

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN further reference to the visions at Mons, the most important evidence which has reached the public so far is that appearing in the *Evening News* for September 14. The evidence was communicated to Mr. Machen by an officer who was in the retreat from Mons. This officer is described as a distinguished Lieut.-Colonel, and I understand from Mr. Machen that he is a member of a well-known army family, and has been the recipient of an honourable order of knighthood. Though he does not wish his name to be made public to the world at large, there can be no question as to the *bona fides* of the account, and the *Evening News* has confirmed the identification particulars with regard to him.

MORE EVIDENCE OF MONS PHENOMENA. Mr. Machen had written a postscript to his article concerning the alleged visions which ran as follows:—
"It is odd that nobody has come forward to testify at first hand to the most amazing event of his life." "It is this remark," wrote the officer in question, "which inclines me to write," and he proceeds to tell his own experience. It appears from his account that on August 26, 1914, he was fighting in the battle of Le Cateau. From this sanguinary engagement his division retired in good order and were marching

all the night of the 26th and during the 27th with only two hours' rest.

"On the night of the 27th," says Mr. Machen's correspondent,* "I was riding along in the column with two other officers. We had been talking and doing our best to keep from falling asleep on our horses.

"As we rode along I became conscious of the fact that, in the fields on both sides of the road along which we were marching, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen had the appearance of squadrons of cavalry, and they seemed to be riding across the fields and going in the same direction as we were going, and keeping level with us.

"The night was not very dark, and I fancied that I could see squadron upon squadron of these cavalymen quite distinctly.

"I did not say a word about it at first, but I watched them for about twenty minutes. The other two officers had stopped talking.

"At last one of them asked me if I saw anything in the fields. I then told him what I had seen. The third officer then confessed that he too had been watching these horsemen for the past twenty minutes.

"So convinced were we that they were really cavalry that, at the next halt, one of the officers took a party of men out to reconnoitre, and found no one there. The night then grew darker, and we saw no more.

"The same phenomenon was seen by many men in our column. Of course, we were all dog tired and overtaxed, but it is an extraordinary thing that the same phenomenon should be witnessed by so many different people.

"I myself am absolutely convinced that I saw these horsemen; and I feel sure that they did not exist only in my imagination. I do not attempt to explain the mystery—I only state facts."

The above evidence, which is obviously of considerable importance, does not appear in Mr. Harold Begbie's book *On the Side of the Angels*,† which claims to be a counterblast to Mr. Machen's *Bowmen*, the evidence apparently having come to light too late for insertion. Mr. Begbie, however, gives a very detailed account of another first-hand record, which I must consider, at least up to the present date, the most important statement of the kind with the exception of the lieutenant-colonel's. This is the record of a certain wounded soldier, a lance-corporal,

WHAT THE
LANCE-
CORPORAL
SAW:

who was lying, at the time the statement was made public, at an English hospital, and, in fact, was awaiting an operation, which has since been performed. Though the lance-corporal's name is not given, it is well known to a number of people who have been investigating these matters, and in particular Mr. Begbie went out of his way to have a long interview with the soldier in question. The statement was first made by him in conversation with the hospital nurse, who in return repeated

* In a letter written in pencil from the front. The envelope bears the censor's stamp.

† London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.

it to the Lady Superintendent of the Red Cross, Miss M. Courtney Wilson. This account was first given with no idea at all of its attracting public attention, but merely in casual conversation with the nurse referred to, and the narrator was a good deal surprised to learn of the publicity that had been given to it. "He is a soldier," says Mr. Begbie (quoting a friend of his who went to see him), "of many years' service, with a clean military record. I should take him to be a man of two or three and thirty. He spoke to me of his vision in a cool, calm, matter-of-fact way, as of something he had certainly seen. He made no attempt either to theorize or dogmatize about it. His whole narrative was marked by sincerity." The soldier's verbatim statement is given by Mr. Begbie, and it may be worth while reproducing it here, though it appears in an abbreviated form in my little book, *The Angel Warriors at Mons*.

"I was with my battalion in the retreat from Mons on or about August 28. The German cavalry were expected to make a charge, and we were waiting to fire and scatter them so as to enable the French cavalry who were on our right to make a dash forward. However, the German aeroplanes discovered our position and we remained where we were.

"The weather was very hot and clear, and between eight and nine o'clock in the evening I was standing with a party of nine other men on duty, and some distance on either side there were parties of ten on guard. Immediately behind us half of my battalion was on the edge of a wood resting. An officer suddenly came up to us in a state of great anxiety and asked us if we had seen anything startling [the word used was 'astonishing']. He hurried away from my ten to the next party of ten. When he had got out of sight I, who was the non-commissioned officer in charge, ordered two men to go forward out of the way of the trees in order to find out what the officer meant. The two men returned reporting that they could see no sign of any Germans; at that time we thought that the officer must be expecting a surprise attack.

"Immediately afterwards the officer came back, and taking me and some others a few yards away showed us the sky. I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighbourhood. The light became brighter and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings, the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were above the German line facing us.

"We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from other groups who also told us that they had seen the same thing. I am not a believer in such things, but I have not the slightest doubt that we really did see what I now tell you.

"I remember the day because it was a day of terrible anxiety for us. That morning the Munsters had a bad time on our right, and so had the

Scots Guards. We managed to get to the wood and there we barricaded the roads and remained in the formation I have told you. Later on the Uhlans attacked us and we drove them back with heavy loss. It was after this engagement when we were dog-tired that the vision appeared to us.

"I shall never forget it as long as I live. I lie awake in bed and picture it all as I saw it that night. Of my battalion there are now only five men alive besides myself, and I have no hope of ever getting back to the front. I have a record of fifteen years' good service, and I should be very sorry to make a fool of myself by telling a story merely to please any one."

Our author obtained further interesting information from the soldier when he went to interview him himself, especially as regards the impression that the vision made upon the other men in his regiment.

"It was very funny," he said. "We came over quiet and still. It took us that way. We didn't know what to make of it. And there we all were, looking up at those three figures, saying nothing, just wondering, when one of the chaps called out, 'God's with us!'—and that kind of loosened us. Then when we were falling in for the march, the captain said to us, 'Well, men, we can cheer up now; we've got Someone with us.' And that's just how we felt. As I tell you, we marched thirty-two miles that night, and the Germans didn't fire either rifle or cannon the whole way."

Mr. Begbie inquired of the lance-corporal if he had met any of the men who saw the vision since he had got back to England. He stated that he had only met one—a sergeant in the Scots Guards who was lying in Netley hospital, and added, "He remembers it just the same as I do." "Of course," he continued, "these chaps in here won't believe it. They think I must have dreamed it, but the sergeant in the Scots Guards could tell them. I have never seen anything like it before or since—I know very well what I saw."

It is satisfactory, I think, to find allusion made in so many Church of England pulpits to these phenomena, as it shows conclusively that the old and absurd superstition that miracles (so-called) were confined to Bible times and had ceased with the death of the last of the apostles, is now being widely rejected, even in ecclesiastical circles. Nothing tended so much to fortify scientific incredulity on the subject of Bible miracles as this unscientific attitude with regard to them, and it is the recognition of the fact that, if I may so phrase it, miracles are in reality everyday occurrences, that more than anything else is reviving our faith in many strange records of the past that have long been treated as purely legendary. Such phenomena as those recorded in the retreat from Mons, the materialist is, of course, bound to deny, for they cut at the very roots of his philosophy of life.

THE CHURCH
AND THE
"ANGELS."

It has been only too frequently the case that the Christian has joined hands with the materialist in denouncing such so-called miracles as idle tales. It is to be feared that this is still the case with a large body of so-called Christians. But that this attitude of mind is losing ground, owing to the fact that it is becoming recognized that such a sceptical attitude is equally destructive of all faith in the Bible record, is one of the more encouraging signs of genuine religious revival to which the new century bears witness.

I will adduce one more record from Mr. Begbie's book before I have done with it. It is confirmatory of other records already given, but I think it has not appeared elsewhere in print. An English lady whom our author describes as "of great energy and most practical common sense," a lady who has established a club for the British soldiers in France, and who has herself seen and heard many of the worst horrors of the war, narrated to Mr. Begbie the following incident:—

A dying soldier said to me one day, "It's a funny thing, sister, isn't it, how the Germans say we had a lot of troops behind us?" It never struck me that he was speaking of phantasms, and I simply replied by the question, quite lightly uttered, "Do they say that?" He went on to assure me that German prisoners had said, "How could we break through your line when you had all those thousands of troops behind you?" And he added, "Thousands of troops! Why, we were just a thin line of two regiments with nothing behind us." Now, I believe in a life after death, but I don't believe in angels on earth, and so I said to the soldier, "Well, it seems to me fairly easy to understand. When a man is killed, in the very thick of a fight, and with all his angry passions at white heat, I suppose his soul remains for some time on earth, and is unable to tear itself away from the battle." At this another man on the opposite side of the ward joined in, and said to me, "You're quite right, sister. I've many times heard a shot man in the trenches say to those who were looking after him, just before he died, 'Never mind, mates, I'll be there to help you!' I've heard that said many times." This man, who was a sergeant-major, afterwards told me that he had heard a British officer talking to a German prisoner, and that the prisoner talked of the crowd of troops behind the British line, saying that all the Germans had seen them.

Certainly the impression, widely prevalent among the Germans, that they were face to face with large armies when in reality they had only before them a handful of British troops, whether we are disposed to account for it miraculously or otherwise, appears to have been one of the most important facts in the turning of the tide at the most critical moment of the whole war.

In the new edition of *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, which has been entirely reset in smaller type and enlarged to

78 pp., a fresh chapter dealing with the prophecies of Lehnin and St. Malachi being incorporated, there is a revised map giving the positions of the localities alluded to in certain prophecies in reference to the predicted site of the final battle of the war. A further matter of interest in connection with the localities which appear in ancient predictions, is brought out by a letter signed "Explorer" in a recent issue of *Light*. This letter alludes to the prediction attributed to the apparition of the Jesuit martyr and patron of Poland, Andrew Bobola. The prediction is given in full detail in the new edition of *Prophecies and Omens*. Its

ANDRÉ
BOBOLA'S
PREDICTION
AND THE
PRESENT
THEATRE
OF WAR.

special interest arises from the statement attributed to the saintly apparition with regard to the territory of Pinsk. Father Korzeniecki, the monk of Wilna, readers may remember, was bidden by the saint to open the window of his cell, when he would perceive things that he had never yet seen. At this point the holy father opened his window as instructed and looking out perceived to his amazement, not the narrow garden of the convent with its surrounding wall, but immense plains stretching as far as the horizon. The apparition thereupon informed him that the scene which he saw was the territory of Pinsk where he himself had had the glory of suffering martyrdom. He then told him to look again when he would learn what he desired to know with regard to the future destiny of his oppressed country, Poland. Thereupon the Father looked out a second time, when the plain which he had already seen appeared to him suddenly covered with innumerable masses of Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian and Prussian soldiers, fighting in a horrible *mêlée* such as is seen only in the most sanguinary wars. Father Korzeniecki was puzzled to know what this scene of fearful combat had to do with the liberation of his native land. In reply to his request for an explanation, the saint rejoined: "When the war which has just been portrayed for your benefit shall have given place to peace once more, Poland will be re-established and I shall become recognized as its patron saint." In the *Daily Chronicle* of September 16 a map of the present theatre of the Eastern Campaign is reproduced. The map gives the scene of the present struggle from Riga in the extreme north to Pinsk in the extreme south. Immediately above it, quoted from the official German bulletin of September 15, is the following: "Southern Front—Army group of von Mackensen—The pursuit in the direction of Pinsk continues. The number of prisoners has increased to over 700."

The following day's report announced the occupation of Pinsk by the German-Austrian forces. It may be mentioned that Pinsk is in the Russian department of Minsk, and is between 200 and 250 miles east of Warsaw. It is not a little remarkable that after some fourteen months the war should have reached the locality alluded to by the saintly apparition. The remarkable nature of the prediction may perhaps be emphasized by the list given of the different nations fighting. Are we to anticipate that Germans and Turks will join hands and fight not merely on the same side but in the same battles, before this terrific war is over ?

The question as to the bona fides of the record is, I think, set at rest by the fact that the account of the incident which is given as having taken place in 1819 (five years after the partition of Poland) appears in a letter written from Nice in 1854 by the Polish Jesuit Père Felkierzamb to a brother Jesuit at Lyons. A copy of this letter appeared in the Italian *Civita Cattolica* of July, 1864. Thence it was copied and reproduced in the French book of prophecies, *Voix Prophétiques*, originally published in 1871, from which I took my own translation. A certain Father Thurston who has occupied his time rather unsuccessfully in holding up to ridicule the various predictions about the present war, observes in his book, *The War and the Prophets*, with regard to this prophecy: "It is certainly a curious fact that English and French soldiers should be given a prominent place in the record of such a dream or vision, and for a moment the coincidence of the Czar's declaration of liberty for Poland

A JESUIT
CRITIC. made at the beginning of the present war seems rather remarkable. Unfortunately, however, one finds on investigation that the vision first attracted

attention at the opening of the Crimean War, and this, I am afraid, offers an only too satisfactory explanation of the fact that Russians, Turks, French and English are named first among the motley armies that are seen in combat on the plains of Pinsk." Is this erudite Jesuit critic unaware of the fact that Austrians and Prussians did not fight in the Crimean War? Or is he merely mutilating the prophecy for the sake of proving his own case? Is it a case of ignorance or insincerity, which? Readers must make the choice for themselves. Perhaps, however, perversion of evidence can be justified by Jesuitical casuistry as in itself a virtue. Doubtless the outbreak of the Crimean War led to the unearthing of the prediction and to people asking themselves whether Austria and Prussia would really intervene in this war, thus leading to the fulfilment of Bobola's prediction.

Of modern novelists who have made the Devil a central figure in their romances the most familiar to the public is doubtless Marie Corelli, who, in her *Sorrows of Satan* strove to enlist the sympathies of the public in favour of her hero by representing him as accomplishing a necessary though distasteful task in the evolution of humanity—a task allotted to him by a higher power, and which one day he looked to see accomplished when a new and happier era might dawn upon the human race. In Goethe's Mephistopheles the Devil appears in another guise. He is the spirit of cynicism; for whom all pleasure is lawful and desirable, and in whose sight a conscience appears merely as a terrifying bogey, the object of which is to frighten the poor mortal away from the legitimate happiness which life is ever

DEVILS
VARIOUS.

offering to him. He himself is without heart as without conscience, and incapable of feeling remorse for the consequences of unlawful indulgence. But his pupil having taken him as his guide, and signed his pact, is unable to reap his harvest of sensuous gratification for more than a brief period, for unlike his master he has a human heart and is haunted by the consequences of his own misdeeds. Mephistopheles, then, typifies the intellectual, animal, and selfish side of man which sees nothing higher or more desirable than sense gratification, to the exclusion of the spiritual and altruistic. In Goethe's *Faust* he fails to make appeal as a hero, for he possesses nothing of the human. Faust himself, the student of occultism, is the lover, and the human interest of the play is centred entirely in his relations with Margaret.

In Milton's *Paradise Lost* Satan is *par excellence* the rebel against the divine law—a law which appears to him, not without some show of justification if we follow Milton's story, as dictated by the caprice and arbitrary self-aggrandizement of the Deity. He is in a sense the champion of democracy against despotism, and as such does not fail in a measure to win the sympathy of the reader. He only falls through the excess of his ambition. He

MILTON'S
SATAN.

falls greatly because he has dared greatly, and even in his fall he wins our admiration through his refusal to surrender and do homage to his conqueror, even in the hour of his direst extremity. The Devil, indeed, in art, in folk-lore, and in religion, has taken on many guises, and the different portraits of him with which we are familiar can hardly be regarded as representations of a single personality. To the ordinary mind of mediæval Europe, the Devil was a grotesque figure recognizable by his horns and hoofs, and almost

certainly a lineal descendant of the Roman earth-spirit Pan. The mysterious voice had indeed been heard across the sea proclaiming that "Great Pan is dead!"* but in truth he had merely changed his name with the advent of Christianity, and been christened the Devil with a big D.

I am not aware that any one before now has attempted to portray his Satanic Majesty in romance in the guise of a lover. To Mr. Brodie Innes the Devil is the Dark Master, the profound student of occultism, who is yet human enough to love a woman and to love her passionately, and who has all the magnetism and fascination required to cause himself to be loved ardently in return. In acquiring the intellectual capacities of the superman he has not forfeited the human—not at least where his own affections are concerned. We can hardly, indeed, find it in our hearts to blame Isabel for having fallen a victim to his charms. Love then is as much a dominant theme in Mr. Brodie Innes's romance † as in any of the present day novels with a strong "love interest" that are served up for the delectation of the average reader. But the book differs profoundly in this respect

A ROMANCE OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF. from all other love romances. It is a romance of the sub-conscious self, and the love episodes to be met with in its pages in spite of their vivid sense of reality all possess this singular characteristic.

The dexterity indeed with which the author transfers us from one plane of consciousness to another without our knowing it, and without the heroine herself realizing it till afterwards, is not the least noteworthy feature of this remarkable story.

As Mr. Brodie Innes's novel differs from other love romances, so does our author's Devil differ from the other Devils who have been portrayed by the masters of romance. He has neither horns nor hoofs like the mediæval Satan. He does not give away the land of his origin in the manner of Mephistopheles; nor has he Mephistopheles's indifference to the human side of the human race. He is above all things the great master of the darker side of Occultism, of Black Magic if you will; the man who has lived long; for he has the secret of the *elixir vite*, and he has devoted the long years of his life to the study of the occult secrets of nature and the occult powers that may be acquired by those who are not too proud to learn of Nature all that Nature has to teach. To the beautiful woman he is just her ideal man, but a

* Plutarch, *De Oraculorum Defectu*.

† *The Devil's Mistress*. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 6s.

man with enhanced powers and all the fascination of wisdom and experience which he has earned without forfeiting the charm of a perennial manhood in its prime.

Isabel met him first at the spot of which an illustration was given in the preceding issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. The dull monotony of a life spent out of reach of culture and the society to which her position in life entitled her, in company with a morose and unappreciative husband, to whom her intellectual and refined nature was a closed book, had rendered her existence well-nigh intolerable. Suddenly there appeared in her path that *rara avis*, a singularly handsome and cultured stranger, who showed no unwillingness to court an informal introduction. She hesitated as to whether she should so far depart from the recognized proprieties as to invite conversation with the unknown visitor. First she turned away, "then she stood irresolute, weighing and debating, her heart throbbing painfully." For she was so terribly lonely, and before her stretched the endless dreary years at the farm at Lochloy.

She trusted he had not passed, and then half hoped he had. She turned back to the road, walking slowly, as though dragged against her will, then quickening her pace almost to a run, then almost standing still, as she saw he was still there, walking towards her with the same dignified deliberate pace. Mechanically she threw back her tartan screen, the low sun at her back flamed on her bright hair. He should see her thus, she knew not why, but thus this man must see her. She looked curiously at him. He was scrupulously neat, his grey clothes fitted him perfectly, his grey stockings showed a well-turned leg and a slender ankle, bright silver buckles gleamed on his shoes, his hair was dark, and slightly touched with grey; his face was that of a student, grave and somewhat sad, but his eyes were piercingly bright with a strange magnetic attraction.

She felt weird thrills run through her limbs. He was now close to her; he raised his bonnet in courteous salutation.

"Give you good day, Mistress," he said, and his voice was low and musical. "You seem in some trouble."

"No, sir! no trouble. Only I am so lonely. So terribly lonely!"

That she should thus open her grief to a total stranger surprised herself even as she said it. But she could not think of him as a stranger.

"Nay, I cannot think so fair a lady could be lonely. Methinks you cannot know your own power."

"Power! What would I give for power! I am helpless as a poor mouse caught in a trap, and I could do so much. I am young still, and I am married, and I have never known love. Oh, why do I talk to you like this? I know what you must think of me."

"Nay, Mistress! I prithee look on me as one who has known the world for more years than I care to remember. I have known men and women, and I can sympathize. Maybe I can help. As for power, ye would use it well. A beautiful woman always has power if she will. Yet

I could teach ye more. Knowledge is power, and I have studied every science, and won power for myself, and this I can give to you if so be ye will."

"How good you are!" she murmured softly. "I never saw you before, yet I feel I trust you more than any man I ever met."

Isabel Goudie must needs renounce her baptism if the Dark Master is to give her his aid. "This foolish rite of baptism," he tells her, "repels all that is pleasant or desirable." She was baptized in the Reformed Kirk, but much against her will, and she undertakes to unsay her profession of creed with no little alacrity. A meeting is arranged for midnight at the kirk of Aulderne, when the moon is at the full, and the dark stranger undertakes that her husband shall be absent so that no obstacle may be placed in her way.

Her unknown admirer turned, and was gone, with a "Fare ye well, Mistress, until to-morrow night"; but the fateful step in Isabel Goudie's career had been taken and a glamour had entered into her existence which was to transform the dull tedium of her life and to enable her for a few brief months to live through more thrilling and exciting episodes than were the lot of the brilliant society ladies she had so long envied in vain, during the whole course of their worldly careers. For to be the Dark Master's "Queen of the Coven" was to experience a life of such thrilling excitement and adventure, and withal such intensity of delight as might scarcely even be dreamed of by mortal maid, even in her most romantic dreams. What, we may ask, were the ingredients which went to make up this brief period of delirious happiness? To analyse is impossible, but at least we can trace in its composition the delights of the most romantic love combined with the most ecstatic joy associated with the chase, and the pleasure of a beautiful woman whose life has had nothing to relieve its dull drab monotony, in finding herself loved and admired by one whose brilliance, fascination, and intellectual accomplishments are beyond all that she has dared to look for in the hero of her romance. All this in return for the renunciation of a baptism that was hateful to her, and for faithlessness to a husband before whose boorish indifference the charm of her beauty and talents was as pearls before swine. Had she, indeed, when making her choice, counted the terrible cost? One is left in doubt at the end of the story whether indeed she would have chosen otherwise had she known all. And this in spite of the fact that having learned all she ended by voluntarily making the great

■

renunciation not only of her lover, but of all that life meant for her, and eventually of life itself.

The very mystery that surrounds her lover has a fascination for Isabel. He describes himself as a poor scholar, and yet she knows he is more than this—in fact she half seems to suspect who, in reality, he is. She asks him: "Tell me, are ye truly a man as ye seem, or what are ye?"

"Ay, sweetheart" (he replies), "Truly a man, and a man to love you, for of a sooth never have I seen a woman worthier to be loved." His arm was round her as he drew her gently into the door of the courtyard of the ruin. "Nay, I doubt ye not, but ye are so strong, so great, ye are too great almost for a man."

"Not too great to be thy humble slave. All the greatness that the greatest of us men can achieve is nothing to the magic of a beautiful woman, and you are beautiful, sweetheart! Though I am strong, it is but to provide a setting worthy of so rich a jewel."

* * * * *

They were in some great hall hung with trophies and splendid ornaments, and in one corner was a heap of wondrous cushions, spread with Oriental robes and silken coverings of orange and scarlet and amber. And all the time those marvellous eyes were searching hers, and it seemed as if the whole of his being were dominating her, till she knew and desired nothing else in all the earth. Her head lay on his shoulder, her face upturned to his as she received his long, sweet shuddering kiss on her lips, and closed her eyes in an ecstasy of bliss. Then he drew her to the corner, to the pile of cushions that made a sort of divan, and it seemed to her as though all material things melted and dissolved. She was floating in a golden haze, without sense, without volition. Then consciousness itself faded, and she knew no more.

* * * * *

A cold breeze on her forehead roused her, and she opened her eyes slowly. She felt some hard, rough substance under her arms. She looked out on the familiar Sutors of Cromarty. She was leaning over a wall beside a gate on the road from Alderne to Lochloy. She had been asleep then. But how she came there she had no knowledge at all, she had no recollection of walking out. She had had a headache, and had not gone to the kirk. She must have wandered out in her sleep, and just wakened here. As she wondered, she heard voices. The folk were coming back from the kirk. She stood beside the gate, and several passed by twos and threes. Then John Gilbert came along, walking alone. Moved by some sudden impulse, she stepped out into the road and walked along beside him, thinking to tell him that her headache was better and she had come out to take the air, and to meet him. Then he turned round and said: "Was not that a fine discourse we had the day from Mr. Forbes? Indeed, I am right glad ye were there."

The two streams of Isabel Goudie's life had coalesced once more, and her consciousness had again returned to the body which all unknowingly had accompanied her husband to the service at the kirk at Alderne.

The public has almost ceased to dare to look forward to an early end to the present interminable war, and has accordingly settled down to accept the inevitable with the best grace which it may. People who predicted a three years' war, and drew attention to the fact that the Napoleonic wars lasted more than five times this period, are no longer regarded as pessimists. But it is well to bear in mind that the industrial conditions of the present age and the era of Napoleon are far different. The colossal cost of the present conflict renders it practically impossible that it should continue for a period of upwards of three years without involving the general bankruptcy of the whole Continent. For myself I still adhere to Sir William Ramsay's view that had

DURATION
OF THE
WAR.

the Government been alive to the actual needs of the situation; had it taken in hand the question of munitions at once instead of postponing the necessary action for eleven months; and had it made cotton absolute contraband at the commencement of the struggle, instead of waiting and hesitating for upwards of a year, the war would have been concluded at the latest by last June. British Governments have never been noted for their foresight, and perhaps one should not be surprised that in the present instance our rulers instead of taking the initiative have waited till the growing pressure of public opinion compelled decisive action. It is, however, not necessary to make the outlook appear blacker than it is, and the tendency at present is rather to exaggerate the difficulties of the situation than to err on the side of optimism. The prophets who were so unanimous in their predictions of the coming conflict have been neither unanimous nor successful in their predictions of its duration. The countries, as well as the sovereigns concerned in it, have been so numerous that it has been difficult to find any sure basis on which to build a forecast. In especial, looking at the matter from the astrological standpoint, the zodiacal sign ruling the German Empire is quite unknown. That England at least will take a larger and more successful share in the latter part of the conflict appears not open to dispute.

The ruling sign of England for at least a thousand years past has been recognized to be Aries, and its ruling planet Mars, and every decade that passes has added to the corroborative testimony bearing out this ancient tradition. Now, not only is Mars, the symbol of England's success, rising at the winter figure in close trine with the Sun, but about the middle of February the two benefics, Jupiter and Venus, enter the sign Aris almost at the same moment. There should therefore reach this country during the

latter half of that month news of the most gratifying nature, and between this date and June should be a period as far as England is concerned of singularly unbroken success. It may even be that before the last-named month arrives we may be well within sight of the termination of hostilities. The entry of the two benefics into England's sign is of specially good augury for King George, his own sign corresponding with that of the country, and these planets emphasizing certain favourable positions indicated in his last birthday figure. The Prime Minister's revolutionary figure dated for his last birthday equally contains the promise of coming peace, the Sun singularly enough having reached for the occasion the exact conjunction of Venus, and being in close parallel with the other benefic, Jupiter. The assistance rendered by this latter planet to the German Emperor, which came into play in his horoscope near the middle of this year, fades away with the coming winter, while the malefic rays of Saturn exercise an increasingly potent influence in his ascending sign. His birthday figure next January while showing Venus, the planet of peace, in trine aspect with Saturn, finds this latter planet posited close to the angle of the Fourth House, and in opposition to his mid-heaven—an indication long recognized by astrologers

as threatening a downfall from the position occupied. In view of the fact that in the same year Saturn arrives at the exact degree of the Kaiser's ascendant in a period of unexampled crisis, and that the same planet in his natal figure threatened him with bankruptcy and ruin, it is impossible, astrologically, to draw any other deduction than that his downfall and dethronement is very near at hand—nearer, indeed, than is generally conceived to be probable in the light of present events. If fiercer fighting should still ensue and the clouds grow darker over the Balkan Peninsula it is well to remember that the auguries are singularly propitious, if not at the moment, at least in the not far distant future.

THE
KAISER
MENACED
BY SATURN.

GHOSTS WITH A MISSION

BY ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

THOUGH ghosts are popularly credited with paying us very purposeless visits, and restricting their actions to nothing more sensible than gliding about, and tapping on walls and banging on doors, there are occasions, nevertheless, on which they have been known to have acted very differently, and to have appeared with a useful and definite object. One of the most extraordinary instances of this kind is that of the Croxford ghost,* a full account of which appeared in a pamphlet reprinted and sold by G. Henson, Printer, Bridge Street, Northampton, 1848. The case was as follows :—

In the year 1764 considerable excitement was roused in and around Northampton by sudden and startling light being thrown on the fate of a pedlar, locally known as Scottie, whose long absence from the neighbourhood had given rise to much speculation. The place where the man was supposed to have been last seen was Guilsborough, which even in those days was a village possessing a considerable population and of no little prosperity. Whilst the greater portion of it is situated on very high table-land, from which roads lead in all directions to the adjacent villages of Hollowell, Coton, Thornby and West Haddon, the other part of it lies on a decline, facing which is an eminence, called Crow Hill, leading right on to the high road—formerly the old coach road—from Northampton to Market Harborough. This road, which is even now—despite the continually increasing traffic—lonely and eerie, must have been intensely so a hundred years ago, and one can well imagine a host of evil eyed assassins lurking there and committing their atrocities with almost perfect ease and security. Indeed, one might have cried and cried again without the smallest possibility of obtaining succour. Well, it was along this road and down this hill that Scottie used to come with his pack of goods and wares weighing heavily on his back and an old oak cudgel in his hand.

Somewhere near the foot of the hill, in all probability a

* An account of this appeared some years ago in my work entitled *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*.

hundred yards or so along the bank of the stream, was a house of ill-fame called Catslo, which was owned by one Thomas Seamark, and which had long been a resort of thieves and highwaymen. In the autumn of 1763 Scottie came into Guilsborough by the Hollowell road, and after visiting his usual patrons and doing a satisfactory morning's business, was observed descending Nortoft Hill in the direction of Catslo. Whether he actually called at the house or not no one could remember, nor was that point seriously discussed, even when his unusually long absence began to attract attention. The way it all came out was as follows:—

One day in the village school the little Seamark boy quarrelled with one of his companions, and, on being kicked as a consequence, retorted in great passion that he would serve his opponent as his (Seamark's) father served Scottie. The schoolmaster happening to be standing near unnoticed overheard this remark, and emerging from his nook demanded an explanation. As the boy refused, the master locked him up, and told him he could stay there till he did as he was bid.

Dinner-time arriving, and her son not putting in an appearance, Mrs. Seamark hastened to the school, where a great surprise awaited her. Instead of finding the pedagogue alone as she had doubtless supposed, she found him in the company of several other villagers, who at once boldly taxed her with a knowledge of Scottie's fate. At first she denied knowing anything about him, but her inquisitors were so persistent that she at length gave in and confessed that one day, between Michaelmas and Christmas, 1763, Scottie had called at their house with a well-filled pack. She watched him come down Nortoft, cross the bridge over the stream and enter their yard. Her husband and three friends of his—Deacon of Spratton (Deacon was a very common name in the Midlands and one frequently associated with crime), Croxford of Brixworth, and Butlin of Guilsborough—were in the house at the time, and bidding Scottie enter at once began to ply him with questions as to the prices of his wares, and tried to beat him down. Seamark and Deacon were already suspected of various crimes, but Butlin and Croxford seem to have borne tolerably good characters; all four were skilled labourers, but were doubtless—like most of their class in those parts—boorish and ignorant. Catslo, as I have stated, was in a very isolated position, deep down in a valley between Guilsborough and Hollowell, and completely hidden from either by thick groups of rather squat-shaped trees—characteristic of Northamp-

tonshire—and by many undulations of the ground. The house owing to its unsavoury reputation was seldom visited by any of the villagers, so that in going there Scottie put himself entirely at the mercy of the occupants. There was small chance of his being able to secure aid should he want it.

According to Mrs. Seamark, all four men tried to bargain with the pedlar for some minutes, then they abused him, and all of a sudden coolly proposed murdering him. Seamark felled him to the earth, Butlin sat on his legs, Deacon lay across his face, while Croxford picking up a keen-bladed knife almost severed his head from his body. Then they stripped the corpse of its clothes and buried it, but fearing it might be found, dug it up, dissected it, and attempted to burn the pieces in a brick oven. The bones, however, not being consumed, they had no other resource than to reinter them.

This was the gist of Mrs. Seamark's statement, and in reply to the question as to why she had not confessed sooner, she added that her husband and Croxford had both threatened to kill her unless she instantly swore not to mention the affair to any one. This evidence was corroborated by the Seamark boy, who further stated he had seen dismembered hands and feet, and a light grey coat and a cane which he recognized as having belonged to Scottie.

On the strength of this information the schoolmaster and his friends told the authorities—the bones of poor Scottie were found—and Croxford, Deacon and Butlin were promptly charged with murder and arrested—Seamark had been executed some months previously for robbery on the high road. The three men were tried at the Assizes at Northampton, August 2, 1764, before Lord Chief Baron Varker, found guilty, and subsequently executed. They all died without confessing, stoutly protesting their innocence to the last, and accusing Mrs. Seamark of the grossest perjury. Deacon and Butlin were given to a Northampton surgeon for dissection, but Croxford was hung in chains on Hollowell Heath.

This is the story of the murder, the sequel is even more remarkable. The chaplain of the Northampton jail, who had been much impressed by the emphatic manner in which the three executed men protested their innocence, was sitting alone one evening—to be precise the date was August 12, 1764—in his study with the door locked, when he suddenly felt the presence of something beside him, and, on looking round, he perceived "the perfect form and appearance of a man standing

erect at a small distance from his right side." The eyes of the stranger were so lurid, his cheeks so livid, and the hand he proceeded to hold up so white and emaciated, that the chaplain recognized him as nothing human, and was at once filled with a deadly fear. Summoning up courage, however, he addressed him; whereupon the phantasm responded, and in strangely hollow but solemn tones informed him that he was the spirit of the same John Croxford who had recently been executed, and that the reason of his appearance was to affirm that all three men had been guilty, that they had been justly hanged, and that "language was too weak to describe and mortality incapable of conceiving a ten-thousandth part of their anguish and despair even at present, that though their bodies were unaffected with pain, their souls were in darkness, under all the dreadful apprehension of remaining there for eternity." This, he explained, was not only on account of the awfulness of their crime but also because of their impiety and profaneness in adjuring God by the most horrid imprecations to attest the truth of a palpable and notorious falsehood, and by wishing that their own portion in Eternity might be determined in consequence thereof. He went on to explain that they had been so impious because "while the blood of their victim was still warm, they had entered into a sacramental obligation, which they had sealed by dipping their fingers in the blood of the deceased and licking the same," thus binding themselves never to confess their deed. The chaplain then asked several questions as to the manner in which the crime was committed, to all of which he replied, finally telling him that, as a conclusive proof of his appearance, if he went to a certain spot in Guilsborough he would find there a gold ring which had belonged to the pedlar, on which were inscribed these words—"HANGED HE'LL BE WHO STEALS ME, 1745." The chaplain eagerly made a note of this, and was about to ask some more questions, when the light of the lamp on the table suddenly became normal again—the phantasm had vanished. The chaplain was overcome with emotion. Had he really been visited by an inhabitant of the Unknown World he had always been led to believe was so completely veiled from man? Had he really been listening to the voice of the long-buried Croxford? or was the whole thing a dream, merely some trick of his sight and hearing,—some curious delusion of his brain? He thought about it all night, and in order to put it to the test went on the morrow to the spot where he had noted in his memorandum book the ring was concealed. With a fast beating pulse he

commenced his search, and after a brief examination discovered the ring. It was thus proved beyond all doubt that what he had experienced in his study was nothing subjective but an actual visitation from the spirit world. A ghost had come to him, and come with a purpose. The crime had after all been brought home to the right parties—and the minds of all that had questioned the justice of the execution were for all time set at rest.

This is one of the few well-corroborated cases I have come across of a phantom not only talking intelligibly but answering questions as well.

A very curious instance of a spirit intervening in the cause of justice is that narrated by several writers in the Sixties, amongst others by Captain Spicer who gives a detailed account of the case in his work entitled *Strange Things Among Us*. The facts were as follows :—

A Mr. D——, a young Cambridge undergraduate, was staying for a few days during the Long Vacation in an hotel, in Exmouth, close to the old Exmouth and Starcross Ferry. Always tolerably quiet even during the busiest hours of the day, the hotel and its immediate environments became wrapped in the most profound silence as soon as the evening had once fairly set in, so that D—— had never any complaint to raise on the score of his slumbers being in any way disturbed. Shortly after turning into bed one night, however—and certainly before he had fallen asleep—he was immeasurably startled at hearing a loud voice, apparently from just beside his couch, exclaim, “Go down to the ferry.” Not knowing what to make of it, but attributing it to a peculiarity of his brain, which however was certainly not over-tired or excited, and which he never remembered having played him any such trick before, he was about to compose himself to go to sleep, when once again the voice spoke, and, in even more clearly defined and reverberating tones, said, “The boatman waits.” This time there was no question of imagination, and D—— at once sat up and struck a light. There was no one in the room—he was absolutely alone—nor could he hear the slightest sound of any one moving about, either in the house or in the bright moonlight space outside. “Go down to the ferry, the boatman waits.” What did it mean? Was it a message from some far-off one he knew? He had heard of such happenings before, but had—with the conceit characteristic of the majority of youths of his age and inexperience—merely pooh-poohed them. Now all was changed. A new and broader

vista suddenly opened up before him. Where it led he knew not—whence it had come he knew not.

Possessed with a strong feeling that he ought to obey, he got out of bed and dressed, and lighting a candle, crept down into the hall and out into the open and inviting night. The ferry was but a few yards distant, and on arriving there he found to his astonishment the boatman, who usually left for home the very instant it grew dark. He was beginning to say: "Why, how on earth is it you are here now?" when the man cut him short with a very surly, "Well, you've kept me waiting long enough to-night, I think. I've stopped here over an hour for you."

"What do you mean?" D—— asked.

"Mean," the man growled, "Why, didn't you tell me to be ready to take you over an hour ago?"

"It's the first I've heard of it," D—— said gently; then, in order to pacify the man, though he was longing to demand of him an explanation, he commented on the extraordinary beauty and softness of the night.

On landing he was deliberating where to go and what to do, for every place except the station was closed, and no one was about, when once again he heard the same voice say, slowly and with great emphasis, "Exeter, Exeter, Exeter." Then there was a pause, and then again with the same deliberateness, "Exeter, Exeter, Exeter." D—— hesitated no longer, but entering the station took his ticket. There was no train for some time and he did not get to Exeter till dawn. He wandered aimlessly about for some hours, until he at last saw an hotel open, when he promptly went in and ordered breakfast. The waiter who brought it him was particularly loquacious, and although D—— did not encourage him to talk, would keep on alluding to the Assizes that were being held that day in the town. At length D——, in spite of himself, grew so interested in what the man was saying that he determined to go to the Court and hear the cases. He did so, and, though the place was packed with people, managed, with extraordinary luck, to obtain a seat close to the prisoner's dock. A man belonging to the working classes was being tried for murder. The evidence was dead against him, and it seemed a foregone conclusion to every one present that he would be found guilty. He persisted in pleading his innocence, however, and observed with great earnestness, "It is impossible for me to have done it because on the day in question I was sent to mend the window sash at Mr. G.—'s house at M——. There's one gent who could prove I was there,

but I don't know where he is or where to have him looked for. Yes, I know he could prove my innocence for a particular reason that would remind him of me ; but, there, I can't help."

The words as much as the manner in which he spoke them greatly impressed D——, who looked at him closely. Good heavens ! where had he seen the man before ? Where ? Ah ! He drew in a deep breath. Ah ! he had it now. Those deep, pleading grey eyes looking so steadfastly from under the heavy bushy brows ; that rough grizzled hair ; those toil-worn hands, gnarled like the trunk of an oak. Link by link it all came back to him. Some months previously he had called to see a friend at M——, and finding him away from home had occupied himself reading a book in the library. A carpenter was doing something to one of the windows in the room, and D—— chatted with him, borrowing a pencil from him to note down some of the conversation. Though he had never given the incident another thought till now, it all returned to him with the most remarkable distinctness as he sat staring at the face before him. And he suddenly knew why. The prisoner in the dock was the man with whom he had talked—the man who had lent him the pencil. He felt in his pocket and drew out his memorandum book—and there was the entry he had made, and the date on which he had written it—and the latter tallied exactly with the date on which the accused was supposed to have committed the crime. D—— at once communicated with the judge. His evidence was taken, and the prisoner was acquitted. Thus justice was done in the end, but through what medium ? Whose was the voice—the voice that had so peremptorily sent D—— to the rescue ? It is of course impossible to say, one can only surmise it may have belonged to some one who, when on earth, was devotedly attached to the carpenter, but that it hailed from the spirit world and was nothing subjective assuredly admits of no doubt.

In the same volume Captain Spicer refers to another quite out of the common case of a ghost speaking. A young German lady put up at an hotel in Paris, and on retiring to rest was suddenly startled by perceiving the door of the room open and a young man, clad in the costume of an officer in the French Navy, enter. To make the matter more remarkable, the room, which had been in total darkness up to that moment, became brightly illuminated, the light resembling ordinary sunlight—nothing artificial. Without noticing her the young man walked up to the bed, took up the chair which she had by her side, and placing

it in the centre of the room sat down, and, pulling out a pistol, shot himself through the forehead. The room then became dark again, and a soft, sweet voice said, "Say an Ave Maria for his soul." The lady was so alarmed that she fell back on the bed in a state of catalepsy, in which condition she remained till morning. The servant who came to call her, not getting a reply, ran in a state of panic to the proprietor, and the bedroom door was finally forced, the noise made in the process frightening the young lady to such an extent that her faculties reasserted themselves, and she was able to state what had happened. As she declared she could not stay another moment in the room, she was at once transferred to another apartment, and soon after the move she received another shock. A young naval officer entered the hotel, and she at once identified him as the young man she had seen commit suicide. He asked for a room, was given the one she had just quitted, went up to it, slammed the door, and, immediately afterward, shot himself, every detail in the tragedy answering to those she had witnessed in the night.

The story soon got abroad, and among the many interested in it was the then Archbishop of Paris. Of course, if the voice had said, "Say an Ave Maria for my soul," the case might well have been considered one of projection, and the phantasm that of the living young man, who was contemplating suicide and concentrating so intensely on it that he managed to strike just the right conditions for the separation of his immaterial from his material ego, and so appeared in the spot he had chosen for the termination of his mortal career. I have experimented many times in projection—once successfully, and am quite convinced it almost entirely depends on the power of concentration. The reason why so many people fail to project themselves is because they only possess a moderate capacity for concentration; they can get so far but no farther. This is most conspicuous in the case of the people one would least suspect, namely scientists and mathematicians—their faculty for calculation has a modifying influence, a limiting effect, on their capacity to concentrate; hence, when they experiment in projection they invariably fail. Possibly, too, sympathy has much to do with this branch of the psychic, just as it has with seeing phenomena, and the scientist is not infrequently sadly deficient in sympathy; his nature is the antithesis of the spiritual. I say, then, again that the phenomenon in this instance might have been accounted for by projection, had the phantasm used the words "my soul," but as it said "his soul" this theory

becomes rather weak, and one turns to some other theory for explanation. Very possibly the phenomenon was the work of some spirit friend of the young officer, who, aware of the fate that was going to befall the latter but unable to avert it, was yet permitted to put in a word to try and mollify his future punishment. And the young lady was chosen, partly on account of her sympathetic nature, and partly because she was in full possession of the psychic faculty—she could see as well as hear phenomena,—a rare gift. That spirits do know what Destiny has in store for Man has been proved to me more than once, and there are quite a number of well-known cases where the Unknown has manifested itself with benevolent motives, though I cannot recollect an instance where the circumstances have been quite similar to the one I have just recorded—where an immaterial counterpart of the living has been made use of.

To revert again to ghosts intervening in instances of murder. No case attracted more attention than that of Dr. Samwell in 1792. It is referred to by T. Charley in his book *News from the Invisible World*. Dr. Samwell set out by coach one morning from London to Portsmouth, but owing to a slight accident did not arrive in Portsmouth till long after the scheduled time. In fact, he was so late that all the hotels in the place were shut, and he had to wander far and wide before he could find any house still open. He at length, however, obtained admittance to an inn in Portsea, and was conducted by an aged hag to an ill-ventilated room in the top of the building. Feeling very tired he quickly got into bed, and was about to blow out the light, when he saw to his alarm, standing by him, the figure of a tall man, wrapped in a shaggy great coat, wearing a slouched hat, and carrying a lantern in his hand. There was something so sinister in the appearance of the stranger that Dr. Samwell had little doubt he had come there to murder him, and being a man of unlimited courage and action he drew his sheath-knife and sprang at the intruder. To his astonishment his grasp encountered nothing, the figure had melted into thin air. Dr. Samwell knew then that what he had seen was something superphysical. He interpreted it as a warning, and putting on his clothes hastily descended the stairs and informed the old hag that some one had intruded on him, and that he considered the circumstances so suspicious that he would not sleep in the house. The woman was much upset and tried hard to persuade him to remain, but the doctor had been thoroughly alarmed, and putting on his hat went out and spent the rest of the night on the sea front. In

the morning he informed his friends what had happened, and, at their suggestion, interviewed the then mayor of Portsmouth, Sir John Carter. Sir John was greatly interested. The hotel, he said, had come under the suspicion of the local authorities for some time; certain strangers who had been observed entering the premises had never been seen to leave them, but up to the present no definite charge had been brought against the proprietors. Accompanied by his friends the doctor again visited the premises, only to find them deserted; the owners had obviously taken alarm and absconded precipitately. For some time the house remained empty, and on its being pulled down several skeletons were found in the garden, as well as in a ditch which at high tide was connected with the sea.

Now as to the phantom the doctor had seen, according to the accounts of various people with whom he got into conversation, it more closely resembled the proprietor of the hotel than any one else, and, this being so, one can theorize with a certain amount of feasibility that some friendly spirit impersonated the inn-keeper, so as to warn the doctor of the fate he might expect if he stayed all night in the place. On the other hand it might also be argued that the phantasm was the projected immaterial ego of the inn-keeper, who, at that moment, was concentrating hard on what he anticipated doing very shortly. There seems to have been no doubt at all in the minds of those who heard the doctor's story that the phenomenon was objective.

I could, if space permitted, narrate several other well-known cases illustrative of spirit intervention in instances of crime of all sorts, most generally where wills and deeds have been mislaid or lost. There is indeed a case in Clifton, Bristol, of recent date where a ghost appeared to a lady in a house not a mile from the Suspension Bridge and gave her minute directions as to how to right a wrong that had occurred with regard to some property in the East of England.

The lady obeyed the injunction, with the result that everything turned out as the apparition had said, the deeds being recovered, and the estate awarded to the rightful owner. The story is known all over Clifton, and has excellent foundation. Then, too, there are cases where ghosts have actually appeared in Court, but these I must reserve for some future occasion.

I think the cases I have already quoted are sufficient to prove my contention, namely, that the visits of ghosts are not necessarily without motive.

A RUSSIAN IDEA OF THE ANTI-CHRIST

BY EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead, the Man," etc.

"The Prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in Me."
—St. John xiv. 30.

ONE golden evening in Spring, some few years ago, five Russians—a woman and four men—talked together in a villa garden whose clustering foliage mirrored itself fitfully in the sapphire waves of the Mediterranean. They sat beneath palm-trees, drinking tea, and discussing problems of time and the hour. With Slavonic intensity and cosmopolitan breadth of view they spoke of war and peace; of the progress of the world; of the goal whither that progress tends; and, with subtle, if unconscious presage, of Anti-Christ—that dark, sinister being who, as the shadow follows the sunlight, follows the Divine Figure of the world's Redeemer.

The Anti-Christ has been variously held to mean a being who sets himself in opposition to Christ and the Christ ideal, and one who substitutes himself for the Messiah. Anti-Christ, as defined by the Russian philosopher, Vladimir Soloviev, unites these two ideas of hostility and impersonation—hostility to all conveyed by the self-abnegation of the Man of Sorrows, yet at the same time an assumption of the rôle of universal benefactor, world-ruler, and prince of peace.

Among Russian intellectuals, Soloviev, according to his biographer, ranks higher even than Tolstoy. In England his name is less familiar, and the volume representing the quintessence of his mature thought is now, for the first time, presented to the English world of letters.¹ Its appearance is especially welcome now that Briton and Slav are united, hand and heart, in a pact which has been the dream of idealists since the days of the Great Catherine. . . . Soloviev's masterpiece is written in dialogue, and four of the five characters in his *dramatis personæ*—the group in the villa garden—express the varying aspects

¹ *War, Progress, and the End of History. Including a Short Story of the Anti-Christ.* Three Discussions by Vladimir Soloviev. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. With a Biographical Notice by Dr. Hagberg Wright. London: University of London Press. Published for the University of London Press, Ltd., by Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C. Price 6s. net.

in which, at successive periods of his life, the profound spirit of this Slavonian mystic, poet, and ascetic, faced the problem of humanity's evolution "from the Cave to the Stars." The Lady is merely the sympathetic hostess, whose queries and comments evoke the different convictions of her guests. The General's outlook is that of the plain, blunt soldier, honestly glorying in the profession of Arms. With enthusiasm he describes his men as "a Christ-loving band of warriors," and stoutly maintains that half the saints in the Orthodox kalendar are either monks or soldiers. The Prince, a dilettante humanitarian, of no particular creed, abhors war, and voices the Tolstoyan doctrine of absolute non-resistance. The Politician argues that war, though at one time necessary in the formation of states, is wholly unthinkable in the present stage of civilization. The fifth debater, a certain Mr. Z., expresses Soloviev's own conclusions, when he had ceased to look for the fulness of the Kingdom upon earth, realizing that perfection is of the Spirit, and that the obstacles in our pilgrimage on this Sorrowful Star are but :

. . . the altar-steps
That slope through darkness up to God.

The worthlessness of a political Utopia based on universal material prosperity, and the hollowness of the Prince's ideals of an altruism without the living Christ, without the promise of immortality to give the charm "For Ever" to human effort, are conveyed in a short story of the Anti-Christ, read aloud by Mr. Z. when discussion had exhausted its armoury.

Soloviev, like all seers, felt the imminence of some terrific storm-cloud, but the cataclysm dreaded by him at the end of the nineteenth century was a fierce clash between Europe and Asia, in which a Pan-Mongolian invasion should possess itself of a Europe already weakened by international conflict, strikes, and an Islamic war. Therefore he pictured European nations, after half a century's enslavement, forming a colossal conspiracy, and, banding themselves together, to drive out their Yellow Ruler. He thus foretells for the twenty-first century a great democratic Federation, the United States of Europe. Psychology and metaphysics presumably keep pace with high-politics, for the historian of future ages, looking back to A.D. 2100 will be able to declare—

The problems of inner consciousness, such as the questions of life and death, the ultimate destiny of the world and mankind, made more complicated and involved by the latest researches and discoveries in the fields of psychology and physiology, these as before remained unsolved.

Only one important, though negative, result made itself apparent: it was the final bankruptcy of the materialistic theory. The notion of the universe as a system of dancing atoms, and of life as the result of mechanical accumulation of the slightest changes in material no longer satisfied a single reasoning intellect. Mankind had outgrown that phase of philosophical infancy. . . .

In such a world-setting, arises from the ranks of the people a man remarkable for extreme personal beauty, and for the brilliant and persuasive power of his pen—

He was still young, but owing to his great genius, at the age of thirty-three he already became famous as a great thinker, writer, and politician. Conscious of the great power of spirit in himself, he was always a confirmed spiritualist, and his clear intellect always showed him the truth of what one should believe in: Good, God, Messiah. In this he *believed*, but he *loved* only *himself*. He believed in God, but at the bottom of his heart he involuntarily and unconsciously preferred himself to Him. He believed in Good, but the All-seeing eye of the Eternal knew that this man would bow down before evil as soon as it bribed him—not by a deception of senses and base passions, not even by the bait of power, but only by his own unutterable self-love. . . . In a word, he considered himself to be what Christ in reality was.

In the full assurance of his growing ascendancy over public thought—which regarded him as almost a “super-man”—he waited but for the psychological moment to declare himself the “Saviour of Mankind” . . . The “pale Galilean,” who suffered death upon the Rood, was but the forerunner of one mightier, who would unite spiritual triumph with the earthly glory of the Cæsars—in other words, *himself*.

Soloviev, in pursuance of his conception of the Anti-Christ as bearing certain superficial resemblances to the recorded history of Jesus of Nazareth, imagines a scene which is baptism and temptation in one. The Voice of the Tempter promises supreme power, and the superman, yielding himself with gladness, receives his mystic baptism from the spirit of evil. From that moment superhuman energy possesses him, expressing itself in a spurious semblance of the enthusiasm of humanity. His avowed ideals are universal peace and plenty, and the strict observance of the letter of the moral law. One feels that for Soloviev this complacent theory of “human brotherhood,” based solely upon an equality of material well-being, is but an oiling of the slopes to perdition. In his own life he carried out his theories to their logical sequence, and in this at least he remained true to his earlier Tolstoyan creed.

It is not clear whether he actually foresees a time when the

reins of world government shall be in the hands of a sole Dictator, or whether he embodies his views in this dramatic form for the sake of a more tangible expression of his certainty that our highest development will never be attained in a purely earthly paradise. Of the conscious interrelation of the two worlds he seems to have a somewhat narrow idea. Magic he mistakes for spiritualism, and the downfall of his superman begins when, after assuming the imperial purple by public acclamation, he has recourse to the aid of one Apollonius, an Oriental, who is supremely versed in the science of the West and the psychism of the East. This strange being can bend even the elements to his will. The Emperor's association with the powers of darkness finally discloses his hitherto secret claim to Messiahship, and reveals him in very truth as Anti-Christ.

Among the few devout, clear-sighted folk left in the world of the twenty-first century, are three men, the leaders respectively of Greek Orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism, and German Theology. Anti-Christ having won over mankind at large by his material benefactions, seeks finally to seduce these religious leaders and effect a unity of all religions by proclaiming himself the spiritual head of a universal church on earth. But their intuition is proof against his sophistries, realizing that the diverse creeds by which the spirit of man has been nourished from its earthly infancy were as much a necessity in his evolution as was warfare in the consolidation of states, and that true spiritual unity can alone be attained in the heart of Christ the Immortal. It is touching that Soloviev makes his "Elder John," of the Orthodox Church, the first witness for the truth, the first to fling defiance in the face of Anti-Christ. May this yet be the destiny of Holy Russia? . . .

Another thinker, older than the Slav philosopher, says: "Man is like the silkworm and spins his own fate . . . The soul is not all immersed in matter; so far as it extends it feels and sees." It is this soul-consciousness which must permeate existence till the imprisoned Christ in each of us shall be liberated.

Long before his death Soloviev had ceased to be a mere Slavophile, and in place of the once-desired Kingdom of Slavonia his ideal spread its wings to the confines of all Christendom, that mystic Kingdom which is "great as the Love of God; wide as the need of man."

For a time the material forces appear to triumph; and by the magic arts of Apollonius, whom the Emperor eventually makes Pope of Rome, the latent psychic powers of humanity are stimulated and developed, which Soloviev clearly regards as evil. Magic

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for him is always black ; never white. The final overthrow of Anti-Christ is brought about by the Jews, to whom the Emperor had secretly promised to restore the Kingdom of Israel, establishing his capital at Jerusalem and declaring himself to be of their race. They accept him as their Messiah, but in time they too discover that he has deceived them. Finding himself unmasked, the Emperor, like Lucifer in his pride, suddenly declares war, and with his legions threatens to overwhelm the entire world. A united rising of Jews and Christians springs up like flame to meet the cohorts of the arch-impostor. But help from on High is at hand. The Divine Spirit works through the forces of Nature, and Anti-Christ and his millions are overwhelmed by a tremendous cataclysm of the elements, which mocks the vaunted power of human mind over matter. So ends Soloviev's dream of the overthrow of evil ; the prelude to another Dawn, when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

To the faithful a sign is then given in the heavens. A Figure of Christ is seen, with pierced hands and feet. With Him are the spirits of thousands of martyred Jews and Christians, soldiers slain in battle by Anti-Christ. Thus Soloviev foretells the ultimate unity of the Chosen People with the Gentiles, in the one Army of the living God, warring together against principalities and powers, and " spiritual wickedness in high places."*

Fantastic and sombre as is this Russian allegory, in its daring travesty of likelihood, it is the outer wrapping of deep and subtle truths. It voices the yearning questioning of to-day as to what may be yet to follow the dark night through which our world is passing. . . . May we not anticipate Soloviev's consummation by a century, and pray that the bells of some not-far-distant Christmas may ring in the thousand years of Peace.

* An incident eloquently commemorative of such potential unity is recorded in the Press as I write. A Jewish corporal of the Manchester Regiment, who won the V.C. at Ypres for assisting a wounded comrade under heavy fire, has also been awarded by the Tsar of Russia the Order of St. George—the champion knight of Christendom.—E.K.H.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

BY KATHARINE COX

SINCE the outbreak of the Great European War, which has unveiled the mysteries of the next world for so many, popular interest has been aroused, perhaps more than ever before, in the occult. Stories of strange and supernatural occurrences, heavenly visions on the battlefield—above all, the now almost world-famous story of the Angels of Mons—have been rife. Whether or no these stories are true, or only the results of the fevered imagination of wounded and dying men, I do not attempt to say, but it is difficult entirely to discredit them. After all, there is never smoke without some sort of a fire, and if it has indeed been possible for dwellers in another and happier sphere to visit this troubled earth, is it not conceivable that they should, during this time of abnormal stress and anguish through which we are passing to-day, visit us again?

It has been prophesied by more than one professor of the occult, that the end of this war will also see the end of the Kaiser's sovereignty—indeed, that the House of Hohenzollern altogether will cease to exist. Whether that ultimately comes to pass, only the future itself can reveal, but it has certainly been rumoured that the mysterious "White Lady," the apparition whose appearance is supposed to forbode death or dire misfortune to some member of the Hohenzollern family, has been particularly active of late. She is no mushroom ghost; indeed, she dates back as far as the fifteenth century, her birth having taken place somewhere between 1420 and 1430. Her mother is said to have been Catherine of Würtemberg, and her father Ulrich von Rosenberg, Lieutenant-Governor in Bohemia, and commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites.

The daughter, Lady Perchta—or Bertha—von Rosenberg, was possessed of great intelligence and beauty, and married, in the year 1449, John von Lichtenstein, a wealthy baronet in Steyermark. The marriage, which proved very unhappy, owing to the profligacy and cruelty of the husband, was at length dissolved by von Lichtenstein's death, and Lady Bertha retired to Neuhaus, where she built a castle which occupied several years in the building, to the great grievance of the townspeople. Lady Bertha, however, spoke kindly to her vassals, and consoled

them with the prospect of "sweet porridge" at the termination of their work! Her words to her workmen were as follows:—

"Work for your masters, my faithful subjects! Work! When the castle is finished, you and all your families shall be feasted with sweet porridge." And when the building at last was completed she kept her word, treating all her subjects to an excellent repast, and saying to them, at the conclusion of the dinner—"In consequence of your loyalty to your liege lord, you shall every year have such a feast as this, and thus the praise of your good conduct shall flourish in after ages."

Lady Bertha's death probably took place at the end of the fifteenth century. Her portrait is to be seen in several old Bohemian castles to this day, and she is always represented as wearing a white widow's dress, with a white veil, and it is in this costume that her apparition is clothed.

The idea prevalent amongst those who have seen the apparition of the "White Lady" is that she was of a singularly devout and religious disposition, and that it is with the object of warning them to reflect, and prepare for approaching death, that she appears to doomed members of her family. She was connected by marriage with the families of Bradenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt, and she has been frequently seen in the castles of Bayreuth, Berlin, and Karlsruhe. In addition to foreboding the death of members of the reigning family, her appearance has also occasionally foreboded the death of persons attached to the Court.

Her first appearance took place about 450 years ago, when she was seen at the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. She was at first frequently observed looking out at noon-day, from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret of the castle. She was graceful and tall of stature, and entirely white, wearing the white flowing garments and widow's veil in which her portrait was painted. Although her apparition was frequently seen, there are only two instances on record of her having spoken. A certain illustrious princess in the castle at Neuhaus was standing in her dressing-room before the looking-glass, with one of her maids-of-honour, in order to try on some article of dress, and on asking the lady-in-waiting what time it was, the White Lady suddenly emerged from behind a screen, and said "It is ten o'clock." The princess was terribly alarmed. A few weeks later, she fell ill, and died.

In December of the year 1628, The White Lady is reported to again have given utterance to speech. She appeared in Berlin—though to whom it is not recorded—and was heard to say the following words, in Latin:—"Veni, judica vivos et mortuos:

judicium mihi adhuc superest." "Come, judge the living and the dead; my judgment still awaits me."

At the castle of Berlin she was frequently seen in the years 1652 and 1653. Concerning her appearance at the castle of Karlsruhe the following anecdotes are worthy of mention:—

An illustrious lady went one summer evening at dusk, accompanied by her husband, to walk in the garden of the castle. Without the remotest thought of the White Lady in her mind, she suddenly saw the apparition, standing so near her on the path that she could distinguish her perfectly. She was terrified, and sprang to the other side of her husband, upon which the White Lady vanished. Soon afterwards, a member of the lady's family died.

The second instance was that of a gentleman attached to the Court. Walking one evening, very late, through one of the lobbies of the castle he saw the White Lady coming towards him. At first he believed it to be one of the ladies of the Court, trying to terrify him, and he therefore hastened up to the figure, in order to touch it. No sooner had he got close up to it, however, than it vanished into thin air before his eyes.

Apropos of the promise of the White Lady during her lifetime to the workpeople building her castle, and the fulfilment of the promise in the ultimate yearly feast to the poor, it is interesting to note that at Neuhaus there was, until quite recently, an old institution which provided that on Holy Thursday a feast of sweet pottage, honey and beer should be given to the poor in the courtyard of the castle. The feast concluded with the distribution of alms. For many years this custom, which no doubt originated in the White Lady's generous gift to her vassals, was religiously carried out. But when the Swedes, in the Thirty Years' War, had subdued the town and castle, they ceased this distribution of food to the poor, and the White Lady, as if to show her displeasure at such neglect of her wishes, became so violent, and caused such disturbances that the inhabitants of the castle were put to much discomfort. The guard was dispersed, beaten, and thrown to the ground by a secret power. The sentinels frequently encountered strange, supernatural figures and the officers were pulled by night out of their beds by an unseen power and dragged about the floor. Finally, the ancient custom was re-instituted, and immediately the disturbances ceased. The White Lady was appeased!

Her reappearance in this present terrible time of conflict may well indeed forebode disaster to the House of Hohenzollern!

DREAMS, PROPHETIC AND SYMBOLICAL

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE symbolical language of dreams which the Deity appears to have used in some of His revelations to man is in the highest degrees what poetry is in a lower, namely, the original natural language of man ; and we may fairly ask whether this language which here plays an inferior part be not possibly the proper language of a higher sphere, whilst we who vainly think ourselves awake, are in reality buried in a deep sleep, in which, like dreamers who imperfectly hear the voices of those around them, we occasionally apprehend a few words of the divine tongue. It is a curious thing that in this modern age there do not appear to be any persons capable of interpreting symbolical dreams as there used to be amongst the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. The gift, even then, was a rare one, and was no doubt a phase of clairvoyance. In Biblical history we find records of two notable men who rose to great eminence and power, and who were experts at the interpreting of dreams. These men, Joseph and Daniel, were in close touch with the Deity, and exhibited powers which were denied to their less gifted brethren. It was supposed that Joseph had the power of divining by means of a silver cup, in the deep reflection of which visions were mirrored and his "seeing" power concentrated. His attendants evidently thought so, as they inquired of the cup found in Benjamin's sack, "Is not this the cup by which our lord divineth?"

Daniel could not only interpret dreams, but also symbolical visions and writings, as for instance the vision of the hand which wrote strange words on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. He was described as a man in whom "was the spirit of the holy gods." Of the more notable symbolical dreams recorded in the sacred writings we may take as a good example that of St. Peter in Acts x. In the Middle Ages there were "wise" men and women who made a profession of interpreting dreams (amongst other practices) as a means of gain, but it was merely a species of

fortune telling, and they were denounced as charlatans or exponents of a branch of witchcraft, and eventually exterminated.

There is a good and bad side to everything that exists, and it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this is especially true of dreams. In the histories of the Old Testament we find many instances of prophetic dreaming, and the voice of God was chiefly heard by the prophets in sleep; seeming to establish that man is in that state more susceptible of spiritual communion, although the being thus made the special organ of the divine will may be altogether a different thing from the mere disfranchisement of the embodied spirit in ordinary cases of clear-seeing in sleep.

Profane history also furnishes us with various instances of prophetic dreaming, which it is not necessary to refer to here. It is, however, worth mentioning that the allegorical character of many of the dreams recorded in the Old Testament occasionally pervades those of the present day. With respect to this allegorical language Ennemoser remarks "that since no dreamer learns it of another and still less from those who are awake, it must be natural to all men." It is remarkable that this hieroglyphic language appears to be the same amongst all people, and that the dream interpreters of all countries construe the signs alike. For instance, the dreaming of rough seas and muddy turbulent rivers denote trouble, and the finding of money is a sign of gain and prosperity.

The following is a curious instance of a symbolical and prophetic dream.

A young woman residing in Edinburgh dreamt that she was standing at her open window and, hearing a sound below, leant out to see what it was, and in so doing dropped a ring off her finger into the street below. She thereupon went down in her night attire to seek it, but on reaching the spot was unable to find it. On returning to the house door, much vexed at her loss, she met a young man carrying loaves of bread. On expressing her surprise at finding a stranger there at such an hour, he replied that he had come to give her a ring, and then handed her the ring she had just lost. Some months afterwards she met at a party the very man she had seen in her dream, who happened to be a baker in a good way of business. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion, but a year later they met again and became engaged. He then presented her with an engagement ring, and a happy marriage followed.

Here, the ring and bread are curiously emblematic of the marriage and the occupation of the future husband.

It is said that Frederick II of Prussia dreamt, on August 16, 1769, that a star fell from heaven and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could hardly find his way through it. He mentioned the dream to his attendants, and it was afterwards found that it was at this very time that Napoleon was born.

The dreaming of coffins and funerals when a death is impending must be considered as an example of the allegorical language of dreams. Instances of this kind are numerous. The dreamer sometimes sees the body in the coffin and recognizes who is to die, or is made aware of it by seeing a funeral procession from a certain house. This faculty is particularly noticeable in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales.

Monsieur de B——, a Parisian gentleman, dreamt that he saw a tomb on which he read very distinctly the following date: June 23, 189—; there were also some initials which he could not make out. He mentioned it to his wife, and for some time they could not help dreading the recurrence of the ominous month, but several years passed and nothing happened, so the dream was forgotten. However, it was recalled on June 23, 1896, by the death of their only daughter on that date.

A Glasgow merchant dreamt that he saw a coffin bearing the name of a friend and the date of his death. A few months later he attended the funeral of that person, who had been in good health until shortly before his death. On the coffin was a plate bearing the name and date just as he had seen it in his dream.

Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent Scotch physician, relates an instance of a dream which was not only prophetic, but the symbol was actually translated into fact. It happened that in one of the Edinburgh families to which he was medical adviser, one of the sons was taken ill with a sore throat, and at the same time a sister dreamt that a watch of considerable value, which she had borrowed from a friend, had stopped; that she had then mentioned the circumstance to another sister, who replied that something worse had happened, for Charlie's breath had stopped. She then awoke in alarm and told the dream to her sister, who, to relieve her anxiety, arose and went to her brother's room and found him quietly asleep and the watch on the table by his bed going. The next night the same dream recurred, and again the brother was visited and found to be all right. The following morning as she was writing a letter in the drawing-room she

heard a scream from her brothers' room, and her sister rushed down to tell her that he had just expired. The malady had not been thought serious, but a sudden fit had unexpectedly proved fatal. Happening to glance at the watch, she saw it had stopped at the moment of his death. This case, which is established beyond all controversy, is curious in many points, especially in the acting out of the symbol.

It is said that Goethe's clock stopped at the moment of his death, and there have been other well-authenticated cases of this phenomenon.

There is a case of a lady, who, whenever a misfortune was impending, dreamt that she saw a large fish. One night she dreamt that this fish had bitten off two of her little boy's fingers. Immediately afterwards the child had two fingers cut off by a schoolfellow, who struck his hand with a hatchet.

The interpretations of the ordinary dreams familiar to most of us are amusing and interesting, if not instructive. Whether these interpretations are based on general experience, or on the inspired words of "wise" men and women handed down through the ages, it is hard to determine. As they are not generally known I will give some of them here.

"To dream of *gold*," says Ptolemy, "is a sign of poverty and distress. Gold is often an omen of sickness and sorrow, as the results of bad fortune." To dream of *money*, however, is quite different. If you dream of *finding money* it foretells sudden advancement through a prosperous business and marriage, and to find a full purse foreshadows great happiness, particularly in love. To dream of *losing* a purse foretells your own sickness.

To dream of an *open grave* is a sign of the death of some near relative or friend. If you dream it when ill your recovery is doubtful. Dreaming of *ice* is always bad. It foretells failure in trade, speculation and enterprise. Sailing on a calm lake denotes future easy and comfortable circumstances, but if the water appears muddy or rough, look out for squalls in your career. To dream you see a marriage is the sign of a death of some one you are interested in. To dream you are married is ominous of death.

To dream of *death* augurs a happy and long life. To the single it denotes an honourable and happy marriage, but to one who is ill it portends death. Travelling across a desert is a sign of a difficult and dangerous journey in the near future if you dream that the weather is dark, wet and stormy. If you see

the sun shine and the sky unclouded you will have nothing to fear.

To dream of *diamonds* is most fortunate, indicating solid and extensive wealth and the fulfilment of your wishes. *Pearls* also foretell wealth, and that, however poor you may be, you will have success in all you undertake and become a rich and great person, respected by all.

If a woman dreams that her wedding ring breaks, it foreshadows the death of her husband; if it presses on the finger and hurts, illness in the family is indicated. If some one puts a ring on your finger it indicates union with the person you love.

Dreaming of *tombs* denotes marriage, and if you are ordering your own tomb you will soon be married. To dream you are swimming with your head above water denotes great success in your undertaking, but if you sink you will have misfortunes and perhaps ruin. To dream of receiving a *legacy* denotes loss of money, disappointment and poverty. Dreaming of *eating* is unfortunate, as it portends quarrels, sickness, separations of lovers, money losses, etc.

Snakes signify cunning and inveterate enemies who are conspiring against you, and by whom you will suffer in character and estate.

Swans (white) signify wealth and happiness, but black ones domestic troubles and grief.

To dream you are ascending a steep rugged *mountain* shows a life of toil, care and sorrow, but if you reach the top, you will eventually surmount all difficulties. To dream of being on the edge of a *precipice* is a warning that you should be very careful in your present pursuits and enterprises, for they are very likely to turn out badly, and loss is certain.

To dream of *falling* from a precipice or any great height is a bad sign, as it denotes loss of property and money, and to a sailor shipwreck. Should you reach the bottom it may mean death.

"Dreaming of a *garden* full of flowers and fruits is a very fortunate omen," says Franximus. "I have seen persons rise and become independent after it, merchants do good business, farmers have weighty crops, sailors pleasant voyages, and lovers crown themselves with rosebuds."

Receiving a *letter* in your dream sometimes indicates presents or the reception of unexpected news from a person you have not heard of for years.

Floating on calm water is a very fortunate dream, denoting long life, good health and happiness; but if you sink it is misery,

poverty and ill health. A dream of taking a long journey to a distant country means a great change in your circumstances.

These few examples of average dreams and their meanings will suffice to show the " language of dreams " in its more mundane phases. In such dreams there is nothing of the dignity and sublimity of those of the prophets and seers. They merely refer to the commonplace incidents of our earth life. It is a notable fact that very few people ever dream of what is spiritual and sublime.

Once admitted that the body is but the temporary dwelling of an immaterial spirit, the machine through which and by which in its normal states the spirit alone can manifest itself, there can be no difficulty in conceiving that in certain conditions of that body (as in dreams and trance) their relations may be modified, and that the spirit may perceive by its own inherent faculty without the aid of its material vehicle ; and as this condition of the body arises from causes purely physical, we see at once why the revelations frequently regard such unimportant events, and thus trivial dreams of a prophetic nature can be explained. As an instance of this kind of dream (trivial and purposeless) I once dreamt that I was standing looking out of a window, just after breakfast (at a house we lived in when I was a boy), when I saw a wood-pigeon on a branch of a large pine tree in the garden, and I thereupon took my gun (I had just learnt to shoot), and with boyish eagerness, went out and shot the poor bird.

The following morning I had forgotten the dream, but after breakfast I was standing looking out of the very window of my dream, when I saw a wood-pigeon settle on the tree I had dreamt of, and on the very same bough, and I then took my gun, hurried out, and shot it. Curiously enough I did not remember my dream till afterwards. The dream was so distinct that I saw every detail, even to the exact bough the bird perched on.

Though always a great dreamer, I must confess I have never had a remarkable dream, nor have I ever dreamt of anything of a spiritual or sublime nature, but only of trivial events ; travelling in beautiful countries, climbing mountains and sailing on rivers and seas. It is always nature in my dreams, whilst the general trend of my thoughts in my waking state is towards the Supernatural and Occult.

With respect to dreaming, Dr. Ennemoser (the great authority on the subject) rejects the physiological theory which maintains that in sleep the activity of the brain is transferred to the ganglionic system, and that the former falls into a subordinate relation.

“Dreaming,” he says, “is the gradual awakening of activity in the organs of imagination, whereby the presentation of sensuous objects to the spirit, which had been discontinued in profound sleep—is resumed”—and further adds: “Dreaming also arises from the secret activity of the spirit in the innermost sensuous organs of the brain, busying the fancy with subjective sensuous images, the objective conscious day-life giving place to the creative dominion of the poetical genius, to which night becomes day, and universal nature its theatre of action; and thus the super-sensuous or transcendent nature of the spirit becomes more manifest in dreaming than in the waking state.”

HINDU MARRIAGE AND ITS IDEALS

BY HARENDRA N. MAITRA

FEW people who live out of touch with Hindu social ideals know anything of the real significance of Hindu marriage. When the Aryans entered into the land of their adoption, lying at the foot of the Himalayas, they had the influence of the abundance of nature—the highest mountain ranges and the mightiest rivers—the mighty sombre jungles, perhaps the grandest in the world—the wide expanse of the heavenly horizon—to assist them to develop a system of social idealism which has since been equalled by few, surpassed by none.

Hindu marriage is not based upon *contract*. The Hindu does not go to a registry office for the tying of the marriage knot. His social customs and religious ideals have sanctified this institution. The Hindu never marries the body—he marries the soul. He believes in a man-soul and a woman-soul, and he believes in his own *moksha* (salvation) and the *moksha* of the human race by bringing these two sides of human nature into a common unity. And whenever there has been this union of souls there has always been true happiness—even in poverty.

The match is arranged by the father or mother—or in their absence the guardian—of the bride and bridegroom—who have themselves very little voice in the matter. The main idea is that the bride must become a member of the family of the bridegroom—which includes the father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt—and a host of others. Separation from the family at marriage has never been a characteristic of Hindu family life. The husband or wife must remain in the family, which will become the school wherein he and she will learn the lessons of patience and perseverance and above all the crowning glory of human life which is the life of renunciation. In fact, the married life of a Hindu leads him to renounce the world in the strictest sense when the time comes for him to retire to the forests for the higher realization of life—the liberation of the soul from the bondage of the world.

It is considered that if every man and woman is allowed to marry any one they choose, it is bad for Society. Therefore

some one who knows the two families and is versed in their family history, is sent to different parts of the country in search of a suitable match. At last he returns with the tidings of a worthy match, to the delight of the parents and perhaps also of the bride.

The young bride listens from a distance—sometimes hiding behind the door—sometimes passing by pretending to take something to her father or the *ghatak* who are engaged in the conversation. She hears and gives her silent consent. But she is invariably bashful. She cannot protest sufficiently.

Then there comes the Mogul *nahabat* and the village musicians. The day is fixed according to astrological conditions and to the various Hindu symbols for the purification of life. The two also try to unite themselves by means of symbols with the universe—man and the animals—the heavenly bodies and all the kingdoms of nature.

These preparations go on for about one month in the homes of both bride and bridegroom. All the relations are invited and exchange greetings. If the respective parents are in a position to do so, they distribute delicacies to the neighbours.

Thus approaches the very day of the union of the two. On that day the bridegroom comes from his distant home to the bride's house together with his father, uncle, or brother and a number of other relations, also the family priest, the family barber, and the family servant. They all come to the house of the parents of the bride, and are always received with great honour. A separate house is generally given to those who come with the bridegroom. At the exact moment fixed, the procession of relations and friends, with music and torches, enters the house of the bride's father.

A separate place has already been set apart in the courtyard of the house, where the marriage ceremony actually takes place. Four banana trees make the quadrangle. Inside are a pitcher of water and some mango leaves, and there sits the bridegroom dressed in beautifully coloured cloth, and the family priest. Then comes the bride sitting on a plank of wood carried by four relations or friends, who place her in front of the bridegroom.

The ceremony is begun with many greetings. Then the father of the bride makes his offer to the bridegroom; taking a plate full of flowers, sandal-perfume and rose-water in his right hand, he says to the bridegroom: "Accept this *arghyam*"; and thus amidst joy and sorrow—sorrow on the part of the parents and relations of the bride at the parting—rings are exchanged and the two are united. While the priest chants Vedic *mantras*, the

bridegroom takes the right hand of the bride in his own right hand, and then round their hands the priest twines a pretty flower garland and ties the love-knot. The bridegroom and the bride then utter in Sanskrit their respective promises that they take each other in prosperity and adversity, in happiness and misery, in health and sickness as one united, and the priest utters the *mantras* of union, in the words of which he exhorts them "Be not entangled in the meshes of earthly fascination; let not wordly pleasure and prosperity make you forget the Giver of all pleasures." So is that drama enacted whose spirit is so well expressed in the famous verse—

Four eyes met. There were changes in two souls.
And now I cannot remember whether he is a man and I a woman,
Or he a woman and I a man. All I know is
There were two: Love came, and there is one . . .

A day or two after the marriage, all the neighbours are invited to the family ceremony at the bridegroom's house, where, under a big *samiana*, the ceremony of *bowbhat*, or the formal reception of the bride into the family of the bridegroom, is performed. In this ceremony the bride distributes rice to the guests as they sit together to eat according to the Hindu custom.

As the bride leaves her own home she is reminded of the many noble examples of Hindu legend, and is exhorted to be like *Sita* and like *Savitri*.

As for *Savitri*, to this day
Her name is named when couples wed;
And to the bride the parents say:
"Be thou like her in heart and head."

Thus the two become one for humanity. Their home they try to make the house of God. The home of a Hindu is not his castle, but his temple. There, with his beloved wife whom he calls *Sahadharmini*, he serves his nation and his race.

His home is not a castle for the simple reason that he does not think of enemies. Thus the idealism of the Hindu passes from generation to generation. Society may have been to a certain extent corrupted by outside influences, yet the Hindu race may yet realize their dream-ideals. The Mogul *nahabat* will be played many a time, and through this music and the ancient Vedic ceremony the Hindu will be initiated into the conception of love and renunciation.

To a Hindu the ceremony of marriage is a symbol and will remain a symbol—a means to an end. It is one step upon the ladder—a step towards the understanding of humanity.

ANGELS

By WM. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., S.M., Etc.

THE existence of Angels is asserted by almost all religions, and both the old Hebrew sacred books and the New Testament contain many references to it and to the powers and actions of angelic beings in their heavenly abodes, and also of their concern in the affairs of this world and of its inhabitants.

The French word *ange*, the German *engel* and our English word "angel" have been derived from the New Testament word *angelos*, spelled *aggelos* (in Greek the double gamma = *g* was and is pronounced "ng"). Almost all the New Testament was written in Greek originally, except perhaps the Gospel of St. Matthew, which some consider to have been composed in the Hebrew or Aramaic Chaldee language.

The word angel originally meant a messenger, and so the Christian idea of an Angel is that of a pure spiritual being dwelling in the Divine Abode, who may be sent by God the Creator and Ruler of the World to give instruction to Man or to carry out some work on exceptional occasions and by supra-human power. Inasmuch as Angels are in our Bible stated to have been on notable occasions seen by human eyes, their voices heard by men, and to have done actions with material objects, it is clear that some more or less material body or vehicle was used by them, at any rate when they visited earth in Hebrew and early Christian times. This does not necessarily imply that the bodies used were of flesh and blood as are ours, but only that these spirits were, for the moment at any rate, clothed with a sufficiently condensed sort of matter to be appreciable by our senses, and dense enough to produce visible results on this present material plane of human existence.

Some Christian authors have assumed that in addition to the original Angels in Heaven there are others who have attained to the status of Angel after having passed through human lives of eminent purity here on earth, and may perhaps have been canonized as Saints by the authority of the Christian Church.

The Christian Religion teaches that certain of the original Angels were guilty of sin and rebellion, the result of pride, and

were in ages past cast out from Heaven by Jehovah, together with their great leader who is known by the name of the Devil or Satan, and that they have ever since dwelt in the nether-world of Hell, whence as Fallen Angels they issue upon the wicked work of tempting human mortals to sin. There are also authors who allege that men of great wickedness on earth pass after death to Hell and become additional evil spirits or devils. Some theologians have also taught that God created men to fill in Heaven the places of the Fallen Angels, some in each Angelic order.

In the Old Testament of the Hebrews the word MLAK, (Melach), translated Angel, seems in some instances to have been applied to a Divine visitant who was almost a manifestation of Jehovah himself, as in Genesis xxxi. 13, where the Angel of God said to Jacob, "I am the God of Bethel." Note also Exodus iii., where God appears to Moses in a burning bush, but is at first called an Angel. In other instances, as in Genesis xvi., the Angel appears to Hagar, and is a messenger only, and there are many other instances in which Angels are sent by God to carry messages and do his pleasure. The Old Testament refers also to other spiritual divine beings under the names of Cherubim in Genesis iii. 24; Sons of God, Genesis vi. 2; Sons of the Mighty, Psalm xxix. 1; Seraphim, Isaiah vi.; Watchers, Daniel iv. 13; and the "Host of Jehovah," Joshua v. 14. Archangels and Chief Princes are named in Daniel x. 13 and xii. 1; and in the Apocryphal Book of Tobit.

It is also recorded that Angels were seen in dream visions to descend from Heaven and to re-ascend, Genesis xxviii. 12; and this is also promised by Jesus in St. John's Gospel (i. 51).

In the Apocryphal Book of Tobit there is a mention in cap. xii. 15 of the Angel Raphael, who says "I am one of the seven holy Angels," and four other references to him are found in the same book.

The New Testament has many more allusions to the powers and works of the Angels, but Jesus himself did *not* say that they interfered in human affairs. He said that they "always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Paul, however, suggests that they were so related to man, and in 1 Cor. vi. 3 he asks the remarkable question: "Do ye not know ye (men) shall judge angels?" The Book of Revelation is crowded with allusions to Angels, chiefly as symbols of power, or the powers of nature. Jesus makes a reference to the idea of the possession by men of guardian angels, for angels rejoice over a

repentant sinner (Luke xv. 10). We may note also that when Peter, having escaped from prison, knocked at the door of Mary, the people within, thinking it could not possibly be Peter, said "It is his angel." Paul, in the Epistle to the Colossians (ii. 18), forbids the worshipping of angels. There are many statements of the visits of angels to Zacharias, Mary and the Shepherds in the first and second chapters of St. Luke's Gospel; Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God, being specially mentioned.

In Revelation vii. 1, we read of Angels at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds: this ideal was very prominent in all the mediæval mystic and occult knowledge of the Kabalists and Rosicrucians, and in their magical rituals. They were named Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel, and corresponded also to Fire, Water, Air and Earth, and to the Lion, Eagle, Man and Ox, and to Mark, John, Matthew and Luke. In Hebrew traditions these four angels were said to be Archangels, who stood around the Throne of Jehovah; in the Book of Jude this Michael is called the Archangel who contended with the Devil, and in Thessalonians we read that the Lord shall descend at the Last Judgment with the voice of an Archangel.

The sect of the Sadducees in the time of Jesus rejected the popular ideas regarding Angels.

The Fathers of the Christian Church have held very various views of the functions of Angels. Some have considered that their interference with human affairs has been limited to the instances related in the Scriptures recognized as canonical, while others have affirmed that Angels are in constant action in this world, guiding and guarding men, cities, nations and churches. The Archangel Michael is considered the guardian of the Catholic Church.

Gregory the Great imagined that the existence of Angels preceded the creation of our world, while Augustine had it that they were designed on the first day of creation. The Second Synod of Nice postulated an ethereal body for the Angels as a vehicle for their spiritual actions; this was in A.D. 787: it decreed that Angel worship *iatreia* was an error, but that *douleia* service was permissible. In the curious tract called "The Shepherd of Hermas" (probable date A.D. 150), it is asserted that each man has a good and a bad angel concerned in his life, and this was also a Kabalistic tenet. St. Ambrose recommended the invocation of Angels, and a system of dedicating churches to Angels grew up and has never been condemned by any Church authority. Certain of the Church Fathers have taught that from the time

of baptism every one has a guardian angel until his death. St. John Damascene speaks of Angels as "intellectual beings, ever in motion, having free will, incorporeal, ministering to God, of an immortal nature, the form and limit of whose being the Creator alone knoweth."

The earliest notable extant Christian work concerning Angels was the "Hierarchia Cælestis" of Dionysius the Areopagite, who lived in the sixteenth century. His classification into nine Choirs in three Orders was no doubt based upon Kabalistic lore. He specifies in the highest Order—Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones; secondly Dominations, Princes and Powers; and thirdly Virtues, Archangels and Angels.

The Jews, while nominally restricted in their theology to the Old Testament books, were at all times much influenced in their beliefs by the additional teachings of the Rabbis, whose views have come down to us in the volumes called the "Talmud," the Mishnah and Gemara, and the Targums or Commentaries; while the more learned of the Jewish philosophers also relied on the collection of treatises which demonstrate the Kabalah, a system of philosophy which taught in a special manner the relations which they considered to exist between God (IHVH—Jehovah) and the universe, which has sprung from his creative word. These books disclose a vast and complex system of Angels both good and bad. Some are related by the Rabbis to the sun, moon and stars, others to the earth, heaven and hell, and others again to man and to the Hebrew race.

Many of the Rabbis have also taught the presence of two angelic guardians to each individual man. It is a very curious fact that the Jews, who are bound by the Old Testament to respect it as the complete statement of the relations of God to man, and bound in a more dogmatic manner than are the worshippers of any other religion by their sacred books, should yet have accumulated such a vast mass of legendary and traditional theological teaching.

To consider now the Hebrew Rabbinic notions which have no support among the Christian teachers. Rabbi Jochanan says Angels were created on the second day. Rabbi Chanina allots them to the fifth day of creation. Rabbi Bechai asserts that Angels are of an ephemeral nature, created from the river Dinor, a stream of fire, and perishing daily except Michael and Gabriel, Metatron and Sandalphon, who remain in glory and whose names are never changed.

In the work of Bartolucci, I 267, are given the following

names as of the classes of Angels according to the teaching of the most learned of the Rabbis: Chaioth Hakodesh, Ophanim, Arelim, Chashmalim, Seraphim, Melakim, Elohim, Beni Elohim, Cherubim and Ishim.

Seven firmaments are described by name as their several dwelling-places.

It is also stated (see the Talmudic "Erubin") that God consulted the Angels as to whether man should be created, that opinions differed and that the majority were against his creation. "Bereshith Rabba" adds that God then made Adam without their knowledge, after which the Angels agreed that as man had been created, it was his duty to be virtuous.

In "Jalcut Chadash," it is stated that there is nothing in the world which has not its Angel, by whose words and laws it is directed.

In the "Aur Chadash" we are told that each man has a guardian Angel—Mashal, who repeats to God in Heaven the prayers of the man here below: also that Achtariel, Metatron and Sandalphon in the realm above weave garlands of human prayers, but only of such as have been made in the Hebrew tongue.

One quaint dogma on Angels said that "No angel carries two messages," presumably not two at once.

Metatron is the highest angel before God and specially represents his power: he it was who led the Israelites out of Egypt; for God has said, My Name is in him. This is explained by the methods of Gematria and Temura thus,—Shadai, Almighty, is SH=300, D=4, I=10, total 314; and Metatron is M=40, T=9, T=9, R=200, V=6 and N=50, total 314, and thus they are symbolically related.

Of the evil angels there are also numerous details found in the Rabbinic tracts. The Talmud says:—Six things are declared concerning demons. They have three points in common with men, and three with ministering angels. They eat and drink, propagate and die like men. They have wings, they fly and they know future events like the angels (*Codex Chagiga*, cap. 2, page 16). The names of several female demons are commonly noted; Lilith, said to have been Adam's first wife, Naamah and Agrath.

Samael is the chief male demon; he has many of the characteristics of the Christian Satan; he is often called the Angel of Death, but it was alleged that he had no power over true Hebrews. The proper abode of demons is Gai Hinnon, and there are seven

portions in hell, each part named and having its special qualities and inhabitants.

In Chaldea the Angels were called Igigi, that is, spirits of heaven, and are related to the Ribu, the Divine Princes. The Lower Ea, the Demiurgos or World Maker (the reflection of Ea—Divine Wisdom), gave names and assigned duties to them. Angels were associated with birds, and the home of angels was poetically called the "Birds' Nest."

Zoroaster, the teacher of ancient Persia whose faith is now only held by the Parsees of India, appears to have taught the existence of Spirits or Angels who were at man's disposition for intercession with God. Among the ancient Persians there was an idea that each man had five Angel guards; the first at his right hand to write his good actions, a second at his left hand to record his sins, a third before him to show the correct path, a fourth behind him to ward off the attacks of evil powers, and the fifth above and before his face to sustain his aspirations.

The Siamese recognize seven orders of angels; they are related to the planets and have guardian powers over cities and men.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Moslems, refers to angels as being the personal attendants upon Allah; it is said that these spiritual beings were created from elemental fire, that they need neither food nor drink and have no sex. They ask forgiveness for the sins of men: two angels are allotted to each man, one being at his right and one at his left hand recording his actions; so regardful were they of man's fate, that they deferred a decision upon any act of conduct which was evil, until after he had slept, and if on awaking he repented of his sin, no bad entry was made upon his record.

The angel Rhazwan (goodwill) is said to preside over Paradise, and Malik over Hell. Two particular angels examine each man at death, allowing him to rest in peace if he confesses that Allah alone is God and Mohammed his Prophet, otherwise the deceased is to be beaten and torn by evil demons.

The Moslems believe in the existence and duties of Michael, Gabriel, Azrael the Angel of Death, and of Israfil the Angel who is to sound the last trumpet.

Upon the monuments and in the papyri of ancient Egypt there is no definite mention of angels as spiritual messengers, unless we consider the many minor deities to be such. These were inferior to the great Gods, were deemed to be spiritual beings, had definite earthly duties allotted to them, and were many of them considered to be representatives and restricted forms of

the gods of the upper and nether worlds. Every god, minor deity and each man was believed to have a sort of spiritual companion or *alter ego* the *Ka*, perhaps an angelic guardian.

The old Arabian author Murtadi gives the legend that the Pyramids each had a guardian genius of angelic type, and that the Great Pyramid is held by a beautiful female demon who, however, drove mad every man who saw her. The spirit of the Second Pyramid was a Nubian carrying a basket on his head and a censer in his hands.

The pagan faiths of ancient Greece taught the existence of higher beings as guardians of their cities and sacred places, and they conceived spiritual and incorporeal personalities as presiding over seas, mountains and forests, and as rulers of the elemental forces of the Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Special groups of such unseen spiritual elementals, with rulers of definite personality, were believed in and were addressed by name, and these were often worshipped and propitiated by ceremonies, offerings, libations and incense.

In ancient Roman civilization the divinities were largely thought of as beings of an angelic nature and function rather than as gods, because they were deemed to be under the control of a few higher deities such as Jove and Saturn. The Romans also believed in the *Genius loci*, or Guardian of the Threshold, and in the *Lares publici*, *Penates*, and *Lares domestici*, angels of the home.

The original Rosicrucians of mediæval Europe and their successors through recent centuries have declared the existence of angelic beings of a more refined nature than man, who are concerned in the regulation of the forces of nature, of the planetary powers, of the Zodiacal stars, and especially of the four elemental states. They peopled all our woods and waters, our air and fire with invisible living beings each under separate personal rule. These latter they did not worship, but consider them as capable of being propitiated by learned men, and the inferiors among them as being subject, under certain conditions, to mastery by the Magician. Hence arose the system of practical magic, which has been the aim of so many students who have sacrificed the ordinary pleasures of the world to the aim of wonder-working, and to the hope of attaining intercourse with such superhuman beings for enlightenment and knowledge with power.

The Rosicrucians also referred to the evil spiritual angels who tempt man to sin, and those are apt to attack and injure

man if he be not protected by his own goodness. Ceremonial magic was largely concerned in banishing these evil personalities.

Simple goodness in thought and action were declared to protect men against such evil beings in ordinary life, while sin and intoxication expose man to their attacks, which may cause death or disease.

The Rosicrucians further taught that when the occultist, leaving the ordinary duties of life, voluntarily entered the astral world around him by his magical processes, he attracted the influence of evil spirits as well as of good angels, and hence it was necessary to pass through a long and arduous study of occult science before any such experiments were permitted. Adeptship learned the safe methods of magical procedure, and true Adepts will only teach real students of discretion and virtue. It is alleged that many self-taught occultists have injured their health and wealth by experiments they have been in no way qualified to perform. That many pseudo-magicians have come to fatal endings seems clear from old histories and from modern experience. Ceremonial magic should be avoided by students, for even if this occult explanation of the risks involved be but visionary, yet experience seems to show that mental and even bodily evils have been observed, by no means rarely, to follow unbalanced attempts to rife the secrets of nature in search of personal gain.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. O'Dazi's interesting letter in main part is scarcely relevant to my point. It concludes with a reference to the fear of death. This, as you pointed out in your note to my letter, may be connected with the fear of the dead, but it is not the same thing; and, moreover, the reason for its existence is obvious. The rest of the letter, though most interesting for its side light upon the life of a European in the African Bush, has even less bearing upon the subject. The fear—or, more correctly, the repugnance—which one feels when the body, living or dead, is mutilated, is quite distinct from the point I raised. But the fact that Mr. O'Dazi's nerves are in such an excellent state that he could witness without flinching the revolting scenes he describes, makes only the more remarkable his admission that he experienced an "absolute panic" on one occasion when he supposed himself to be in the presence of a dead man. The fact that he was mistaken in his impression and that the man was, in fact, living, makes no difference: his fear was of the dead. A crow sees a scarecrow, but fears a man; it has no fear of a scarecrow when it knows what it is. In my case, also, the fear was suffered under a misapprehension, for the woman I saw was living; but it was strong enough, in the few moments that the illusion lasted, to beget *The Thirty Days*.

A previous correspondent, Miss Umlin, supplied some interesting historical data, showing that the fear of the dead can be traced back to primitive times, but offered no explanation of it. You yourself say that the fear is not experienced at a materialization. I have never been present at one, or at any séance where the presence of the dead has been definitely and unquestionably manifested in any way, so I can only cautiously comment upon your statement; but I cannot help having a suspicion that the sitters may deceive themselves about their own emotions, or, more probably, that their fear may be cloaked by the excitement of the moment, just as the fear of death is submerged by the excitement of battle.

I suggest, for what the suggestion may be worth—I have no im-

movable faith in it—that the object of this fear, as of every other kind of fear, is protection. I have noticed that, whenever any one proposes to enter deeply upon occult investigation, he or she is invariably and very seriously warned of the *danger* involved. Is it to be supposed that the fear, which every one feels, and the danger, which those in a position to know say does, in fact, exist, are unconnected? May it not be that the fear is an instinctive withdrawal from a real danger, though its nature is hidden? I suggest, in brief, that the fear of the dead is the guardian of the veil, which a few may lift safely, but which the uninstructed crowd may not.

Yours faithfully,
HUBERT WALES.

THE LONG HOUSE,
HINDHEAD, SURREY.

THE TEACHING OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Tennant rightly corrects a loose statement about “the illimitable power of mind over body.” It is really high time that exaggerations which are nothing short of grotesque in their absurdity should be discountenanced in favour of a more rational statement of actual facts which are capable of demonstration. The power of mind over body is an indisputable fact, but to claim that it is illimitable is absurd. Indeed, to be strictly accurate, the power of mind over body is extremely limited, and is entirely governed by another factor which has nothing to do with mind beyond acting as the bond of union between two extremes. I refer to vitality or life, without which mind can do nothing.

It is a common mistake to suppose that mind acts directly upon the physical organism. It does nothing of the kind. It cannot even remotely affect the body unless vitality is present. It is this subtle spirit of life which is the agent in all phenomena, good or bad, curative or destructive. A dead body, that is, an organism in which there is no nerve-force, cannot respond in any manner to mind unless nerve-force is able to penetrate the nerve-centres.

The cardinal mistake of Mrs. Eddy is failure to discriminate between two different things—mind and the spirit of life. Mr. Tennant in his letter falls into the same error. His claim that Christian Science represents to a limited extent the mind which was in Jesus Christ is egregiously untrue. I am not disputing Mrs. Eddy's right to call her ideas “Christian Science,” for she could use any term she pleased, but that the success or otherwise of the Christian Science movement is due to resemblance to the practice and teaching of Jesus Christ, I deny most emphatically. Indeed, it would be hard to find two such fundamentally opposite types as Jesus Christ and Mrs. Eddy, as will be admitted from the following considerations.

1. Mrs. Eddy declares that "no intellectual proficiency is required in the learner" of Christian Science. Jesus Christ appeals to the intellect or understanding first and foremost, and frequently rebukes his disciples for want of understanding.

2. Mrs. Eddy gives out that "animal magnetism has no scientific principle. As used in Christian Science, animal magnetism is the specific term for error or mortal mind." Personally, I do not like the term "animal magnetism" for many reasons preferring the simple expression nerve-force or nerve-energy which is a recognized physiological fact to which no valid objection can be raised. Healing by transference of nerve-force, through laying on of hands and approximation without actual contact, has been known and practised from time immemorial. We meet with many instances in the Bible. Jesus Christ Himself used various methods, all based upon the laws of action of the force in its specific manifestations.

In Luke viii. there is a pointed and unmistakeable reference to this transference. "And Jesus said, Someone hath touched Me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me." "Virtue" does not convey the correct meaning of the original, which is *dunamis*, energy or force. This is precisely identical with the theory of the old "magnetists" that force is actually transmitted from operator to patient.

With all her talk about the Bible, I question whether Mrs. Eddy was really "learned in the scriptures." If she had read the Bible as a child, she could not have studied it with real understanding, or she would not have made the amazing statement that "animal magnetism has no scientific principle." In that one dictum, she throws the Old and the New Testaments without ceremony overboard.

The power that Mrs. Eddy used was Suggestion pure and simple. I know quite well the influence of suggestion, both for good and evil. It acts upon the mass of nerve-force in the body, and many well authenticated instances have been recorded of killing as well as healing by suggestion only. This is the chief instrument in religious revivals, and cures at various shrines, such as Lourdes. Mr. Tennant's assertion that "the human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science," is nothing but high-sounding jargon. If there was no human mind to work upon and no nerve-force to appeal to, nothing would happen either for good or evil.

I will conclude with a quotation from the sayings of Jesus Christ which I commend to the notice of Mr. Tennant and his friends: "God is Spirit (not Mind) and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In modern language, no one will become a whit more religious by refusing to open the inner eye of understanding, as Mrs. Eddy and her followers are anxious to do.

Yours etc.,

94 PARK STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

A RECURRING DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am a reader and subscriber to your REVIEW. The subjects it discusses interest me very much. It has occurred to me that you might care to insert a dream which I had constantly for many years.

I used to dream I was in a large country house, always going about looking for something. The house was old-fashioned, some rooms were a few steps lower than the passage—others higher. Many of the doors were half-glass with muslin or serge blinds over the glass. There were two staircases, one an important front staircase, the other a back staircase with two turns in it. I have gone up both in my dreams. The house is built on different levels, some windows looking out on leads, some windows look out on a low hill with a clump of pines on the top. The back staircase leads to a laundry room which has tables in the windows that can be flat against the wall or be supported by a leg from underneath for ironing. Time after time have I dreamt of the house, always searching for something lost. The last time I dreamt of it, I went into a room with a cupboard, some one was standing on some steps and said, "There is nothing here; the place is empty."

I said, "There is a loose panel, I am sure; look behind it."

The person lifted away a loose panel, put a hand into the place, and drew out a large, dusty bundle of papers and parchments. "Here they are!" he cried.

I woke at once, and never since have dreamt of the house. I have never seen any house like it, and my dreams were so vivid I feel I could find my way about should I ever find myself in it.

Some one may know a house like the one I have described. If so, it might be worth while seeing if a cupboard had a loose panel, and if missing papers were behind it.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ERWOOD, SOUTHEY ROAD,
WORTHING.

JANE CONNOLLY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is of more than merely historical or biographical interest, and is indeed worthy of note in several important respects, that all the chief periodicals devoted to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism continue to regard Andrew Jackson Davis as the exponent in chief of the movement and the great witness to the fact of communion between earth and the world of spirits. Quite recently, *Light*, in the course of a leading article on "evil spirits and other-world order," cited the testimony of Davis to the existence of a class of spirits "in whom the moral sense has not yet developed," and made several points of value in a particular debate by its use of the evidence in question. Some of us may remember that Madame Blavatsky drew from the same source, in *Isis Unveiled*, to support her thesis that many or most communicating intelligences known to Spiritualism had never been denizens of this world. From her point of view, the *Diakha* of Davis were identical with the "bad demons" to whom the works of sorcery and magic were referred by Porphyry. Turning from *Light* to the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*, the last issue to hand gives several columns of citation from Davis on the spirit's departure from the body, and on things seen in deaths on the battle-field. It gives also an excellent portrait of the prophet at a late period of his life. The inscription affirms that he was the greatest seer of modern times—an unconscious quotation from H. P. B., who uses the identical words. *The Two Worlds* is not less faithful to the early witness of the movement. It is much more than "sixty years since" that Andrew Jackson Davis first became remarkable at about fifteen years of age; and, as Mrs. Hardinge Britten tells us in *Modern American Spiritualism*, it was "for his skill in diagnosing and prescribing for disease through his wonderful clairvoyant faculty." Three years later a new phase developed, and he began to unfold in what is called a "trance-state" his visions of other worlds, and to produce, coincidentally with the beginning of Spiritualism, a philosophy of the seen and unseen, but of the latter especially in those aspects which are most in contiguity with earth. Like Jacob Böhme, he was the son of a poor shoemaker and had no educational advantages. The fact that he still seems to hold the field against all comers is evidence that his message to the Spiritualism of 1848 is a message also to that of the twentieth century. It is a

remarkable persistence, but we have known people of original and cultured thought who regard his book called *Nature's Divine Revelations* as inspired in the better sense of the word, and its author as worthy to rank not only at the head of "modern seers" but to take a high place among those of the ages.

The Vahan reprints some useful, though not of course new, reminders, from the pen of Mrs. Besant, on the subject of mystics and mysticism. A distinction is made between catholic mystics and those of non-catholic communions, though her use of a conventional word leaves one a little dubious as to the real intention. In any case, the non-catholic experience is almost always that of a Divine Presence outside the self, whereas the Presence within is the keynote of higher and presumably catholic mysticism. The distinction certainly obtains as between Ruysbroeck and many writers of protestant schools who are classed loosely as mystical. Mrs. Besant says also that "the inner law has replaced external compulsion" in the true mystic, which means in other terminology that the human will is united to that which is Divine. As to this state of attainment, it is pointed out acutely and truly that the Law and the Voice within can have no authority outside the mystic himself and can claim no obedience, except in the case of those who have attained on their own part a given degree of self-realization in God and who come to recognize in another the attainment of a higher grade.

The Vedic Magazine, which is now in its ninth volume, continues to increase in interest and, as we venture to think, in importance. The qualification is needed, as some of its contents call for an expert knowledge of oriental religion and philosophy which few of us can claim in the West. It is the exponent of the Arya Samaj movement, on which a considerable study was published recently in London by a native Indian writer. The system comprised by the name is religious, educational and nationalistic. As a religion it is claimed to be universal in character and was so designed by its founder, Dayananda, whose death took place as recently as 1883. It is said of him by a native hostile critic that "he has done more for the spiritual regeneration of India and for the saving of the Vedas from the vandalism of European Vedic scholars than any one else of modern or ancient times." The new religion is founded on the Vedas, and the chief work of Dayananda seems to be a commentary on these texts. We may question the "universal" claim, and yet find much that is of considerable value in *The Vedic Magazine*, which has also the merit of opening its pages to counter views,

however strongly it tends to uphold its own. . . . *The Hindoo Spiritual Magazine* affirms that Nirvana "does not mean the annihilation of the soul" and that it is an insult to the understanding of Buddha to attribute such a notion to his teaching. The soul is imperishable according to the *Gita*, and the later Master did not apparently invent a doctrine opposed to a sacred text of unquestioned authority. With the article here cited it is curious to compare another on "the soul in the light of Islam." After quoting an old maxim that "the entire universe is lying latent in a human form of two yards in length"—man being the epitome of creation—it affirms seriously and literally that people who minister to their animal passions, and eat forbidden things, will have the appearance of pigs on the day of resurrection. According to the same article, the human heart has a secret door of communication with the spiritual world, which door opens when man passes into sleep. Presumably the "animal" people pass then into an unseen world of pigs.

A magazine entitled *Rays from the Rose-Cross* comes from California and represents the particular school of so-called Rosicrucian teaching which is connected with the name of Mr. Max Heindel. The origin is to be sought apparently at a certain German centre where the chief name is that of Rudolf Steiner. The headquarters of the American movement are at Oceanside and are called Mount Ecclesia. There are various buildings, and a church is now in contemplation. As in the case of Dr. Steiner and his group, the art of healing is an important part of the activity. Two things are apparent on the surface, one of which is the poor literary quality of periodicals of this kind, while the other is the fantastic nature of the name adopted. Ancient Rosicrucianism connotes occult teachings and practices of a definite kind, though its history is very much in the clouds, while in its later developments it too frequently spelt imposture. There is evidence, as we are glad to say, of considerable sincerity in *Rays from the Rose-Cross*, but the speculations of the "Fellowship" are remote from all that has been connected with the original name, while nothing so far published betrays the slightest knowledge of the Rosicrucian past. About that past there are very important questions at issue, and it would be well if California or Germany could throw light thereon. Other Rosicrucian Fellowships and Orders exist in America, but the same criticism obtains, and the decoration of sounding names in history isolated from historical connexions leaves an empty feeling in the mind.

It has come to pass that for something like half a century the apologists of Count Cagliostro have been much more numerous than his accusers. The fact is naturally part of a general defence and rehabilitation of old occult claims in view of modern experimental researches into the psychic nature of man. As an exponent claiming a master's knowledge of all magic and its connexions, Eliphas Lévi was either the first of these apologists for the Grand Copht or so much the most famous that he has obscured the other witnesses about his own period. More serious rehabilitations have been attempted since—including that of Mr. Trowbridge, which will be in the minds of many readers. The organ of the Theosophical Society at Rome, entitled *Ulra*, has now entered the lists with a long article on the Count and his detractors. Cagliostro is regarded therein as a precursor of Theosophy itself, a champion of liberty of thought and an opponent of the privileged castes. As a prophet, he foresaw—it is said—the French Revolution; as a hypnotist, he continued the work of Saint-Germain and Mesmer; as an alchemist, he anticipated modern—presumably theosophical—doctrines on the illusory nature of matter and its domination by human spirit and human thought. The counsel is therefore to study Cagliostro—which must mean his case and his story, for he left no records behind him, unless some vestiges of Egyptian Masonry are to be counted as work of his.

An address upon the antiquity of Masonry in *The New Age* offers an illustration of the folly which still besets certain difficult paths of research. The answer given is that "the birth of Masonry is so far in the dawn of civilization that the exact date is lost in the mists of forgotten centuries." The inscribed monuments of Egypt, Chaldea and Central America are passed in review and are regarded as evidence of the claim. So also are the Dionysian Architects, concerning whom the historical facts are mixed up as usual with imaginary elements introduced by Masonic writers of the eighteenth century. In the end we realize that the witness is not dealing with the origin of Masonic institutions but with that of architecture itself. The real questions at issue concern the evidence, prior to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, (a) of mystery-doctrines, mystery-rites and secret modes of recognition among building corporations, Dionysian or not, and (b) whether it was from these that purely speculative Freemasonry arose by a process of development.

REVIEWS

PROBLEMS OF THE BORDERLAND: An Explanatory Rendering of the Introductory Chapters of "The Book of the Elements." By J. Herbert Slater, Author of "Red Surrey, or a Romance of a Night," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MR. SLATER writes clearly and convincingly and with a fullness of detail that renders attractive every page of his interesting and helpful book. The title only in part defines its comprehensive range. The author describes his work as, "A summary of some of the Elemental teachings of a very Ancient Faith." Though all readers may not entirely follow him to the full limit of his conclusions, every student of Occultism must endorse his earnest advice as to the vigilance all should exercise who seek to cross the threshold of the Open Door. It is impossible consciously to penetrate far into the Fourth Dimension without meeting complexities startling and even, to the novice, discouraging. This is often a safeguard. Influences potent for good and ill are forever around us, and the plane most nearly akin to our world is that from which the investigator most frequently draws communications. *Impersonations* are the bane of the ordinary Séance Circle. But these must not be confounded with spirit messengers, deputed to speak or act on behalf of others. If mediums would more readily admit this possibility of Impersonation, and if Sitters would accept the explanation, a whole chaos of mischievous and distressing contradictions might be avoided. Controversialists will find matter for discussion in Mr. Slater's chapter on "The Lower Planes." All religions have recognized the existence of these lower planes, and the object of religion has always been to guard the spirit of man from their malign influence. The old maxims, "Like attracts like," and, "Water rises only to its own level," are significant. . . . "Show me your friends, and I will tell you what you are," quotes the author, in emphasizing the necessity for a trained and powerful Will on all planes of thought and action—for by the Will, a man remains either under the thralldom of a more or less evil influence, or rises to ascending heights of nobility and clearer outlook. It is painfully necessary to insist on the dangers attendant on aimless wandering in the Borderland. Curiosity, and self-interest only, will bring their guerdon of fear and in some cases despair, for as the author says in his chapter on "The Thread of Communication": "The dangers of the Spiritual world are far greater, because, bad as a man living on our plane may be, he cannot compare in that respect with a thoroughly wicked denizen of the fourth-dimensional space . . . his cunning passes earthly comprehension; his experience of the ways and foibles of humanity is profound; his malignity is dreadful." I do not wish to leave an impression that Mr. Slater is a pessimist. On the contrary, after he has insisted on our unflinchingly facing the drawbacks and dangers incidental to the exploration of the World Invisible, he dwells with equal power and lucidity on the joys unspeakable which await the patient, sincere, and high-minded seeker whose quest is the "Land of Light," where Spirit meets Spirit face to face, where time and space are not, and where the things which God has made beautiful are eternal.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE SECRETS OF THE GODS. A Study of the Inner Meaning of the Hellenic Myths. By M. Karadja. London: The Power Book Co., 329 High Holborn, W.C. Price 1s.

INTO sixty-five pages of large print, Princess Karadja has compressed the concentrated essence of the esoteric teaching of the old Greek myths. This little volume is a sequel to the same author's *Secrets of Some Bible Legends*, and the object in both works is the same—to extract the pearls of transcendental truth from the hard outer shell of parable. These studies are written with all the clarity, conciseness, and lucidity which Princess Karadja's readers are accustomed to find in her work, though she writes in what is for her a foreign language.

Admirers of her *King Solomon* will remember the wealth of historical, antiquarian, occult, and philosophical knowledge revealed in the notes to that poetic drama; and her latest booklet shows the same combination of deep thought and warm human sympathy, and appeals both to the intellect and the heart. The Princess takes a hopeful view of the spiritual progress possible to man.

In the short space at our disposal it is not possible to comment upon Princess Karadja's illuminating analysis of the beautiful and familiar story of *Eros and Psyche*, nor on her defence of womanhood in the person of *Pandora*, nor upon her elucidation of the tragedy of *Iphigenia*. We can but advise our readers to spend a shilling upon the book, which can be read in half an hour, but the ethical and poetic interest of which need not be exhausted in a lifetime.

E. M. M.

A BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYERS. By Olive Katharine Parr, Author of "A Red-handed Saint," etc. London: R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

"MORE things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," said Arthur the king, at his passing. In her *Book of Answered Prayers* Olive Katharine Parr has placed on record some very touching and beautiful examples of this deep truth. The building of the "House of Bread"—her little Sanctuary on Dartmoor—clearly came as answered prayer. The nearness of the higher conditions of existence appeals with renewed force on reading these personal experiences of the author, which are related with an exquisite simplicity and grace. The picture of a life passed in such close communion with the Divine Love, manifested by the help given by unseen witnesses, when the Children of the Pilgrimage frankly and fearlessly open their hearts to the Giver of all good, fills one with a great longing that *all* men and women may some day become equally conscious of this encompassing protection and help. W. T. Stead would have called this "the true Spiritualism." The author wisely points out that what may seem *unanswered* prayers—if they have been indeed prayers of "the soul's sincere desire, uttered, or unexpressed," are not really so, but that they have received their answer in a manner better for the suppliant, even at times by a seeming negative.

I hope I have said enough to show that this is not in any sense a *Manual of stereotyped "Devotions."* It is the opening of the door between the two worlds and is full of serene light and withal of delicate humour and of happy laughter. Personally I know of one reader at least who has found great joy in this delightful book.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE LOVE OF NAVARRE. By Margaret Peterson. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Pp. vi+310. Price 1s. net.

HENRI QUATRE and Gabrielle d'Estrées are of themselves enough to adorn a novel, by an amorous glow of flattered flesh; but Miss Peterson, while showing us a little of this, devotes her power chiefly to the display of a higher kind of love than that which radiated from the amiable Béarnais whenever he saw a pretty girl. Her heroine is not Gabrielle, but an innocent maiden, whom she imagines to be rescued by purchase from the fiery punishment of a witch, the purchaser being a young English nobleman in the service of Henri. It was a clever stroke of art to make Gabrielle save the heroine's honour by the superiority of her attractiveness for Henri. The occultism of the novel consists in prophetic visions, and does not supply the chief element of interest, which is romantically sexual. The author will no doubt be told that she is not a Dumas; but it would be unfair to make that assertion without acknowledging that her portrait of Henri is vivacious and sincere, and that she knows how to devise exciting situations.

W. H. CHESSON.

HESTER AND I. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, Author of "The Rose Brocade," etc. London: Mills & Boon, Ltd., 49 Rupert Street, W. Price 6s

"WHATEVER lives we have lived here surely we carry over with us? We don't make a jump like a kangaroo. . . . If we have been bored here and found nothing useful to do, we shall be bored there; just bored. It seems so ridiculous to exalt quite commonplace people into saints and speak of them with bated breath because they have parted with their physical bodies, or to imagine they have slipped into a condition of beatific peace which they have not in the least earned!"

This, and many another bit of practical reasoning in Mrs. de Crespigny's new novel is eloquent of the extent to which, even in fiction, the common-sense view of the interrelation of the two worlds is gaining ground. "Alisma," who tells her own story very delightfully, is one of a group of English art students in a little French town at the outbreak of the present War. How the storm-cloud burst upon them in sudden fury; how the tide of Huns swept over them like a wave from Hell; how the horror of the retreat from Mons held them in its grip, are all told with a vivid, almost a passionate, intensity that makes it difficult for the reader to lay down the book until the last page is reached. Even in the midst of these horrors—or perhaps the more readily because of them—romance is kept busy, and the threads of more than one love story are deftly interwoven. No one who has a friend at the Front—and which of us has not!—can afford to miss reading Mrs. de Crespigny's enthralling tale, which, in its own way, helps to record contemporary history. EDITH K. HARPER.

AN APPRECIATION: ROBERT HUGH BENSON. By Olive Katharine Parr, Author of "The Voice of the River," etc., etc. London: Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS little book contains an eloquent "Appreciation" of the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, from the pen of an intimate friend, who defines her tribute as only: "A bunch of homely rosemary and lowly pansies plucked from beside the open door of my little white sanctuary that shines, a facet, on the vast uncut amethyst of Dartmoor." Readers of Miss Olive Katharine Parr's writings do not need to be told that the

subject is treated with all the delicate and poetical insight—the intuitive “clairvoyance”—which is peculiarly a characteristic of this author’s work. Many of the wise and beautiful thoughts of this good Priest are quoted by his friend, and it is deeply interesting, even consoling, to note his sentiments with regard to the present European war, which had its beginning some weeks before Monsignor Benson’s passing to the Higher Life:—“The war gives no end of souls the joys of heaven who otherwise would have missed the road.” . . . “All the horrors of this war are infinitely preferable to the horrors of the sins of London in the time of peace.” Like many another Greatheart, Father Benson had experienced both ingratitude and treachery at the hand of a supposed friend, on whom he had heaped unstinted benefits, but his heart was ever wide open to forgive the meanest wrong, even as was his beloved Master’s. In Miss Parr’s monograph is expressed the fragrance of a saintly life, which yet never lost touch with human interests and the “joy of living.” There is much in Father Hugh’s character and personality which brings to mind the Abbé Fénelon.

Profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to a Memorial to Monsignor Benson, of whom a beautiful photograph forms the frontispiece.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THERE IS NO DEATH. By Florence Marryat, author of “Love’s Conflict,” “Veronique,” etc. New and cheaper edition. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THIS well-known work hardly needs an introduction to the general public. To the majority of readers it is no stranger, and even those who have never read it are more or less acquainted with its contents. But there are three reasons with which to defend some notice of it. First, this being the first low-priced and popular edition, the work is now very easily accessible to many who have hitherto been unable to purchase a copy. Second, the subject is one that can never grow old, being inseparably connected with the strongest hopes, the deepest fears and the highest aspirations of mankind. Third, at a time like the present, when so many hundreds of thousands of brave souls are passing, week after week, from Time to Eternity, it seems peculiarly appropriate to devote some thought to the vast subject of the After-life. For indeed, “There Is No Death” is one of the most singular books that have ever exasperated thinkers and delighted and edified general readers. I can quite understand the great sensation that was caused by its first appearance many years ago.

It is maintained by a modern French school of spiritualists that the individual persons at a séance are themselves responsible for all the appearances, all the sounds, all the revelations—that the collective mental auras of the little assembly originate a purely subjective intelligence, which operates as though it were a real, independent entity, having the power of speech, and principles of individual volition, locomotion and feeling. Such views seem absurd, and are indefensible in the light of investigation. It is impossible for an open-minded man to sustain them after reading and considering Florence Marryat’s book.

Among the most absorbing narratives are those connected with Florence, Emily, John Powles, the Green Lady and Dewdrop. Let the intelligent, inquiring reader give his deepest cogitations to these, and he will, like the author, look forward to his departure from this world “as a schoolboy looks forward to the commencement of the holidays.” G. A.