

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT is an old adage that tells us that the wise man rules his stars, while the fool obeys them. Judged by this standpoint, there are probably very few of us who will not fall into the latter category. In fact, as the poet sings—

The world of fools has such a store  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home and bolt his door  
And smash his looking-glass.

You may, however, safely put your money on the man whose resolution is so strong that he can turn the tide in his own favour when all the omens appear to be against him. Such a man was William the Conqueror when he fell face downwards on the shore of England on first landing in the country, and all his retainers were pulling long faces at the dread omen of coming

MEN WHO  
REFUSE TO  
FAIL.

defeat. "Look," he exclaimed, holding in his grasp the sand from the sea shore, "I have England in my hands." Such another was Alexander the Great. When he went to consult the Pythian Priestess she declined to accompany him to the temple, alleging

that the day was inauspicious. Alexander was not the sort of man to take "No" for an answer, and compelled the priestess to come along with him. "My son," she exclaimed, "thou art invincible!" That was oracle enough for Alexander.

It is extraordinary what a number of people in this work-a-day world are in the habit of frightening themselves with bogies of their own imagination. Who of us is there who can deny that this tendency is not more or less true of ourselves? And we may be very sure that the longer we let ourselves be hypnotized by these home-made bogies, the larger and more formidable they will grow. There is a ghastly story with, I am afraid, an equally ghastly moral attached to it, about a nurse who in order to keep the child committed to her care quiet at night, erected a big black bogy in the corner of the bedroom, with terrifying white buttons for eyes. This, she explained to the child, was a savage hobgoblin who, if she did not lie quiet in bed, would be sure to come along and gobble her up. The child was found next morning stark dead, with its eyes wide open and fixed with glassy stare upon the object of its terror. The nurse's suggestion had been all too efficacious. Doubtless she meant no harm, but merely failed to realize the natural receptivity of the childish mind. We are frequently victims ourselves of similar illusions, but not having a nurse to do it for us, we deliberately proceed to erect our own bogies and watch them with terror-stricken eyes, quite oblivious of the fact that their formidable powers for evil are purely of our own manufacture. The author of the well-known hymn\* made a true appeal, but he should have widened its scope to embrace not merely the "fearful saints," but the average citizen as well.

BOGIES  
THAT  
HYPNOTIZE.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

For frequently the menace of evil which we so needlessly exaggerate proves, if boldly faced, to be a blessing in disguise. It is, in fact, however little the world may realize it, only through facing difficulties that we make any real progress. In walking along the smooth road we are, like Alice in the Land of the Looking-glass, using our limbs to no purpose—the faster we move, the more hopelessly we fail to advance from our starting point. "Well begun is half done," and the mere fact of facing a difficulty

\* Cowper.

is an earnest of ultimate triumph over it. For difficulties are like ghosts, you have only to face them squarely and they will vanish away.

It is not generally the man who has the greatest ability, but the man who has the greatest tenacity, who goes furthest. Few men who have succeeded greatly have succeeded **TENACITY** at first. Success thus comes to the man who is **OR TALENT?** not discouraged by initial difficulties. "The ruin which overtakes so many merchants," observed Whipple, "is due not so much to their lack of business talent as to their lack of business nerve." Circumstance and environment have in very numerous cases been most unfavourable in the case of the world's most successful men.

George Stephenson, [says the author of *An Iron Will* \*], "was one of eight children, whose parents were so poor that all lived in a single room. George had to watch cows for a neighbour, but he managed to get time to make engines of clay, with hemlock sticks for pipes. At seventeen he had charge of an engine, with his father for fireman. He could neither read nor write, but the engine was his teacher, and he a faithful student. While the other hands were playing games or loafing in liquor shops during the holidays, George was taking his machine to pieces, cleaning it, studying it, and making experiments in engines. When he had become famous as a great inventor of improvements in engines, those who had loafed and played called him lucky.

Sir Humphry Davy commenced life under almost equally unfavourable circumstances, but the fact did not interfere with his becoming one of the world's greatest men of science. "He made even old pans, kettles, and bottles contribute to his success, as he experimented and studied in the attic of the apothecary store where he worked as a youth."

No country has been as fruitful as America in the production of men who have risen from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest step of all.

When George W. Childs was twelve years old [says the author of *The Hour of Opportunity* \*] he went to work in Philadelphia, where he received money enough to pay his board and lodging, and have fifty cents left, being twenty-five dollars a year for all his expenses outside of bed and board. Yet it was an opportunity; and he fitted himself for it, and made the most of it.

"I did not merely do the work I was required to do," he said, "but I did all that I could, and put my whole heart into it. I wanted my employer to feel that I was more useful to him than he expected me to be.

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\* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, 15. net.  
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I was not afraid to make fires, clean and sweep, and to perform what some young gentlemen nowadays consider as menial work and therefore beneath them. It was while I was working here as an errand boy that I employed such opportunity as I had to read books; and I attended book sales at night, so as to learn the market value of books and anything else that might be useful hereafter in my business in a bookseller's shop. I fixed my ambition high, so that I might at least be always tending upward.

"I lived near a theatre, and many of the actors knew me, so that I might have gone in and witnessed the performances. Other boys did it, and I would have liked to have done it; but I thought it over, and concluded that I would not, and I never did. A young man should not yield to any temptation to relax his efforts in attending to his business, in order to amuse himself. At least that was the way I looked at it. I was always cheerful, and took an interest in my work, and took pleasure in doing it well.

"When after some time I had an office in the *Public Ledger* building, I said to myself, 'Some time I will own that paper,' and I directed my work in such a way that when the time came I was able to buy it, and I was also able to manage it properly."

One of the greatest dangers to any country or any people lies in the men of routine—the men who believe in taking the smooth road—getting the upper hand, and putting their spoke in the wheels of progress. These are the men who, having no idea of initiative themselves, are ever desirous of interfering with the initiative of others. If they had their way, the world would not go round at all. As it is, they do their utmost to render its progress as slow as possible. To these the new idea is ever impracticable, and it is only that which has been done

THE MEN  
OF  
ROUTINE. before which can be done again. To energy and originality they have but one reply—the cold water douche of a blind and passive negativity.

It is a grave reflection on our present system of government that these qualities, or rather this negation of qualities, so frequently commands a high salary. We watch the performances of those set in authority over us and ask ourselves blankly however in a so-called democratic state they came to be where they are. We mentally recall the question asked by one of the characters in Beaumarchais' famous play, "What have these people done to enjoy title and honour?" and the response it elicited, greeted so often with the hilarious laughter of an audience which little dreamt what a cataclysm a few months would bring forth, "They took the trouble to be born." It may be urged that this much, at least, is to be placed to the credit of some of the bright and particular stars of our Parliamentary regime, but we must admit that on occasion

there is little else to be found on the credit side of their account.

There is in truth always an adequate supply of capacity in any given country. There is, however, unfortunately, always also an ample supply of those men whose one object in life is to keep themselves in the position which they occupy and to prevent the supply of capacity from finding its proper outlet. If Democracy is to be of any value to us, if it is to show us any-

**THE WRONG SORT OF DEMOCRACY.** thing better than its worst side—the mere numbering of heads and the substitution of quantity for quality—it should facilitate the task of the man of capacity who seeks to rise to the position for which he is

qualified, and not, as so often happens at the present day, place obstacles in his way. It is not too much to say that the conception of Democracy so largely favoured by the wire-pullers of our Trades Unions, by interfering with one man doing more or better work than another, would involve as its ultimate logical conclusion not merely the destruction of all individuality, but the utter annihilation of the whole spiritual manhood of a race. The most grinding tyranny of the Middle Ages would be a preferable substitute for such an outcome of the social struggle. The fate of the race that adopts these methods will be the fate of all races that have ever adopted them; the fate, that is, of the aborigines of Mexico—degeneration, decay, and lapse from civilization itself, the advance of which is before and beyond

**THE MONAD AND THE RAT.** all else dependent on the effort and the ambition of the individual. The higher monads in their descent into generation, instinctively and inevitably desert such a race, as rats desert a sinking ship.

Thus the ideal a nation consciously or unconsciously sets before itself, whether it be high or low, spiritual or materialistic, will draw into its orbit its future destiny by attracting to itself the type of ego which will constitute its unborn sons and daughters in the days to be. Conversely the state that by its organization and its laws stifles character and individuality will drive out from its body politic those very souls on whom the future welfare of the state itself depends. Remember that it is the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump! The individuals who ensure the progress of the race are not the many but the few. Drive these out by rigid laws, by tyrannical customs, by inveterate prejudices which impede the growth and evolution of the spirit, and the whole destiny of the race will be imperilled.

Until recent years the Anglo-Saxon races have suffered but

little from the undue intervention of their Governments. They have suffered more from the failure of the Government to intervene where intervention was necessary. There is a tendency now for the tables to be turned in this respect, and recent legislation has threatened more and more to interfere with the individual action of

WHERE  
GOVERN-  
MENT IN-  
TERVEN-  
TION IS  
NECESSARY.

the enterprising man on whose untrammelled freedom the ultimate successful evolution of the race hangs. The task of any Government to steer a middle course in this respect is not an easy one. Washington was a pronounced individualist, and American traditions of government have been stamped with the impress of his political views, perhaps to an

almost undue extent, as they have deprived the Government machine of some of that elasticity which the changing conditions of social life and the rapid evolution of a commercial era render almost imperative. The present tendency in England and in some of the British colonies is at the moment towards the other extreme. Government interferes frequently without adequate justification for its interference, favouring one class as against another without due regard to the welfare of the people as a whole, and that equality of opportunity for all which should be the mainspring of social legislation.

The fault lies mainly with the type of man that the machinery of government tends to bring to the top of the tree. The fact that this machinery of government is worked in England through the medium of an effete party system is the principal cause of the low standard of character and business capacity which is shown by the men who obtain the principal posts in a Ministry. It is only natural that when a great crisis arises such people should prove unequal to the responsibility placed on their shoulders. It is equally natural that they should look askance at the men of enterprise who form the backbone of the nation, and endeavour to neutralize their efforts and to favour the dead level of mediocrity and incompetence. When this method is pursued beyond a certain point, capacity, not to be baulked of its rightful inheritance, sets sail for other climes, where the man of talent can come into his own, unhampered by pseudo-democratic and crank-made laws.

There has been something of a boom in predictive literature since the outbreak of war, and taking advantage of the trend of the public mind, Mr. William Archer has been writing for the July and August issues of *Pearson's Magazine* on this fascinating

subject, under the title of "Can we Foretell the Future?"

**CAN WE FORETELL?** The predictive faculty is such a sporadic and capricious thing, at least as far as clairvoyance is concerned, that the question perhaps might better be worded, "Is the Future ever Foreseen?" Mr. Archer rules out forecasts founded on inference from known premises as not coming within the scope of his inquiry. He also assumes the truth of telepathy, and therefore rules out any apparent predictions which can be explained by an acceptance of this now generally admitted faculty. He further gives a word of warning as regards the frequency with which astonishing coincidences take place, and which, of course, accounts for a certain number of fulfilled predictions which at first sight appear sufficiently remarkable.

It is frequently assumed that predictions, prophetic warnings, or premonitions, are sent beforehand by a divine Providence to prevent the occurrence of a threatened calamity, but cases can be given in which as a matter of fact they have had precisely the opposite effect, having indeed at times produced the very calamity of which they gave the warning. Mr. Machen recently

**LURED TO DOOM BY A WARNING.** mentioned to me a case of which he knew in which some people about to take a voyage put it off from the boat they were intending to go by, on the Tuesday, till the steamer of two days later, on account of a warning dream which appeared to threaten a danger of shipwreck. The Tuesday's boat for which they had booked passages arrived at its destination in safety, and the Thursday's boat by which they actually sailed met with the threatened catastrophe. A similar case is given by Judge Edmunds in which a man was dispatched by his employer with a large sum of money, and on the road by which he travelled had to pass through a considerable tract of forest land. The messenger dreamt that he was murdered and robbed in the wood, and being nervous on account of his dream, he appealed to a client of his master's, on whom he had to call on the way, to provide him with an escort to ensure his safety through this part of his journey. The man readily agreed, and sent one of his staff to accompany him. Being, however, acquainted with the object of his mission, and having heard the story of the dream, his escort could not resist the temptation of being himself the means of its fulfilment. He accordingly murdered the messenger and escaped with the booty. If in these two cases we are to attribute the prophetic faculty to the sub-conscious self, it only

serves to show what grave mistakes sub-conscious selves are liable to make, even with the very best intentions. We might look at the matter from another point of view, and say that the sub-conscious self scents danger and gives a warning, but that the warning is misinterpreted by the normal personality.

The author of the article alluded to, after reviewing a large number of instances, observes that he finds it difficult to resist the conviction that "in utterly incomprehensible, capricious, and purposeless ways, driblets of futurity do somehow filter through to the human consciousness." The fact that these driblets of futurity are not unfrequently seen in dreams as actual pictures of what subsequently takes place in full detail, not unnaturally produces a very strongly fatalistic impression. There is, for instance, the well-known case of the death scene of the British Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Spencer Perceval, being witnessed by a certain John Williams in a dream in full detail more than a week before the actual assassination took place. The case is given by Mr. Archer, and though well known, it has not before, I think, appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW, and may fairly be here recapitulated:—

THE STORY  
OF MR.  
PERCEVAL.

On the 2nd or 3rd of May, 1812, John Williams, a mine superintendent living in Cornwall, dreamt three times in one night that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and there saw a small man wearing a blue coat shot in the left breast by another man in a brown coat. Inquiring who the small man was, he was told that it was the Chancellor, and took this to mean the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was much impressed by the dream, and told it to his wife, his children, and several friends, whom he consulted as to whether he ought not to go to London and warn the Minister in question. They dissuaded him; and on the evening of May 11 Mr. Perceval was assassinated by John Bellingham at the place and in the manner indicated. The dream was not written down until twenty years later, but then it was solemnly attested by Williams, who seems to have been a man of good character; and there is some independent evidence of his having spoken of it before the fulfilment.

The fulfilment of this, as far as we can gauge, corresponded precisely with the circumstances of the dream. John Williams obviously knew nothing about the matter. His one mistake was to confuse the Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the Lord Chancellor—one of those mistakes to which the prophetic dreamer is peculiarly liable through only half grasping the idea conveyed apparently by the sub-conscious self.

The point, however, which one would like particularly to have solved is whether, in the event of the warning having been given, the assassination might have been prevented. Indi-



cations seem generally speaking to point to the fact that these dream or trance pictures are not in reality what Mr. Archer

MODIFICA-  
TIONS OF  
DESTINY.

terms "driblets of futurity," but rather indications of that which is in imminent danger of happening. The thing seen is, in short, susceptible of modification, or may be prevented. In illustration of this idea we have the record given by Mr. Maeterlinck in his book *The Unknown Guest*, and quoted eight months ago in the OCCULT REVIEW, in which the Italian fencing-master dreamt a dream which was subsequently fulfilled in all details but one, the dream giving scenes at a place that the fencing-master had never been to in his life, and representations of people whom he had never met. Every incident took place exactly as described until, at the very moment foreseen in the dream, a peasant in dark trousers and black felt hat came up and asked the fencing-master to follow him. In the dream he did so, but in actual fact when the occurrence took place, instead of walking behind him, he went in front; for, *owing to the information supplied by his sub-conscious self he already knew the way*. This is certainly a point that tends to show that prevision will produce modification, and that the scenes witnessed in trance or in dream, even if we assume that they are present on the astral film or in the consciousness of the Anima Mundi before the incidents occur, are not in any real sense of the word fated or predestined to occur—at any rate in the vast majority of cases. These so-called glimpses of the future cannot, therefore, be identified with that divine foreknowledge in which, at least according to the Determinist theory, all future events are cognized as present.

There is, then, we may assume, a deeper foreknowledge in Divine Wisdom by the side of which all such visions, prophetic though they may be, partake of an element of uncertainty.

DIVINE  
WISDOM  
AND CLAIR-  
VOYANT  
FACULTY.

In other words, the subconscious self obtains a glimpse of a vision of that presumable destiny to which events are at the moment unmistakably tending. The open spiritual eye introduces a further factor in the region of causes, and thereby brings into the region of possibility the frustration or modification of the event. The pictures sensed by the prophetic eye are, we must bear in mind, for the most part pictures on the astral plane, and partake of that impermanent, evanescent, and often illusory character which is an inevitable concomitant of the conditions in which they arise. Says Mr. Archer:—

One tempting interpretation of the facts, if facts they be, is that everything—the whole past and the whole future—exists simultaneously in the divine mind as in a cinematograph film, and that what we call the present is merely the tiny section which happens for the moment to be thrown on the screen. Foreknowledge might, on this theory, be described as peeping at sections of the film released from the roll, but not yet brought within the focus of the lantern.

In view of the cases submitted, it is well to bear in mind that the cinematograph film is not so much the real authentic record as its shadowy counterpart reflected in the deceptive waters of the astral plane. Some, doubtless, have a purer and deeper prophetic gift which puts them more closely *en rapport* with the authentic realm of causation, but this is the exception and not the rule.

In view of the interest aroused in the subject of Reincarnation, and the various problems raised in connection with it, more especially the question as to the length of time which is liable to elapse between two consecutive incarnations, the sub-joined extract from a back number of the *Daily Sketch* may

be of some special interest to readers of the magazine. The unique feature about it is that the rebirth in this instance is predicted at a spiritualistic séance. The evidence establishing the identity is not a little striking. It will be noticed that the interval in this case appears to be six years, the reincarnating child having previously died at the age of five. This case is one in which the child is born again of the same parents. One would like to know how far such an incident can be paralleled elsewhere. It is widely and, I believe, correctly held, that people frequently reincarnate in the same family, but I do not remember any other record of the same child being born twice of the same parents.

An extraordinary case of "reincarnation" is reported to have taken place in the family of a Sicilian doctor named Carmelo Samona.

Dr. Samona and his wife some time ago lost their five-year-old daughter Alessandrina, and a short time afterwards, at a spiritualistic séance, the dead child, they declare, told her mother that she would be reborn on Christmas Day in the following year. At a second séance she announced, "There will be two of us: myself and another."

On Christmas Day, fourteen months after the date of the last séance, Signora Samona gave birth to twins, both girls, one of whom bore on the face three marks identical with marks on the face of the dead child, and, after a year, commenced to manifest exactly the same moral and physical tendencies. The two children are now two years old.

In relation to this subject statements have been made in the past that the tendency of wars is to increase the birth-rate, especially among the male population. If this is so, it may be taken as an argument in favour of the theory that reincarnation takes place much more rapidly than is generally believed.

With regard to the present war we have certain rather remarkable statistics. It is stated that in the case of fugitives at Vienna, from Galicia and Bukovina, of 559 children born 314 were boys. As the average proportion is 108 boys to 100 girls under normal conditions, these figures should give 291 boys against 268 girls. It will, therefore, be noted that the divergence from the normal is very marked. A similar preponderance in male births is found by reference to the Vienna War Sponsors Society. Here the records show that their protégées have had 140 boys to every hundred girls, a still more marked increase in the male births.

The above statistics in their bearing on the reincarnation hypothesis raise the question as to the date at which the ego relates itself to its physical instrument. If we are to assume that the increased male birth-rate is directly due to the increase in the number of male deaths caused by the war, i.e., if we assume that soldiers killed in the war are already hastening to reincarnate again on earth, the suggestion from these statistics is clearly that this relation takes place in time to affect the sex

of the embryo. There is, however, another and more plausible theory that may explain the great increase in male births. This theory supposes that the displacement of the proportion between embodied and disembodied egos on the subtle planes required readjustment, and that in consequence the descent into generation of the male monads already awaiting rebirth is proportionately accelerated. Again, the argument may be advanced that on account of the numerous male deaths due to the war, many monads who would, under normal conditions, have taken on the female sex, are now reincarnating in male bodies. We are obviously not justified in drawing any positive conclusions from such scanty data, in spite of the fact that the statistics, as far as they go, are extremely striking. Far more comprehensive figures will be required before we can speak on the matter with any confidence.

THE WAR  
AND THE  
INCREASED  
MALE  
BIRTH-RATE.

I have received from a valued correspondent another of the ingenious figure puzzles which the numerologists have purveyed

for us in the course of the present war. I give the figures as a curiosity and for what they are worth, which I am afraid is not very much. The method of calculation is simplicity itself, though the justification for it is far to seek. It "panned out," as the saying goes, for the Franco-German War, but we can hardly expect it to do the trick a second time. Here is the basis of the calculation :—

**MORE WAR**  
**KABALISM.**

The Franco-German War lasted from 1870 to 1871. Adding these figures together (1870 + 1871), we get the total 3741. According to our friend's method, the first two figures on the left hand, 3 and 7, represent respectively the day and month on which the war began, i.e. 3rd of the seventh month (July). Taking the third and fourth figures, and dealing with these in a similar way, we get the 4th of the first month, i.e. January 4, the day on which the war ended. Now for the day on which peace was signed we add together the two left-hand figures, and the two right-hand figures for the month, thus:  $3 + 7 = 10$ , and  $4 + 1 = 5$ , or May 10. This all comes out very nicely, and we can proceed to do the same thing in the case of the present War, first on the assumption that it will conclude with the present year. This will give us  $1914 + 1915 = 3829$ . Here we get one more coincidence, for the two left-hand figures represent the 3rd of the eighth month, or August 3, the day on which the War began, and this, of course, is the same whether we assume that the second year should be 1915, 1916, or 1917.

Assuming it to be 1915, the two right-hand figures give us the 2nd of the ninth month (September 2) as the day on which the War should end, on the assumption that it does not continue beyond the present year. We next proceed as before to add together the first two figures,  $3 + 8 = 11$ , and the second two,  $2 + 9 = 11$ , giving us the 11th of the eleventh month (November 11) as the day on which peace will be signed. Adopting the now more plausible hypothesis that the War will last into 1916, we get the total 3830. As already noted, the date of the commencement of the War remains the same, but for the date of the end of the War, we have the day only and not the month, the right-hand figure being zero. The date of the signature of peace comes out, however, as March 11 ( $3 + 8 = 11$ , and  $3 + 0 = 3$ ). The year 1917 would give us January 3 for the end of the War and April 11 for the declaration of peace. The method, however, one must admit, is more ingenious than convincing!

# ART MAGIC

By C. L. RYLEY

BLUE gleams the lightning through the driving rain ;  
Dark faces glare in through the window-pane ;  
Wild eldritch laughter echoes all without,  
As here I watch to see my love again.

From out the brazier now the smoke rolls blue,  
As on its glowing coals these grains I strew,  
Won from the darkness of some eastern land,  
Meet for such deeds as this I fain would do.

Much have I wrought to-night with charm and spell ;  
The air is thronged with spirits fierce and fell ;  
Yet will I see her face again to-night.  
Despite the Powers of Air and Death and Hell !

Though deep she lies beneath the great grey mere,  
Yet, as I tell them o'er, these words of fear  
Shall draw my long-lost dear one from the dead,  
Till as in life she stand before me here.

Though all the night is thick with those fierce eyes,  
Yet know I that e'en now she needs must rise  
From out the dark still water, where wild lights  
Burn blue, unshaken of the wind that flies.

Fiercer the lightning gleams, the spirit bands  
Shake the old casements with their fiery hands ;  
Whereby I know that she, my dear one, comes  
Through them whose ghastly will my power withstands.

Phantom and Demon, whatso'er their might,  
Are weak against my steadfast will to-night ;  
Nor may their storm e'en wave her night-dark hair  
As now she comes to me in their despite.

Silence without. The fire flames clear and red,  
Smokeless : and well I know her soundless tread  
Far down the circling darkness of the stair.  
She cometh, from the pale realms of the Dead !

Silence without ! The Forms with eyes of fire  
May enter not ; but their unslaked desire  
Glares dumbly at me as they throng without,  
Wild shapes fantastic, that can never tire.

Yea, I defy them ! Howso strong they be  
Yet is my spirit stronger. Silently  
The carven door swings open, and, behold !  
There with the love-light in her eyes stands she !

# THE ANGELIC LEADERS

By PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

THE torrent of blistered, bleeding, stony-eyed Belgian refugees which had poured through our hands unceasingly, night and day, for the first hot breathless weeks of last August, was suddenly stemmed by the wounded. The miseries of those first wounded cannot ever be written. To those who tended them they brought like misery, for, individually and in the mass, they expressed a conviction of swiftly approaching disaster. They bore their sufferings with unexampled heroism; but their very dumbness suggested the hopeless silence of defeat. When they spoke at all, they spoke, if they were French, of "soixante-dix"; if they were British they said heavily they were "up against it now." One man, a Highlander, opened his dying eyes and urged us to fly while there was time. "Get awa', lassie," he whispered. "Get awa'. They Germans is no men; they're devils. All Hell is open now."

Briefly, that is what all the wounded thought—what they all sought to convey to us, and as the days dragged on and the bloody toll increased, the members of the ambulance diminished. They, or their fathers or mothers, remembered "soixante-dix," and those who could go went; and so our work became harder, and the wounded poured in and in, till the expectation of quick victory for the Allies faded, and though the small band of us remaining disdained to acknowledge fear, yet we also were instructed by the commandant to prepare for retreat, taking the wounded with us. Then came the torrid days of Mons, and suddenly a change in the wounded, utterly unaccountable. The French, who had tolerantly accepted badges and medals of the saints from the Catholics of our post, now eagerly asked for them, and were profusely grateful for "holy pictures"—those little prints of saints and angels so common in all Catholic communities. But what puzzled the post was that these men, without a solitary exception, demanded invariably, "St. Michael" or "Joan of Arc."

Also, these men, in spite of their horrible wounds and great weakness from loss of blood, were in a state of singular exaltation. We thought at first some of them had been supplied

with wine, but that was clearly impossible, as our post was the first stop, and the trains came right through from the clearing station, without attention of any sort, as the fighting was then at its fiercest.

This curious mental condition in the wounded continued during the long retreat on Paris. Many of the wounded died in our hands, but the living no longer urged us to fly; they "died in hope," as if they were mentally visioning victory, where their immediate forerunners had only seen defeat.

I tremble, now that it is safely past, to look back on the terrible week that brought the Allies to Vitry-le-François. We had not had our clothes off for the whole of that week, because no sooner had we reached home, too weary to undress, or to eat, and fallen on our beds, than the "chug-chug" of the commandant's car would sound into the silence of the deserted street, and the horn would imperatively summon us back to duty, because, in addition to our duties as *ambulancier auxiliaire*, we were interpreters to the post, now at this moment diminished to half a dozen.

Returning at 4.30 in the morning, we stood on the end of the platform, watching the train crawl through the blue-green of the forest into the clearing, and draw up with the first wounded from Vitry-le-François. It was packed with dead and dying and badly wounded. For a time we forgot our weariness in a race against time, removing the dead and dying, and attending to those in need. I was bandaging a man's shattered arm with the *majeur* instructing me, while he stitched a horrible gap in his head, when Madame de A——, the heroic President of the post, came and replaced me. "There is an English in the fifth wagon," she said. "He demands a something—I think a holy picture."

The idea of an English soldier demanding a holy picture struck me, even in that atmosphere of blood and misery, as something to smile at, but I hurried away. "The English" was a Lancashire Fusilier. He was propped in a corner, his left arm tied up in a peasant woman's head kerchief, and his head newly bandaged. He should have been in a state of collapse from loss of blood, for his tattered uniform was soaked and caked in blood, and his face paper-white under the dirt of conflict. He looked at me with bright courageous eyes and asked for a picture or a medal (he didn't care which) of St. George. I asked if he was a Catholic. "No," he was a Wesleyan Methodist (I hope I have it right), and he wanted a picture, or a medal of

St. George, *because he had seen him on a white horse*, leading the British at Vitry-le-François, when the Allies turned.

There was an R.F.A. man, wounded in the leg, sitting beside him on the floor ; he saw my look of amazement, and hastened in, " It's true, Sister," he said. " We all saw it. First there was a sort of a yellow mist like, sort of risin' before the Germans as they come to the top of the hill, come on like a solid wall they did—springing out of the earth just solid—no end to 'em. I just give up. No use fighting the whole German race, thinks I ; it's all up with us. The next minute comes this funny cloud of light, and when it clears off there's a tall man with yellow hair in golden armour, on a white horse, holding his sword up, and his mouth open as if he was saying, ' Come on, boys ! I'll put the kybosh on the devils.' Sort of ' This is my picnic ' expression. Then, before you could say knife, the Germans had turned, and we were after them, fighting like ninety. We had a few scores to settle, Sister, and we fair settled them."

" Where was this ? " I asked. But neither of them could tell. They had marched, fighting a rearguard action, from Mons, till St. George had appeared through the haze of light, and turned the Germans. They both *knew* it was St. George. Hadn't they seen him with his sword on every " quid " they'd ever had ? The Frenchies had seen him too, ask them ; but they said it was St. Michael.

The French wounded were again in that curiously exalted condition we had remarked before—only more so—a sort of self-contained rapture of happiness—" Yes " it was quite true. The *Boches* were in full retreat, and the Allies were being led to victory by St. Michael and Joan of Arc.

" As for *petite* Jeanne d'Arc," said one soldier, " I know her well, for I am of Domrémy. I saw her brandishing her sword and crying ' Turn ! Turn ! Advance ! ' Yes, he knew others had seen the Archangel, but little Joan of Arc was good enough for him. He had fought with the English from Mons—and little Joan of Arc had defeated the English—*par exemple !* Now she was leading them. There was a combination for you. No wonder the *Boches* fled down the hill."

After the train crawled out, and we had time to speak, the President drew me aside, and confided to me, that a wounded officer of high rank had told her he had seen St. Michael at Vitry-le-François. He was quite close to the Blessed Visitant, and there could be no doubt on the subject. At first he had thought he was to die, and, as he had been a violent Agnostic



and materialist all his life, that this was a warning to him to make swift repentance in preparation for judgment. Soon, however, he saw that, so far from requiring his life, God had sent assistance in the fight, and that so clearly God was on the side of the Allies, and the Germans must needs therefore be evil, and of the Devil.

I then told Madame de A—— the story of the two British soldiers who wanted pictures of St. George, and we decided to compare notes with the others. Only one of us had not heard the tale of the Angelic Leaders, and she had been detailed by the *majeur* to guard three wounded Germans, one of whom had died of tetanus, the other two had gangrene. Her duty was to stand some paces off and prevent anyone touching them, so she had consequently no opportunity of conversation.

On discussing the matter between the trains of wounded, we remarked: First, that the French soldiers of all ranks had seen two well-known saints—Joan of Arc—to whom many of those delirious with the torrid heat and loss of blood were praying—that she was in armour, bareheaded, riding a white horse, and calling “Advance,” while she brandished her sword high in air; and St. Michael the Archangel, clad in golden armour, bareheaded, riding a white horse, and flourishing his sword, while he shouted “Victory!” Second, the British had seen St. George, in golden armour, bareheaded, riding a white horse and crying while he held up his sword, “Come on!”

There were individual discrepancies, naturally, but in the main the story was the same, seen in cold blood at a moment of despair, and continued in the realization of victory. It was always related quietly and sanely, in a matter-of-fact fashion, as if it were a usual and quite expected occurrence for the lords of heaven to lead the hosts of earth. Of one thing all were assured—that the Germans represented the powers of evil, and that so doubtfully did victory hang in the balance, that the powers of good found it necessary to fight hand to hand and foot to foot with the Allies, lest the whole world be lost.

That night we heard the tale again, from the lips of a priest this time, two officers, and three men of the Irish Guard. These three men were mortally wounded, they asked for the Sacrament before death, and before dying told the same story to the old *abbé* who confessed them.

That was our last night with the ambulance at the post, we were now moved on to the hospital, and took our regular work as *ambulancier*. There we had time to hear more, and the men

told us in fragments of the long retreat from Mons, fighting all the way like Trojans, marching night and day, and day and night, of the men falling in the ranks and being kicked to their feet by the officers—of the officers falling off their feet drunk with sleep, and being kicked and pushed to their feet again by the men—of men who dragged and carried their officers, of officers who dragged and carried their men—of horses falling dead in the traces, and of men who harnessed themselves in and dragged the guns—of motor transport that drove itself with the drivers hanging dead asleep over the wheels, or sitting with wide-open eyes, and dead hands steering the munitions and food of the retreating army.

For forty-eight hours no food, no drink, under a tropical sun, choked with dust, harried by shell, and marching, marching, marching, till even the pursuing Germans gave it up, and at Vitry-le-François the Allies fell in their tracks and slept for three hours—horse, foot and guns—while the exhausted pursuers slept behind them.

Then came the trumpet call, and each man sprang to his arms to find himself made anew. One man said, "I felt as if I had just come out of the sea after a swim. Fit! just grand. I never felt so fit in my life, and every man of us the same. The Germans were coming on just the same as ever, when suddenly the 'Advance' sounded, and I saw the luminous mist and the great man on the white horse, and I knew the *Boches* would never get Paris, for God was fighting on our side."

There is no "religiosity"—if I may coin a word—about this vision of saints and archangels, it is just a common everyday, iron-bound fact. Joan of Arc, the Archangel Michael, St. George of England, have come from wherever they are, and have led the hosts of England and France. Everybody has seen them who has fought through from Mons to Ypres; they all agree on them individually, and have no doubt at all as to the final issue of their interference. "The Allies will win; it may take a long time, it must be a pretty hard case for us, when the Almighty sends His best fighting man to help," said a Breton peasant to me. "You see, Mlle Mees, it is an old feud between Satan and St. Michael; but they got him out of Heaven, and they'll get him off the earth, but it'll take time."

Poor Dix, when he came into hospital with only a bleeding gap where his mouth had been, and a splintered hand and arm, he ought to have been prostrate and unconscious, but he made no moan, his pain had vanished in contemplation of the wonderful

thing he had seen—saints and angels fighting on this common earth, with common mortal men, against one devilish foe to all humanity. A strange and dreadful thing, that the veil which hangs between us and the world of Immortality should be so rent and shrivelled by suffering and agony that human eyes can look on the angels and not be blinded. The cries of mothers and little children, the suffering of crucified fathers and carbonized sons and brothers, the tortures of nuns and virgins, and violated wives and daughters, have all gone up in torment and dragged at the Ruler of the Universe for aid, and aid has come.

I have not seen the Angelic Leaders nor heard their war-cry, but I know they have led, and are leading the Allies, and that through untold loss and suffering and sacrifice, we shall be led to final victory. Even now I have seen France rise from her own corruption in a new and virile youth. Silent, determined, filled with holy vengeance, and I shall live to see Britain setting aside all other things as vanity, gird herself about as France has done, and be One, even as France is One. True her soil has not been polluted by the Huns, her young girls violated, her priests tortured, her old women thrown to dishonour in the streets, her children mutilated, her priests burnt and hunted, and her population robbed and enslaved. None of these things have happened to England—*yet*.

But a month ago, there came to where I am in France, a wounded German officer of high rank, who chose, with that strange perversity which distinguishes the Hun, to speak English only, because he hoped to pass himself off in the end, perhaps, as English. To him was sent the English driver of the Red Cross Ambulance which runs to the Front now for our wounded.

To him the officer addressed many questions which could not be answered, and finally on hearing that only a few days of life remained to him, he made boast of many horrible things he and his kind had done to hapless women and children.

"*And*," he concluded triumphantly, "you French and English say, I have heard, that the saints fight with you; but do they? No! '*Gott mit uns*.' We can do what we will—and what we have done to the Belgians—and what we have done to the French—are as *nothing, nothing* to what we will do to the English, when the time is arrived for us in England—and St. George cannot save you."

The driver of our ambulance is not a soldier, nor yet a young man, he is a country gentleman who is "doing his bit," and

for a while his gorge had so risen at the evil boasting of this son of the Devil that he could not speak, but at last he said : " You are a dying man, so I will not say much that I would like to. Only this—at the beginning England is never ready, so she always loses, and out of her losses she grows steadily stronger till she wins. We have always won, because we have always fought for the right, and you will lose because you have God on your foreheads, and not in your hearts, and the saints are with us, as you say."

So the German died, and was buried, and his works follow him wherever he has gone, and the new wounded who came down from the Labyrinth say that the Lord was with them in the trenches, and many saw Him.

Much of what I have written here is not new to the Editor of this Review, because when I had a moment to spare I wrote to him after August 4 last year, and much also I wrote to friends whose names I enclose with this, mentioning these things as they came, with the time. Naturally, these friends may not like their names mentioned, so I do not publish them ; but the Editor may, I am sure, if he so desires, communicate with them for his own satisfaction.

In conclusion, I would like to draw attention to the remarkable revival of religion in France. How it is in England I do not know, but in France it strikes the most careless observer. I do not say the Roman Church will resume its spiritual dominion and its temporal power in this country, because I do not think so. Nor could I say that France is more Christian. I only remark that France as a nation of unbelievers no longer exists. It is a nation which prays *to God*, and believes in Him, though after what religious form, and in what manner of expression I cannot understand. Only time will show.

But that God *is*, and His saints and angels, *they know*.

# PSYCHISM AND IDEALISM

By J. ARTHUR HILL

MY deepest intuition tells me that the true explanation of psychical phenomena is still unfound. I admit that "absolute" truth is inconceivable, that a true theory is one that "works," and that it is legitimate and useful to try various hypotheses, that we may see which works best. Therefore I have none but the friendliest feelings towards spiritualists, theosophists, and occultists of all the various shades, so long as they maintain a sane hold on the fact that they are only individual human beings like other people, and that those others have a right to an opinion also. In other words, I welcome all hypotheses, so long as they are presented as such, and not as dogmas. Naturally, each theorizer thinks he is right; but the knowledge of his own finitude should prevent him from feeling quite sure. And if he cannot help feeling sure, perhaps a sense of humour will enable him to surmount a logical contradiction, and will lead him to say that though he is sure he is right, he nevertheless does not think that those who think differently are necessarily wrong. I myself achieve toleration by both of these methods; and in so asserting, I suppose I show—like Teufelsdröckh—regrettable traces of conscious virtue, for which I hope I may be forgiven. But, though tolerant, I have my pet hypothesis, which I now present, not without diffidence. It is not "a little one," so I cannot apologize for it on that score. It is a rather big one. And, so far as I know, it is new; new, at least, as an application to modern phenomena by a twentieth century psychical researcher.

In five words, it is this: *We get what we want.* Now for the facts which guide me to this thought.

Psychical phenomena, the actual things themselves, apart from theories about their cause, are universal both in space and time. They occur all over the world, and in all periods. But the "explanations," or theories of cause, vary with the beliefs of the people. The clairvoyante of the Delphic cave was inspired by "the god"; but, though it seems probable that clairvoyance and premonition did occur, we no longer believe that Apollo was the agent. Plutarch had begun to have his doubts (*De Defect. Orac.* ix., li., etc.), though he was an initiate, and rather

orthodox for his times. As Christianity gained strength, the heathen gods became the devils of the new faith. It is rather surprising that the Calvinistic god who was supposed to inflict everlasting punishment, has not yet quite followed suit. But his essentially diabolic character is now widely recognized, and it is only through timorousness or conservatism that the Christian of to-day hesitates to recognize it outspokenly.

As evidence that really supernormal phenomena occurred in ancient Greece, the famous case of the Delphian Apollo's answer to Crœsus may be cited. Crœsus was a properly sceptical man, and would have made an excellent member of the S.P.R. Wishing to make war on Cyrus, he naturally hesitated to begin without some intimation that the gods would back him up and see that he came off conqueror; and the obvious thing to do was to consult the oracles. But, being a cautious man, he felt that he could not risk accepting the oracles at their face value; some *test* of their reliability was needed. So he sent messages to the six best-known oracles—Delphi, Dodona, Branchidæ, and those of Zeus Ammon, Trophonius, Amphiaraus. On the hundredth day from leaving Sardis, his envoys were to ask what Crœsus was doing at that moment. Four oracles failed; Amphiaraus was nearly right; Apollo at Delphi was precisely correct. For the Pythia answered that Crœsus was engaged in boiling a lamb and a tortoise together in a copper vessel with a copper lid; an occupation so extraordinary that the long arm of coincidence seems hardly long enough to account for Apollo's correctness by a chance shot. The messengers, who had not known what Crœsus was going to do (telepathy from the sitter therefore excluded, as well as collusion) returned with their report, and Crœsus was so well satisfied with his test case that he sent gifts which in the time of Herodotus were still the glory of the sanctuary. The practical question was then put, but the answer was ambiguous. It led on Crœsus to his destruction, but it would fit either way. Apparently the god could not see ahead in this instance, and would not admit ignorance, thus resembling the spirits of our séance-rooms; but he had some clairvoyant faculty, as our spirits have, for the fact of Crœsus' splendid gifts is indubitable, and is not satisfactorily explicable except on a supernormal theory of the oracle, or at least on the assumption that Crœsus himself was convinced.

The same sort of thing occurred among the Israelites. Samuel clairvoyantly informed Saul about his father's asses, and gave him several predictions which were fulfilled; the Endor medium

learnt supernormally who her sitter was, from the "veridical apparition" of the prophet. Reports of the same kind are common in the literature of anthropology. The Red Indian medicine man, the Siberian shaman, the negro witch-doctor—all, and others, purport to obtain supernormal knowledge, revealed to them by the Great Spirit, in many cases, as with the Israelitish prophets, earlier called seers. China has the same story. A friend of mine who has lived mostly in China for many years, told me last week—he is over here on holiday—that he has seen Taoist ceremonies in which a priest is put into a trance and then speaks, purporting to be possessed by the god whose image is above him as he sits in the medium-chair in the temple; and I am assured by another friend—a missionary in the province of Hunan, where Taoism is strong—that genuine clairvoyance is sometimes proved by the god's utterances. There seems no particular need to require dead human beings as co-operators. We in the West incline to suppose this source as the most likely, because individual survival is part of our traditional belief—a more fundamental part than it was with Israelite, Greek, or Chinaman. We want and expect evidence of identity, and we get it: genuinely supernormal evidence of identity. I have had it myself, from mediums whose performances for myself and friends have gone far beyond what chance or fraud could account for. Yet I am not convinced that the *prima facie* explanation is the true one. In fact, the more I know of the subject, the less I think so. History has to be taken into account. And history indicates that we get what we want and expect.

*Soi-disant* human spirits have replaced Apollo; but even these spirits give themselves away—e.g. by teaching reincarnation through French mediums and denying it through English ones. I venture to suspect that the spirit-controls may be no more human spirits than Apollo was Apollo. We get what we want, and even the laborious and patiently amassed evidence of the S.P.R., which is admittedly impressive, may be no more than a painful and partial materialization of the strenuous desire of the investigators. I have often thought, when reading the records of Mrs. Piper's trance-speech or script, how like it is to what we should expect if we could conceive of our own thought groping among and moulding some refractory material—rummaging here and there, dimly feeling for the right things, and sticking them together with valueless padding of anything that comes handy. Of course I am aware that the recent cross-correspondences seem to indicate personal initiative on the other

side, and the evidence is occasionally impressive; but there are so many possible sources of error in the manipulation and interpretation of the facts, that the theories based thereon cannot yet be regarded as acceptable except in a very provisional sort of fashion. Even if initiative is there, it may not indicate humanity: the desire for identity-evidence may educe evidence of a kind which has not been thought out in detail on this side, on the principle of action provoking reaction, the reaction taking various forms. But the point is that it is too early to come to a conclusion on the basis of observations thus far recorded.

Philosophically, I base my hypothesis on an idealistic system. Thought is the *prius*. Forth Bridges and Panama Canals and aeroplanes existed in a mind or minds before they took shape in the visible material world. As Emerson sings:—

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye;  
*For out of Thought's interior sphere*  
*These wonders rose to upper air.* —*The Problem.*

Again:—

And what if Trade sow cities  
Like shells along the shore,  
And thatch with towns the prairie broad  
With railways ironed o'er?—  
They are but sailing foam-bells  
Along Thought's causing stream,  
And take their shape and sun-colour  
From him who sends the dream. —*The World-Soul.*

The success of Christian Science and mental therapeutics generally has demonstrated the illimitable power of mind over body. Physical mediumship has shown this power projected beyond the medium's body, and acting on matter at some distance away, as when Mme Palladino galvanizes stools to unwonted activity. Schopenhauer conceived the world as Will and Idea, and it does indeed seem that modern thought and experience is more and more tending to emphasize Will and formative Idea as against materialism and mechanism; and consequently to achieve a completely spiritual *Weltanschauung*. Science itself is moving in the same direction. The atom, formerly looked on as the indestructible brick of creation, is found to be composite: it loses electrons, decays, has its day and ceases to be. Matter is a strain in the ether; we know less about it than we



know about electricity, says Sir Oliver Lodge. The outer world is manifestation, show, but is only a shadow, like the shadows on the wall of Plato's cave in book vii. of the *Republic*. Mind is the reality. It is the only thing that *does* anything. If it be objected that there is material activity quite independent of human mind or will, it may be at once admitted; but not that such activity is independent of *any* mind or will. There is a psychical and more real side to every material thing, as there is a psychical and more real side to the material thing I call my brain. A stool has a certain soul-side, and has its habits, mostly of a passive order: Mme Palladino somehow has the power of waking it out of its torpor and over-persuading it to undignified exertion. So with our investigators. They desire and expect, and consequently they affect external matter, in a milder way than Mme Palladino does, but still they affect it. And when this matter is the matter of mediums' brains, it is not surprising that queer and evidential things happen, even of not quite expected kind; for there is very complex and wide-ranging soul-stuff on the other side of the material brain, and it is on this that the investigator's mind is in the first instance acting, pulling the evidence out *through* the medium's brain, and consequently receiving it in jumbled and fragmentary fashion.

All this, I repeat, is mere hypothesis. But it is in this direction that I feel the truth lies—what seems to me the “truest” truth. And it fits in, more satisfactorily than any other conception, with the unity and splendour of God, and with Paul's great line that in Him we live and move and have our being; for if mind is the only reality, God is the soul-side of the Universe, including our little souls in Himself, and not partaking in the destructibility and illusoriness of matter. The heavens and the earth shall wax old like a garment, shall be rolled up like a scroll, shall flee away and be no more seen; but He shall endure, timeless, ineffable, the Real behind all Seeming. And all in us that is worthy to be retained will endure with Him, as rain returns to Ocean. We shall not wholly die. Virgil's *non omnis moriar* is echoed by Emerson's “What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent,” and by Browning's *Abt Vogler*. Value will be conserved, in Höffding's phrase. Our present clay will be sublimated, and we shall be changed. For, to borrow Shelley's fine imagery—

The One remains, the many change and pass,  
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows flee,  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

# THE MYSTERY OF DESTINY

BY A. H. WYNNE

AS we gaze at a helpless newborn babe with no voice whatever in the choosing of its environment, we ask ourselves what life *lies before* it? In that phrase we involuntarily admit the bitter truth of our existence!

"Existence *lies before us*"—a pathway already shaped, or a tangled labyrinth that we must follow perforce. The path is not of our choosing—it is already carved out for us by our forbears, by the circumstances of birth, heredity, environment, the stars in their courses, unforeseen external events, dominating personalities of parents, teachers, husband, wife, or lovers, and the complex temperament of the individual, with an inevitable tendency to certain lines of thought and action inducing him to do a certain thing at a certain time.

Look again at this helpless baby, which might have been you or I! What is coming, who can say? Will it be motherless or fatherless, and when! or on whom will devolve the important duty of rearing and educating it? Will it sink into an early grave? or is it destined to lead mankind on to hitherto untrodden heights of progress or invention that shall alter the history of the world?

Will the child be impressionable and easily moulded, or will it be endowed with that well-defined "individuality" we call a striking personality? Will it be a vegetarian or teetotaller, a chronic alcoholic, a religious fanatic, a scientific agnostic, or a raving lunatic?

The babe does not know, nor do we!—it has no voice yet in choosing its path, but the answers to all these questions are already lying latent there inscribed upon its brow or upon the scroll of destiny!

So far it is merely dozing on the maternal bed in a palace or a slum. It is blessed with good or bad parents who may be criminals or saints, drunkards or geniuses, who may spoil the baby or disown it and leave it upon a doorstep to be brought up by others in a waif-and-strays home, never even to know who its parents were or what they were like!

No! At the very first step in life the babe's career is handicapped by the sort of parents Fate has bestowed upon it, and

the environment, healthy or otherwise, they weave around its dawning life and ideas.

Much has been ascribed to heredity, but so far the most bigoted "freewill-ite" (if I may coin the word) must admit that the baby has no Freewill to guide its life, and that Fate wins all along the line. At what age then, I ask, does the babe assume this much-vaunted god-like power of controlling its own destiny?

I say emphatically "Never!" We adults are merely overgrown babies—and the accumulated evidence of History, Science and Philosophy emphatically endorses this irrefutable truth, however unpalatable it may be to human egotism and amour-propre, and to the teaching of the thousand warring sects and creeds that the Persian poet bids us beware of.

For at the very outset of the sleeping babe's career we are faced with the problem—*At what age* does it become "responsible for its actions," and when does freewill begin, *if* it lives? And this is a very big "*if*." Life hangs by such a thread.

There was much cynical truth in the ancient mythology! Thus Clotho, we are told, spins the thread of life and so "clothes" us with mortality. Lachesis weaves it into the woof of childhood, adolescence, and old age. But by her side sits Atropos ever snipping at these delicate silken threads of life with her merciless shears of Death!

Lachesis watches those restless scissors hovering so near the beautiful lives she is designing, while the unshed tears stand trembling in her eyes. Sometimes a lovely pattern she is weaving is hopelessly damaged or destroyed outright by the cruel scissors at the very outset. Then we say, "Why this waste of birth and suffering if the babe is only meant to live for weeks or months?" and are we to believe the creeds that teach us its little soul is damned for ever if it die without the baptismal sanction of man-made holy Church?

But to return to the sleeping babe and our vain attempts to read the inscrutable destiny stamped in invisible ink upon its brow. We are faced with that stupendous "*if*"—*if* it lives? And if not? *When* in all the anxious days, weeks, and years to come will that moment fall in which Death knocks at the door and perhaps only in a whisper calls "Come—your time is up!"

Then *how* will Death come when that fateful someday arrives for this helpless sleeping infant?

Who will act as Death's call-boy?

Will it be a mere insect like a wasp, whose sting only recently

paralysed the heart of a cousin of mine in twenty minutes, whilst her young nephew who inherited the property on her death, sank to the bottom of the sea in the submarine *Ar*, a few months later, before he had touched his inheritance, while another member of the same family died from the bite of his own pet dog on the high seas on his way home to England.

Indeed, who can say in what form Death's call-boy shall come to him ?

Instead of an ordinary illness or " natural death," so powerless is the mere mortal to control his fate, that a sudden call to battle in some unexpected war, to perish perchance through a bomb dropped from a hostile aeroplane, or an express train accident, a fire, an iceberg as in the case of the *Titanic*, or a spasm of the heart, may claim him as its victim at any moment, or even a dose of poison self-administered in a moment of despair, while again the most carefully planned suicide may be anticipated or countermanded if Fate wills it otherwise !

You have fretted your little round upon the earth as millions have done before you, and whether famous or insignificant, good or bad, you have now to join the stream of those passing through the exit door into the night, the while a ceaseless procession of newborn souls entering upon the stage you have just left are making their bow to an admiring first night audience of parents, doctors and nurses !

Yet Life's stage differs from the theatre in one respect. For whilst we are in the midst of its realistic scenery, be it on land or water, in town or desert prairie, absorbed in playing our part, suddenly Death's call-boy will noiselessly approach us and whisper in our ear, " Time please—this way out."

There is no time to ask *which* way out. That is a secret always reserved for the last moment, and the call-boy has strict instructions not to enlighten us before ! He merely takes our hand, and as the stage grows dark we think the curtain has gone down ; but it has not, though he leads us out, blindfold as it were, to Death, who is waiting for us in his car outside, smiling possibly at our bewilderment, and assuring us, perhaps, that he is only escorting us to some other kind of theatre hitherto invisible to our limited human faculties—that dying is simply a " change of eyesight " with the development of unsuspected senses corresponding to the X-Rays in light, or the invisible ultra-violet rays revealed by spectrum analysis—we have merely lost our sight for things on the plane of the old theatre where the other actors are still playing.

This analogy suggests the possibility of postulating the startling question, "Do we know when we are dead?" Either death is annihilation, since the brain, which is the instrument of thought, even in the case of our dreams, is stilled for ever in death, and passes from well-defined grey matter to formless dust, or if there is any spirit life beyond the death of one body, we may not be aware that we have parted with the old body or adopted a new one, just as a man who has lost a leg sometimes feels as if it was there and even complains of pains in the departed toes.

Then the influence of the ephemeral civilization of our century and its fashions in clothing, dwellings, and meals undoubtedly affects our lives. If we walked about London in Roman togas with bejewelled fillets in our ambrosial locks and ate strange food lying on couches, in some noble atrium and knew not beer or whisky, tobacco, tea or coffee, we should probably think and act quite differently. Or if, as seems possible, the terrible war and slaughter of manhood's flower in this year of greed serves to usher in disarmament and the world's eternal peace, the existence of soldiers and the custom of settling disputes by mutual slaughter will seem a midsummer madness to generations yet unborn. Lives will be moulded in a different way in different surroundings for different ends that we cannot now foresee.

On reflection most people will own how much they owe to the accident of birth, whether good or bad. What Fate caused such or such a soul to be ushered into the world by such parents? "Karma," say the Orientals. A "Divine Christian Providence," say the Occidentals! Yet neither explanation is wholly satisfactory to the child born in the slum with probably two parents who died of drinking adulterated whisky, when a pitying "parish" or Board of Guardians was the father and mother of your tenderest years. Look on this side of the picture, ye children of Mayfair and Belgravia, with idolizing parents and pampered nurseries! You may well sing "Home, sweet Home" *con amore*. Yet what Fate ushered you into these surroundings by chance? Yes, the merest chance!

Is it yourself you have to thank, Mr. Smug Respectability, that your father was not a gaol-bird and your mother a gin-sodden charwoman, whilst as a gutter-snipe child of the slums you would be taught from your cradle that successful thieving was a highly desirable accomplishment.

No! you say with pride, you have carved your own career, and cultivated the highest principles, and nothing would induce

you to descend to the level of those who can beg, borrow or steal. You were born of so-called "respectable" parents. Your father had retired from the wholesale grocery business, having amassed a comfortable fortune—some say by questionable methods and the sweating of poor employées—which fortune he duly handed on to you, his stolid, staid, respectable son. You have more than enough for your wants—you have had a better education than he had—you still carry on the flourishing business, but from a distance, as you are well able to pay your way and possibly allow yourself an up-to-date car. But it passes your comprehension how so-and-so can be so dishonourable as to have unpaid debts or descend to borrowing from friends or relatives, or be so shabbily dressed. To use your conventional phrase, "It is such bad form."

It is easy to talk like this, with a comfortable bank balance. But let us suppose Fate is playing with you as it does with some. That after the first start of an advantageous birth and surroundings, your lawyer informs you one day that your bank has gone to smash, a trustee absconded with all, or that a designing relative has ousted you from your inheritance and that you are absolutely penniless henceforth. Your whole outlook on life will change. And if you should be reduced to the privations of actual prolonged starvation—the gradual parting with all the clothing and valuables you possess and, when even the pawn-brokers are exhausted, the numbing sensation of finding it impossible to obtain work, nourishment, or even a sleeping place, then truly all your etiquettes, conventions and former codes of honour will vanish into thin air. Starvation brings in a strange new code of ethics: an intense hatred for the mean rich and a real sympathy for the struggling poor, and a contempt and loathing of the prosperous friends who now avoid you.

Heredity, again, plays a somewhat capricious part in Life's drama, leaving some natures untouched, and fairly swamping others with a predominating strain of family tendencies. One has only to consider the astounding differences in members of the same family to realize this! But sometimes, with totally dissimilar characters and tastes, there yet remains a similarity of voice, constitution, or appearance.

One child will throw back to one ancestor and one to another, and yet neither have any resemblance whatever to its own parents! It is noticeable that King George V, absorbing more from the maternal line, bears an extraordinary resemblance to his cousin the Tsar, and none whatever to the Kaiser, who is related to

him in precisely the same degree. Again the Kaiser, does not resemble in the least his handsome father, the Emperor Frederick, either in appearance or disposition, nor is he more like his mother, nor grandmother Queen Victoria. He seems to be merely the result of his own "individuality" or a freak of evolution, whilst his brother Henry strongly resembles his father.

Then neither the Prince Consort nor Queen Victoria seem to have handed down their likenesses to their descendants, and King Edward rather suggested a throw-back to Tudor ancestors.

But just as some priceless book goes out of print or becomes extinct, perhaps the saddest loss for us to-day is that our lovely Queen Alexandra has "left no copy to the world" of her extraordinary beauty united with the rare charm of her magnetic personality.

We all know of many parents, however, whose children are the living image of them in manner and appearance.

The subject of heredity is one of endless fascination when we study the portraits of ancestors of centuries ago and notice the striking resemblance to certain descendants living now. And these likenesses come down in the most capricious way, sometimes missing many generations.

The effect of *Environment* again depends largely upon the power of the individual temperament to resist the moulding of the dominating influences of parents, teachers, books and the tendencies of the thought of the day, plus the impact of circumstances and peculiar life experiences! Here again some characters are greatly changed by such things, while others seem able to detach themselves entirely from their surroundings.

What is popularly termed "chance"; that is to say, that which is in reality the particular destiny of the individual, often steps in, in the most capricious way, to turn the whole current of the life, to condemn some to sudden, unexpected ruin or death, and to save the lives of others from threatened disaster by an accident of the most whimsical or purely fortuitous kind. An incident in my own life will serve to illustrate this in a singularly vivid and dramatic manner.

I was studying in Paris in my early twenties, and had been to a big fancy ball, which had kept me up nearly all night. The next morning I found myself unable to sleep after 8.30 a.m. as there was so much noise in the street.

The following evening I was due to dine with the Secretary of the Danish Embassy, who had taken tickets for us at the Opera Comique, where "Mignon" was to be performed. I had

engagements all day until about 5.30 p.m., when I came in to do an hour's translation of French poetry until it was time to dress. Naturally I fell asleep over it, and when I awoke, to my horror found it was the exact moment my friend was expecting me to dine at "Voisin's Restaurant," and I knew what a temper he had when he was kept waiting. I flew up to dress like lightning, but as luck would have it, not a cab was to be seen in the street. At last I got one and arrived at "Voisin's" more than half an hour late, to find my friend wild with indignation. I used all the arts of explanation and apology I could find, until he grew calmer and said—

"It's your own fault—the first act of 'Mignon' is the best and begins in five minutes, so if you would rather cut the dinner we will go on at once and have supper somewhere afterwards, but it's a pity the dinner should be wasted!"—and he always entertained in princely fashion.

So I merely replied—"You've seen it before. Let us have dinner first comfortably and miss the first act—it's my loss and my own fault, as you say!"

So we did, and it must have been quite an hour before we drove up to the theatre, where we had two good stalls in the centre.

Imagine our amazement to find the theatre in flames, surrounded by fire-engines, while rows of dead charred bodies, some of them English, were being carried out. It was terrible to think of our narrow escape. He turned to me and said in a whisper—"What a miracle! Your being late saved our lives!" and actually all those in the stalls around the places we had taken were found amongst the suffocated. On my birthday soon after, my Danish friend presented me with a magnificent pearl and diamond pin. "For having saved my life by your unpunctuality," he wrote on it. But it was that short sleep that saved us both.

It seems, in fact, as if certain people were proof against certain kinds of fate. One the element of fire is powerless to touch. Another passes scatheless through the watery element, however imminent his peril may be. There is, for instance, the case of stoker Tonner, which has been much commented on in the newspapers recently, and especially referred to in the issue of *Home Chat* for July 24, in an article entitled "Charmed Lives." Stoker Tonner declares that he cannot be drowned, and no wonder! He was first on board the *Titanic*, but he was not a mere passenger on this fated vessel. He was very deep



in the bowels of the ship when the liner met its doom by striking the giant iceberg. He escaped, however, and signed on as stoker in the *Empress of Ireland*. When this second giant liner went down off the coast of Canada, stoker Tonner was again among the saved. It might have been thought that after these two terrific experiences Father Neptune would have decided to cease his persecution of the worthy stoker; but no! Egged on by the suggestion of some malignant sprite, when looking for another job on the briny ocean, Tonner called at the Cunard offices, and was given a berth in a similar capacity on board—of all vessels in the world—the *Lusitania*! After his third escape, it is not to be wondered that stoker Tonner backs himself against Father Neptune's most malignant hostility.

There are many stories of soldiers who have been saved by Bibles, carried in their pockets, when engaged in action, and there is nothing very remarkable in such incidents, a book in leather cover and with so many pages naturally breaking the force of a bullet. There is a similar story told with regard to Drummer Court, of the 1st Middlesex, at the Battle of the Marne in the present war; but in this case the escape from death was due to the presence of a Prayer Book, not a Bible. The incident, however, is a little more remarkable than the ordinary record of the kind, as, finding the book pressing uncomfortably on his brace-buckle, Drummer Court transferred it to his trousers pocket. Scarcely had he done so when a shrapnel shell burst close by, killing six men and wounding fourteen. The drummer was badly shaken by the shock, but uninjured. A friend pointed to a hole in his clothes. The ivory and metal cover of the Prayer Book was then found to be savagely torn. At the bottom of the leather bag in which the book was kept a German bullet was discovered. Bag, bullet and book are now on view at St. George's Church, Old Brentford.

There are many of us saved when all the dice seem loaded against us, while for others destiny lies in wait at the most unlooked-for moment. Weaker men are admittedly puppets of fate, but even for the most indomitable, for those who have triumphed over a hundred obstacles, any one of which might have overwhelmed their less courageous brethren, there comes a time when they, too, find themselves "up against" a fate which is too strong for them, and in the words of the poet they are compelled to listen to—

" . . . a God's tremendous voice  
' Be governed and retire.' "

# THE ALMADEL OF SOLOMON, ACCORDING TO THE TEXT OF THE SLOANE MS. 2731

By A. W. GREENUP, D.LITT.

THE text printed below is taken from the MS. numbered 2731 in the Sloane Collection of the British Museum. It contains the Lemegeton or Little Key of Solomon, together with a Book of Orations and Prayers of Solomon. This latter work is incomplete. The title-page runs:—

LEMEGETON ; CLAVICULA SALOMONIS :—

OR

The Little Key of Solomon, which contains All the Names, Orders and Offices, of all Spirits that ever He had any converse with ; with their Seals or Characters Belonging to each Spirit ; and the Manner of Calling them forth to visible Appearance. In five parts . . . Called Bookes . . .

This is followed by an enumeration of the Books, with a brief account of their contents:—

1. The first part is A Book of Evil Spirits called *Goetia* ; shewing how he bound up those spirits, and used them in several things whereby he obtained great fame.

2. The second part is A Book of Spirits partly Good and partly Evil, which is called *Theurgiagoetia*, being all Spirits of the Air.

3. The third part is Of Spirits governing the Planetary Hours, and What Spirits belong to every degree of the Signs, and planets in the Signs : called *The Pauline Art*.

4. The fourth part of this Book is called the *Book Almadel of Solomon* : containing 20 chief spirits which govern the 4 Altitudes or the 360 Degrees of the Zodiac or the world of Signs, etc. These 2 last orders of Spirits is of Good, and is called the true Theurgia, and is to be sought after by divine seeking.

The MS. is neatly written, with headlines in red ink, the diagrams being carefully drawn. With the exception of the matter contained in the first Book, no part of the Lemegeton has hitherto


been published. It has, however, been described by Mr. Waite, in his recently published *Book of Ceremonial Magic* (pp. 64-77),\* who is inclined to think that the second, third and fourth Books are later additions. The MS. was written in the seventeenth century, as we gather from a note at the side of the title-page, "January the 18th, 1686, I began to write this book." On fol. 1b is the statement: "These books was first found in the Chaldean and Hebrew tongues at Jerusalem by a Jewish Rabbi, and by him put into the Greek language, and from thence into the Latin."

It will be observed that the text below is apparently fuller than the one relied on by Mr. Waite; and that the offices of the Intelligences of the Third and Fourth Altitudes are indicated under the Second Altitude.

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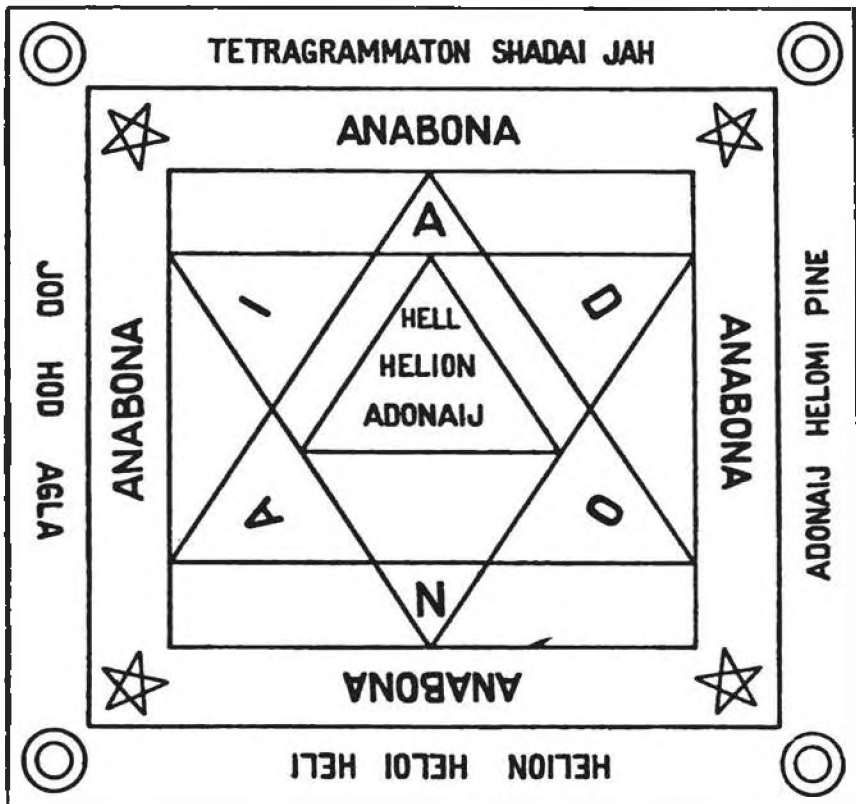
Fol. 28a. *Here beginneth the Fourth Part of this Book which is called the Art Almadel of Solomon.*

By this art Solomon attains great wisdom from the chief angels that govern the 4 Altitudes of the World, for you must observe that there are four Altitudes which represent the 4 Altitudes of the world, East, West, North, and South, the which is divided into 12 parts, that is every part 3, and the Angels of every of these parts hath their particular virtues and powers as shall be showed in this following matter, etc.

Make this Almadel of pure white wax; but the others must be coloured suitable to the Altitudes. It is to be 4 inches square, and 6 inches over every way, and in every corner a hole: and write betwixt every hole with a new pen those words or names of God following. But this is to be done in the day and hour of Sol. Write upon the first part towards the East, Adonaj Helomi Pine; and upon the second towards the South part, Helion Heloi Heli; and upon the West part, Jod Hod Agia. And the fourth part which is North write, Tetragrammaton Shadai Jah; and betwixt the first and the other parts make the pentacle of Solomon thus , and betwixt the first quarter write this

\* It is surprising that Mr. Waite, usually so accurate, persists in the statement that the Hebrew original of the *Key of Solomon* is lost (p. 60). Dr. Gollancz possesses a copy of the original, which was described by him as far back as 1903 (*Clavicula Solomonis*: a Hebrew MS. newly discovered and now described by Hermann Gollancz: Frankfurt, J. Kauffmann). There is also a fragment in the British Museum MS. Or. 6360 (see my *Book of the Moon*, London, 1912).

word, Anabona, and in the middle of the Almadel make a sexangle figure, and in the middle of it a triangle, wherein must be written these names of God, Hell, Helion, Adonaij, and this last name round about the six-angled figure, as here it is made for an example.



And of the same wax there must be made 4 candles ; and they must be of the same colour as the Almadel is of. Divide your wax into three parts, one to make the Almadel of, and the other 2 parts to make the candles of ; and let there come forth of every one of them a foot made of the same wax to support the Almadel. This being done, in the next place you are to make a seal of pure gold or silver (but gold is best), whereon must be engraved those three names Helion, Helliun, Adonaij. And note the first Altitude is called Chora Orientis, or the East Altitude ; and to make an experiment in this Chora it is to be done in the day and hour of the Sun ; and the power and office of those angels is to make all this fruitful, and increase both animals and vegetables in creation and generation, advancing the birth of children, and making barren women fruitful : and their names

are these, viz., Alimiel, Gabriel, Barachiel, Lebes, and Helison. And note you must not pray for any Angel but these that belong to the Altitude you have a desire to call forth : and when you operate set the 4 candles upon 4 candlesticks, but be careful you do not light them before you begin to operate ; then lay the Almadel between the 4 candles upon a waxen foot that comes from the candles, and lay the golden seal upon the Almadel, and, having the invocation ready written upon virgin parchment, light the candle and read the invocation. And when he appeareth he appeareth in the form of an angel carrying in his hand a banner or flag having the picture of a white cross upon it, his body being wrapped round with a fair cloud, and his face very fair and bright, and a crown of rose-flowers upon his head. He ascends first upon the superscription of the Almadel as it were a mist or fog. Then must the exorcist have in readiness a vessel of earth of the same colour as the Almadel is of, and the other of his furniture, it being in the form of a basin, and put therein a few hot ashes or coals, but not too much lest it should melt the wax of the Almadel ; and put therein 3 little grains of mastick in powder so that it may fume and the smell go upward through the holes of the Almadel when it is under it ; and as soon as the Angel smelleth it he beginneth to speak with a low voice, asking what your desire is, and what you have called the princes and governors of this Altitude for. Then you must answer him, saying, " I desire that all my requests may be granted and what I pray for may be accomplished ; for your office maketh it appear and declareth that such is to be fulfilled by you, if it please God " : adding further the particulars of your request, praying with humility for what is lawful and just ; and that you shall obtain from him. But if he do not appear presently then you must obtain the golden seal, and make with it 3 or 4 marks upon the candles, by which means the Angel will presently appear as aforesaid. And when the Angel departeth he will fill the whole place with a sweet and pleasant smell, which will be smelled a long time. And note the golden seal will serve and is used in all the operations of all the 4 Altitudes. The colour of the Almadel belonging to the first Altitude or Chora is lily-white ; the second Chora a perfect red rose-colour ; the third Chora is to be a green mixed with a white silver colour ; the fourth Chora is to be black mixed with a little green or a sad colour.

*Of the second Chora or Altitude.*

Note all the other 3 Altitudes, with their Signs and Princes,

[have] power over goods and riches, and can make any man rich or poor. And as the first Chora gives increase and maketh fruitful, so these give decrease and barrenness. And if any have a desire to operate in any of these 3 following Choras or Altitudes they must do it in die Solis in the manner as above is showed. But do not pray for anything that is contrary to the nature of these offices, or that is against God and His laws, but what God giveth according to the custom or course of nature that you may desire and obtain. All the furniture to be used is to be of the same colour the Almadel is of. And the princes of this second Chora are named, viz., Aphiriza, Genon, Geron, Armon, Gereimon. And when you operate kneel before the Almadel, with clothes of the same colour, in a closet hung with the same colours also; for the holy apparition will be of the same colours. And when he appeareth put an earthen vessel under the Almadel, with fire or hot ashes and 3 grains of mastick to perfume as aforesaid: and when the angel smelleth it he turneth his face towards you asking the exorcist with a low voice why he hath called the princes of this Chora or Altitude. Then you must answer as before, "I desire that my requests may be granted, and the contents thereof may be accomplished; for your office maketh [it] appear and declareth that such is to be done by you, if it please God." And you must not be fearful, but speak humbly, saying, "I recommend myself wholly to your office, and I pray unto you, princes of this Altitude, that I may enjoy and obtain all things according to my wishes and desires." And you may further express your mind in all particulars in your prayer, and do the like in the other 2 Choras following.

The Angel of the second Altitude appeareth in the form of a young child with clothes of a satin and of a red rose colour, having a crown of red gillyflowers upon his head. His face looketh upwards to heaven and is of a red colour, and is compassed round about with a bright splendour as the beams of the sun. And before he departeth he speaketh unto the exorcist, saying, "I am your friend and brother," and illuminateth the air round about with his splendour, and leaveth a pleasant smell which will last a long time upon their heads.

*Of the Third Chora or Altitude.*

In this Chora you must do in all things as you was before directed in the other two. The Angels in this Altitude are named, viz., Elphaniasai, Gelomiros, Gedobonai, Taranava,

and Elomina. They appear in the form of little children or little women dressed in green and silver colours very delightful to behold, and a crown of bays beset with white and green colours upon their heads ; and they seem to look a little downwards with their faces ; and they speak as the others do to the exorcist, and leave a mighty sweet perfume behind them.

Fol. 29a. *Of the Fourth Chora or Altitude.*

In this Chora you must do as before in the others. And the Angels of this Chora are called Barchiel, Gediel, Deliel, and Capitiel.\* They appear in form of little men or boys, with clothes of a black colour mixed with a dark green ; and in their hands they hold a bird which is naked ; and their heads [are] compassed round with a bright shining of divers colours. They leave a sweet smell behind them also, but differ from the others something.

Note there is 12 princes besides those in the 4 Altitudes, and they distribute their offices amongst themselves, every one ruling 30 days every year. Now it will be in vain to call any of the Angels unless it be those that govern then : for every Chora or Altitude hath its limited time according to the 12 signs of the Zodiac, and in that sign the Sun is in that or those Angels that belong to that sign [that] hath the government, as for example—suppose that I would call the 2 first of the 5 that belong to the first Chora. Then choose the first Sunday in March after the Sun hath entered Aries ; and then I make an experiment. And so do the like, if you will, the next Sunday after again. And if you will call the 2 second that belong to the first Chora, that Sunday after the Sun enters Taurus in April ; but if you will call the last of the 5, then you must take those Sundays that are in May after the Sun has entered Gemini to make your experiment in. Do the like in the other Altitudes, for they have all one way of working. But the Altitudes have names formed severally in the substance of the heavens, even a character ; for when the Angels hear the names of God that is attributed to them, they hear it by virtue of that character. Therefore it is in vain to call any Angel or Spirit unless he knows what name to call him by. Therefore observe the form of this conjuration or invocation following.

*The Invocation.*

O thou great, blessed, and glorious Angel of God (N.), who

\* The scribe has here omitted the name of an Angel.

ruldest and is the chief governing Angel in the first Chora or Altitude. I, the servant of the Highest the same your God, Adonaij, Helomi, and Pine, Whom you do obey, and is the distributor and disposer of all things both in heaven, earth, and hell, do invoke, conjure, and entreat you (N.) that thou forthwith appear in the virtue and power of the same God, Adonaij, Helomi, and Pine ; and I do command thee by Him Whom ye do obey and is set over you as King by the divine power of God, that you forthwith descend from thy orders or place of abode to come unto me and show thyself plainly and visibly here before me in this crystal stone, in thy own proper shape and glory, speaking with a voice intelligible and to my understanding. O thou mighty and powerful Angel (N.), who art by the power of God ordained to govern all animals, vegetables, and minerals, and to cause them and all creatures of God to spring, increase and bring forth according to their kinds and natures, I, the servant of the most high God whom you obey, do entreat and humbly beseech thee to come from your celestial mansion, and shew unto me all things I shall desire of you so far as in office you may or can or is capable to perform, if God permit to the same. O thou servant of mercy (N.), I do humbly entreat and beseech thee in and by those holy and blessed names of your God, Adonaij, Helomi, Pine ; and I do also constrain you in and by this powerful name Anabona that you forthwith appear visibly and plainly in your own proper shape and glory in and through this crystal stone, that I may visibly see you and audibly hear you speak unto me, and that I may have thy blessed and glorious angelic assistance, familiar friendship, and constant society, community and instruction, both now and at all times, to inform and rightly instruct me in my ignorance and depraved intellect, judgment and understanding, and to assist me both herein and in all other truths also, through the Almighty Adonaij, the King of kings, the Giver of all good gifts, that his bountiful and fatherly mercy be graciously pleased to bestow upon me. Therefore, O thou blessed Angel (N.), be friendly unto me, so far as God shall give you power and presence to appear, that I may sing with his holy Angels : O Mappa Laman, Hallelujah. Amen.

When he appears give him or them kind entertainment ; and then ask what is just and lawful, and that which is proper and suitable to his office ; and you shall obtain it.

So endeth the 4th book called the Almadel of  
Solomon the King.



# 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," "When the  
Sun Moves Northward"

## PART III

*WHAT I HAVE SEEN MYSELF*, on the battlefield of 1914-1915, I will now set forth as plainly as possible.

One figure which is always present in the thick of the battle, and has been since the first shots were fired, is one which holds no rank in any of the armies, yet it is there on that blood-drenched ground, where none but combatants may be, amongst the men, beside the officers, with and close to every one who is concerned in the war. That sounds as though it were omnipresent; and so it is. The ordinary physical sight does not perceive this Presence, and therefore to the soldier who has not yet suffered, it is not visible. But extreme agony dulls the physical sight, and opens the inner eyes. The Figure which stands beside the wounded soldier seems as a vision, and may only be remembered as a dream is; but for the moment its intense reality overpowers all else. The horror of the war fades, the dreadful emotions aroused by it disappear from the heart, and even the agony of the physical wound is blurred. The Presence alone does all this; the pain is worth enduring for the sake of this amazing experience of actual acquaintance with the Healer of men. The Christ said that he would remain with us to the end of the æon; he made this promise, and all who suffer so deeply that the bonds of the physical relax their hold, know that the promise is kept. He is always with us, in the hospitals, in sick-rooms, with the prisoners of war, with the mourners at gravesides, with all who weep those bitter tears that purge and purify the whole nature.

I have not been to the battle field in the physical body, but I have been there constantly in one or other of the inner bodies, and I have always seen Him there.

At the very first I saw him hanging on the Cross, bleeding from the nails through his hands and feet; the form which his presence takes wherever sin and hatred are stronger than the spirit of love in the hearts of men. This Form hovered over

the firing line, like a crucifix carried on high, unutterable sadness on the face. Then I saw him moving about ; the first time I saw this, he was beside the King of the Belgians, and he carried his cross. He accompanied him through the darkest hours, pouring spiritual confidence and courage into that heroic soul. I remember the faint feeling that came to my confused mind that this must mean some sort of success for the Allies. The physical brain is always ready to make such a mistake. Speedily I recalled the vital truth that it is to the sufferer, the one in deepest trouble, that this divine companionship is given, never to earthly triumph or glory. And I knew then that the deepest darkness was not yet on the Belgian race ; nor was it—it came later. And till that darkest hour I saw always the King of kings walking beside the king of the little country, healing the deep wounds in the sensitive nature.

Then came Death in his awful strength, and the bodies of men lay heaped so that they hid each other and one could not be known from another. I found myself, led by the guide who guards me in this terrible hell upon earth, standing gazing upon a mound of dead bodies of soldiers. I felt like a frightened child and clung to my guardian. The heaped-up bodies were so dreadful to look on—and some I thought were not quite dead—I saw a slight movement here and there, and thought how great the suffering must be. And then suddenly I saw moving amongst the bodies the Glorious Presence as the Good Shepherd, carrying his lantern. He was stooping over the dead, looking closely upon them, searching among them. Now and again he bent closer to one, and seemed to draw something from it. And I saw then that he was releasing souls not strong enough to release themselves ; and I understood then that he was gathering his flock. For I became aware, as my sight cleared, of innumerable angelic helpers, who were busied among the inanimate forms, lifting up the souls that escaped from them, guiding them, leading them, carrying them away. The souls were often maimed and broken, and very helpless. But those which the Christ drew forth came strong like a flame, and at a gesture from him passed away from this astral plane to another of which He knew. They did not remain, but the maimed and broken were taken to great rest-homes like hospitals which were close by the awful place of slaughter, on the very first plane of consciousness to which souls reach at death ; and here they were laid down like helpless infants and tended by the angels. But if sin and hatred had brought them to this state, little could even the angels do, save soothe

them pityingly. And the Christ looked not on them at all, and I knew they were the goats.

And then came the slaughter of the innocents, and I saw Him in a new aspect—one that was too terrible to look upon. For he was not on the Cross, yet his wounds bled ; and they were not the wounds in his hands and feet—he was covered with wounds, and His white feet were stained with the blood that fell upon them. And he cried aloud—

“ If ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me ! ”

This I saw continually, for some time, and it was so terrible that I dreaded to fall asleep, for when I awoke it was always with the consciousness that I had been kneeling at these blood-stained feet. I saw this so often I suppose because there was much to learn about it. One thing that I learned I can set down, and that was that those innocents whose wounds were inflicted upon the suffering Christ were not only children slain in cold blood for sheer cruelty ; many were young soldiers, who felt no longing for battle, who scarcely understood for what they suffered and died. There is always much learned at the feet of the Christ which cannot be set down in words, and yet much more which cannot even be brought back at all into the understanding of the physical brain ; which remains the priceless possession of the disciple in his ethereal or spiritual consciousness.

For weeks I saw the bleeding Christ, and the memory of the vision made the days a pain. Of what I saw at night the memory most often dimmed and faded after the dawn ; or it would have been unbearable. One sight I saw was so dreadful that it woke me from deep sleep-consciousness ; I was obliged to seek refuge in waking physical consciousness. But I remembered what I had seen ; a little child seized by strong and ruthless hands and torn to pieces. The horror and fear that were on me when I woke were so intense that I can never recall it without a shudder. Yet I had seen the Christ take the soul of the child in his arms, a little lamb, and soothe it while he bore the suffering Himself.

So far I have spoken of what I have seen on the astral plane, that next to the physical, where the suffering and the horror are as great, and indeed much greater, than on the physical plane. The Christ is visible to all, the crucified and suffering Christ.

After a long period of witnessing these terrible scenes I was one night, quite unexpectedly and suddenly, led on to the ethereal plane. I was aware that I was actually on the firing line ; I was made conscious of its great length. There had just been

a fierce battle in one part of it, and the greatest heroism, the most supreme self-sacrifice, had been shown during this battle by soldiers who knew what they were doing and why they did it, who willingly gave their lives for that which is right and true. If only those who weep bitterly at home for the loss of such precious lives could see what I saw that night! Some perhaps do, possibly many do; for by the law of evolution suffering and grief have the power to open the inner senses.

I was led to this place, of course; but my guide left me, and I was a little child standing alone, awestruck. I knew I was in the trenches, and in the whole length of them, the miles and miles of them, grew tall white madonna lilies. Oh, the lilies, the sight and the scent of the lilies, the glorious blooms, the overpowering fragrance! Where souls pass through death to spiritual glory the great white lily springs up at the passing and makes the quivering ether sweet. I looked afar and saw in the dim distance the line of the white flowers. And this was the terrible frontier line!—a garden such as has never before been seen. Suddenly I became aware of a quiet figure approaching me noiselessly, moving through the tall flowers. It was the Christ, as the Good Shepherd. He looked from right to left down among the flowers, and I knew he was looking to see if any lost sheep had been overlooked, and needed him. And I knew that he had thus slowly paced the whole great length of the firing line, peacefully, quietly. He passed me without notice. I was but a little child from earth, a disciple being taught. His business was among those who had literally fought the good fight and given their all for their flag.

For many days and nights I was here among the lilies, perceiving by degrees more clearly the deep occult meaning and reality in the phrase "grow as the flower grows." Then one time I was taken suddenly straight into the spiritual world. I was still among the flowers; I still saw the long line of lilies going into the distance each way. But from where I stood—where a bitter battle had been waged on the physical plane and terrible results from it were being tended on the astral plane—from where I stood, a spirit in the spirit world, I saw a great wide avenue in front, going up hill. The avenue was formed of magnolia trees in full flower. The Christ was passing up the avenue, and I knew that he had helped many, many souls to go up that way during the last few hours of horror in the physical world. He had come back on one of His searches among the lilies. He carried in his arms one who was asleep, who was too tired

and worn to awake into the spiritual world to which he had earned the right of entrance. I was able to follow him, though with difficulty, helped mysteriously to do so. A great dome of white marble was visible at the summit of the hill; white marble steps led up to a wide open door. The Christ passed up the steps, carrying His burden. I followed Him, afraid yet not afraid, for I knew I was permitted or I could not have been there. Within the door I saw the soft shining waters of a great bath like an indoor lake, so large was it; and I knew that the running water which passed through and gently disturbed it was the Water of Life. Many lay there, sleeping, upheld by the mystic water, growing young and whole again. The Christ gave his sleeping charge into the care of this water, laying the form gently upon it. The little movement of the water was like the movement of a cradle, and I saw a faint smile on the tired face, and then a deeper sleep, full of profound healing, enwrap the weary consciousness. The Christ walked across the water to the other side; I followed Him, but I think I was carried. Then I gazed upon that which I cannot describe. Words are useless. A vast temple, full of light—roofless. The ray of the Logos poured down from above. Spirits sprang from the water, wakening full of strength, unknowing of the weariness left behind, and each was drawn to its own ray, and became as a flame and passed into it and was drawn up into it.

“In my Father’s House are many mansions,” said the Master. One I have seen myself, and it proves to me more plainly even than the experiences of the wondrous day when I saw the glorious writing on the wall, that it is before the Christ those who are disciples must be strong enough to stand, with the feet washed in the blood of the heart. For He is the Master of this æon, and I have seen Him with His feet stained with His own heart’s blood. Only so can we present ourselves before Him. And I know, with the certainty that is felt only in the world of realities, that those who have suffered to the uttermost for justice and honour, are gathered up by Him as His little lambs, and pass from His arms as glorious flame forms, into that ray of the Logos to which they belong, entering into that mansion of the Father’s House which is truly their own home. What a home-coming!

These visions have not been seen in dream-consciousness, nor yet in trance, but in the full intense consciousness known, as I have already pointed out,\* to the occultists of Southern India, as *jagrat of swapna* (the consciousness of waking clair-

\* Page 140, *When the Sun Moves Northward*.

voyance). In that condition I passed up from the physical to the spiritual state, perceiving the firing line of the great world-war on each, and never confusing the one with the other, or forgetting the physical horror and pain in the unutterable joy of the spiritual transformation. Nor does the Master; for while in the glory and joy of the Ray into which the redeemed souls entered like flames which became at once a part of the Great Flame—the least touch of a tiny appealing hand upon His Robe—the use of His sacred Name in an unuttered prayer—will bring Him back instantly from the glorious heights of spiritual realization to the agony and grief and pain of the crucified and bleeding Son of Man.

The Germans repudiate the teaching of the Master of the Eon. Monsieur Baumgarten, a priest, who is professor of Theology at Kiel, speaks of our *trop-humain Jesus Christ*. *Trop-humain!* And is not the Master of the Eon the very soul of humanity itself? Is he not the higher self of every man, in the deep occult sense the Son of Man? The "old German God" is claimed by M. Baumgarten to understand the situation, not the Master Jesus Christ, whose "Sermon sur la montagne n'a pas de rapports le droit, l'Etat, l'honneur, et la Société." M. Baumgarten goes on to say that between the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and the national aspirations of his country there is a difference of order and of grandeur! and further declares that the obligations of the individual soul do not apply to national and social life. The Avatar of this Eon, the great Christ soul, which has come down from spiritual states far above the reach of even the spirit of the Sphere, is not only the lover of men, for whom and with whom he has chosen to suffer, but he is the Friend of each man, and of each living thing. It is for the individual that he labours; he looks for the lost sheep, and claims each one separately. Each one of these has his home and place in the Father's mansions.

National aspiration may demand the herding and driving of men so that individuality is lost and they become machines—but occultism is the drawing forth and development of all that is latent in each individual. The great Master, the Christ, therefore, is depicted carrying one little lamb in His arms—for one lost sheep he would come down from Heaven. In the hour of death and in the day of Judgment, individuality asserts itself and claims its rights. Each man suffers alone and dies alone, even though angels tend him. And in the agony of wounds, in the suffering of the treatment of those wounds, in the solitude of the undeserved prison, in grief for those killed, in poverty and pri-

vation, the inner nature of the man arises and stands forth. He is no longer one of a nation, fighting for the success of a flag. He has become something much greater, a part of the great whole. He is either noble or ignoble, according to his possibilities in this hour of the fiery ordeal. His whole nature is put to the test, melted in the crucible of pain. What will come forth from the burning? Something which grows as the flower grows? Will the eyes have become incapable of tears, and the voice have lost the power to wound? That is what the Master asks for, what He seeks. He desires that every individual shall be redeemed, not merely the man of one nation or of another nation. That the causes of the world war were in operation when the Huns wore skins of untanned hide and fought with stone hammers, as Mr. Hales says, is, as I see it, a further proof, if any were needed, that this is the hour of evolution prepared for from the beginning. We are being separated into the sheep and the goats, and the goats will have lost their chance for this æon. The great task for the disciple now, for disciples of all standing, is to refuse to be dominated by the atmosphere of hatred and revenge which is clouding the thought of the world.

At the Easter ceremonies in the ethereal world in 1915, I heard chanted by the glorious choir of the Brotherhood of Love, in the Hall of Learning, a Litany for War Service which I was bidden to give to the world. The disciple of any degree who recites this daily, hourly, whether his days and hours are spent in the trenches or the hospitals, or in enduring hardships and privations resulting from the war, will be enabled by his very suffering, to learn the first rules of *Light on the Path*. By the power of this hotbed of experience in which the flower of the soul is forced into bloom amid the firing of great guns, his inner being will arise and stand in the presence of the Master.

This Litany is being used on the Continent as well as in English-speaking countries :—

May we devote ourselves to the service of the spirit of love; may we not offend against the law of love.

May we who are thinking in unison cause a shape of love to be formed strong enough to obliterate all thought forms of hatred which it encounters.

May all disciples unwaveringly gaze on the Supreme, through all pain and hardship.

May all men attain consciousness of the great wheel of evolution turning in our midst, and may each of us rise with the upward turn; by means of sacrifice and suffering for that which is right and true.

## 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.*]

### REINCARNATION AND ASTROLOGY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In the July number of your Review, some startling statements are made in a letter from Mr. Alfred Turner with regard to Reincarnation and Astrology. It would be interesting if he would give the grounds on which he bases his opinion 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.”

Perhaps something may be said for this view, or anyhow for part of this view, but Mr. Turner illustrates it in a curious way, by shifting his sun, which in the horoscope of this life is in the first house, to the *twelfth* house for the next incarnation, and he calls this putting it “a house forward!” Surely this is either eleven houses forward at one jump, or else it is moving one backwards in the zodiac. Also does Mr. Turner not realize that while the signs of the zodiac move from east to west across the celestial sphere, the “planets” progress from west to east? The only exception to this rule is when the planets are “retrograde,” which of course is never the case with the sun and the moon.

Mr. Turner seems to have occult information which is denied to most of us. It would be of great use to astrologers, especially to those who are studying the problem of a possible connexion between the horoscopes of birth, of death, and of re-birth, if he would give us the exact date of his birth in 395 B.C., his death-figure in 312 B.C.; and also the birth and death figures belonging to his next incarnation, in A.D. 1792 and 1813, respectively.

Yours faithfully,

L. J. DICKINSON.

### KAISERISM VERSUS LOVE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your editorial last month you enlarged upon the most vital question of the day, and have, yourself, identified it with the Master or crowning potency of this age. This is my justification for craving your courtesy.



You say truly of Love that "such an environment as it encounters is impotent to stifle its transcendental activities," and rightly add "that in a less material state it will prove the supreme lever for the fulfilment of the highest aims of perfected humanity." This being so, is it not a fact that we are, in this Hour of Destiny, face to face with a world crisis wherein the antithesis strives to establish itself as a world conqueror?

If this usurping power succeeds in its efforts, it is clear that the march of Humanity toward the fulfilment of its aims will be greatly deflected, if not permanently perverted.

If, as you most truly state, there is a deep fundamental truth connected with the union known as Marriage—a Truth which is perverted and distorted by the Christian Marriage Service—have we not here the explanation of that horribly distorted and perverted evolution of brain which, in the Prussian military bureaucracy, has reached its ultimate logical issue?

A more insidious form of this disease is creeping upon the British nation.

This is inevitable where the Love-Union has been perverted into the subordination of one will to another, and where the materialization of a spiritual bond has made mock of the holiest and most potent thing in all the Universe.

As the Kaiser stands to-day as the symbol and focus of this inversion and perversion, and as so standing he is the most cordially execrated soul on the face of the earth, by millions who hold him responsible thus, what of welcome has the world for his antithesis, who would focus around a given centre the Love forces which shall redeem the world? Welcome? The welcome ever given the Friend of Humanity, working, living, dying for its perfection. And they, who, even while they curse the Kaiser, support the policy of Kaiserism, and are yet so blinded by the black magnetism engendered by the inversion of sex relations, and cry, "Crucify, Crucify," to one who dare attack the very citadel of Kaiserism in popular religion, are the priests and votaries of religion. And now, in the face of the stupendous forces, bending all their united power to subjugate our souls to the acceptance of this perversion, how are we to effect the Freedom of our Will and Conscience, to obey the Law of "a divinely ordered cosmos," in place of a fiendish law which promises us a world if we will obey *it*?

Is nothing practical to be the outcome of so much theorizing on "Love?" "A Law of Nature" is only effective in human affairs when it is obeyed. Such Law, combined with human will and intelligence, might well sweep Kaiserism off the face of the earth, and give the tired earth Freedom to "breathe free through a long Sabbath Day."

Yours faithfully,

"A."

## APPARITIONS OF HORSES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your magazine for July you mention the mounted angels seen at the battle of Mons.

Your readers may not be aware that St. George is the Patron Saint of Russia as well as England, the St. George's Cross is also the reward for valour in Russia. The Russian papers have been giving accounts not only of St. George leading on the troops, but also of the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin having been seen in the sky.

What I wanted to ask is this, however. Mounted angels, besides St. George, have been seen in the English, Russian and French lines. Why do many Christians deny a soul to a horse?

Dogs also are the personification of faithfulness, and die willingly for their masters.

I know of a family where a wolf comes and howls when any of the family are on the point of death.

Why not souls for all animals? A wolf or tiger only kills to have food like men, and a man kills a lamb or a calf (often with great cruelty merely to make its flesh tender). Why then should a man have a soul and not an animal? The animal often deserves it most.

Yours faithfully,  
PANTHEIST.

## VIEWING AURAS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Mr. L. T. Wallis' suggestion is not a wise one, for the simple reason that if you cannot get a number of people to make the same statement about a physical happening which they have all seen, the impossibility of getting a number of clairvoyants to give similar evidence about the same auras will be evident. Besides, some clairvoyants can only see the health aura, others the astral, again others, missing the first two, can only see the mental aura, and one can imagine the difference in the statements of the one who could only see a few inches of gray mist and the other who glowingly dwelt on the blaze of golden light which extended for several feet—sometimes yards—round the same "victim." Further the Scorpio type of clairvoyant would entirely miss seeing in the astral aura the colours which the Jupiter and Venus types would revel in.

Does Mr. Wallis think the ordinary M.D. would be at all concerned if a layman said to him that he was in doubt as to the existence of the human heart, because HE had never seen one? An occultist has the same attitude of unconcern in respect to what he knows and the quite unintelligent doubts of others.

Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR M. TURNER.

## METEORITES AND THE WORLD CRISIS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—A correspondent on the above subject in the last issue of your REVIEW says (p. 53), "We have no stated proof that great wars are coincident with former meteoric showers or detached falling of siderites."

But Plutarch, in his *Life of J. Cæsar*, speaks definitely of "fires in the element"; and Shakespeare, following the authority of Plutarch, makes Casca say (Act I, Sc. iii.)—

But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

But a better parallel may be found in the opening chapter of the 22nd Book of Livy's *History*, where a long catalogue of portents preceding the invasion of Italy by Hannibal is detailed by Livy: among the portents we read ". . . et Præneste ardentis lapides cælo cecidisse": i.e., there had been a shower of meteoric stones at Præneste. Livy tells us that all these portents which heralded the world-crisis of the struggle between Carthage and Rome were taken note of officially and "expiated" at the time they were reported: and from the detail in which they are given it seems likely that Livy had access to some official document in which these omens, and the means taken to avert them, were preserved. They were therefore, in all probability, contemporaneous with the historical event to which they are attached.

Classical writings teem with such "prodigia."

Yours faithfully,

GASCOIGNE MACKIE.

## KNOWLEDGE OR BELIEF.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I hardly care to criticize Arthur M. Turner, as there is much in his letter with which I agree. But I have a constitutional objection to the use of the word KNOW in an assertive manner. "Believe" sounds much better where proof is lacking.

I quite concede the possibility of some advanced individuals KNOWING, while they are unable to *prove*. I sometimes presume to think I am in that condition myself! Yet it is absolutely futile to talk about it *sans* evidence. I should be far more sympathetically inclined to the various prophets who claim our attention to-day if they would condescend to my weakness by giving some *little* proof of their possession of more than ordinary faculty—tell me what I had for dinner yesterday, for instance! I have met a few such students, who did give evidence of their powers in trifling matters which could be tested, and have thereupon listened respectfully to their discourse upon weightier matters which could not be proved.

I think it would be well if no man spoke much upon *knowing* until he had absorbed what Spinoza and Descartes have to say.

But I heartily endorse Arthur M. Turner's view of the position of the T.S. It was not *Intellectual* tyranny that drove me out to continue the search for intellectual honesty.

Indeed "intellectual tyranny" appears to be a contradiction in terms, since, if the condition were truly intellectual, it could not be tyranny.

Yours faithfully,  
P. H. PALMER.

### THE LIFTING OF ISRAEL'S YOKE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent I. E. Taylor, in his letter on the above in your June issue, quotes various passages from the Bible in favour of Anglo-Israelism. The interpretation she places upon them appears to me—in some cases, at any rate—to be rather far fetched.

There is one curious fact, however, which she does not mention. In his book, *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*, Piazzi Smythe adduces evidence to show that the cubit mentioned in the Bible was the same cubit that was used in the construction of the Great Pyramid. If this is so—and such is at least possible—the Israelitish Ark of the Covenant and the coffer in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid contained exactly the same cubic space, each of these again holding exactly four British quarters of wheat.

This can hardly be a mere coincidence, but rather points to some esoteric connexion between them. May not both the coffer in the Great Pyramid and the Ark of the Covenant, apart from the religious symbolism, have also been standards of capacity measurement from which we have derived our quarter measure?

Yours faithfully,  
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

### EVIDENCE OF PAST LIVES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Some fellows of the Theosophical Society are collecting evidence of the memory of past lives, and I should be much obliged if any of your readers who know of instances would communicate with me at the address given below.

Names, dates and places should be sent, but these will be treated as confidential unless permission is given to use them. I am anxious to find out the age at which children forget, as I find they do so often.

Yours faithfully,  
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, K. BROWNING.  
19 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

SINCE it is difficult to escape from the war in the quarterly reviews, one must accept the preoccupation and remember that they are storehouses of intellectual energy which can be released once only in the course of three months. *The Hibbert Journal* illustrates the overwhelming concern more fully than ever. Each and all, its articles are excellent amidst great diversity of aspect and indeed of treatment. Moreover—intentionally or not—there is a certain grouping, so that we have in the first place those which consider large and general principles, but thereafter others that belong rather to particular issues. Between the two series lies a very interesting contrast of Hindu and Christian War-Philosophy, by an Indian writer, Mr. S. M. Mitra. It is based mainly on the *Mahabbarata* epic, and develops some extraordinary parallels, showing that the writer's country "had rules of warfare laid down about fifteen centuries before the Christian era, and very similar to many important regulations of modern international law." It is easy to overestimate the fact and import of such analogies, but in this case they are striking on the surface. Prince Eugène Troubetzkoy traces the unity beneath the present discord, though his pages are perhaps suggestive rather than convincing. The war is producing an answer to the question whether material or spiritual culture will rule in fine. A rebirth of nations is beginning, and so also are victories of love, manifesting in spontaneous sympathy between enemies. These things can be exaggerated also, but they are of the deep life-currents. Professor Norman Smith considers the "Moral Sanction of Force" with particular reference to the State, and whether it is on such sanction or on mere force that the State must be held to rest. He concludes that civilization is based "ultimately on the appeal to arms." Mr. Cloudesley Brereton tries to furnish a "Spiritual Balance-Sheet" of the war, believing that its spiritual factors are more important than the material, and that the present war is largely a conflict of ideals. The material forces now mobilized are the greatest the world has seen, and the spiritual forces are mobilized on a corresponding scale. "We are living in the greatest moment of the world's history." Another article on "War, and How to Meet It," by Col. A. Keene, really states the case for com-

pulsory service, as presented by "British thinkers." There are yet other papers which call for notice, but our concluding words must express unqualified approval of the most living thing in the issue, a retrospective account of life in a German girls' school, by Eva Madden, who lived in one about 1908. It is called "Behind the Scenes," an utterly true title, though it looks misleading. As a reproduction of private life and feeling, custom and thought, in an atmosphere permeated with seeds of the present conflict, the unadorned story is pregnant in every line.

*The Quest* has other titles to consideration, though it has also some war articles, and in particular that of Mr. G. R. S. Mead on "The War and the World-Faiths." His keynote is found in the fact that those who are engaged in the present "colossal carnage" are "chiefly the nations whose culture has been profoundly based on the wisdom of a teacher, the innermost essence of whose doctrine is suffused with the peaceful spirit of the law of love." He reviews the doctrine of war in the great religions, those of Buddhism, of Confucius, early Zoroastrianism, the renaissance of Vedic faith, Judaism and the faith of Islam. Then he distinguishes between popular Christianity and the teaching of Jesus. The latter has not yet found root in the world, but root it must, and the first duty of a Christian is to see that it does, so far as in him lies. The "fair consummation" must be no longer "indefinitely delayed." The present convulsion may prove "the birth-throes in the great body of mother earth," and its joyous ending can be only "by the corporate birth of a spiritual humanity." Whether it shall be this or miscarriage is the issue before us, at once social and international. Mr. Mead is here at his best, with his knowledge of world-religions focussed at a single point, and that point the living future of the world. Miss Jessie L. Weston, writing on "The Soul of France," gives some record at first hand of "the influence which this unparalleled world-upheaval has had, and is having, upon the French nation." The "unimaginable horrors" which have been perpetrated have not only kindled the flames of present patriotism, but have "quicken[ed] into conscious expression that underlying and vital attachment to the Catholic faith, which no system of secular education or anti-clerical legislation can eradicate from the French character." Perhaps the most important of the remaining articles is that of Professor Emile Boutroux on "Religion and the Interior Life." The latter is an "union of the soul with the principle of being and perfection." The within and without of life are not, however, two lives, but

two aspects of that which is one and the same, the interior being the model of the exterior.

A study of "the soul in the light of Islam" has been proceeding through recent issues of *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, and some of its intimations are valuable as records of eastern thought. The writer gives extracts from a Sufi poem by a saint of the far past. The poet is questioning his soul as to the Divine secret of its coming forth from the Divine, and the soul—symbolized as a nightingale—answers in song, affirming that it was created from the Divine Essence. The doctrine is in harmony with the Koran, as indeed with the teaching of Genesis, namely, that the soul of man was breathed into the body of man from God Himself. On these bases the writer of the article erects his own philosophical structure, which may be put briefly as follows. The soul has come here as a traveller, joining the body with an object. Because of its origin and destiny, "the knowledge of the attributes and secrets of the soul" is a key to those of God. The soul is to be distinguished from that vital animal principle which informs the body and is common to all animals. So far as classification is concerned, there are only two component parts of man—the living body and the soul, so that the doctrine of Islam is in harmony with Latin theology. But the soul appears rather to overshadow and actuate the body than to dwell therein, and it is said to be "immeasurable and indivisible."

A writer in *Theosophy in India* has extracted from the *Shastras* a division of human personality into sixteen constituents, though they appear to be included by the more familiar seven principles. The interest of such "up-splittings" rests, of course, in their antiquity; but there is one curious point. The last and highest of the principles is "a saviour ray," descending direct, "a ray of *Para Shakti*." It has two direct correspondences, unknown to the writer of the paper. One is that *Tsure* of the *Zohar* which never leaves *Atziluth*, or the World of Deity, and is the link between man and God, as it is also the way of man's return into Divine Union. The other is the soul's prototype, which is met with in Christian mystics, especially Eckehart, Tauler and Ruysbroeck. It is the Divine Idea of each individual soul which was present to the Divine Mind in the act of creating that soul. It remains in the Eternal Mind, and on account of it man can attain God. It would be easy, no doubt, to extend these illustrations, and it would be found—also, no doubt—that all are one at the root, though they differ in the symbolical

form of their presentation. It is impossible to collect and compare them without being compelled rather than tempted to believe that they are neither borrowed one from another nor independent hypotheses betraying spontaneously their ideological affinities, but the attempted formulation of experiences attained mystically in the exploration of our inward nature, and therefore resting on that root of identity which is the deepest of all.

Dr. Paul Carus having, in previous issues of *The Open Court*, falsified the chief issues respecting the responsibility for the war, and having vilified Great Britain on every count of the libel, has made the curious discovery that he is "not anti-English or anti-British." It is no longer Great Britain at large that is answerable, but "the inventor of the Triple Entente." He has further discovered that this is "the unpardonable sin" of Scripture, dubious heretofore, and that there shall be no mistake on the matter he tells us that it cannot be forgiven—"neither in the world of present conditions nor in the life to come." By its title and otherwise, the article at large is really a partisan study of the neutrality question in respect of Belgium, but outside the now time-worn shibboleths—e.g., that the neutrality of Belgium was not assured, that the French might invade Germany through Belgium, that England would not have intervened in this case, with much more of the same Rag Fair of speculation in the unknown world of diplomacy behind the scenes—outside this sort of stuff, Dr. Carus does but offer the pitiful argument that it was Prussia and not Germany which signed the guarantee of neutrality. One wonders whether these arguments find credit there and here in America, and what is thought of the device of illustrating such an article by historical portraits and reproductions from the antique.

Those who are concerned with the historical side of Freemasonry will do well to see recent issues of *The New Age*. It improves from month to month. An account of "Freemasonry in Switzerland" calls for particular notice, giving the circumstances which led to the foundation of the Grand Lodge Alpina. There is also a word of reference to the Rectified Scottish Helvetic Directory of Geneva, the memorable history of which has yet to be written.



## REVIEWS

**WAR ARTICLES AND NOTES.** By Annie Besant. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s. net.

LIKE all fine seers and occult workers Mrs. Besant feels the deeper issues raised by the present war; she realizes it to be a higher thing and a battle of good against evil, of light against the powers of darkness, casting their snares around the feet of God's children.

In comparing the present cataclysm to the battles of the past, Mrs. Besant remarks:

"But this war is none of these. In this war mighty principles are battling for the mastery. Ideas are locked in deadly combat. The direction of the march of our present civilization, upwards or downwards, depends on the issue of the struggle. Two ideals of world-empire are balanced in the scales of the future. That is what raises this war above all others known in the brief history of the West; it is the latest of the pivots on which, in successive ages, the immediate future of the world has turned."

These reprints from the Indian Press of Mrs. Besant's war articles, soar far above most things that have been written about this terrible crisis of empires, this Moloch and Mars of battles. REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

**MITHRAISM.** By W. J. Phythian-Adams, M.A. (Oxon.). London: Constable & Company, Ltd., 10 Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. Price 1s. net.

THE inner significance of the rites of Mithraism—the oldest faith of Persia—remains to this day a baffling mystery, for contemporary historians both Pagan and Christian disclose comparatively little concerning it, and it is from archæology that we learn most of what is known regarding the outward forms of this ancient religion. The author traces the cult of Mithras in chronological order from its beginning in Asia about 1350 B.C., through its popularity under the Roman Emperors, its battle with the new religion of Christianity, its revival by the Emperor Julian, to final prohibition by the Emperor Theodosius, A.D. 390. He touches briefly on the many points of resemblance between Mithraism and Christianity, which made the cult an especial object of dislike to the early Christians. It seems to have been a kind of Freemasonry and also to have excluded women from participation in its ceremonies (one reason, no doubt, why it was doomed to extinction). Mithras, as the god of Light and of Truth, is depicted as the destroyer of Evil and Darkness. Mr. Adams, in his concluding chapter, "The Message of Mithraism," outlines the severe tests or trials of fortitude to which the candidates for initiation were compelled to submit—trials so great that Tertullian held them up as "an example and reproach" to his fellow-Christians. In this subjugation of the physical body and the basic ideal of Brotherhood, are found two of the fundamental principles of the Christian religion, that later Faith which was destined ultimately to consign Mithras and his Mysteries to oblivion,—the Faith whose dawning spiritual triumph wrung from a dying Roman emperor the poignant words, "O Man of Galilee, Thou hast conquered!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

**HIS PLACE IN THE WORLD.** By Mrs. Bilsborough. London: Ward Lock & Co., Ltd. Pp. 304 and a coloured frontispiece. Price 6s.

Mrs. BILSBOROUGH'S hero is a brilliant young surgeon who loses a large section of his memory as the result of a blow dealt him by the villainous tool of a villainous peer. He retains enough knowledge to take the post of a chauffeur, for whose uniform Cupid shows no respect. If Fate be addicted to coincidence, that inflexible deity has a good imitator in Mrs. Bilsborough. Her simple ingenuity provokes a smile, but some of her character-drawing is bright and natural, and some of her ideas are sweet and bracing. She pillories the woman who prefers a title to her child's happiness, and offers three appalling illustrations of the wrong done by bad marriages. She also illustrates the efficacy of prayer in a very pleasing manner. The indolent reader will find Mrs. Bilsborough's book good company and far more wholesome than a secretly cynical shocker.

W. H. CHESSON.

**MALICE IN KULTURLAND.** By Horace Wyatt. Illustrations by Tell. Published by "The Car Illustrated," 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W. Price 1s. net.

THIS is a delightful parody, not without psychological interest, in which Alice's immortal Adventures in Wonderland and through the Looking-glass are most ingeniously interwoven. It must be read to be fully appreciated, but readers familiar with "Alice" (and who has not known and loved her?) will best be able to see the points of its delicate satire. Our old friend the "Cheshire Cat," for instance, comes up as the "Russian Bear," who "never gets anywhere," for, as he explains to Alice:

"I started from Russia and landed in Scotland, and went by Great Northern, North-Western, and Midland; and I landed at Avonmouth and went by Great Western; and I did the whole journey by the North Sea; and I came round by Siberia and Canada; and I changed my uniform in France; and *then* where do you think I was?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice politely.

"Why," said the Bear, "in Russia, of course."

EDITH K. HARPER.

**FIRST STEPS TO SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.** By James McKenzie (Instructor in Spiritual and Occult Laws). Published by J. McKenzie, 1 Stanley Gardens, Bayswater, London, W. Price 3d.

THIS excellent pamphlet contains much in little, and would-be explorers in the psychic realm are strongly recommended to follow the author's wise and practical advice. Mr. McKenzie lays great stress on the necessity for *moderation* in psychic experiments, especially in the earlier stages:—"Any fool may open the door, but be cautious whom you invite to come forth. I have said you may prove spirit intercourse possible, without virtue or faith, but you cannot go far into the science without these attributes, or you may endanger the development of your own soul. . . ." Nevertheless, as the result of his own patient and careful searching, the author is able to say with absolute conviction:—"One hour's real communion with the immortals is worth more than a year's intercourse with men. It is life." So must all of us agree who possess the priceless joy of such communion.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**EVE.** By Katharine Howard. Messrs. Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.

NOT since the writings of Frances Swiney on the inner mysteries of Isis and the meaning and import of the Cross and its mystical influences on the human race appeared, have I read anything as brilliant and feministic as this book.

It is a strange, inspirational work through which there breathes a spirit and a calling of those Seven Voices which drove Jeanne d'Arc to her immortal fate, for it is the crying of the Higher Womanhood, the new phase in evolution which Man is only now attaining and also atoning for his dark ages, in this present sea of blood and ruin.

The scene of Miss Howard's ambitious plan is the World, the speaking characters are a Prophetic Voice, Adam, the Inscrutable One and Eve.

She reveals again the true relations of the Son to the Mother, the Horus to the Isis of Osiris, the Christ to the Virgin. There have been many idols but few ideals of the Godhead, and in this fine book Miss Howard recalls the erring steps of those who have stumbled into the crooked ways of night and blindness unaware.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

**SOME ASPECTS OF MYSTICISM IN ISLAM.** By the Rev. F. Lamplugh. John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Price 6d.

THE Reverend Mr. Lamplugh has absorbed the deepest beauties of the ecstatic Persian and Arabic schools of mysticism and gives them forth again in the thought and charm of this little book.

He feels that "God is the one Real Being which underlies all phenomena." As it is said, "All is perishing save His Face, veiled in mercy by 70,000 veils of light. All things are in a state of perishing that is, not that they actually come to perdition. The Universe is essentially one with God, whether it is regarded as an emanation which proceeds from Him without destroying His Unity like sunbeams from the sun, or whether it is regarded as a mirror in which the Divine Attributes, the Beautiful and Terrible Names are reflected."

†He speaks of Al-Ghazzali and of Ibn-Khaldun, of Mohammed, the Christian mystical saints, the Sufis, the Quabbalists, and spirits of the Yetziratic world. There is a little fountain of wisdom bubbling clearly in this book.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

**THE SECRET OF STONEHENGE: A NEW THOUGHT STORY.** By J. W. Rowe. New York: Broadway Publishing Co., Baltimore, Atlanta.

THIS is a somewhat fantastic story in five chapters, in which the narrator, a Transatlantic man of business, visits Stonehenge in company with a mysterious lady, who has the "eyes of a tigress" and the "mouth of a Magdalen!" By means of his "subconscious" activities he dives into the secrets of that ancient Druidic stronghold. What he discovers there is for the reader to ascertain, if the latter have courage to read on, despite the many uncorrected errors in the text. The lady having meanwhile inoculated a helpless dog with poison from mistletoe berries, this questionable couple next make their way to London, and the story ends in a somewhat incoherent strain. Here and there in the book there are passages which make one hope for better things.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF INAYAT KHAN.** By Regina Miriam Bloch. London: The Sufi Publishing Society, Ltd., 100D Addison Road, W. Price 1s. net.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH, the compiler of these "Confessions," is to be congratulated on having presented to us this sketch of the life of an Indian philosopher and musician, whose knowledge of his art has been so thoroughly recognized in his own country and has already gained him many admirers in Western lands. "Sufism," says Inayat Khan, "is the religious philosophy of Love, Harmony, and Beauty," and he must indeed have drunk deeply of its philosophy when he was able to fall on his knees and thank Allah for the loss of the precious medals and other gifts bestowed upon him by various magnates of India. The harmonizing of East and West in Music, the universal language, is a beautiful sentiment, but the heart must be ready for this harmony, which otherwise cannot outlast the discords of conflicting national interests. We see now in the violent struggle of Germany with her neighbours the present hopelessness of this idea; for the glorious harmonies of music gained their most majestic heights in that unhappy country, now drunk with hate and disharmony.

The patient working out of his ideals has brought Inayat Khan into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. This has but emphasized his sense of Unity and Brotherhood, the Sufi message of the East to the West, the Message which, two thousand years ago, was given by the Master Jesus among the olives of the Holy Land.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**DAYBREAK.** By Elizabeth W. F. Jackson. Atlanta: The Blosser Company.

THE expression of moral truths, philosophical speculations and religious beliefs in the form of romance and apologue, is a very difficult species of literary composition. In the little collection of tales entitled *Daybreak*, by Elizabeth Jackson, we see that there was here no intention of writing a great work; but there is considerable suggestion in several of the allegories. The language is simple, and when it becomes poetical, does so without any noticeable effort. Now and then we meet with an aphoristic saying or a peculiarly happy expression, which half reveals something of important spiritual truth; but very often the reader cannot help feeling that the theme would lend itself more readily to airy verse than to prose. It must also be remarked that the subject-matter is at times rather thin and weak, though behind each of the tales there is an inner meaning fully worthy of literary treatment. "The Water-Lily," "The Awakening" and "The Wheat-Field" are among the most successful efforts.

G. A.

**DREAMS.** By Annie M. Parr. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd. Pp. 127. Price 1s. 6d. net.

REALLY good stories for children are so rare that this little book should meet with a warm welcome. There is an original touch in it, and the stories—slightly allegorical in nature—are told in a simple and picturesque style likely to appeal to the childish imagination. "The Moonlit Garden" is a delightful fancy, and "The Broken Engine" has a quaintness that successfully gilds the pill of the moral it enfolds. The book is tastefully illustrated, with a particularly attractive frontispiece.

E. M. M.