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

WITHIN some three weeks of the appearance of the present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW there will be issued from the publishing house of Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., a romance by Mr. J. W. Brodie Innes, dealing with the subject of witchcraft in a manner in which I do not think it has ever yet been handled either in the fiction of the present day, or in that of any previous period. Romances dealing with the subject of witchcraft are indeed few and far between, and in the fiction of the present day the only instances, as far as I am aware, are another novel by Mr. Brodie Innes entitled *For the Soul of a Witch*, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood's romance of the Witches' Sabbath which appears in the series of stories published under the title of *John Silence*. Though the previous novel of the present author dealt with the subject of witchcraft in a very thoroughgoing manner, it was admittedly a romance pure and simple. Cecily Ross, the fascinating heroine

A NOTABLE NEW NOVEL.

who lived a dual existence, partly as the witch Elspet Simpson, and partly as a charming maiden whose sympathies, though broad and unorthodox, were all towards the nobler and more idealistic side of life, was admittedly a fictitious character, as also were the leading actors in the story.* Not so Isabel Goudie, the central figure in *The Devil's Mistress*. As the author well says of his present work, "if the story were to be regarded as a work of imagination, it might justly be characterized as too weirdly fanciful to deserve even serious consideration." Never was the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction more fully exemplified. A more dramatic romance has, perhaps, not appeared in contemporary fiction since Mr. Bram Stoker gave to the world his blood-curdling *Dracula*. *Dracula*, however, in spite of the vivid sense of reality with which the author has contrived to invest it, was pure and unadulterated fiction of the most daring kind. In the case of the present narrative not only is Isabel Goudie, as already stated, an historic personality, but her own story of her life in full detail given voluntarily and under no coercion is, observes Mr. Brodie Innes, "preserved in the archives in the Judiciary Court in Edinburgh."

ITS HISTORICAL BASIS.

Nor does the story rest only upon Isabel Goudie's own confession. Other contemporary records corroborate it. The illness of Harry Forbes, the minister of Aulderne, for which Isabel admitted responsibility, is recorded in the Presbytery Minutes. With regard to two other characters in the story, the diary of Lord Brodie is well known, and there are still copies extant of the writings of Father Blackhall. Of the old house at Gordonstown, which is still standing, I subjoin a photograph, and of the celebrated race with the Devil of the owner, Sir Robert Gordon, the countryside of Morayshire still tells tales. Thus not only are all the leading characters in the story actual historical persons, but the incidents narrated of them are also vouched for by contemporary records. It is, indeed, possible to believe them in a sense, and yet adopt one's own interpretation of the actual nature of the experiences described; just, for instance, as one may accept the bona fides of the witnesses to the psychic phenomena at Mons, without admitting the actual presence on the fields of battle of Joan of Arc, St. Michael, or St. George, or even while adopting the hypothesis that they were all the result of some strange psychic phase of collective hallucination. To Isabel Goudie her life as the mistress of the Dark Master, the learned student of the magical arts, was undoubtedly a very

real one, even though we may admit that her experiences took place under conditions of what we are pleased to describe as the fourth dimension. So, too, at times are our own experiences in the more vivid and realistic phenomena of dreamland. The knowledge that the romance of *The Devil's Mistress* is indeed founded on fact, gives what would in any case be one of the strangest and most remarkable novels of the day an added fascination, which is in no way lessened by the fact that it is possible to inspect the very spot where Isabel Goudie first met the Devil in the guise of the Dark Master, and to visit the ruins of the old church in which she was baptized by his Satanic Majesty. The ruins of the castle of Inshoch still stand to bear witness to the romantic assignations between the Dark Master and the fair but frail wife of the farmer of Lochloy, the tedium of whose unsympathetic environment and monotonous life was transformed with the touch of romantic glamour by the visits of her demon lover.

THE DEVIL'S MISTRESS.

WHERE ISABEL GOUDIE MET THE DEVIL.
There was no wood then, but isolated clumps of trees.

It is, of course, familiar ground that the phenomena associated with witchcraft have long since fallen into discredit. It is not equally familiar ground that the evidence in favour of the genuineness of these phenomena is overwhelming. Yet a no less dispassionate, judicial and broad-minded historian than the late Mr. W. E. H. Lecky makes this astounding admission, while granting that at the present day we are so firmly convinced of the unreality of witchcraft that it is only by a

EVIDENCE FOR GENUINENESS OF PHENOMENA.

strong effort of the imagination that we can realize the position of the defenders of the belief. Mr. Lecky continues his argument with the following pregnant and remarkable observations.

ADMISSIONS OF A GREAT HISTORIAN

It is, I think, difficult (he remarks),* to examine the subject with impartiality without coming to the conclusion that the historical evidence establishing the reality of witchcraft, is so vast and so varied that nothing but our overwhelming sense of its antecedent improbability and our modern experience of the manner in which it has faded away under the influence of civilization can justify us in despising it. The defenders of the belief, who were often men of great and distinguished talent, maintained that there was no fact in all history more fully attested, and that to reject it would be to strike at the root of all historical evidence of the miraculous. . . . The subject (observes our historian) was examined in tens of thousands of cases in almost every country in Europe, by tribunals which included the acutest lawyers and ecclesiastics of the age, on the scene and at the time when the alleged acts had taken place, and with the assistance of innumerable sworn witnesses. . . . In our own day it may be said with confidence that it would be altogether impossible for such an amount of evidence to accumulate round a conception which had no substantial basis in fact. . . . If we considered witchcraft probable, a hundredth part of the evidence we possess would have placed it beyond the region of doubt. If it were a natural but a very improbable fact, our reluctance to believe it would have been completely stifled by the multiplicity of the proofs.

The above is an admission of a historian of world-wide reputation who had himself studied the historical records on the subject of witch trials with the most painstaking care, and found it impossible, on *a priori* grounds, to admit the reality of the phenomena. It is an admission from the camp of the sceptics which, it is impossible to deny, gives away the whole case of the disbeliever. But Mr. Lecky goes even further than this. He not only admits the overwhelming evidence in favour of the reality of the phenomena, but also recognizes the fact that the abandonment of the belief in witchcraft was not in any way due to the value of the evidence on the subject being called in question; that, in short, there was at no time any scientific investigation of the phenomena themselves which led to their being discredited. What, then, we may ask, was it which led to the rejection of a belief so universally held, and admittedly supported by such overwhelming testimony? Mr. Lecky finds it in the changed intellectual standpoint of the times; and he is doubtless right. The intellectual atmosphere of a period is in a

WHY WITCHCRAFT BECAME DISCREDITED.

* In the *Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* (London: Longmans).

sense very like the physical conditions of a climate. Suppose the climate of this country were suddenly changed by increase or decrease of either temperature or moisture, we should find that certain flora and fauna would inevitably dwindle in size and finally die out. So with beliefs. A certain intellectual atmosphere either encourages their acceptance or renders their retention within the category of the belief of the man in the street practically impossible. And this, quite apart from their intrinsic truth or falsehood.

CASTLE OF INSHOCH: THE SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

The great hall where Isabel and the Devil met was to the left of the picture. There is a door just beside the Tower in the shadow, but I think they entered by the west.

In a certain scheme of thought or philosophy, a faith in this or that particular dogma can find no niche. For example, the scientific standpoint of the school of which thinkers such as Spencer, Huxley and Darwin were the high priests, had no place in its outlook upon life for the occurrence of miracles. It was the accepted standpoint of this school that, as Matthew Arnold forcibly put it, "miracles did not occur." The report that the truth or falsehood of this statement depended upon your interpretation of the meaning of the word "miracle" would simply not have been listened to. A miracle was a miracle. It was, in short, a violation of a law of nature, and laws of nature were never violated. The fact that if Newton had caught his apple as it was falling to the ground he would have counteracted the law of gravitation never seemed to have occurred to them. You do not, in short, violate laws of nature by counteracting them, and the extent to which such laws can be counter-

acted or modified by unknown forces on another plane was never attempted to be gauged by nineteenth-century science. On the question, then, of the disproof of witchcraft by a more sceptical age our historian is perfectly candid. "If," he says, "we ask what new arguments were discovered during the decadence of the belief, we must admit that they were quite inadequate to account for the change." "And," he adds with equal candour, "those who lived when the evidence of witchcraft existed in profusion and attracted the attention of all classes and of all grades of intellect, must surely have been as competent judges as ourselves, if the question was merely a question of evidence."

CASTLE OF INSHOCH: A NEARER VIEW OF THE PRECEDING PHOTO.

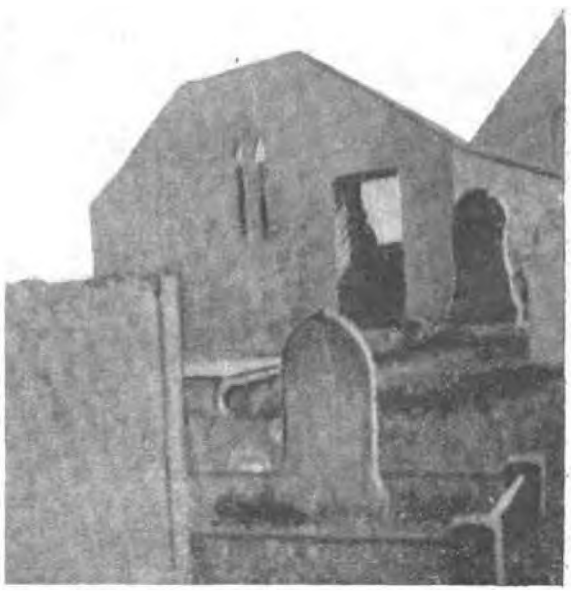
Lecky's argument against witchcraft, then, is mainly based on the fact that the gradual growth of civilization and science has led to its disappearance. From the standpoint of modern thought, he argues in effect, the belief in witchcraft has become impossible, because from the standpoint of modern thought it has become absurd. In the ruder forms of savage life we find the belief in it universal. In proportion to the spread of the knowledge and understanding of the laws of physical nature, the belief in such phenomena gradually dies out. There is, in short, a definite relationship between the growth of material science and the disappearance of such superstitious beliefs. wider historical survey might probably lead us to reconsider this

LECKY'S ARGUMENT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT.

judgment. The trend of the science of the nineteenth century was generally assumed by nineteenth-century thinkers to be the eternal trend of Science with a big S. But though we are not yet near the end of the first quarter of a new century, this faith in the trend of science as an accepted dogma or belief has already vanished into thin air. The very foundation stones on which this science was built have crumbled to dust. The theory of the ultimate atom as a material thing has given place to the

ALREADY DISCOUNTED.

conception of the immaterial electron. The very existence of matter itself as an essential reality is openly challenged. The scientific investigator is pushing his outposts further and further into the psychic realm, into the territory with regard to which his nineteenth-century predecessor avowed that he had neither concern nor interest. So far the scientist has not carried his active operations into the domain of witchcraft. But how long will he withhold his spade from this fertile field? We may, I think, safely say that it will not be many years before he makes his first inroads. And when he has done so, when he has had time to search for and sift the evidence and draw the inevitable deductions, what will have become of Mr. Lecky's plausible argument? Obviously it will fall like a house of cards, while the historian's own admissions will rise up in evidence against him.



KIRK OF AULDERNE: THE EASTERN GABLE OF THE OLD RUINED PART FROM THE NORTH.

All this is *apropos* of Mr. Brodie Innes's latest romance. The scientist, when the hour strikes, will doubtless consider the

sources from which our author has drawn his story as by no means among the least valuable evidence on which he will attempt to build his new edifice. As to what use Mr. Brodie Innes has made of this material from the point of view of the writer of romance, I think he can best tell us in his own words, and I am therefore subjoining the statement on the subject which he has been kind enough to send me for the special benefit of readers of this Magazine.

A FIELD FOR PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION.

It is a little strange (says Mr. Brodie Innes) that among all the diligent investigation of occult phenomena, one of the most instructive and fertile fields has been almost entirely neglected, namely, the so-called witchcraft of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the records of this subject we find nearly every class of phenomena that attracts inquirers to-day, and examined by the keenest judicial intellects of the time. This was especially the case in Scotland, where we find a man like Lord Advocate Mackenzie, brilliant, sceptical, and trained in the most exact sifting of evidence, devoting much time and thought to the study of the subject, and convincing himself at first hand and against his will of the reality of many of the alleged phenomena. We find not merely the vulgar spells familiar to every one's mind, but all the range of telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, prediction, trance-mediumship, levitation, in fact all the subjects that are the field of occult students to-day, recorded in exact detail, and submitted to careful and thorough judicial investigation. And it is safe to say that there is not a single type of occult phenomena that may not be found in these remarkable records. The accounts are very voluminous, some of them very difficult of access, they are full of much that is purely trivial, yet to the patient student they yield a rich harvest.

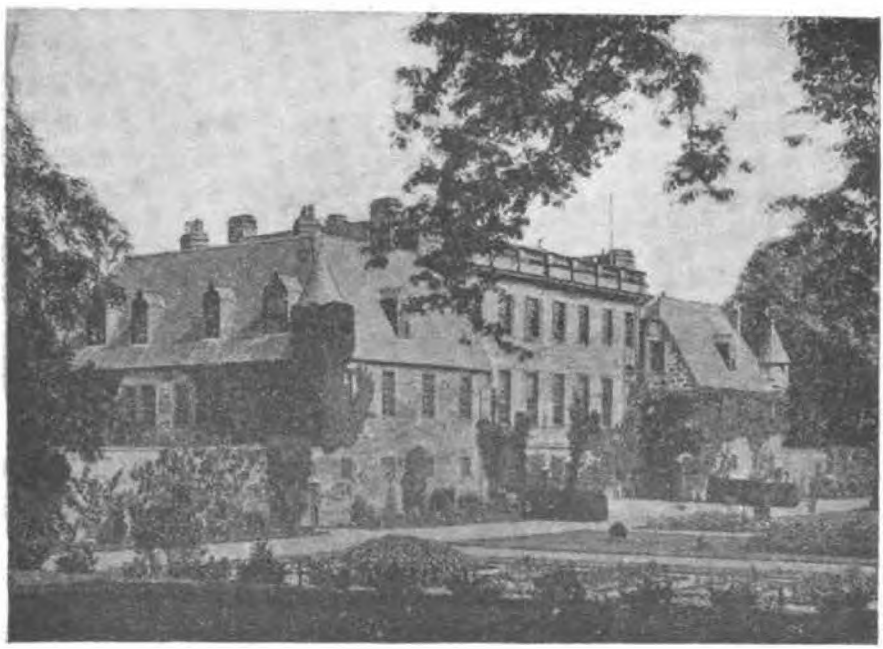
Perhaps one of the most interesting of all, and the key to nearly all the occult phenomena of the time, is to be found in the confession of Isabel Goudie, the witch of Aulderne, the manuscript of which is preserved in the archives of the Court of Justiciary, in Edinburgh, and considerable parts of which are printed in an Appendix to Pitcairne's *Criminal Trials*. The occult powers and knowledges at that time were ascribed to the direct agency of the Devil. But, be it said in passing, this was not the Devil of theologians, or of the Bible, but rather a species of Pan, the personification of the Powers of Nature. The very same powers which the brethren of the Rosy Cross claimed to possess seem to have been exercised by many of the witches, and proved by very complete evidence, and in these witchcraft records the *modus operandi* may be traced in full detail.

THE WITCHES' DEVIL.

To Isabel Goudie the Devil came in the guise of a man, who became her lover, and here we may note a remarkable circumstance. At the identically same date in various parts of Scotland, and also in America, there are accounts of the appearance of the Devil in human form, and every one is precisely similar. I have in my library two somewhat rare little books. One is entitled, *Witchcraft in Kinross-shire—being Full Details of Criminal Trials for Witchcraft and Sorcery at Crook of Devon*; the other *Wonders of the Invisible World, or Salem Witchcraft*, published at Boston, and consisting largely of letters

addressed to the well-known Mr. Cotton Mather in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is practically impossible to imagine a common origin for these accounts. Yet in every one the personal appearance of the Devil is the same, the grave scholarly aspect, the neat grey clothes, knee breeches and grey stockings, the buckled shoes, the blue Scotch bonnet. How then did Isabel Goudie, in the lonely farmhouse in Aulderne, at the very same time give the same description to the minutest details? She alone, however, gives the account of the Devil as a lover, and from other confessions of the same place and time we gather that she was the prime favourite—the queen of the coven.

The great value of her confession lies in her obvious desire to tell every thing, all that the witches did, and how they did it. Much was of the



GORDONSTOWN.

The nearer wing is that which contains Sir Robert's laboratory and private rooms—and where his ghost has been seen. His bedroom by tradition was on the second floor below the balustrade on the nearer side. From the flat roof Isabel raised the storm.

nature of what is now called "Sympathetic Magic"—and Isabel's spells may be usefully compared with the voluminous accounts of the same formulæ collected by Frazer in *The Golden Bough*, from all countries, and all ages. It is impossible that these could have been known to the farmer's wife in a remote country district in Scotland. Yet she was taught the very same means to attain similar results. In her accounts of how she was taught and the things she was shown, either in words or in pictures, we see a great resemblance to what is now called in modern occult slang "The Subliminal Consciousness." At that time it was ascribed to intercourse with a personal Devil. The theory, perhaps, matters little, the results are very similar. Isabel Goudie records how she drew the moon down from heaven.

SIMILARITY OF WITCH PHENOMENA IN ALL CLIMES AND AGES.

Now, whatever this means precisely, the very same thing, and the very same process are stated to be used in Morocco to this day, as is told by Dr. Emile Mauchamp, whose remarkable posthumous work, *La Sorcellerie au Maroc*, has been ably edited by M. Jules Bois, and these again are precisely the same spells as were used ages ago in Thessaly, as told by the ancient Greek writers, and recounted by Virgil in the sixth Book of the Æneid. How then came Isabel Goudie to use the same ceremonies, and practically the same words, which, it is safe to say, were unknown even to scholars of her day? The Devil, the Etheric Double, the Higher Self, the Subliminal Consciousness, all are theories, more or less plausible; the one thing certain is that these phenomena do occur.

Another remarkable point is her visit to Fairyland, as told in her confession, and how she got there. There is a manuscript in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which was copied by Bishop Percy, and of which an account appeared in *The Queen* for May 14, 1881, entitled, "An Excellent Way to Gett a Fayrie," and this same excellent way did Isabel adventure on, with success as she avers.

It is also to be noted that the things which Isabel says she did by magic art are recorded in absolutely independent documents of the time to have occurred, such as sicknesses, deaths, and other catastrophes. It is, of course, possible here that she may have heard of all these events, and claimed to have caused them. But the coincidences are too many to make this probable. Isabel Goudie was the wife of a farmer living in a lonely farm on the edge of Lochloy, which was a dreary mere some two miles from the town of Nairn. She was of superior station to her husband, who seems to have been a dull, heavy man, and in the neighbouring ruins of the Castle of Inshoch she met with the grey-clad scholar whom contemporary records describe and term the Devil.

WHAT ISABEL GOUDIE LEARNED.

In the Kirk of Aulderne, some two miles off, she was baptized by him, renouncing her Christian Baptism, and the old Castle of Inshoch became their rendezvous, transformed as her imagination pictured it, or diabolical glamour caused her to see it, to a magnificent feudal hall. Here, under the guidance of her demon-lover, she learned the spells that would make a floating straw into a splendid horse, how to make the wax images so famous in all witch lore, how to use the flint arrow heads to this day called "fairy arrows" in Devon and Cornwall, and in the West Highlands; how to make the Moon Paste, which also is a formula current in Morocco and in Britanny to-day, and derived from ancient Thessaly. She made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstown, the famous wizard, who had been a privy councillor of King Charles I. He also, according to tradition, had made his own pact with the Devil, and in Gordonstown House to-day are many letters from the "wizard laird"; his portrait hangs in the drawing-room, and the remains of his alchemic furnaces may still be seen.

In the local folk lore of Morayshire are still many traces of the witchcraft of Isabel Goudie, many customs not to be understood without reference to the confession. The spell of "horse and hattock," whereby the weird riders got their horses, and hunted not merely deer, but men, was long known and it is said, practised by the boys of Forres, for pure mischief.

It would take far too long to follow out all the curious lines of investigation suggested in this wonderful document. But the diligent student of occultism will be richly rewarded if he will take the confession and care-

fully verify every point. Where, for instance, Isabel records how the minister of Aulderne was cursed by the witches; turn up the Presbytery records and see how that curse bore fruit. Above all, compare the ceremonies, and the words of the Spells, with those directed to the same end in other ages and other countries, and notice particularly that Isabel was both a black and a white witch. She could ban or bless, kill or heal, but her healing was in the name of the Holy Trinity, and the cursing was in the name of the Devil.

Altogether in this confession and in the various documents and records suggested by its study, lies a mine of occult information hitherto practically unexplored and promising the richest results.

A MODERN STORY OF WITCHCRAFT.

Cases of witchcraft in remote districts in England are not unknown even to-day, as the following well-attested story goes to prove. The narrator is a student of occultism who, with his father, met at a public gathering a young man who proved to be a neighbour of theirs. On learning that the elder of his newly-found acquaintances was a powerful mesmerist of the old school, the young man expressed a desire to "sit" for the development of clairvoyance, and evenings were set apart each week, when he would drag himself round to the mesmerist for treatment. For it should be explained that at the time of forming the acquaintance, C——, as we may designate him, was a cripple who, with a crutch, trailed a useless limb about with him. Advantage was taken of the sittings to endeavour to restore the lifeless limb to usefulness, and, as the acquaintance ripened, C—— volunteered the story of the origin of his infirmity.

C——'s early years were spent in a remote village in one of the eastern counties, the inhabitants of which lived in mortal fear of a woman reputed to be a witch. To guard against her malign influence his parents would secrete on the threshold of the cottage a knife, which, as often as not, was brought to light in triumph by the witch herself! And sometimes, after having warned the children without effect to cease their chatter, she would remark, "Oh, well, I'll soon stop that," and would sit for a few moments, as though absorbed in thought, whilst the children, one after another, would quickly fall asleep. He was a healthy boy of seven or eight years of age when he somehow incurred the displeasure of the witch, whose curse took effect whilst he was playing in the fields. He was seized with frightful pains and fell, his lower limbs paralysed. From that time until he was about twenty-five years of age, when he met Mr. S——, the mesmerist, he was a cripple. He proved very sensitive, but only occasionally exhibited trance-clairvoyance, although he was, in normal consciousness, wonderfully clever

at crystal gazing. At first, unfortunately, he derived little, if any, benefit from the treatment for paralysis. But one evening an incident occurred which proved to be the turning point towards his recovery.

It was almost dark in the room where the subject lay entranced. All was silent, the stillness being broken only by the breathing of the mesmerist and his son. Suddenly, to the surprise of the watchers, the patient stirred in his sleep, and symptoms of abject terror quickly developed, as he cried out repeatedly, "Send her away! Send her away!"

"Who?" asked the mesmerist.

"The old witch. She's looking at me. She's coming nearer."

"All right, my boy, she can't touch you while I'm here. Listen, and find out what she wants."

"Keep her off! Keep her off! She's doing something to my legs!" exclaimed C—— in great alarm. And so great was the patient's agitation that Mr. S—— had difficulty in restraining him as he struggled to disengage himself from the grasp with which the mesmerist endeavoured to restore tranquillity. At length, sighing a deep "Ah!" of relief, he sank back once more into trance.

Nothing further happened, but on awaking C—— remembered everything. He stoutly averred that it was the spirit of the witch, who had long since died, that had sought him out; and *from that moment he made rapid and uninterrupted progress towards recovery*, threw aside his crutch, and to this day has had no further occasion to use it. Mr. S—— himself believes that his patient is right in his conclusion, and that the witch visited him from another world, to undo the evil she had wrought in her lifetime and thus mitigate the penalty she had to pay for her misdeeds.

THE PHENOMENA AT MONS.

Some further interesting information has come to hand since the publication of the last issue of this magazine with reference to the psychic phenomena at Mons, and elsewhere. Among other correspondence, a communication has reached me from the Rev. Alexander A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, and author of various works of interest (*To Kairwan the Holy, with Russian Pilgrims; Days in Galilee*, etc.), who was two months at the front with the troops in France, and in the course of his work among the soldiers was the recipient of some interesting accounts confirmatory of these phenomena. Mr.

Boddy narrated some of these at an open-air meeting at the Division Hospital, Fulwell Road, Monkwearmouth. One of the stories was told by a soldier of the 3rd Canadians, who stated that after the second battle of Ypres, when their battalion was retiring through their communication trenches towards their rest camp, they were obliged to halt where a West Riding Regiment was stationed. During the halt one of the men of this regiment was narrating to those around him a strange experience of his own. He had seen, he said, what seemed at first to be a ball of fire. Afterwards it took the form of an angel with outspread wings standing between the British first line and that of the enemy. Mr. Boddy also told a story of a gentleman who had given up his house to convalescent soldiers. His sister was working with him among the wounded, and heard there for the first time direct from a survivor of the retreat the following story. The wounded soldier stated that at a critical moment an angel with outspread wings like a luminous cloud stood between the advancing Germans and themselves. This figure appeared to render it impossible for the Germans to advance and annihilate them. The lady in question was subsequently speaking of this incident in the presence of some officers, and herself expressed incredulity. One of the officers, a colonel, looked up at this, and observed, "Young lady, the thing happened. You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself."

Another sidelight is thrown on the Mons phenomena by a letter written to the Editor of the *Daily Mail* by Mr. Lionel Edmunds. He tells how at the time of the Boxer insurrections in China he heard a lecture by an Englishman who knew China and its language as well as the narrator knew English. The lecturer had been through the siege of the British Legation by the Boxers at Pekin. The house that they occupied was obviously untenable, and it was imperatively necessary that they should move to another position. It was fully expected that many lives would be lost in the transfer. While the movement took place the British were in full view of the Chinese insurgents, who, they took for granted, would fire upon them. To their great surprise they failed to do so. Later on, the lecturer took an opportunity of asking one of the Chinese why they missed such a chance. The Chinaman gave him as a reason the fact that "there were so many people in white between them and the British that they did not like to fire."

Another valuable addition to the list of records in this connection was supplied by Miss Callow, Secretary of the Higher

Thought Centre, at S. Kensington, London, to the *Weekly Despatch*. She wrote :—

An officer has sent to one of the members of the Centre a detailed account of a vision that appeared to himself and others when fighting against fearful odds at Mons. He plainly saw an apparition representing St. George, the patron saint of England, the exact counterpart of a picture that hangs to-day in a London restaurant. So terrible was their plight at the time that the officer could not refrain from appealing to the vision to help them. Then, as if the enemy had also seen the apparition, the Germans abandoned their positions in precipitate terror. In other instances men had written about seeing CLOUDS OF CELESTIAL HORSEMEN hovering over the British lines.

Miss Callow also adds that a nurse at the Front on one occasion asked her patients why they were so strangely silent, to which the men replied, "We have had strange experiences, which we do not care to talk about. We have seen many of our mates killed, but they are fighting for us still."

As I go to press, the *Liverpool Evening Express* of August 23 publishes a sworn affidavit from Private Robert Cleaver, of the 1st Cheshire Regiment, who claims himself to have witnessed the vision of the angels at Mons.

THE ANGEL WARRIORS AT MONS.

So much interest has been shown in the stories current with regard to apparitions during the retreat from Mons and elsewhere, that I have issued a penny pamphlet (post free, 1½*d.*) dealing with the subject, and giving various historical parallels.* The evidence in detail is not yet as strong as one could wish, but it is so strong cumulatively that one cannot help feeling that a plausible case has been made out for the occurrence of these phenomena. At the same time I am reprinting in the present issue in smaller type Miss Phyllis Campbell's article, *The Angelic Leaders*, in view of the fact that owing to the great demand for last issue hundreds of readers were unable to obtain copies.

* *The Angel Warriors at Mons.* By Ralph Shirley. 16 pp., in coloured cover. London: The Newspaper Publicity Co., 61 Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1½*d.* post free.

OMENS AND WARNINGS OF THE WAR

By PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

ON May Day, 1914, I travelled as far as Metz with a young English Officer of Engineers—one of a party invited by the German Emperor to make a tour of the German fortifications and battle-fields of the Provinces conquered in 1870. He was a gay, handsome, manly boy of twenty-three or four, brimming over with the high spirits natural to immense physical vitality—yet with an underlying seriousness that is so remarkably evident in all men who have had an English public school education—the result I believe of their religious training, scanty as it seems. We were passing a grass-grown earthwork high over the waters of the Meuse, when he suddenly pointed it out to me, and said with a curious solemnity: "See that?—my grandfather was killed there in 1870."

"With the Germans?" I asked rather superfluously.

"No fear!" exclaimed the boy proudly. "My people are always on the Right Side."

"And you think France had the Right Side in *Soixante-dix?*" I asked.

"Yes," he returned positively, "I do."

"And you are going to be the Kaiser's guest," I laughed. "Tell me—if war broke out now—would you be with Germany or France?"

"With France," he replied instantly. "And I wish I had the luck."

"What! after eating the Kaiser's salt?"

"Oh no! Rather not." He brushed away the insinuation. "Fact is," he began with some embarrassment, "I'm not going to eat his salt. I'm on my own—my grandmother is—er—she can't stick the Germans, and we had such a rum thing happen—she—she's a believer in omens and all that you know. Are you?"

He broke off with a laugh—half embarrassment, half diffidence.

"You'll be amused——?"

I assured him I would not.

"Then I'll tell you—but it's an odd thing—and I don't know what to think of it. But, anyway, it's the reason why I came with the other chaps, but decided against the Kaiser's salt. My grandmother is an Irish woman. She adores my

grandfather's memory. We all do. He was a hero. After his death, a French soldier arrived at her London house, famished with hunger and in rags. How he got there God knows. He had lost his right arm and was wounded in the head. He brought my grandfather's sword, his watch, and purse, and pocket book—all stained with blood, in the last few leaves his farewell to his wife, and a curious message. His sword was to be suspended under his portrait, in the old house where he was born, and 'when the time comes, let that one of his blood on whom it fell, fight on French soil, as he had fought, the same cruel and remorseless foe.'

"Now the queer thing is, that I am my grandfather's living image, and naturally the Old Lady is a bit fond of me If the mater wasn't such a real good sort, she would be jealous. Well, I was down there last week, and I was just sitting down to dinner —I must tell you that the Old Lady makes me take my grandfather's place at table, and the portrait with the suspended sword is immediately behind where he used to sit—and facing the Old Lady at the head of the table. Jones had pulled the chair out, and I had my hand on the back, when suddenly the sword rattled down on the mantelpiece, struck it sideways, the blade slid out of the scabbard, struck the back of the chair, a clear five feet away, and fell with the handle towards me and the point to the table centre, right across my plate. The Old Lady rose, and stood beside me looking at it.

"'Take it up,' she commanded. 'I have always known it would be you!'

"Well, there it was; I put it on to please her—feeling as if I were dreaming, you know. There won't be war with Germany for thirty years, our chaps say. But you know the queer thing is that I always feel the touch of that sword in my hand, and I feel as sure of war as of the sun rising, and there isn't a shadow of reason for it. But I promised the Old Lady two things—that I would pay my own expenses this trip, and that I would return before the 12th of July."

At that time the fear was, not war with Germany, but civil war. What happened is now history—and the young officer died on October 31, at Ypres, with his grandfather's sword in his hand. His younger brother carries it now fighting for the Right, as his house has always done.

A friend of mine is the last living representative of an ancient and semi-royal French family. In the time of Henri Quatre, the then head of the house was the intimate companion of that

indomitable fighter. The present Comte de —— has known my youngest sister since she was a small child, and a pretty and romantic friendship has always existed between them. In January, 1914, she went to Germany to finish her education—she was not very happy there, and wrote frequently asking to be brought home to Paris.

On June 25 the Count dropped in to tea, as he did so often; we were not surprised to see him, but we were surprised at his restlessness and absence of mind. He was unable to sit still. He forgot his tea, upset the cakes, and was anything but himself. Finally he threw himself into a chair, and asked when Joan was coming home. I said not till the August holiday.

"Listen! my friend," he began with an air of great impressiveness. "She must return at once—go this day, and bring her back with you."

It flashed into my mind that Joan had been complaining of the German school again, and had thus wrought on her friend's emotions. I felt greatly annoyed, and said so. It would be out of the question to bring her away in the middle of the term for no reason but home-sickness—but the Count denied having heard from Joan at all. What then was his reason for desiring so imperatively her removal? The Count was not very willing to give it—but realizing the unreason of his demands, he bound us over not to talk of it, and told the following story:—

"I went last week for the week-end to my Chateau of ——. I took down with me a party, including the Prince and Princess N——, and we remained late playing Bridge and so on. I drank nothing. I am, as you know, on regimé, and can drink only a little Vichy. We parted at about 2.15, and I went to bed, falling immediately into a heavy sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by some one shaking me violently by the arm. I sat up and confronted a man wearing an outrageously battered old hat, and a voluminous cloak sweeping the floor behind him. The moonlight fell right across his face, and I saw him distinctly. He had a long sunburnt face, with a strong jaw, and a firm humorous mouth. His eyes were extraordinarily bright under shaggy eyebrows, and I could see he wore one ear-ring under the shabby hat. His whole personality was quite familiar to me, but I could not recall his name—I just sat and stared at him speechlessly. Suddenly he shook me again as if admonishing my silence.

"'Wake up!' he whispered, calling me by my name. Some-

body seemed to answer for me quite clearly by my side, 'I am awake, Sire.'

"'Up!' said the man, in tones of urgency. 'Arm! France needs thee!'

"He bent towards me as he spoke, and a sudden sense of impending disaster overwhelmed me; it seemed to me as if I must hasten to the uttermost to prevent catastrophe. The next instant I found myself standing in the middle of my room *alone*; the man in the shabby hat and the long cloak was gone absolutely. So was my sleep; I took a bath and dressed and read till my coffee came in. Afterwards I told my dream or vision to our old Curé, who explained to me something I had never heard—a tradition in my family, that always when France is threatened, Henri Quatre comes like that and, awakening the head of the house, calls him by name to arm for France. My father was called thus three times in 1870. Before the Revolution also, and after Moscow, it was the same. I am so convinced that war is approaching immediately with Germany that I implore you to bring the little one home. Nay, if you will not *I* will."

By this time he had so imbued my elder sister Margaret with his conviction that she agreed instantly to go for Joan. We started by the train leaving Paris at 6.35, and at midnight of June 24, she was with us again in Paris. For a fortnight after I was inclined to smile, somewhat ruefully, at the manner of getting her back, which was not without some unpleasantness. Then all other feelings were swallowed up in thankfulness—Joan was the only English girl out of thirteen who escaped unmolested, and we owed it indirectly to Henri of Navarre.

In the meantime we had been offered the loan of a beautiful little old house in the forest which spreads from St.-Germain-en-Laye to Compiègne. This house had been built in the time of François Premier, on two floors, spacious living rooms below, and sunny airy sleeping rooms above. It had been originally the hunting lodge of the noble who owned it, and each successive owner had enriched it with some rare or beautiful thing of his time. It had many little additions in odd places, paintings on the walls and carvings on the panelling, and in the garden many trees and plants exotic to France planted there by a Marshal of France who had brought them from Canada and the West Indies, in the time of Louis Quatorze, including a wonderful forest tree with a leaf like an exaggerated maidenhair which threw its long pale brown branches over the *grenier* roof. On July 14 our Bonne and the Concierge departed together for the town, leaving

us to our own devices. We spent the day in the garden under the maidenhair tree, reading and writing letters. At sunset a strange mist fell on the air, such a stillness as enabled us to hear distinctly the music in the streets, and the cries of the dancers.

In all my years in France I had never known anything like the noise they made on July 14 of last year! The singing and dancing and music continued till the morning, as loud as if it were only a stone's throw away. Old Pierre, the gardener, crept in at 12.30 on his way home, his old face flushed with wine, his voice hoarse from much shouting. He was shaking in every limb. "Pardon me, ladies!" he apologized to the two girls, as he sat shakily down on a garden chair. "I am undone a little in myself. I have to-night met many old friends whom I have not seen for forty-four years. Sapristi! How proud they were, also; there was André for instance, my cousin, who helped me to bury the Prussian sous-officier in the Fosse in *Soixante-dix*, and behold he would not speak to me, and old Abbé Crequez, whom they hanged, the dirty Prussians! from this tree. I assure you all they did that infamy, and I dug a hole and buried him there just under the white rose—that little blush in the rose is the good Abbé's kind heart. Sapristi! Yes, I assure you, and the Prussians hung him and took the sacred vessels away with them. A strange thing, monsieur, that I should meet the Abbé, is it not? and he hanged forty-four years ago, and he blessed me also, as he used to do, but he was in haste with the Viaticum pressed to himself thus, and his head sideways as I last saw it."

Pierre gave a gruesomely realistic representation of the manner in which the murdered Abbé hung his head, and we shuddered simultaneously, and hastened to get rid of him by filling up his glass again and advising him to hurry into bed. He tottered as far as the door, and turned before entering. "Ecoutez!" he said solemnly, his finger uplifted, "singing and dancing to the music—it is *Soixante-dix* all over again! All over again! Presently they will be weeping, those ones, just as they did before." We avoided each other's eyes as we ascended the polished staircase on the way to our rooms. We felt, each after her own fashion, uncomfortable and ill at ease, and each tried to hide it from the other by an assumption of great cheerfulness. We all laughed at Pierre and his ghosts; it was no uncommon thing, we told each other, for men of eighty-three to see ghosts, especially after celebrations. So we went to bed, where the excessive heat, and the shrieks of merriment from the dancers kept us awake till after two a.m., then I fell asleep, and was

awakened almost immediately by the most horrible outcry I ever heard. With one simultaneous bound both girls were in my room clinging to me in terror. It was an old reedy feeble voice coming apparently from the room overhead. We all heard the words quite distinctly, "The Prussians are coming! The Prussians are coming again!"

The old voice shrilled out in an agony of fear three times and died away again. Then there was a sound as if a body had fallen, and a shuffling, rustling sound followed, like some one on hands and knees crawling towards the door.

Frankly, I admit that the perspiration was dripping from me. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the concentrated fear and horror in that terrible wailing old voice. Instinctively I grasped the girls' arms and listened for the sound of marching feet. There was nothing but the soft whisper of the maidenhair tree beginning to stir in the wind of dawn.

"M'sieu', M'sieu'!" old Pierre was beating softly with his palms against the panelling of the corridor. I went to the door and opened it. "Did you hear? Oh, mon Anglais! did you hear? the Prussians are coming!"

"No! no! Pierre," said Joan, suddenly, "it was you."

"No, mademoiselle, no!" he protested. "I would it were so—but alas! that is the cry of the old Abbé whom they hanged. He would not say it again unless it were so."

At this moment the Concierge and Anna appeared together, clasping each other's hands. Anna's fat face was blanched to a pasty whiteness, and Madame Duprat looked all eyes.

"You heard?" demanded Pierre in his quavery voice. "My girl, you cannot remember—you were but three years old."

"Oh, but my father, I *do* remember," wept the Concierge. "I remember perfectly—it is the old Abbé—I was with him when he saw them coming and cried out like that."

"Truly thou art a clever one!" Old Pierre was so lost in admiration of his daughter's memory, that for the moment he forgot his fears. Then he began to weep again and to recount his meeting with the long dead Abbé in the forest, and his daughter persuaded him gently to his bed in the *grenier*.

Shaken and terrified we went to bed again, though the sunlight was beginning to pour through the slats of the shutters, and slept through sheer exhaustion.

In the morning Anna, the German Bonne, declared she must return to Mainz—she felt ill. She departed that morning, and with her went all the contents of her master's bureau (he was

a Secretary in the French Foreign Office). The theft was not discovered till the mobilization was over, and fortunately there was no paper of any importance to the enemy, though much necessary to the well-being of our kind host.

Recounting this curious episode to Madame d'A—— in St. Germain, she grew very pale, and glanced sideways at her husband, who hastily picked up his Panama, and mumbling some excuse went out. The d'A——s are a very old and devoted Catholic family, and fearing I had offended her husband's prejudices by my story, I apologized to madame.

"No! no!" she cried; "on the contrary, ours is a family in which such things have happened. One has happened just at the instant, and it is that has upset him."

Briefly this is what Madame d'A—— told us.

In the reign of Louis XVI an ancestress of M. d'A—— was Governess to the children of France, and the trusted friend of Marie Antoinette. This ancestress was a true child lover, and beside her great rambling old château, she had built a long low quadrangle of little white houses, each with a tiny garden behind it, and facing a square of beautiful lawn, with a fountain in its midst, and in each little house she had a family of children, picked off the streets of Paris for the most part. Little waifs and strays, whom she fed and housed, and taught—sometimes five or six in a house, with a lay sister from the Augustine convent in charge.

Madame d'A—— of that date was before her time; she held that the hope of France was in her little children. Fortunately for her they loved her dearly, and they repaid her well—for in such esteem did the hundreds of children who had passed through her hands hold her, that they saved her, almost by main force, from the Sea-green Monster, and forced the Revolution to house her in her own quadrangle among her beloved waifs.

And a home for waifs and strays it continued to be till 1870, when the Prussians came to St.-Germain-en-Laye, and a company of the Prussian Guard was billeted in the little houses, then, as they had always been, presided over by a daughter of the Foundress's ancient family—a beautiful saintly nun.

In 1870 the German Army pillaged, murdered and raped even as they do now. Only in 1870 the world would not believe what every French man and woman knew. The officer commanding the Prussians tried to outrage the nun, and she struck him dead at her feet, being prepared, as all women were, for the German. She died herself almost instantly after, preferring,

in her proud fashion, death by her own hand to dishonour.

Then as now, the German punished vicariously. Her youngest brother, a boy of fifteen, was brought to the side of the dead nun, told of her splendid crime, and shot. M. d'A——, then a prisoner of war at Mont Valerian, was sent for, and forced to bury his sister and brother in the little convent garden. On July 21, 1914, he was planting flowers on the grave, and looking up casually he saw beside him, standing hand in hand, the dead nun and his murdered brother. They stood regarding him at first seriously, and their lips moved—but he heard nothing. Then both smiled on him, and he thought they spoke the name of his elder son, who had just gone up for his service. Then something *within him* spoke distinctly and quietly for about five minutes, commanding him to go instantly to a certain friend of his, the commandant of a vitally important military centre, and tell him a certain thing concerning his wife, a very beautiful Alsatian lady, but of German parentage. M. d'A—— was overcome with horror at the prospect of delivering this message, and while he protested dumbly the vision passed. Madame had insisted on the message being delivered and had herself accompanied her husband to the Commandant. Instead of being furiously indignant, as they naturally expected, the Commandant was at first speechless, then questioned them closely till every word of the ghostly communication was in writing. When it was finished he told them of a singular dream he had had, almost identical in detail with M. d'A——'s vision.

The sequel to this story is, the day before war was declared the Commandant's wife disappeared and with her certain important papers. When she was found on the French frontier with these in her possession, she believed she had stolen the plans for the French mobilization. But, as her husband explained to her in the brief interval before she paid the penalty exacted by France for espionage in high places or low, those plans had not been sent to him but to his subordinate, thanks to the warning conveyed by M. d'A——.

These are only a few of the stories current among French people of happenings that took place before the great war came. There were great omens known to many, such as the sudden gust of wind which carried the immortelles off the statues of the lost Provinces, leaving them clean of all mourning, and the fall of the Kaiser's portrait in a certain gallery, and if rumours are to be trusted, among the Hohenzollerns themselves have appeared many signs and warnings that their day is come to an end, and they must needs prepare for the long night that will close over them.

MAGIC AND SORCERY IN ANCIENT MEXICO

By LEWIS SPENCE, Author of "The Myths of Mexico and Peru," etc.

THE occult history of old Mexico is at least as obscure as that of ancient Egypt. The principal authorities regarding Mexican magic and sorcery are the works of the Spanish conquerors and their immediate descendants. But little is to be gleaned from native sources, and the belief that the ancient Mexican and Maya hieroglyphic paintings possess any magical significance may here be disposed of once and for ever. These are mostly calendric in their significance, and their only connexion with occultism is that they may have been employed for astrological purposes. Of occult secrets they hold none, and for the records of sorcery in the land of the Aztecs we have to fall back upon the writings of Spanish priests, who were naturally unfriendly to the science they discussed, and to its practitioners.

Therefore, we have to search among anathemas for notices of the Black Art in Anahuac, the "Place by the Water." An intensive examination of the subject points to resemblances and affinities between the occultism of the peoples of Mexico and the Red Man of North America. For it is necessary to remember that the Aztec and Chichimec inhabitants of the Mexican Valley were closely related to the Indians of British Columbia and the Zuñi of New Mexico, and that, although they had fallen heirs to an ancient and complex civilization, they received the rudiments of this when in a condition of savagery.

The early settlers in New Spain, as Mexico was designated under Castilian rule, frequently allude to the *nauallí*, or magician caste. The name is derived from a root "na," which contains the germ of a group of words meaning "to know." These men were masters of mystic knowledge, practitioners in the Black Art, sorcerers or wizards. They were not invariably evilly disposed, but as a class they were feared and disliked. Our earliest information regarding them is to be found in the *History of New Spain* of Father Sahagun, which says of them—

"The *nauallí*, or magician, is he who frightens men and

sucks the blood of children during the night. He is well skilled in the practice of this trade, he knows all the arts of sorcery (*nauallotl*), and employs them with cunning and ability; but for the benefit of men only, not for their injury. Those who have recourse to such arts for evil intents injure the bodies of their victims, cause them to lose their reason and smother them. These are wicked men and necromancers."

Father Juan Bautistia, in a work of instruction to confessors, printed at Mexico in the year 1600, says:—

"There are magicians who call themselves *teciuhtlazque*, and also by the term *nanahualtin*, who conjure the clouds when there is danger of hail, so that the crops may not be injured. They can also make a stick look like a serpent, a mat like a centipede, a piece of stone like a scorpion, and similar deceptions. Others of these *nanahualtin* will transform themselves to all appearance (*segun la aparencia*) into a tiger, a dog or a weasel, Others, again, will take the form of an owl, a cock or a weasel; and when one is preparing to seize them, they will appear now as a cock, now as an owl, and again as a weasel. These call themselves *nanahualtin*."

This passage recalls to us the contest between the magician and the princess in the *Arabian Nights*. Some of the leading questions which the clergy put to members of their flock whom they suspected of the practice of sorcery throw light upon the nature of the magical rites indulged in. For example, Nicolas de Leon puts into the mouth of the priest such questions as the following:—

"Art thou a soothsayer? Dost thou foretell events by reading signs, or by interpreting dreams, or by water, making circles and figures on its surface? Dost thou sweep and ornament with flower garlands the places where idols are preserved? Dost thou know certain words with which to conjure for success in hunting, or to bring rain?

"Dost thou suck the blood of others, or dost thou wander about at night, calling upon the Demon to help thee? Hast thou drunk *peyotl*, or hast thou given it to others to drink, in order to find out secrets, or to discover where stolen or lost articles were? Dost thou know how to speak to vipers in such words that they obey thee?"

It is interesting to observe that, as under similar primitive social conditions elsewhere, the Mexican sorcerer is suspect of vampirism. The intoxicant *peyotl* which they are here said to employ is a species of the genus *cocolia*, having a white tuberous

root, which is the part made use of. The Aztecs were said to have derived their knowledge of it from an older race which preceded them in the land, and Sahagun states that those who eat or drink of it see visions, sometimes horrible, sometimes merely ludicrous. The intoxication it causes lasts several days. In a list of beverages prohibited by the Spanish authorities in 1784 it is described as " made from a species of vinagrilla, about the size of a billiard ball." The natives were wont to masticate it, and then place it in a wooden mortar, where it was left to ferment, after which it was eaten. Another plant employed by the *nauallí* for the purpose of inducing ecstatic vision was the *ololiuhqui*, the seeds of which were made use of externally. They were one of the elements in a mysterious unguent known as *teopatli*, or " the divine remedy," into the composition of which they entered along with the ashes of spiders, scorpions and other noxious insects. This ointment was smeared over the body, and was believed to constitute an efficient protection against evil agencies.

Just as the witches of mediæval Europe were in the habit of taking drugs to assist levitation, rubbing themselves with the ointment known as " witches' butter," preparatory to setting forth on the ride to the Sabbath, so did the sorcerers of ancient Mexico intoxicate themselves by the use of some potent drug, or apply unguents to their bodies when they desired to travel afield. Says Acosta :—

" Some of these sorcerers take any shape they choose, and fly through the air with wonderful rapidity and for long distances. They will tell what is taking place in remote localities long before the news could possibly arrive. The Spaniards have known them to report mutinies, battles, revolts and deaths, occurring two hundred or three hundred leagues distant, on the very day they took place, or the day after.

" To practise this art the sorcerers, usually old women, shut themselves in a house, and intoxicate themselves to the degree of losing their reason. The next day they are ready to reply to questions."

But all the terrors of Spanish ecclesiasticism could not put an end to the practice of magic among the Mexicans. The minor feats of sorcery flourished in every Mexican town and village. Sahagun tells us how a class of professional conjurers existed who could roast maize on a cloth without fire, produce a spring or well filled with fishes from nowhere, and after setting fire to and burning huts, restore them to their original condition. The

conjurer, asserts the chronicler, might on occasion even dismember himself and then achieve the miracle of self-resurrection!

Perhaps a higher caste of the *naualli* were the *naualteteuctin*, or "master magicians," who were also known as *teotlauice*, or "sacred companions in arms." Entrance to this very select order might only be attained after severe and prolonged tests of initiation. The head and patron of the society was the god Quetzalcoatl, or "Feathered Serpent," a deity of the mysterious elder race, the Toltecs, who had been forced from the soil of Mexico by the inroads of the less cultured Aztecs and allied tribes.

Divination and the kindred arts were professed by the *tonalpouhque*, or diviners, whose principal instrument was the *tonalamatl*, the "book of days," or calendar. When a child was born one of these priest-seers was called in and requested to cast its horoscope. But as a general rule no enterprise of any kind was engaged in without taking the advice of this brotherhood.

Out of the system of magic obtaining in ancient Mexico arose the body of modern esoteric or magico-religious belief called *Nagualism*. The ideas embraced in its tenets are but little known to Europeans, and this ceases to be surprising when it is discovered that Nagualism was originally instituted by the remnant of native priests and sorcerers who survived Spanish persecution, for the purpose of combatting and counteracting the effects of the Christian faith which had been forced upon the natives, and which was regarded by them merely as a cloak for the exactions and oppressions of its ministers and professors. Thus all sacraments and holy ceremonies were annulled or counteracted in private by the priests of the sect immediately after they had been celebrated by the Spanish ecclesiastics.

This mysterious secret society embraced numerous communities, and its members were classed under various degrees. Initiation into them was by ceremonies of the most onerous and solemn description. Local brotherhoods were organized, and there were certain recognized centres of the cult, as, for example, at Huehuetan in the province of Soconusco, at Totonicapan in Guatemala, Zamayac in Suchiltepec and Teozapotlan in Oaxaca. At each of these places dwelt a high priest or chief magician who had beneath his sway often as many as a thousand sub-priests, and exercised control over all the Nagualistic practitioners in a large district. The priesthood of this cabalistic guild was hereditary. The highest grade appears to have been that of *Xochimilca*, or "flower weaver," probably because of

the skill they possessed to deceive the senses by strange and pleasant visions.

The magical pretensions of this secret caste was well illustrated by their behaviour in the Maya revolt which broke out near Valladolid, Yucatan, in 1761. It was led by a full-blood native, Jacinto Can-Ek, who claimed for himself occult powers of no common order and announced himself as a high priest of Nagualism, a sorcerer and a master and teacher of magic. Addressing his followers, he urged them not to be afraid of the Spaniards, their forts and cannon, "for among the many to whom I have taught the arts of magic (*el arte de brujeria*) there are fifteen chosen ones, marvellous experts, who by their mystic powers will enter the fortress, slay the sentinels, and throw open the gates to our warriors. I shall take the leaves of the sacred tree, and folding them into trumpets, I shall call to the four winds of heaven, and a multitude of fighting men will hasten to our aid." Then he produced a sheet of paper, held it up to show that it was blank, folded it and spread it out again covered with writing. This act convinced his followers of his occult abilities, and they rushed to arms, but only to meet with defeat and an ignominious death.

The basis of Nagualist magic was the belief in a personal guardian spirit or familiar. This was known as the *nagual*, and was apportioned to each child at its birth. In a History of Guatemala written about 1690 by Francisco Fuentes y Guzman, the author gives some information about a sorcerer who on arrest was examined as to the manner of assigning the proper *nagual* to a child. When informed of the day of its birth, he presented himself at the house of the parents, and taking the child outside invoked the demon. He then produced a little calendar which had against each day a picture of a certain animal or object. Thus in the *nagual* calendar for January, the first day of the month was represented by a lion, the second by a snake, the eighth by a rabbit, the fourteenth by a toad, the nineteenth by a jaguar, and so on. The invocation over, the *nagual* of the child would appear under the form of the animal or object set opposite its birthday in the calendar. The sorcerer then addressed certain prayers to the *nagual*, requesting it to protect the child, and told the mother to take it daily to the same spot, where its *nagual* would appear to it, and would finally accompany it through life. Some of the worshippers of this cult had the power of transforming themselves into the *nagual*, just as the witches of mediæval Europe were able to turn themselves into

certain animals. Thomas Gage, an English Catholic who acted as priest among the Maya of Guatemala about 1630, describes in his *New Survey of the West Indies* the supposed metamorphosis of two chiefs of neighbouring tribes, and the mortal combat in which they engaged, which resulted in the death of one of them. But a Nagualist of power was by no means confined to a single transformation, and was capable of taking on many and varied shapes. Speaking of one of the great magician-kings of the Kiche of Guatemala, the *Popol Vuh*, a wonderful native book, states that Gucumatz, the sorcerer-monarch in question, could transform himself into a serpent, an eagle, a tiger, and even into lower forms of life. Many of the confessions of the natives to the Catholic priests remind one forcibly of those which were discovered by the European witch trials of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus an old man in his dying confession declared that by diabolical art he had transformed himself into his *nagual*, and a young girl of twelve confessed that the Nagualists had transformed her into a bird, and that in one of her nocturnal flights she had rested on the roof of the very house in which the parish priest resided.

It is strange that a religion despised and discredited and forced into dark and remote places of hiding should almost invariably assume the complexion of magic. Indeed, the religion of an alien or conquered race usually seems to have a magical significance to its conquerors. It is also remarkable that on entering into this subterranean phase it takes on a new lease of life, growing stronger and more hardy the more it is assailed; just as Druidism was strengthened by being driven into the remote island of Anglesey, where it speedily took on the colour of pure magic, so Nagualism, driven into the caves and wild places of Mexico and Yucatan, became so powerful locally as to baffle the most intense watchfulness of the Spanish priesthood. It is easy to understand that when vengeance becomes the main object of a people, the higher elements of their national faith become neglected, and those which they believe will assist them against the hated oppressor occupy their attention more fully. So Nagualism, or the magical part of the Mexican religion, flourished apace, in contradistinction to its more exalted tenets, becoming ever more firmly established as time advanced. Thus when the Austrian traveller, Dr. Scherzer, visited Guatemala in 1854 he found the Nagualist system in full force in the more remote districts, and there is every reason to believe that it flourishes there at the present day.

But metamorphosis and prophecy were not the only magical weapons of the Nagualists. Their arts were manifold. They could render themselves invisible and walk unseen among their enemies. They could transport themselves to distant places, and returning, report what they had witnessed. Like the fakirs of India, they could create before the eyes of the spectator rivers, trees, houses, animals and other objects. They could to all appearance rip themselves open, cut a limb from the body of another person and replace it, and pierce themselves with knives without bleeding. They could handle venomous serpents and not be bitten, cause mysterious sounds in the air, hypnotize both persons and animals, and invoke visible and invisible spirits, which would instantly appear. Needless to say, they were regarded by the natives with a mixture of terror and respect.

The details of the ceremonies and doctrines of Nagualism have never been fully revealed, and it is only from scattered passages in the writings of the Spanish colonists that we can throw any light on this mysterious magical system. One of the most remarkable features in connexion with this brotherhood was the exalted position it assigned to women. It is, of course, a circumstance well known to students of occultism that the religion of a discredited and conquered race very frequently has to fall back upon the services of women, either as priests or conservators of its mysteries. This may become necessary through the decimation of the male portion of the race, or because of their constant warfare with those who threaten to overrun their territory. Does this account for the genesis of witchcraft as being almost a purely female manifestation? Be this as it may, the Nagualists appear, like similar confraternities, to have admitted women to their most esoteric degrees, and even occasionally advanced them to the very highest posts in the organization. Pascual de Andagoya states out of his own knowledge that some of these female adepts were so far advanced in magical knowledge as to be able to be in two places at once, as much as a league and a half apart. Repeated references to powerful enchantresses are discovered in the Spanish-American writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Acosta, in his *Natural and Moral History of the Indies*, speaks of a certain Coamizagual, queen of Cerquin in Honduras, who was deeply versed in all occult science, and who at the close of her earthly career rose to heaven in the form of a beautiful bird, in the midst of a terrible thunderstorm. Jacinto de la Serna says that the Nagualists were taught the art of transforming themselves into animal forms by a mighty

enchantress called Quilaztli. Such a dread being it was who when Pedro de Alvarado was marching through Guatemala in 1524, took her stand at the summit of a pass with her familiar in the shape of a dog to prevent his approach by spells and nagualistic incantations. In 1713, too, an Indian girl known to the Spaniards as Maria Candelaria headed a revolt of 70,000 Nagualists, over whom she had the power of life and death. After a revolt characterized by the most merciless brutality she succeeded in making her escape into the forest. Mr. E. G. Squier, travelling in Central America, about the third quarter of the nineteenth century, met a woman called by the Indians Asukia, who lived amid the ruins of an old Maya temple. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg encountered another such witch in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, who was dressed in the most magnificent manner. He described her as a person of the most fascinating appearance. Her eyes, he says, were intensely bright, but there were moments when they became fixed and dead like those of a corpse. Was it, he asks, a momentary absence of soul, an absorption of her spirit into its *nagual?*

These facts seem sufficient for the establishment of the hypothesis that Nagualism was not merely a belief in a guardian spirit. From other sources we know that the Nagualists had meetings, the dances and ceremonies which remind one of the Witches' Sabbath, and there is little doubt that it was a powerful secret organization extending over a wide area, bound together by mystic rites and necromantic and occult doctrines. In such a short sketch as the foregoing only the surface of the subject can be presented, but it may serve to show that, like other communities boasting an ancient civilization, Mexico possessed a well-defined system of magical science, a system which yet survives in regions where the European lords of the soil have not yet succeeded in penetrating.

THE PAPER MAN: A DREAM

By NEVILLE MEAKIN

BELOW the great city lay like a map, its lights glimmering faintly, the river a silver thread winding out of gloom into gloom. At first nothing was clearly seen, the parks were but spaces of blackness, the loftiest buildings only hillocks in the plain of roofs, the widest of London's thoroughfares as furrows in a field. But gradually spires, columns, and towers shot up, the streets broadened, even men became visible as ants running to and fro, each full of unknown conflicting purpose. The river appeared, vanished and reappeared, now calm and desolate, gliding between quiet banks, now full of shipping, lined with crowded docks. I had passed over it from north to south; again I was crossing, south to north, nearer and nearer at each passing.

The whirlpool of London had caught me in its swirl and was drawing me deeper and deeper into its vortex.

But whence had I come and what was I? A floating wreath of grey mist, nothing more, a being without body, filmy, formless, more impalpable than air, yet something, some one, for I thought. From some other world I had descended, some world of which I remembered nothing, not even the manner of my descent; I knew only that I had come to behold and to learn, and I surrendered myself to the eddy without fear.

Faster and faster the soundless whirlpool rushed, smaller and smaller the circles, louder and louder the noise of the streets contended with the gusty night winds that tossed the smoke hither and thither, but the eddy that swept me on knew nothing of London's mirth nor the bubbling of her tortured air. I too, being of the swirl, heard the tumult of the place of men without heeding it, saw without noting, for on a sudden a loneliness smote me, and I sought for a being like myself, who might read me the riddle of the world in which I was and the world that was below.

It seemed that other wisps of mist floated round me, differing from the eddy as white of egg formed in water differs from the water. Their shape, too, was after the fashion of an egg, but they swept by careless of my presence. I could not greet

them, perchance there was not language in their place, or perchance I had not the key. For it came to me that they were souls of men and women, dead and doomed to haunt the vortex of the whirl, while I was but a living soul brought within by chance or fate for a little space only and for an unknown end. Between them and me was a gulf fixed.

Down drew the vortex of the whirl, a blank and then stillness. I seemed to have passed the great eddy of void, though I was not of it, for still I remained bodyless, floating without motion above the pavement of a street, Piccadilly.

It was night, but yet early, neither the most crowded now nor yet the emptiest. Dowdy women of the pavement passed and repassed, men went in and out of cafés and clubs. Sometimes I thought that dark shapes of dead souls flitted below me, clinging round the women, striving to enmesh the men. I watched without attraction, without repulsion, for amid all these livng souls and their attendant spirits accursed, I found no one who seemed to me akin.

Then suddenly a strange pair attracted me. One was an artist. He carried a portfolio under his arm and walked rapidly, threading his way through the crowd homewards. He was rather over the average height, young and strong with blue eyes and a fair Vandyke beard. He wore a black velvet jacket, a soft felt hat, and a loud flaring tie, yet despite his energy and look of intellect, there was a pucker of care between his brows; he was no stranger to trouble, hopeful though his step was now.

But his companion even more than himself arrested me. Beside him walked, or rather glided, a man, or the semblance of a man. This being, if being it was, seemed the very copy of the artist, but was a shape without substance, as though fashioned of the frailest tissue paper, and within but empty air. The face was the face of the artist, but all changed. Feature and feature was the same, yet the look of power, the strength of mind, was gone. The eyes were abstracted as in contemplated adoration; the lips parted a little, as though dwelling on the memory of a kiss. A pinkish glow seemed to suffuse from within suggesting a Japanese lantern faintly illuminated by a red lamp. Perhaps the heart of this being, if heart it had, glowed with undying fire.

For a little I floated over them, watching both, the artist and the Paper Man. The artist seemed unconscious of his strange comrade, and the Paper Man of him, yet never did

they separate. Wherever the artist went, the Paper Man slid on beside him, without ever turning his head, following without effort of will, wrapped forever in his very dream. I noticed, too that no one seemed to perceive the Paper Man.

Who, what was the Paper Man? Was he a phantom that I alone could behold, and why did he cling thus to the artist, a shadow yet not a shadow. I was consumed by the passion to know; but how?

The thought came to me that I myself was even less material than the Paper Man, that I could pass whither I would, through even the midst of men. I hovered over the artist, from him, through him, still baffled in my attempt to find the mystery.

Then shaking myself, as it were, into a cloud of unseen vapour I descended upon the artist, enveloping him. But he felt nothing. I willed to enter within him, and, gathering together, I absorbed myself within his body; but still he knew nothing, felt nothing. As a sponge holds water he held me all ignorantly. What his ears heard, his eyes saw, his mind thought, planned and willed, all was clear to me as the page of a printed book; I could read his inmost soul.

But over his doings I had no control, and my own senses remained my own thoughts, my own will. The sponge and the water are in one place, but not one. The first thing that I learned was that the artist did not perceive the Paper Man; that I saw, and watched he taught the artist nothing. He carried me and my question unheeding. He held in himself the answer, that I understood; and I vowed to remain till I found the truth.

I abandoned watching the streets and even the Paper Man, and watched instead the thoughts within my careless heart. I read that he was poor, that the struggle was hard, but that to-night a dealer had given him hope. He was to sell a few pictures, to get a commission for others. He saw bright prospects, built castles in Spain, and was bringing his dreams to his wife.

He walked on, and I watched all his thoughts. Once he stopped at a flower-girl's appeal. She offered him a dark rose for his sweetheart. The Paper Man stood by dimly illuminated, gazing ever at that vision wonderful. The artist bought the rose.

Quick was his mind, full of many fancies lightly started, but all moved inwards to one centre, the thought of the woman whom he loved. Long or short, straight or crooked the course, she was the bourne.

He lodged in a mean street, at the very top of the house. The staircase was dingy, unlit; but it was the stair of paradise to him. He ran up lightly, and by his side slid ever the Paper Man.

The attic formed his studio, I perceived, and also the chief living-room. The door was in the narrow side; in the opposite angle a small fireplace with a hob, to the right of which was an old armchair. A wooden stool, bearing a litter of chalks and rags, stood in the corner where the roof sloped down. Overhead were glass windows, none in the walls. His easel and a stock of paints were behind the armchair; a few Turkish rugs relieved the bare boards; a helmet and shield glittered over the mantel-shelf, on which stood a meerschaum and a tin of Latakia.

In the midst of the room was a deal table with two places laid. Some sausages were frying over the tiny fire. Evidently with bread and cheese they were the entire meal. But the woman who was cooking it was the object of his thoughts, and at that I did not wonder. Her dress might be cheap, ill-fitting, even slatternly, that could only make her beauty seem out of its true sphere, but have no power to dim it. She stood up facing him as he came to kiss her. But to me it seemed that her lips were cold, the wealth of her red brown hair that glowed in the firelight held no warmth for him.

He gave her the rose with a lover's speech and gesture. She accepted it indifferently with some muttered word about waste. Then they sat down to their supper, and he told her of his hopes.

Meanwhile the Paper Man had entered with us, and was near. He had not changed, only he seemed to look ever towards the woman, as did the artist himself. She did not see him, that I understood. Only once he altered, yet it might have been but a fancy. For when she received her husband's gift so hardly, I knew that there was a chill in the artist's heart, and I looked at the Paper Man. I thought that the glow within him seemed to flicker for an instant, and again I wondered what he was, what was the hidden meaning that with all my power I could not read aright.

The artist had gained a little money, a very little, for some of his sketches, and he built for her his castles in Spain. They were not new to me, I but dwelt in his body and watched the woman. She listened, saying little. She needed few words, for her beauty spoke for her.

But I noticed certain things. He talked of the days when fame should come and wealth, when she would not need to toil, hurting her hands and making her fingers rough that should wear other jewels than the plain gold ring. At this her eyes, dark dreamy eyes, kindled a little, and she smiled sleepily.

What the artist did not see, I saw. It was not only work that made her fingers rough, the one blemish on her loveliness. Fair was her face, shapely her form, but the soul within had shown one trace of its true self without.

Afterwards he went over to the fire, sat in the armchair, filled the meerschaum with his tobacco and smoked. Beside him, in the corner on the wooden stool that was covered with the litter of the craft, sat the Paper Man, pinkly luminous, staring at his rosy dream, smiling his never-changing, child-like smile. They were happy, that strange pair, man and shadow, man and wraith; but wraith of what? They were happy, that was all I knew; and the artist's busy brains were bright pictures while the Paper Man dreamt of him.

Within the artist's body I turned to look behind him, towards the table where the woman was clearing the supper. I saw her counting over the few coins he had gained and given her. She pocketed them with a shrug, ungracefully. Then she looked at his unconscious back. Her face grew hard, stony with contempt; she despised him.

But he did not know, and still the Paper Man smiled like a child that nestles against his mother's bosom.

So in that attic studio we dwelt together—he, she, and I, and that other, the Paper Man. I knew too well their hearts, and only one thing was hid from me. She knew too, but nothing of my presence nor of the other's, and he nought at all. And the Paper Man existed unchanging, following his lord. Knowledge could never be his, that I understood, though not yet understanding why.

I stayed to learn. Their history was simple: a young artist, a beautiful model; a man with ideas, a woman with ambitions; he wedding for love below his class, she marrying that some day she might be raised above hers; poverty and struggle following. It was a common tale, yet a romance to him that might have been a poem for both, but she had no liking to make it so. From her nought fair could be born, by her dwelt nothing, not even so fragile a being as the Paper Man. Was she the cause, I wondered, that he was so frail, in all his mimicry to substance

so nigh to nought. Could I have feared or sorrowed I had trembled for his life, if life he had, when I saw the hardness of her face. But without human body as I was, a sojourner in another's form, I had but the passion, the desire, to know.

Time passed. How long I do not know, for having no needs of the flesh, the change of day and night, the round of little earthly needs, had no claim upon me, and there was no call for me to count the passing hours. The Paper Man, too, ate not, nor slept, remaining ever the same, lost in beatitude. Yet sometimes I thought that he grew frailer, and that the glow within him sometimes failed. But it was only for an instant, when such things chanced as the giving of the rose.

Time passed, but brought no fortune to the artist. Sometimes he painted furiously, his brain creating noble things, which he dared not attempt, for he needed money, and must work to sell. He wrought in black and white and sought vainly to find a buyer; he tried to teach his craft, but he was married and could get no post. Still he had one hope, in the dealer who had spoken him fair before I became his unknown guest. Of his failure he told her nothing; but she knew. And ever accompanied him the Paper Man. Surely, though his face never changed, surely he grew more frail.

One by one the Turkish rugs disappeared. He suffered, but she took the money, and while he smoked over the fire, would eye him with ever deepening contempt. I saw, but he never saw, and on the stool in the corner smiled happily the Paper Man.

The helmet and shield went too. They were relics of his race, his forefathers had carried them in battle, and it wrung his heart to bid them go. He smoked slowly and sadly that night, but it was for her sake. All his sorrows were for her, and she took the money, saying only that he had been cheated, they were worth more. I knew too well he had been cheated, robbed, in all ways, of his due. But the Paper Man, happy in having no power to know, sat ever in his corner glimmering roseate, frailer but smiling still.

She despised him more and more, and I watched her while he stared into the fire. I knew all his thoughts now, the centre ever the same, like the Paper Man, the ceaseless planning for money, that she might not starve, one unvarying endless round. He dared not create; it wasted time. Once art had reigned, taking him into a higher world of his own making. From that

world now he shut himself out to scheme for her. He felt helpless, and he too despised himself, doubting himself. In the one test comprehended by the world, the test of making money, he was tried and found wanting, and he knew it. Yet he had still his love and trust, still his one gleam of life, still beside him the Paper Man. So he tortured himself vainly, like a beetle twirling on his pin, so ran the artist's mind. But knowing it all I watched her. A new look was in those sleepy eyes when his back was turned. She would play with her wedding ring, slipping it up and down. Hardness and scorn were in her glance, and something else, cunning.

He was starved, worn and thin, but she showed no sign of pinch or want. I turned to the Paper Man. So unsubstantial was he now that he was but the shadow of himself, the shadow of a shadow. Could nothing make him real, I wondered? Yet he smiled as of old. What was the secret of his being? Could she have made him real? I should know the answer soon.

The meerschaum had disappeared, in its place was a brier. There was no more Latakia in the jar on the mantelpiece, only shag, and she complained that it made her cough. The jar vanished too, and he ceased to smoke. On her lips, in her eyes, was that cunning craft, while the pucker of care deepened on his brow. There was no change in the face of the Paper Man.

At last came a night of rain and storm. With it came a letter from the dealer. He took it up trembling. She watched him oddly, while he tore it open, looking inside for what was not there. The note was polite, its words encouraging, but the pictures had not sold, the commission was not to be obtained. What use was it to him to be told that his work was full of promise? That was for years to come, not for now.

Then he told her, while at his side stood the Paper Man. Was I mistaken, or was there a change in that unchanging film of a face, a look in those abstracted eyes, as of one pleading for reality, for life, to be made true and no more a shadow.

The artist was speaking, slowly, brokenly, then with a rush of words the cry of a man broken on the wheel of fate, mourning not for himself, but for her whom he had brought to share his starvation and his ruin. Yet even in this depth one word, one caress from her could have lightened half his burden, healed the dumb prayer in the face of the Paper Man, that, fatuous as once it had seemed, was now tragic beyond telling.

But she only listened, mute, casting down her false eyes.

Even I, remote from all human feeling, a mind dispassionate and detached, had almost thought she would respond. And she only listened, doing nothing, cruel in her immobility, harder than the nether millstone in her calm acceptance, without pity and without reproach.

She put out a little bread, some water, and a few parings of cheese for supper, that was all. He stopped at last, and gave her one look, all his heart in it. She turned away, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders. He flung himself in his chair, before the expiring fire.

Without, the rising wind wailed like a sick child, and the rain splashed on the rattling skylights. Only a stump of a candle lit the attic, barely penetrating into the corner where lay heaped his unsold canvasses, and the nook where was wont to sit the Paper Man.

I glanced round to him. This once he had not followed the artist, but stood by the table. I beheld the woman slip off her ring. She put it on an unused plate, the artist's, and went from the room without a backward look. After her slid the Paper Man.

The fire died down, the candle burned lower, the storm raged. Water began to drip through the skylights, making little pools on the bare floor, spoiling the canvasses, beating at the litter of chalks upon the wooden stool. Want and gloom rained inside, wind and rain, and black night without, but darkest of all was the artist's soul.

He sat huddled, beyond power of thought, in numb agony. I had known that this must come to him, but the abyss was deeper than I could fathom. He knew not my presence, he had never known, and I had no comfort to offer him in this extremity of suffering. Yet I lingered, for I had yet something to learn, and here.

Gradually I began to diffuse from his body, as the water might evaporate on vapour from the sponge. I heard faint sounds, imperceptible to him; the woman moaned in their garret bedroom. After a time she descended the stairs, very quietly. The street door shut, then soon after the door of the attic studio opened, and there slid in the Paper Man. But he was changed, horribly changed. He was wet from the storm, the light had died within him; he was pallid as the phantom of a corpse, his eyes white, staring and dead. Yet still he resembled the artist, more than ever maybe, for he was ghastly as the desolation in the artist's heart.

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," etc.

PART IV

DREAM consciousness, being the next consciousness to that of the ordinary waking state, is often attained by the normal person who is not making any definite effort to walk upon the Path. Its reality is demonstrated by the fact that not infrequently the dreamer sees something which is happening to persons in whom he is interested, at the very time of the event, as though his etheric form were transported to the scene of some great tragedy in order that he may be actually present at what is taking place. There are many recorded cases of this in the chapter on "Dreams" in *Human Personality*. A remarkable instance of this kind of "dream" consciousness, in which it is clear that the inner form of the dreamer was taken far from his body, in order to witness an occurrence of deep interest, is the dream of Mr. Tapping, in connexion with Mr. Laurence Irving's death.

Mr. Tapping, stage-manager of the Kingsway Theatre, was in the provinces when the tragedy happened at which he was invisibly present. On June 2, 1914, he gave the following account of his dream :—

"Last week," he said, "we were at Sheffield, and during the early hours of Friday morning, just about the time that the *Empress of Ireland* went down, I dreamt I was one of a gathering in a handsomely appointed room, where a number of people were assembled. They were mostly gentlemen, although there seemed to be a few ladies also. Looking round the room I plainly saw Sir Henry Irving seated at a table on the right hand side.

"His face had the waxy appearance of that of a dead or dying man. The people present seemed to realize that the great actor was about to quit for ever the scenes of his triumphs, and it seemed to me that this was his farewell appearance among his friends before his final exit.

"Then all present passed in solemn procession before Sir Henry's chair, and shook him by the hand in sad farewell. Irving's face gradually

seemed to have a mist gathering on it, and his eyes were becoming dim. It was evident his strength was fast failing.

"When all the company had passed before him he rose, and, with one of those gestures we all remember so well, and in low, halting tones, as if overcome by the sympathy displayed towards him, he uttered the words, which I could hear quite plainly, 'I can endure it no longer.'

"Placing his hand on his forehead he bowed his head and disappeared, death having claimed him.

"The people then began to leave the room quickly, and when most of them had gone out I looked round again, and saw Mr. Laurence Irving, whom I had not noticed particularly during the mournful procession before his father. He was standing alone at the far end of the room. I went towards him and, stretching out my hand appealingly, exclaimed, 'Don't you see what is happening? Your father is dying. He has left us for ever.'

"The son looked past me with amazement in his eyes, and seemed for a moment as if he would collapse; but suddenly, drawing himself up and with a resolute expression on his face, he followed his father with unfaltering step.

"It was a most dramatic departure and made a deep impression on me. There was no farewell on the part of the son whose call to go seemed to come suddenly and unexpectedly.

"I did not see Miss Hackney, Laurence Irving's wife, among the company.

"On the same morning came the news of the disaster of the *Empress of Ireland*, but at that time I had no reason to suppose that Mr. Laurence Irving was on the boat. As soon as I heard the news, however, I recollected my dream and told it to the members of my company, and also to my wife, remarking that I hoped Laurence Irving and his wife were not on board.

"The dream haunted me all the day, and when it became known that they had actually sailed on the *Empress* the news quite unnerved me, as I felt certain it was a message that the young actor and his wife had perished.

"Mr. Shiel Barry, a member of the company, seeing that I was much shaken, did what he could to buck me up before I went on the stage that night."

Mr. Tapping added that when he saw in a Sheffield paper a picture of the saloon of the *Empress of Ireland*, he at once recognized it as the room of his dream, from which Laurence Irving passed out after his father, although he has never in reality seen either of the *Empress* boats."*

The record thus clearly set forth is most valuable, and the detail in it is full of interest. The part played by Sir Henry Irving can only be understood by a student of the inner life of man who knows the difficulty of returning to this external state when once it has been left behind. The hardship of assuming even the ghostly form is very great. I have been visited by the ego of a friend who had been gone some time and who much wished to communicate with me in dream consciousness. The form

* *Daily Chronicle*, June 3, 1914.

approached me, clear, plain, familiar, as Sir Henry Irving's form appeared to Mr. Tapping, and then, before a second had passed, these same words were uttered—

"I can endure it no longer."

I heard them—oh so plainly—the last words I have ever heard uttered by that familiar voice, for I never would ask again that we should meet on that plane. It must be I who bore the suffering of raising myself to a higher state of consciousness.

I understood it to mean that the ego, which had been living in a spiritual condition for several years, could not endure the constraint and harshness even of the etheric form. I knew well that it could not even approach the physical plane to give any sign of its existence. I should interpret the dream I have quoted to mean that Sir Henry Irving had come down through the planes of consciousness to meet his son, and that he endeavoured to get as near to the physical as possible. But even the condition of the etheric was unendurable, and he was compelled to leave it. This looked to the dreamer, who knew not at the time what it was he saw, like physical death. It was no doubt the final effort of the etheric form which would then disintegrate. It seems undoubtedly the case, from the many recorded instances, that this form retains its life for some such purpose as the welcoming and helping of one who is expected soon to pass through that plane.

It is not probable that the dreamer really understood what was taking place between Sir Henry Irving and the other persons who were in the room. The fact that he had no idea that this room was the saloon of the *Empress of Ireland* shows that he was not fully aware of what he was looking upon. This is one of the great difficulties we have to encounter in entering upon the inner planes. I have many times been present at crowded gatherings on inner planes of consciousness, without being able to ascertain what the actual event was that I was witnessing. It requires a conscious effort to ascertain this, which one learns to make, in the course of time. But the dreamer who was unexpectedly introduced to such a scene could not be able or prepared to do this. Sir Henry may have found it possible to comfort or encourage those among whom his errand brought him, and did so as long as he could endure the limitation of the form he had descended into.

The sight used in "dream" experiences is liable to mistake what it looks on, as the sight of a child in earth life. Experience and training are needed before the child knows that it cannot

pluck the moon from the sky. Infinitely perplexing and misleading are the sights we look upon when our eyes open upon the etheric world. But the follower of Patanjali Yoga and the disciple of Light on the Path has attained the illuminated and unerring perception of the true mystic, by reason of the complete conquest of self, the first step in the path of true Yoga, the conquest of the mind, which is explained in the *Transparent Jewel*, is that of changing the attitude of the self towards the world. The undeveloped man regards himself as the centre of the world and the one supreme object of interest and compassion. The change of view makes the man into the mystic seer, who looks no longer on himself, but on all other creatures, with love and the desire to understand the mystery of being. He sheds no tears, for his vision perceives the mystery of the crucifixion and sees how man must hang upon the cross until he can free his spirit from time and space, and the torture caused by the pairs of opposites, which control the physical world.

Death is continually freeing the spirit between the incarnations and in the moments of passing. The freed spirit can waken the mourner when the love that binds them is strong enough, and show the limiters world, " out of time, out of space." This is the greatest impetus that can be given to an incarnated human soul, and thus Death, in its incessant weeding of the earth, becomes one of the greatest factors in life.

The return of the disciple at the beginning of the Yoga, in distance of time as the adept or full disciple, having been raised by the suffering of the War to so high a plane that he can develop between the incarnations by contemplation (Patanjali and Transparent Jewel).

When the Yogin has attained self-conquest, then the power of receiving impressions which is awakened within him carries no message to the senses, these marvellous organs of action and absorption have passed through their fullness of experience in his physical body and his inner forms and he is ready to attain the hearing of the disciple. The ear of the disciple is an instrument, set, so to speak, for the use of intelligence ; the Thinker has no longer to suffer or rejoice through it, but to learn by its means. It brings amazing information, news of the doings of the whole phenomenal world, and by its aid he becomes aware of man and the spiritual possibilities of man, in a new and wondrous manner. The school of mysticism led by Eckhart in the fourteenth century had some remarkable students in its ranks. One of these, Henry Suso, developed the inner sight, and saw

angels who showed him how to look within himself. Then, after Eckhart's death he saw that "blessed Master" in what must have been one of the highest forms, either the luminous ethereal shape, or the flaming spiritual body, for it was glorious. Then Suso obtained the inner hearing, and Eckhart told him that he was in exceeding glory, that his soul was "quite transformed and made Godlike in God." He further explained to him in the mystic utterance that "words cannot tell the manner in which those persons dwell in God who have really detached themselves from the world." Thus the disciple learns of the mysteries of the spiritual life. His inner hearing admits him to the secrets of the universe; he hears the music of the spheres, the whisperings of the stars when their ruling powers speak together in the night; he hears the plants grow, he hears their Gods breathe life into them, he hears, amidst the wondrous chorus of the Universe, the cries of human joy and pain. But none of the senses of his bodies are touched by these voices; they cause him no sensation but that of adoration, for his hearing is no longer of that order which transmits sensation. He is aware of the glory of the God of this world, and of the splendour of the Supreme, and nothing can interfere with this consciousness of the majesty of life. Suffering and sorrow have fallen into their true position as a part of the duality of human life, belonging to one side of the tree of crucifixion. Therefore, though he is full of compassion he knows no grief, for he knows that Man came hither for the experience of Crucifixion. Pleasure and happiness, and the cries of joy which arise from these states, do not move him, for he knows that they also are but a part of that duality which, in itself, constitutes crucifixion.

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THE ANGELIC LEADERS

By PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

[Reprint]

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 example!* 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 any one 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, bare-headed, 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 mitt 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*.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

A PREMONITION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW the problem of "Fate *versus* Free Will" was almost like a chapter from my own experience. I make no pretensions to possessing any psychic powers, but now and then I have had premonitions, which come to me entirely of their own accord. I call them mere coincidences, for there is nothing supernatural about them. What surprises most is their actual verification in any case. Telepathy, and sometimes prevision, I think are the probable explanation.

Here is an instance of "a lucky shot." At noon, one day, about February 1, 1914, the topic of conversation happened to be concerning losses by fire. I spoke of my father and mother having twice been burned out; first, in New York State, when they lost their mahogany furniture and household linen that was carded, spun and woven for my mother's wedding outfit. Then they wished they had been insured. Years afterwards, in Vermont, the second fire occurred, and thereupon my parents built the house that still stands upon the ancestral acres.

I felt impelled to inquire, just then, of those present if their new home in Florida was insured. The answer was in the negative, with the assurance, "It's not necessary. There's no danger of fire where they are now and they are all very careful." I said, "That is all very true, but tell them to do it without delay. Do it at once. Otherwise, they will lose it within a year. It may burn down at any time." The urgent words came like a flash and it was easy to form a mental picture, for a few seconds, of what was ere long to transpire.

Nearly a year passed. Suddenly, the first Sunday morning of this new year, I seemed to hear very distinctly the excited words, "It's almost in ashes—all burning down—no hope of saving it. What shall we do?" Naturally, I thought of my prediction and wondered at it, quite incredulously. The first letter from them brought news which confirmed my impressions, or presentiments, on both occasions. Nevertheless, to me, it was most astonishing that it really did come true. I had hoped that it never would, and when I asked if they remembered what I had said that day, at the table, the reply was: "I remember that very well. I only wish we had insured it. It would have saved us $500."

Cordially yours,

JULIA F. FOSTER.

A VISION OF ANGELS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. H. Bourchier's account in your June issue, p. 329, of "a celestial group of winged angels, standing out in the sky," brought back to my memory an incident of 1907–8.

I was then staying at a *pensione* at Florence, in the oltr' Orno region. One winter's night I was writing in my room, very high up; the *pensione* being, I think, on the third or fourth floor of an old *palazzo*. I was writing, to send to London, a very long and exhaustive business letter, of a troublesome kind, taking up point after point of a matter that had become almost hopelessly embroiled through the misdoing of a trustee. Naturally such a letter made an extreme demand upon my attention, and the time fled by unperceived.

It was about 1 a.m., when the letter was finished, and before turning into bed I opened the great two-leaved Florentine window and looked out. The beautiful city lay silent, bathed in moonlight.

Just to my extreme right rose the dome of the church of San Spirito shimmering like silver in the moonbeams. And suddenly I became aware, not through my bodily eyes, but as by some inner vision, that there was a chorus of angels, of the ethereal tender beauty of one of Perugino's pictures, flying or hovering like very "birds of God" * over the gleaming dome.

In a moment the vision was gone again. Between this heavenly host and the miserable human sordidness that had necessitated my letter, how profound the spiritual abyss! Yours truly,

D.

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hubert Wales is always stimulating in his queries; but he appears to be outside the situation in his generalization that Fear of the Dead is practically universal. In your own footnote to his letter you have given a helpful clue to the mystery, i.e., in calling attention to the fact that this sensation of dread is not felt at a materializing *séance*. Let me remark, however, that I can discount, by a personal experience, this reservation—for I shall never lose remembrance of the absolute panic which came over me at a private sitting, when the late Oscar Wilde placed his hand on my shoulder.

"The sceptic," you say, "will have an answer ready" to the statement that one does NOT usually feel fear in the presence of the materialized Dead—the cynical assurance that there is nothing to fear, inasmuch as there is no supernatural presence at all!

Now the paradox of my story lies here: some months after the experience I have described, the medium, who was making a *tour de force* among Paidophils, of his Wilde "ghost," was proved to be

* "Uccelli di Dio"—*Dante*.

a fraud of the most flagrant type. Among his paraphernalia were a score of masks, robes, walking sticks, cigarette cases and even valuable manuscripts.

This man had been masquerading himself as Oscar Wilde. *Ergo:* I had sensed a craven terror of the LIVING!

Conversely, I have been compelled to meet death in the Tropics in many forms, mostly revolting. I have had a watchman murdered on one of my trading sites, and arrived, *alone*, on the scene within five minutes of the ghastly crime, moving through a darkness that could almost be felt. I have assisted on juries, where the body has had to be disembowelled. I have seen the brains of a dear friend taken away from the skull after death by sunstroke. I have witnessed two public hangings. *And I have not in these circumstances felt the physical prostration and spiritual apprehension which Mr. Wales describes.* So long as everything has been "normal" (as we count normality in these advanced days of discovery) I have recognized Death as a necessary scientific fact, reverenced it as such, and done my duty without question.

Only the other day I saw a corpse carried from the Market Place and "dumped" stark naked on the open road. No one seemed able to identify it. The police took no apparent notice—and I was horrified toward five in the evening, when cycling home from my waterside beach, to find that the body was *still* lying by the roadside. In this case, my indignation was entirely against the callous "not my palaver" attitude of the native community. The body was buried immediately.

I will make the needed concession to Mr. Wales in the matter of "hauntings." When the aura, the psychic senses, the impressionable "ego," assures the brain of a human being that he is being HAUNTED by a dead person, the strongest of nerves must give way. This is no longer an accident on the psychological plane—it might then leave the mind unshaken in its self-confidence—it has become a deliberate attempt to affright! Under such conditions, the Fear of the Dead is entirely pardonable. I have been through this experience once. I shall never forget the long, long weeks of distress and dismay, the insomnia, the physical prostration, the weariness of life, before I succeeded in laying the ghost. It was the spirit of the watchman to whom I have referred, and it seemed to be my task to influence the discovery of his murderers (three), and to bring them under the censure of their chief. They were not arraigned before the European bench, and the only explanation that I can elicit from the natives themselves is that the murder arose out of some family feud, and that the *vendetta* had been condoned!

As Wilde himself once wrote:

> He who lives more lives than one,
> More deaths than one must die!

This appears to sum up the situation—that familiarity and under-

standing will alone rob the After Life of its Terrors! Once we have all been taught to approach Death in the spirit of Love, instead of Fear, this general trepidation, in presence of the mysterious, will disappear. If we continue to neglect the study of psychology, we shall continue to demand "blind leaders of the blind" in our churches. Each of us should lead his individual life so freely, so fully, and with such hearty goodwill towards the Unknown, that the thought each night of opening one's eyes "in another world" before the sunrise of another day leaves us unafraid. Whether we specialize in the Unknown, or whether we are content to wait for revelation until the great final act has happened, we should welcome Death as the fitting Crown of a well-filled and useful career.

I shall be interested to hear further from Mr. Wales.

Yours faithfully,
JACK O'DAZI.

HALF-WAY TO THE BUSH, (Author of *The Coaster at Home.*)
ONITSHA, S. NIGERIA, WEST AFRICA.

ANNA KINGSFORD AND THE NINE MOONS OF JUPITER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As many of your readers may not have seen the monthly astronomical report in the *Daily News and Leader* of July 31 wherein a full account is given of how, when, and by which astronomers the now known nine satellites of Jupiter were discovered, there must be some to whom it will be of interest to recall the fact that Anna Kingsford, during her "Vision of Adonai," declared Jupiter to have ***nine*** moons. Speaking in trance, she said, "Here is Jupiter! It has nine moons! Yes, nine, some are exceedingly small." (See *Clothed with the Sun*, p. 282, Redway Edition.) In her time only the four moons discovered by Galileo were known to science. The fifth satellite (a quite small one) we are here told was discovered in 1892 (i.e., four years after A. K.'s death), and the ninth one only last year. The last four satellites to be discovered, it is stated, were revealed to the astronomers by means of photography.

Yours faithfully,
E. FOUNTAINE.

ASTROLOGY AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. L. J. Dickinson's letter in your August issue, I may say that up to the present I have found that to reckon the movement of the luminaries and planets clockwise, as a possible guide to past and future incarnations, is reasonable, because the extension of consciousness to such lengths back and forward is the reverse of the use to which the "ancient science" is put to in respect to the current earth life. Of course I again frankly admit that I am only

experimenting in the above at present. As a suggestion your correspondent might look at both sets of interpretations of Charubel's *Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolized* in respect to the degree before and the one after the current ascendant, the 8th and 10th of Sag. in my own case, which according to the La Volas Fera interpretation, support the knowledge I have obtained to date from various sources and personal experience, with the modification that the full 10th Sag. ascendant incarnation will not be lived until the next incarnation but one, as death in the present earth life between 47–50 will leave a little of the 9th degree karma which will militate against my surviving infancy "next time" (a matter of less than ten years' delay).

Touching on Mr. P. H. Palmer's courteous rejoinder, I would say that when I find belief is better than knowledge I will fall back to his comfortable dug-out. I see, however, that he admits some people DO KNOW in respect to occult matters, and for myself I can say that the little knowledge I have found is more stable, robust and definite than all the belief in the three planes of manifestation. A vigorous and definite teaching founded on knowledge is worth all the emotional belief and (generally sensational or even semi-vulgar) "proof" that has ever been evolved, and long as the Buddhas, the Christs, the Lâo-tszes and other great comrades KNEW, I want to be somewhere near, if I cannot be actually with them.

In regard to the *Daily Sketch* and the "reincarnation curiosity" on page 72, may I point out that in your issue for November, 1914 (page 170), I stated that even in the case of still births the ego was usually re-born of the same parents within eighteen months to twenty years? Six years in the case you state is a very fair period, even where the previous personality survived a little while.

Yours faithfully,

6 TREWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

ARTHUR M. TURNER.

KABALISM AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW my attention was drawn to the dates of the Franco-German War given by the writer of an article on the numerical deductions he made by adding the figures of the 2 years together, viz., 1870–1871, which equals 3741. He says that the 3 and 7 = 3rd of 7th month (July), and 4 and 1 = 4th of 1st month (January), hence, the 3rd of July the commencement of the War, and the end the 4th of January, adding 3 and 7 together = 10, 4 and 1 = 5, meaning that peace was signed 10th of May. This is the only date that is correct.

War was declared by Germany on France, 19th of July, 1870, not the 3rd. Paris surrendered 28th of January, 1871, not the 4th.

How does your contributor account for this?

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT J. NASH.

THE SECRET OF THE SUCCESS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—"The success of Christian Science . . . has demonstrated the illimitable power of mind over body." The above statement, appearing in your issue for August, is somewhat misleading, so I shall be glad if you will insert the following correction. Christian Science owes its success to the demonstration of divine Principle, whose eternal laws govern all that is real and eternal. The human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science. When our Master declared, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," he meant that a knowledge of the absolute or spiritual would free us from the supposititious laws of the carnal or relative. It was his knowledge of the absolute which enabled him to perform what are termed his miracles. It is just in proportion to our having the Mind which was also in Christ Jesus that we are enabled to do similar works to-day. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET,
STRAND, W.C.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Seeker gives as its frontispiece an excellent portrait of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, which will be welcome to many readers. Among its articles the place of honour is assigned, rather perilously, to some account of "A New Religious Order," over the signature of Brother Resignation. The allusion, however, is to no incorporated society, and the article is chiefly of the substance of vision, in which the Christ appears as a Divine Leper, an eternal scapegoat, a deformed, repulsive hunchback, and one clothed in lowliness. The intention is of course obvious—to remind us, "lest we forget," that the Divine Immanence is present in outcast and pariah as in the most perfect expressions of human beauty and in the royal and priestly hierarchies. There is thus a side of truth in the picture, and so also in the suggestion that God is the most homeless of all beings in His own universe—meaning so far as our realization is concerned. But we are not drawing nearer to God or His Christ by laidly forms of symbolism, and their prolific use in the present case is an offence against eternal canons. As a fact, while all images are incommensurate, all that is highest in manifestation, all that is most beautiful, are nearest forms of comparison in respect of Divine things, for it is the ugliness that is reflected from ourselves. We note, however, amidst much that belongs to the backstairs of sentiment a single admirable sentence, in which the seer tells how he gave up everything, owing to "the deadly pinch of prosperity." Drum-taps and war-notes are inevitably still with us. Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst appraises "some spiritual values of the crisis," and offers several suggestive points. He questions the encompassing night, as one who watches therein, who sees a morning coming and with it the Kingdom of God. Miss M. B. Theobald writes in continuation of her previous article, and sees the War as "the result of a wonderful spiritual descent" and "a definite attack upon the proud positions which the critical . . . intellect has held." She recommends fasting and subscription to the War Loan as aids on the part of non-combatants. She is not so good as usual. The Rev. H. E. Sampson gives a bad definition of Mysticism when he terms it "the whole teaching of the Divine Mysteries" by Jesus and the Apostles. He affirms further that the "science of ether" was "known and taught with absolute cognizance and every detail of cosmical science by the mystic

philosophers of Egypt," and that Sir Oliver Lodge is " the latest production (*sic*) of a scientific *savant*." The article is poor and perfervid, and *The Seeker* would have been enriched by its absence. Our hope has been always that the little quarterly would become the recognized exponent of mystical religion, as *The Quest* on a larger scale is that of mystical philosophy, but if this is to be the case there must be a much more rigid exclusion of the extravagant forms of Mysticism.

The last issue of *The Co-Mason* seems to illustrate the fact that one difficulty which we saw upon the threshold appears already to have crossed it. The contents are always interesting and exhibit always the care of discriminating editorship. Whatever may be thought of the claims made by the organization of which it is a spokesman, we have spoken with unstinted praise of its efforts to elucidate the history and symbolism of Masonry; but—as anticipated—the want of contributors seems bringing the research side into a state of suspension. The Notes of the Quarter which are written " from the Master's Chair," deal on the present occasion, and thoughtfully enough, with such matters as " the scheme for the restriction of the liquor trade," the problem of " the war baby," and even the administration of the Eucharist by Anglican priests to the ministers and members of other religious communities, classed usually as nonconformist; but there is only one section which finds opportunity for reference to Freemasonry, and that at a far distance. Some papers on Irish Architecture are well illustrated and informing, but they are not of the real subject. When there is an attempt to touch upon this, the " Inner Chamber of King Solomon's Temple " furnishes an opportunity to introduce a kind of Vedic pantheism and the worst definition of an " initiate " which we have yet seen. He is described as one who has (*a*) " looked into the heart of Nature," (*b*) has " sought the Supreme Secret," and (*c*) has realized and manifested the Law. An initiate is of course one who has made a good beginning and has seen the path which leads in these directions. Had he reached such a grade of attainment he would bear another title. The best thing in the number is the frontispiece, showing the position and environment of the Three Master Masons in what is called an Operative Lodge. Such an illustration of interiors would be impossible in authorized Masonry, for the Grand Lodge would intervene; but " Operative Masonry " is on its trial in respect of warrants from the past. It raises very interesting questions and may one day produce its evidence.

The Builder continues to deserve well of its readers and of the objects in view at its foundation. Precedence is claimed for Massachusetts as the first centre of Masonry in America, with Pennsylvania following closely in the track. A Provincial Grand Lodge was established in Boston so far back as June 30, 1733. The Masonic careers of Washington and Benjamin Franklin give interesting sidelights on these important historical figures. There is further a new translation of the Regulations of German *Steinmetzen*—that is, stonemasons—a document of palmary interest referred to the year 1459. . . . *The New Age* has nothing of conspicuous importance in the latest issue which has reached us, but one of its writers reminds us of certain customs which obtained in France towards the close of the eighteenth century. There was that of Masonic Baptism, usually performed upon infants or young children of either sex, and that called the Reception of a *Louvetau*, which, however, was open to male children only on attaining the minimum age of 12 years. The baptism of these led up to the later ceremony. It was not sacramental in character and did not trespass therefore upon the field of ecclesiastical rites. It secured the protection and assistance of the Lodge or Chapter on behalf of which it was performed. The earliest authority on the subject with whom we are acquainted is the French writer Clavel. The Reception of a *Louvetau* made the candidate a pupil of the Lodge and prepared him, when the time came, for regular Masonic initiation. Both observances were restricted to the children of Masons. The Rituals were reconstructed by Albert Pike in 1871, but they have not come into use and are unknown in England. The Masonic charities here and in America perform a great work for the sons and daughters of Masons who are in need of maintenance and education. From an ideal point of view something remains to be done for youth of another category, so that they might be brought within the beneficent influence of the Brotherhood in those cases where neither maintenance nor ordinary education are needed. This point is in the mind of the writer, who recalls to us the old receptions, but we question whether his proposal for an "auxiliary organization" along *Louvetau* lines is really practical, more especially if confined to the sons of Masons. Why should their daughters be left in the night outside the Lodge of the Adepts?

The Kalpaka has opened its tenth volume by a new departure in form and is appearing fortnightly as a sheet of eight pages, still dedicated to a proclamation of the banns of marriage between

Indian Mysticism, Advanced Thought and Spiritism. Unfortunately the advertisements which fill its columns, though no doubt materially important, make the reading matter exceedingly slight. The editor mentions our recent comments on its use of certain words and its culture of something called "latent light," but as they seem to have caused him diversion, we offer him only a friendly assurance that "our true intent" was all for his delight. One of the most interesting articles in the last issue—borrowed presumably from an American source—is an address by Dr. J. M. Peebles on his entrance into the 94th year of his age. The veteran spiritualist exhibits unabated vigour, and we have little doubt that his approaching century will be celebrated in due course. Meanwhile, he assures us that he has never taught preparation for death, but rather for right living. Save only in respect of his optimism we are probably at the poles asunder from most intellectual standpoints occupied by Dr. Peebles, and we are therefore the more glad to pay him in these few words our tribute of admiration. He seems to be at present in Los Angeles, but we are prepared to hear of his proceeding on yet another lecturing tour which will encompass the globe.

The Theosophist publishes a statement on the part of a native writer concerning "an esoteric organization in India" perpetuated from antiquity and giving "yogic training according to certain immemorial methods," which are "entirely mental and meditative." It appears to recognize that the time has come when the fact of its existence should be more widely known. The writer in question is therefore permitted to bring the names of candidates for training to the notice of one of the higher officers. Great occult powers are claimed for the "hierarchy," and the moral qualifications required of candidates are also high. They must be apparently residents in India. Such an intimation will create considerable interest within the theosophical circle —perhaps even without it—especially as the ancient Indian hierarchy, in the opinion of one who seems to have first-hand knowledge concerning it, belongs to "the great body of the White Brotherhood," from which—according to the writer—the leaders of the theosophical movement have always claimed to derive authority and unseen guidance. However this may be, it is a very serious thing to open doors of occult communication with unknown superiors, and in publishing the article our contemporary is no doubt wise in refraining from all comment.

REVIEWS

FLAXMAN, BLAKE, COLERIDGE, AND OTHER MEN OF GENIUS INFLUENCED BY SWEDENBORG; together with Flaxman's Allegory of the "Knight of the Blazing Cross." By H. N. Morris. 8¼ in. by 6½ in., pp. viii. + 166. London: The New Church Press, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

WERE one to attempt a catalogue of all the men of genius who have been influenced by Swedenborg, and who owe to his writings something of their inspiration, the list, if complete, would be a remarkably long one, including the names of those like Flaxman and Garth Wilkinson, who were whole-hearted disciples of the Swedish seer, as well as others, such as Blake and Emerson, whose appreciation of certain of Swedenborg's doctrines is counterbalanced by a critical attitude towards other elements of his system. Mr. Morris, however, has not attempted that task, but he gives us chapters dealing with lives and work, with special reference to their indebtedness to Swedenborg, of Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge, Hiram Powers, H. S. Sutton, Emerson, Garth Wilkinson and the Brownings. Emerson, if included at all, should have been dealt with at greater length than is the case, though, personally, I think that Coventry Patmore would have proved a more suitable subject, as owing more to Swedenborg. But as Mr. Morris says in his introduction, and as I have already indicated, "so many men of genius of the last century have been directly or indirectly influenced by Swedenborg that I have been able to make nothing more than a small selection"; so one must not be disappointed if an expected name is missed. I think, too, that Mr. Morris would have been well advised to omit the lines from Sutton's *The Drink Dragon*. They are little better than doggerel, and are likely to bring into disrepute the name of a man who could write, as other quotations show, inspired and most delightful poetry. But these are minor points, and I can only say of the book as a whole that it is in every way excellent, beautifully printed, profusely illustrated, and admirably written. In addition to the chapters already mentioned, it contains a reproduction in full of Flaxman's fine allegory, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, now published for the first time. The work consists of forty delightful drawings, in Flaxman's characteristic style, with appropriate verses; and was executed in 1796 as a present for his wife and as a symbol of his regard for and appreciation of her. It is an allegorical story of the soul's trials and triumphs, and its ultimate attainment to the heavenly state of bliss, understood as that of usefulness to others, and is a work of high mystical, as well as of high artistic, value. By its publication Mr. Morris has put every student of art and every student of mysticism under a debt of gratitude to him, and no one in either of these categories can well afford to be without this charming book.

I cannot conclude without mentioning that Mr. Morris, in his chapter on Blake, points out—for the first time, I believe—that in certain of Blake's early poems (*e.g.*, *The Lamb*) there is clear evidence of Blake's acceptance of Swedenborg's view of the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity as opposed to the orthodox trinitarian view;—a most important point for comparative mysticism in determining Blake's relation to Swedenborg.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE GOSPEL MIRACLES. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., D.D. 7½ in. by 5 in., pp. xvii + 213. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

HUME'S argument against miracles is, perhaps, the most flagrant example of a *petitio principii* seriously put forward and seriously accepted. The only evidence on which a belief in miracles can be rightly supported is empirical evidence, and it is precisely this sort of evidence of which there is an abundance. But our philosophy—our view of the cosmos as a whole—cannot but have a profound influence upon our attitude towards this evidence; and it was Hume's futile philosophy which led him to formulate the logical fallacy already referred to.

It is from the standpoint of philosophy that Dr. Illingworth here approaches the question of the miracles centering about the personality of Jesus. He is concerned not with the details—historical and literary—of the form in which the empirical evidence is preserved for us; but with the general credibility of the miracles in question as harmonizing with what we know and may believe of the universe as a whole. There is much of value in his survey of the subject. He does especially well, I think, in pointing out how easily the uniformity of nature—which persists amongst endless variety—can be explained in terms of a Will, infinitely free, yet ever striving towards one purpose. "The laws of nature," he writes, [are] "due not to the necessity of the divine nature, but to the consistency of the divine will." Less satisfactory, I think, is his treatment of the question of "the moral law," because it may seriously be questioned whether introspection, as Dr. Illingworth asserts, reveals any such law. The dictates of conscience seem to depend largely on heredity and custom, and possess no uniformity. However, that is rather a side issue. Two points that call for special commendation are (1) the suggestion that many of the Gospel miracles may be regarded as "only . . . unique or extreme instances of a process which, in the belief of Christians, is for ever going on in the normal course of the world's providential government by God," *i.e.*, as miracles of prayer, and (2) the author's insistence upon the uniqueness of the individual in the chapter on "The Value of Freedom."

H. S. REDGROVE.

HITTING THE THOUGHT-TRAIL. By Ed. Lyman Bill. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 6s. 6d. net.

THIS book contains one hundred short essays on subjects of varied and general interest, such as Fighting for Ideals, Looking for Sunlight, Playing the Game, and Quality rather than Quantity. The essays are very readable, decidedly elevating, and calculated to set the reader on the right trail in quest of essentials. The formulation of correct principles of life, the creation of ideals that are worth fighting for, the ability to hold one's own without trenching upon the rights and privileges of others, and the looking for happiness, beauty, goodness and truth as the desirable things of life, are too often advocated to form novel and attractive subjects for the general reader, and yet they are so seldom realized that the means of their attainment cannot be too clearly set forth or their importance too forcibly insisted upon. Reading religion into daily life in such form as to make it both practicable and profitable is an art which does not come easily to the average man or woman, and the way of it is seldom to be met with in literary form outside of the great Scriptures. SCRUTATOR.

THE BOOK OF THE SERPENT. By Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. $1.)

IN his clever preface to this quaint volume, Mr. Edward Wheeler remarks that he knows of no "forebears for this book," and doubts if there are any. He has "thought of Æsop's Fables and Aristophanes' Frogs, but that did not help much."

But though Mr. Wheeler would prove this most original conception by Miss Katharine Howard, "Without Antecedents" as Walt Whitman has it; if he had searched in the treasure-troves of Indian literature, he would have found something somewhat similar in the famous classical "Hitopadēsa" which was first smuggled over into English literature disguised as "Pilpay's Fables."

But, of course, even these have not Miss Howard's modern whimsicalities, her funny tricks of speech, her mingled pathos and laughter which belong to an essentially and beautifully American school of humour which produces books like those of Gellett Burgess.

The Serpent was always thinking and he was always working—making men and women, trees and apples, artists and mothers, to an appreciative audience consisting of a turtle and a grasshopper!

But the book must be read to be appreciated.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

IS DEATH THE END? By John Haynes Holmes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 378. Price 6s. net.

THERE is scarcely an aspect of the huge problem of the fate of the human soul after the body's death that is not touched upon in this extremely interesting book. The question is studied from every point of view—religious, scientific, ethical, poetical and philosophical—and the opinions of writers and thinkers of every school are quoted and compared. The work of the Society for Psychical Research, though carefully considered, is deemed to be, up to the present, "significant but inconclusive." Nevertheless, the author is far from being daunted, but forthwith carries the campaign into other and wider fields, and ends up on a note of spiritual exaltation that is stimulating to a high degree. Any who are beset by doubts as to the meaning of life and the possibility of its continuation in other worlds, will find this book a friend indeed. It is filled with the breath of hope and courage, and its inherent reasonableness cannot fail to appeal strongly to every soul which has experienced even one of those moments of illumination described by a modern writer quoted in it:—"Sometimes in the dark, sleepless solitudes of night, one ceases to be so-and-so . . . knowing oneself to be a greater than one's personal accidents, knowing oneself for Man on his planet, flying swiftly to unmeasured destinies through the starry stillness of space." E. M. M.

THE MEETING OF THE SPHERES: or, LETTERS FROM DR. COULTER. Edited by Charlotte G. Herbine. London: A. L. Humphreys, 187 Piccadilly, W. 1915. Price 7s. 6d. net.

A DISCONTENTED lady, dissatisfied with country life, once complained that "trees can't talk!" Had she read the Messages of Dr. Coulter, written and spoken, through his intermediary Charlotte G. Herbine, she would have had reason to change her opinion. In these fascinating com-

munications one learns that in the Spheres trees, fruit, flowers, rivers, lakes, even stones and many another object we earth-dwellers crudely designate "inanimate" have indeed a soul-life, vivid and continuous, and a language which is understood by the finer perceptions of the spiritual ear. Perhaps this is only a fuller realization of the magic of the lute of Orpheus. Certainly to the trained psychometrist there are "sermons in stones," and the song of the brook tells its own story.

Mrs. Herbine has received these Letters of her guide Dr. Coulter through writing and audition, for the past twenty-five years. Now that they are published in volume form they make a very interesting and valuable addition to Borderland literature. Much of the teaching is not of course altogether new, but confirms what has been given by other highly evolved spirits through other sources, in particular the writings of Swedenborg, and in Julia's letters through W. T. Stead.

Reincarnation, though many seek it, is according to Dr. Coulter by no means a necessity for every soul. The path of evolution may be followed in other ways, in other worlds, of which there are millions. It is the Law of Continuity which is absolute, and what we call death is but an episode in life. Love is the mete-wand which tests the quality of the soul. The capacity for self-abnegation is the measurement of love.

Dr. Coulter tells much of interest concerning various aspects of life in other parts of the universe, in other planets, for instance; and in the dark sphere known as The Ironworks, the abode of persons who have lived hard and loveless, though perhaps eminently respectable earth-lives; Souls, for the time being, too bad even to inhabit another physical body, though no Soul is so utterly lost as to be beyond reach of the Martyr-Love of Calvary. . . .

Of the well-known marvellous power of healing possessed by Lord Sandwich the fifteenth Letter in Mrs. Herbine's book gives some very remarkable details.

EDITH K. HARPER.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE; OR, FULLNESS OF PEACE, POWER AND PLENTY. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 6½ ins. × 4 ins., pp. xiv. +221. (Authorized Cheap Edition.) London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, W.C. Price 1s. net.

IN its own department of literature, this book, I think, holds the honourable position of being first in point of popularity, something over 400,000 copies having already been disposed of. The high estimate in which it is obviously held by public opinion is by no means undeserved. For although Mr. Trine's attitude as concerns the question of the power of mind over matter is an extreme one, approaching that of the "Christian Scientists," nevertheless what he has to say provides an excellent antidote to materialism, and if the theoretical materialism of the nineteenth century is dead, an even more deadly practical materialism is rampant to-day. Moreover, in its fine optimism, the book affects one like an exhilarating draught of some clear tonic water bubbling up from a spring in the heart of nature. "Happy and strong and conquering always to the end is he who knows the grasp of the Unseen Hand." The present cheap edition—to which the author contributes a new foreword—brings the book within the purchasing power of the slenderest purse. The format is excellent in every way. I wish it all success.

H. S. REDGROVE.