs that the cycle of this manvantara is divided into two arcs, the arc of male predominance and the arc of female predominance, and that we have now, may I say, since the advent of Christianity, left the former and are fully entered into the latter. You may quite rightly point me, not to the teachings of Jesus the Christ which are manifest, but to the teaching and actions of His followers, to the teaching of the Apostolic Fathers—to whom marriage was a crime and woman a source of temptation and of evil. But that does not affect my point. It is only one of the many examples of how the Church, under the poisonous ægis of Constantine, left the teaching of her Master and sold herself to the world—a bargain she has hardly repudiated to-day. The days of Chivalry were a reversion to something nobler and purer: woman to those knights was something more than a slave or a chattel or a source of evil. But it was left, was it not? for our King Edward III to restate her claim as man's complement and co-partner in those noble words

with which he rescued the significant article of her apparel: "I will make the haughtiest among you proud to wear it."

Thus, then, may I not take it that it is agreed that we have fully entered upon the upward arc of female predominance? It is clear to all students of history that the balance has for long swung too heavily on the side of the male partner. The balance needs to be redressed, needs it sorely. Not that woman seeks rivalry or predominance, but that she seeks equality and co-partnership. Let us remember that on the physical plane man is positive and woman negative, but on the spiritual plane the poles are reversed, and woman is positive and man negative. Hence the inner truth of M. Renan's acid remark: "As long as there is a woman there will be a church."

But, sir, it is not altogether and entirely of woman quâ woman that I am writing. It is that for which woman stands, viz. intuition as against intellectualism, constructiveness as against destructiveness, above all, the *centripetal* urge as against the *centrifugal*, which latter has held us in its grip for so long. Now we are on the return journey. The urge which impelled the prodigal to leave his father's house is done—it is exhausted. Now a fresh force is being felt in every fibre of our being. It is the centre-seeking force, urging us to return to that home from whence we came on our long, long journey, laden as we are with spoils of "experience" which we set out to learn.

This, then, I take it, is the position of the human race to-day, and all who may may help, and all who will not must be left behind.

I put it to you, sir, can any fate more awful be dreamed of than to be denied a place and an office in such a glorious task as the helping forward of the race towards its goal and destiny and the consummation of its most ardent, most lofty aspirations?

These eight unworthy men have been judged unworthy. Judged by the acclaiming voice of the civilized races, they have thus been swept out of the arc of an evolution which they have tried to hinder, tried to divert from all of its main issues, and our King, God bless him, has confirmed the universal voice. Can any fate be more terrible, less to be envied! The Black Eagle is an order we can well dispense with. The roll of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter is clean, the names of the Kaiser and his companions no longer deface that list.

Yours obediently,

FOXLEASE,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

SOUTHBOURNE, HANTS.

### THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hubert Wales asks why is fear the predominant feeling in relation to seeing the dead? Surely, it is an unconscious racial survival of the primitive feeling with regard to the dead? In studying the subject of "All Souls' Day" in connection with my book

*Festivals, Holy Days, and Saints' Days*, I found that this feast to the dead undoubtedly originated in fear, as witness the food offerings intended primarily as a propitiation to the *Manes*. In pre-Christian thought the dead are always seeking (if they return to earth) to injure the living, so were always regarded with fear, and exorcism was practised by the Greeks and Romans in order to lay the hostile ghosts, particularly in the months of May and November. In India the same methods of propitiation are still practised as in the most ancient times, and even in prehistoric graves we see traces of the food offerings elaborated later by the Egyptians and Greeks. The Greeks keep up the custom of food-offerings to this day. The evolution of feeling fear and hostility may be traced through the centuries up to the development later of prayers for the dead and the Christian doctrine of the Communion of Saints. It is not unnatural to revert to primitive emotions which occur before we have time even to think. Anthropologists would expect this reversion to type, which is only another instance of racial subconsciousness coming uppermost; fear, like love and hate, being one of the primitive emotions.

I am, yours faithfully,

RUSTINGTON.

ETHEL L. URLIN.

### TESTING THE AURA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I am told there are many people who have the power to see auras. Will you kindly tell me whether the following experiment or any modification of it has ever been performed, and if so, with what result?

A number of persons, all of whom are able to see auras, are provided with some means of recording their independent impressions, whilst a number of other persons whose auras are to be observed pass before them. Their quite independent records are then compared.

It seems obvious to me that some such experiment must have been performed as it would establish the reality of the aura beyond all power of dispute or criticism, and convince many who are at present sceptical of the results of psychical research.

I am, yours faithfully,

LEONARD T. WALLIS.

### METEORITES AND THE WORLD-CRISIS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the article by Mr. Sinnett in your pages, entitled, "Meteorites and the World Crisis." I cannot see that the grounds are at all valid. In the first place we have no stated proof that great wars are coincident with former meteoric showers or detached falling of siderites, nor is there any

reasonable connection of the suggested origin of these siderites from the disruption of the planet between Mars and Jupiter with the state of our world as we find it to-day. Moreover, there is an obvious contradiction on p. 268, where Mr. Sinnett says, "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."

This statement has to be compared with that which follows, "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.*"

How then can we say that "it fell into evil ways," for where there is not human perversion there can be none of a moral kind at all? And if of any other sort, then those who watched over its destinies were alone responsible. Yet it is definitely said that the planet was "not allowed" to reach the human stage, which shows intervention of a superior kind without any admission of defect on the part of such intervening Power.

It would be interesting if Mr. Sinnett could show a definite connection between these meteorites and mundane happenings, and still more so if he could align the argument contained in the two diverse statements to which I have drawn attention.

Yours, etc.,

W. GORN OLD.

### VISIONS OF WAR.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Can you or your readers tell me if these three visions are symbolical of Italy's joining the Allies. In March, when ill in bed, without any concentration on my part, I saw, like a picture in the air, the Grande Canal of Venice, with brilliant sun on it. That faded, and I saw a town being demolished by fire and smoke, and notably in the forefront a stone bridge coming to bits. That faded, and I saw a mountain belching flame and smoke. I supposed it to foretell an eruption, the vision of Venice being to indicate Italy.

A few days later, in the same fashion, I unexpectedly saw five *brown* Zeppelins, tethered by long ropes to a small lake, which was *surrounded* by mountains, and the word "Ireland" kept surging in my brain.

We are threatened with a London raid. Is it possible there is a hiding-place in the Irish mountains? If there is nothing in it, why should these visions come?

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPHINE GROTE CORDINER.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE latest issue of *The Seeker* states on its cover that "this number is entirely devoted to Christian Mysticism in its relation to the War Crisis." Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst writes on the "Two Standards," which appear to be the standard of this world and that of the Kingdom of God. Miss Minnie B. Theobald takes "the present crisis" from the standpoint of a personal view on "contemplative orders," and is good reading as usual, however much she leaves the intellectual spirit unconvinced and even rebellious. She affirms that the tension between the warring forces in the physical world "is nothing compared with that on the inner plane," and she calls for a million recruits among non-combatants to root out malice and uncharitableness from their whole nature, and thus neutralize the passions of the opposing combatants. It is to be feared that the time is not yet. The author of *Consilia Divina* proclaims "a new order" less or more upon the threshold, "the coming of the Lord," the "ages of the new creation," and the incarnation—apparently—of God as "Annihilator of Evil." Thereafter will be "the kingdom of divine and perfect love." The editor explains that these "counsels" were written prior to the war. We are of opinion that this issue of *The Seeker* should be much in demand at the present season, and that it would profit nothing—also at this season—to offer our personal grounds for holding, as we continue to hold firmly, that Christian Mysticism has no relation to the war crisis. We note with much satisfaction that the editors are relieved from all further anxiety of a financial kind respecting the future of the magazine.

*The Vedic Magazine* comes to us in a double issue of unusual dimensions. It tells us of the modern teacher Dayanander, for whom the Veda was India's Rock of Ages, and of his "powerful and original commentary" thereupon. It gives a patient and—one would think—an excellent analysis of an ancient and unique Sanskrit text, as presented by its chief exposition, and regards it as essential to the reconciliation and synthesis of all the sciences. And to mention one only among many remaining articles, there is a consideration respecting the "necessity of a new religious order" by an ex-judge of the High Court, Calcutta. As the allusion is not to a transmuted condition of the world at

large, but rather to a body of purified believers and workers in India, we are brought back to Miss Theobald and her desire for the western world. The article is brief but informing in respect of the past, and dwells earnestly on religious degeneration in India. As regards the future, the *desideratum* is "a bond of enlightened, pure and disinterested" ascetics, to replace the professional asceticism of yogis *et hoc genus omne*, with the connected extravagances and hollow pretence.

The correspondence columns of *Light* are often of no less interest than the rest of its excellent pages. The question of evolution has been discussed during recent weeks in connection with the origin of the soul. One writer maintains that "the non-recognition of Primordial Mind" has been the great blunder of western evolutionary science. Another points out very truly that evolution "can never account for the origin of life," and adds that "it may be true enough of the material body once started, but the spiritual man has been added to it. In other words, as we have had occasion to express it previously on our own part, there came an epoch in the development of species when it was possible for the waiting souls—who were meant to be born in flesh and to enter thus upon a new phase of manifestation—found organisms so far ready that it was possible for them to incarnate therein, whereupon evolution itself entered upon another aspect. A suggestive editorial takes up the correspondence subject and affirms that "human nature evolved from brute nature," as the stem of a plant "is evolved from the root." Analogies like this are taking, but must not be pressed too far. The plant springs from the root in virtue of a life-principle resident in the seminal substance, but it remains that which it is—rose, lily, or what not. So also there was an animal principle of life in our brute ancestors of the immemorial past, but the thesis is that hereunto was added another life-principle, being that of human nature. The so-called missing link is the soul of man—spirit, self-conscious ego, however we like to term it.

The *Year Book of the British Institute of Mental Science*, incorporated in 1913, is notable in several respects, and if the title of the Institute does not immediately suggest its actual concerns, it will be found on examination to include them in a general and comprehensive sense. It is actually an incorporation of a number of occult interests, from astrology to psychology and study of temperament. The association is distributed widely in a geographical sense, an alphabetical list of the branches beginning at Birmingham and ending at Sydney in Australia. The year-book



is in the form of a report, of the usual folio dimensions, and its directory of members is a handy guide to professors of clairvoyance, psychometry, palmistry and the rest of the incorporated arts. The Articles of Association are set out at great length and so also are the Bye-Laws, which are largely concerned with examinations. These are held by the Institute, which moreover confers titles, such as Fellow and Associate, in addition to the ordinary membership which is of course open to all. After so much elaboration and detail, it is at first sight a little disconcerting to find that the income for a period of twelve months has been only some £55, while the expenditure beyond that amount has been over £70. It is, however, a most business-like document—we have never seen anything like it in occult proceedings—and as everything must have its beginning, we trust that there will be no deficiency on future occasions. We infer that the ulterior design is to place the occult arts on a sounder basis for the protection of those who practise them, and—as there is no need to say—it commands our whole sympathy.

*The Epoch*—which reaches us fitfully—is full of natural sweetness and insight. There is a little study on the “footpath way” which is not alone pleasant *qua* the way of the footpath, but has almost unawares a quiet suggestion of symbolism, as if the writer stood upon the threshold of a sacramental world. Another article, on “a grain of sand,” leans in the direction of allegory, expressed simply for the young. And though these things scarcely belong to our subject, *The Epoch*, in yet another place, speaks of the mystic as “the genius of religion,” adding that “though all may be religious, only few can be deeply mystical.” Hence it is also of our kinship. . . . It is not unprofitable to turn from a periodical of this order, representing natural idealism, to the minute quarterly which—under such a title as *The Faithist*—stands for the claims of a new bible of humanity and affirms also its dedication to “the mystical light of the era.” A new revelation suggests the bondage of the letter, and the terminology borrowed therefrom is perhaps a little discouraging; yet the merely literal sense of things is singularly absent. The periodical indeed is rather on the side of “new thought,” while in a paper on the Church of the Mystics and the life behind the form, there are considerations which will enlist agreement from many to whom the “revelation” itself might spell but little.

The second issue of *The Sufi* is better than the first, though there is no note of scholarship and though some articles might suffer if approached in the critical spirit. There are points of

information to be gleaned from "Music in Islam," but those who seek knowledge on Sufism will find little to their purpose in a study which bears the title. We observe, however, that the Sufi Publishing Society has been registered and that it designs to issue "the ancient and modern literature of the Sufis." . . . *The Super-Man* is printing certain articles on a "Neo-Christian Movement," which are perhaps remarkable in themselves but are more noteworthy from the fact that they appear in a magazine of the occult sciences. They are on "the need and power of the cross," and are a call to every patriot, every priest and every churchman to do that which is possible within his or her own measures to "replace the Cross of Christ with all its implications in the heart of Germany." Another article, which—to our confusion—we mistook for an advertisement, deals lightly but pleasantly with the old dream concerning an elixir of life, and gives account of the circumstances under which a herbal product for longevity came into the possession of a lady, who has been testing it "with wonderful results."

In the early part of this year we noted the views of our contemporary *The New Age* on a society called *The True Kindred*, composed of Master Masons and their female relatives. It was described as a clandestine body, communicating Masonic secrets and claiming superiority over Masonically recognized societies for women. *The New Age* derived its information from a craft newspaper published in Chicago, which is the head-quarters of the True Kindred. *The Masonic Chronicle* of Chicago refused to print the Society's reports on the ground that it was an illegal body. It gave evidence satisfactory to itself in proof of this contention, and printed a letter from a lady who was formerly a "Supreme Commander" of the True Kindred and who resigned membership on account of the practice of communicating official Masonic secrets. We have now received representations from a private source, accompanied by an issue of *The Eastern Star Herald*. It contains a defence of the Society, which denies that it is a form of clandestine Masonry. It is devoted to works of charity, and if anything in its rituals is offensive to the Masonic Grand Lodge of its district, the Society will "cheerfully amend it so as to obviate such offence." It is a matter of justice to make this explanation. Whether the resigned Supreme Commander was right or wrong in stating that Masonic words and signs were communicated in the degrees does not appear, but this is none of our concern.

## REVIEWS

REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James M. Pryse.  
7½ in. × 5 in., pp. ii. + 92. New York: The Theosophical  
Publishing Co., 253 West 72nd Street. Price \$0.60.

A GOOD deal has been written concerning the question of reincarnation in the New Testament, but usually attention has been solely occupied with Christ's remark, about Elijah as having "come already," with reference to John the Baptist, and His reply to His disciples concerning the man blind from his birth, as to whether he sinned or his parents before him, that he should have been so afflicted. Mr. Pryse's inquiry, however, takes us much beyond these two matters, and he has—whatever else may be said of it—written a very interesting little monograph.

He regards reincarnation as the central doctrine of Christ's teaching—a hazardous theory, I think, in view of the fact that reincarnation is so difficult to find, if indeed it can be found, there—and not only identifies John the Baptist with Elijah, but Jesus with King David, and Paul with King Saul. The Apostle John is Jonathan, well beloved of Saul. But whilst we must admit that actual evidence for these hypotheses borders on *nil*, still there are certain points raised by Mr. Pryse that need careful consideration. Much, however, turns on the meanings of certain New Testament words and expressions, and will only appeal to Greek scholars. Mr. Pryse (e.g., on p. 23, footnote 1), it seems to me, assumes Greek to have been a more rigid language than was actually the case, and the matter is confused by transliterations (at the best, needless and confusing) which are inaccurate.

H. S. REDGROVE.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY: WORK, PLAY, LOVE, WORSHIP. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. 7½ in. × 5 in., pp. xxi + 341. London: Messrs. George G. Harrap & Co., 2 and 3 Portsmouth Street, Kingsway, W.C. Price 5s. net.

THIS is an admirable book on the conduct of life by the Assistant Professor of Medicine at Harvard University. It is written in a style that, whilst strictly grammatical, is racy in the extreme. Indeed, Prof. Cabot does not hesitate to use slang when he can emphasize a point thereby, and he has a happy knack of grasping and utilizing associations between the seemingly trivial and the seemingly important things in life. Real life, that is what we need for our ills. But what is real life, of what is it compounded? we ask. Of Work, Play, Love, Worship, in due proportion and full measure, says Prof. Cabot, and an excellent prescription it is. How do you distinguish work, play, and love from drudgery, frivolity, and lust? inquired, we learn, a friend of the Professor's. Well, here is this book—this book with the clean, tense odour of American pine-forests in it, this essentially American book, using the word "American" in its

best sense, in which it stands for something very fine indeed—here is this book in reply.

The section on Work is perhaps the best of the four, and work, I gather, is Prof. Cabot's favourite ingredient in his prescription. That on Play is not, I think, quite so satisfactory. A word as to professionalism in sport would have been of service here, but I have not discovered it. Moreover, I cannot quite follow Prof. Cabot's attempt to identify art with play. The section on Love has much in it that is of value, though as concerns "reticence" (ch. xxvii.), I think Prof. Cabot underestimates the value of frankness. The "Play" section has an excellent criticism of the notion that seriousness is of value *in itself*, whilst the chapter on "Confession, Petition, Praise" in the "Worship" section is superlatively excellent. The Christian admonition to confess our faults to one another, stereotyped by one section of the Church and neglected by the other, has a psychological value (*vide* the work of Freud) we are only just beginning to realize.

H. S. REDGROVE.

MYTH AND LEGEND IN THE BIBLE. By Keighley Snowden. London: Watts & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS work, by a well-known writer on Biblical subjects, and one of the pioneers of modern destructive criticism, is a valuable handbook for those who have neither the leisure, nor the means, nor the capacity for deep and careful study. Written in temperate language and with a well-balanced judgment, it gives a clear explanation of textual and historical criticisms, and shows several of their most important results in connection with the Old Testament.

Much light is thrown on the origin of the myth of Adam and Eve, on the striking story of Joseph in Egypt, and the beginnings of all the Hebrew traditions. The borrowings from Babylonian and Phœnician sources are made evident; the august figure of Moses loses a good deal of its drapery of mysterious cloud; and the narrative of the wanderings in the wilderness is stripped of many of its magical and inconsistent details. Full justice is done to Joshua, who becomes more real and palpable in the reader's imagination; Samson sinks back into the mythology from which he sprang; one or two of the prophets become lifelike and distinguishable—at once poets and patriots, whose writings reflect the days of bondage and humiliation, and the customs, habits and modes of thought that were current in their times. There is hardly sufficient evidence, however, to sustain the author's conception of Solomon; and David is a character that ought not to be dismissed after a few emphatically unfavourable statements.

Mr. Snowden does not go further than the garment and outward integument; he leaves the innermost soul unapproached. The great subject of prophecy, from the philosophical point of view—the spiritual aspirations and ethical needs from generation to generation, the passion for symbols and the subtle differences between symbolism and symbolatry, the mental evolution and devolution, the ideas of morality, both the conventional and the transcendental—these, with the related themes, are left alone, as if unknown and unsuspected.

Within its own limits Mr. Snowden's work is of no little value to the conscientious seeker for truth.

G. A.

THE MAGIC OF EXPERIENCE. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S. With Introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IN the choice of a title Mr. Redgrove has shown considerable discrimination, for what he has to say about experience as the criterion of truth presents it as altogether magical. Mr. Redgrove is felicitous also in obtaining the Introduction of so well accredited a scientist and cogent a thinker as we know Professor Sir W. F. Barrett to be. In his luminous introduction to the work of Mr. Redgrove, it is made conspicuously clear that "matter as we know it" has no existence save in our sense-impressions, which in other words means in our mental experience. In brief, our material universe is a succession of mental states. But as to the origin of these mental states and the laws which govern their uniformity in human experience, this is the burthen of a much heavier thesis than can well be expressed in a short review. Mr. Redgrove has very aptly divided his work into three sections, Part I dealing with *Idealism*, Part II with *Mysticism*, and Part III with the *Nature and Criteria of Truth*. And of these, many will find the section upon *Mysticism* to be the most instructive and suggestive, inasmuch as in this work it constitutes a sort of *via media* between rationalism and empiricism, and tends to bring the two schools of thought into unity. Two sentences occurring very early in the work strike me as pertinent to the object of a short review such as this, inasmuch as they very fully express the attitude of mind in which the author has approached his subject and the point of view which he would have us assume in order to see eye to eye with him in his analysis of human experience. He says:—

Experience, I believe, is the obverse of a coin of which the reverse is revelation: inductive reasoning is, in a sense, a magic ritual whereby fuller or higher revelation becomes possible: but the data of experience are the symbolic elements of this ritual, without which it cannot be performed or its products obtained.

This is, I think, extremely well put, and it serves to illustrate the peculiar position of the mystic in whom experience and revelation appear to find co-ordinated expression. The other phrase defines the author's position even more clearly and frankly—

For me "ideality" and "unreality" are antonyms, not synonyms. I hold that Spirit is the One Substance in the Universe, all of whose phenomena are, therefore, spiritual phenomena, i.e. changes of one sort or another in ideas.

It is thus apparent that Mr. Redgrove presents the Idealistic theory of phenomena and experience as the foundation of his system of thought, and although it cannot be said that he has added anything new that is essential, or anything essential that is new, to the critique of James and Bergson, nor yet has finally solved for us the problem as to whether Mind is Governor or governed, it will be at once obvious to the reader that his arguments are arrayed in the most connected manner and that what he has to say is presented in a form that is commendable for its extreme clarity and definition. The main feature of this contribution to the theory of knowledge is that it brings the most complex problems of philosophy within the intelligible reach of the lay mind. This is a signal service and deserves recognition. SCRUTATOR.

THE MYSTICISM OF MUSIC. By R. Heber Newton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 78. Price 3s. net.

THIS is a book for every music-lover. It speaks of Music in her highest aspect—Music, the lifter of the veil that hangs before the Inner Sanctuary, the revealer and interpreter of Unseen Beauty. It is a book for artists, for mystics—and for sceptics. Believers and unbelievers alike, so long as they are united by the common bond of a love of music, will find satisfaction in these reverently and beautifully written pages. Some may find thoughts that are new to them; others will find their own inarticulate feelings expressed in words; all will be conscious of the spiritual refreshment that comes from contact with a rare and sympathetic mind. The book is a posthumous one, having been left by the author ready for the press.

E. M. M.

THE SECRETS OF THE GODS. By M. Karadja. London: The Power Book Co. Pp. 65. Price 1s. net.

AN interesting little study of the inner meanings of some of the old Greek myths. The interpretations given of the stories of the Argonauts, of Aphrodite, of Myrrha and Adonis, and of Pandora, are particularly suggestive. The book is somewhat marred by an abrupt and jerky style, but there are striking thoughts in it.

E. M. M.

VOICES FROM ACROSS THE GULF (From Souls in After-Life). By a Lady through whom they have been communicated. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus, E.C. 1915. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IT was observed long ago that "of making many books there is no end," and in respect of so-called psychic literature the quotation has never been more relevant than at present. Doubtless the War in a great measure accounts for this superabundance. We have in the volume now under notice a series of "automatic messages" received through the passive hand of a lady whose identity is not disclosed. The messages were conveyed to her by a spirit friend or relative known as Geoffrey. They touch on several aspects of after-death experiences, notably from soldiers and sailors recently passed-on in battle. Also they vividly delineate the painful consequences of suicide, with its inevitable harvest of remorse and regret. The Rev. Arthur Chambers, Vicar of Brockenhurst, in a sympathetic foreword to the book, observes that "Much of what is contained therein will undoubtedly shock the preconceived ideas of some who take the pronouncements of past ages as a true and final exposition of Christian Truth." A rather daring innovation in the realm of automatic script is found in the written colloquies between the automatist and the Master Jesus Christ, transmitted presumably through the same intermediary Geoffrey. One is familiar with the ecstatic rhapsodies of mediæval saints, and from that point of view there is no reason why a modern devotee should not partake of the same blessed experiences. But—it rather sets one's teeth on edge to meet with such a phrase as the following, purporting to come from The Master: "Poor children. Your longing for the other side is *quite nice!*" This is not "shocking," it is merely banal. One must be thankful Geoffrey has at any rate spared us the modern vulgarism "Quite all right!" Apart from this, many of the messages are interesting and touching, and undoubtedly ring true.

EDITH K. HARPER.