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

THE RACE MEMORY CRAZE.

WE are all familiar with the mania, which becomes almost an obsession with certain people, of accounting for all psychic experiences by the hypothesis of telepathy. There is a somewhat similar craze among other people at the present day to account for all evidence favouring the hypothesis of Reincarnation by postulating the theory of Race Memory. When this theory is carried to its extreme limits it really seems to me to demand for its acceptance the very acme of credulity. I have dealt in past numbers of the OCCULT REVIEW with what the French call the *sensation du déjà vue*: i.e., the recollection of places and incidents by individuals who have never consciously either been to the places or experienced the incidents in question. That these are sometimes the result of previous dream experiences—of travelling, that is, to unfamiliar localities in the dream body, I think there can be no reasonable doubt. There is a story familiar to many of us of an undoubtedly authentic character, of a lady who has had a constantly recurring dream in which she finds herself in a house where she has never been in her conscious moments, and on subsequently going to inspect a country

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place with a view to taking it, finds it to be her identical dream-house. The owner is equally surprised to discover that her would-be tenant is none other than the ghost who has caused such alarm and annoyance by her mysterious haunting of the premises.

Here the story supplies its own complete and satisfactory explanation; but its value lies rather in the fact that it is also an equally satisfactory explanation of many kindred incidents, in which people have found themselves in places which are absolutely familiar to them beforehand, without having ever been present there in their ordinary bodies. This explanation, however, does not cover instances where incidents are recalled to memory as having been actually experienced by the person concerned, whereas no such incident was ever met with by the subject in his present existence. A case in point is given by William Walker Atkinson in his work on the *Subconscious and the Superconscious Planes of Mind*,* and is attributed by him to inherited memory, though the occurrence hardly seems susceptible of such an interpretation. The experience narrated is that of a young man who visited a village in England at which he had never been before and stopped at an old inn. On entering his room he was overcome by a sense of familiarity with his surroundings. He seemed to have a clear recollection of having been in this same room many years before. He remarked on his impressions to a friend who was with him, and added, "If I have really been here before, I wrote my name with a diamond on the lowest window pane of that left-hand window." The two approached the window in question, and there in the corner of the pane was a name scratched with a diamond as the young man had stated. It was not, however, his own name, but his grandfather's, accompanied by a date which proved it to have been written there when the grandfather was himself a young man. Is it not the obvious interpretation of this story to assume that the grandfather had reincarnated as his own grandson? The opinion that people frequently reincarnate over again in the same family is, of course, common ground amongst reincarnationists.

WAS HE HIS OWN GRAND-FATHER?

Another case is given in the same book of a young woman who found an old packet of letters belonging to her grandmother, and who knew and related their contents without opening them. She stated that it seemed to her that she had herself

* L. N. Fowler & Co., Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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received the letters many years before. A third case given in the same connection, but not apparently susceptible of explanation by the reincarnation hypothesis, is that of a young woman who saw in a sort of day dream a vision of a person whom she took to be herself accompanied by a young man who was carving a heart on the smooth bark of an old tree, and placing two sets of initials within it. The place was the home of a distant relative to which, however, she had never been. Subsequent examination of the tree showed traces of a heart containing the initials of her father and mother. The father had, in fact, courted her mother in the park adjoining the house of the relative. In this case again, though the reincarnationist hypothesis fails us, the explanation of Race Memory seems very far-fetched. For a girl to have a clairvoyant vision of her parents' courtship is surely not out of keeping with many other instances of the apparently capricious action of this singular faculty. The presumption is either that something had occurred to put the daughter *en rapport* with the astral records, or perhaps more probably the mother's memory had recurred to the period in question and conveyed her own memory-picture telepathically to her daughter. Certainly Race Memory in regard to specific incidents of an ancestor's life seems among the most difficult of psychical theories which we can be asked to accept, and the evidence so far brought forward in defence of it has always appeared to me to be weak in the extreme.

DAUGHTER WITNESSES HER PARENTS' COURTSHIP.

I am publishing in the present number a record of special interest in connection with dream memories, under the title of "A Dream in Two Parts." This has already once appeared in print, viz., in *Broad Views*, August, 1908. I have received a communication from the lady to whom the dream occurred, and am in possession of full data with regard to it, though these have been sent to me with the request that names shall not be made public. The experience falls under the category of dreams that dovetail, i.e., two people have dreams on the same night which are part and parcel of a single episode. This record again is strongly suggestive of a past life in which the people concerned both figured. This is in fact the view held by the gentleman, but the lady rather inclines to adopt the hypothesis of telepathic suggestion. My readers, who, I am sure, will be interested in a singularly curious record, must choose for themselves which view they think most probable. The story, which has a direct bearing on the questions

DREAMS THAT DOVETAIL.

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raised in these notes, would be spoilt by being briefly summarized, and I have therefore given it in full in a place by itself in the present number, though I hope it will be read in connection with my present observations.

Another incident bearing on memories of a past life, of a singularly striking character, has been forwarded to me by a valued correspondent. Here, again, dream phenomena play their part, the memories apparently of an earlier life on earth haunting the sleep experiences of the narrator, who had become oblivious of them in her normal waking condition.

"My first recollection of this dream," writes Zoa, "begins at the age of five. We lived in an old stone rectory in the West Riding, a very lonely place on the hills close to the church, moorland in the distance, a small village near by, consisting of a few scattered houses and farms. My nursery window was very high up and I had to get on the rail of my cot to be able to climb on to the broad window-seat. Outside the window was a large tree, and on windy nights when the Spirits of Breeze and Air were abroad, the branches used to tap on the panes, and to my childish mind, invite me out for a ride.

"One night, at the full of the moon, I got up in my sleep and, on standing on the window-seat, I saw in the tree a dark rosy-cheeked boy, who said, 'Come along, I've waited for you in the gallery; but as you didn't come, I have had to fetch you.' I thought he was rather cross about it, but I opened the window, got into the tree, and as soon as I put my hand in his, we were at once transported to a large flat plateau on a hill, on which stood a grey stone house. There was a wide wooden gate, and on entering this we walked along flat stone flags, between beautiful lawns of fine turf, intersected by stiff flower beds, gay with bright flowers. The house, as we approached, seemed all windows, these windows having tiny lattice panes and stone mullions. The hall door, which was oak and thickly studded with nails, opened at a touch, and the boy said, 'Now, very quietly or "they" will hear us.' We crept up a wide oak staircase, and he led me to the top gallery, which seemed to run all along the front of the house. We then began to race about; we had a ball each in our hands, and finally decided to play hide and seek behind the tapestry which lined the wall.

A TRAGIC DREAM MEMORY.

"At last, in running away from my companion, I fell over the staircase into the hall below. As I fell my mind was vividly impressed by the black and white marble squares which paved

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it. The next thing was oblivion, and I woke to find myself crying with cold on the window-seat in my nursery at home, and my frantic sister vainly trying to lift me down.

"This dream has recurred at intervals all my life, especially when a change of any kind was near. Some time ago I was asked to visit a house, to 'sense' a presence which was annoying to the inmates. I arrived, after a drive, winding up hill, in the dusk of the evening, and there stood the house of my dream!

"I did not need to be shown the way in. During dinner my hostess told me that two or three centuries ago, there was a sad tragedy in the family of the (then) owners of the hall. The sole members had dwindled down to a boy of ten and a tiny girl of five, who were both killed by falling from the top gallery into the hall while at play.

"I said, 'I will show you where the little girl fell,' and led her to the exact spot. Later in the evening I pointed out two miniatures which I said were 'mother and father.' These proved to be the parents of the two children."

ZOA.

In the case of this dream we can, of course, again advance some alternative hypotheses; but the obvious one undoubtedly points to the memory of a past life, and any others give the impression, in comparison, of being very far-fetched. Apparently we all drink of the waters of Lethe; but we do not all drink equally deep draughts. When we recollect, it is generally in our sub-conscious states, and the recollection appears to be rather the recollection of some specific incident that made a specially deep impress on our consciousness at the moment, some vital crisis in a past life which seems, so to speak, to have hall-marked the eternal self, and left an ineffaceable trace on the soul environment. These memories seem never to be complete. They suggest pictures cut out of the living script of a past life

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIVES.

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story, beginning and ceasing with equal abruptness, seldom affording a clue which might serve to read their riddle. Such recollections are specially liable to recur in dreams; but when we seek to reach the point at which their meaning and purport shall be made manifest, we find ourselves suddenly switched off by an unknown hand at the other end of the psychic telegraph. The memories, in short, which a few of us have of past existences, are of little or no value for the purpose of guidance in our present life. We do not avoid the fire as children because we remember having been burned in the past.

If our past existences are of service to us, it cannot, therefore, be owing to any conscious recollection of the mistakes which we have made in them. We gain rather through these past lives in a more indirect manner. When the consequences of our mistakes have taught us a lesson which in a preceding life has been built up into our character, and has in this way been made part and parcel of our real selves, we can carry over to a future existence the quality acquired, whether such quality be in the nature of self-restraint in the face of temptation, or of a more active kind, such as the capacity for acquiring any specific kind of knowledge or the more general power of surmounting difficulties and obstacles in life. We may not remember the struggles we have been through, but we may inherit in the hour of our need that force of character, that "backbone," as the phrase goes, which our ancestral selves have built up. Again, the man who has mastered his trade, the artist who has developed his artistic abilities in a previous life, starts a rung higher in the ladder in his next incarnation, and this, none the less surely, though he remembers nothing of the efforts which have made his powers what they are in the present life, nay, even though he may attribute those powers to the caprice of a deity who bestows on his children gifts of varying degree, like the fairy godmother of nursery romance. When will mankind learn that there is no possession that is not valueless, which has not been earned by the sweat of the brow of him who possesses it? That the gift which is not bought with the heart's blood of its possessor, is an evanescent illusion which will melt away beneath the sunshine of reality in the hands of him who holds it? Whence do a man's powers, his vices, his virtues, all the qualities that go to make up his real self, proceed, unless from what he has been, from which he has suffered, and from what he has accomplished in past existences? The question surely provides its

THE DEITY AS FAIRY GODMOTHER.

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own answer, except to those who are wilfully blind. There is one alternative, and one only, to this hypothesis—the belief in a god of pure caprice, and the necessary corollary to this belief, the denial of all law and order in the universe. The man who maintains that his life commences here, and here only, by this very admission avows his faith in an irresponsible deity creating isolated individuals of his own freewill and pleasure and endowing them, without rhyme or reason, with qualities which they are in no way entitled to have, and therefore, which, in reality, if the word reality has any meaning whatever, they do not actually possess. This man, even though he be the first scientific authority of his generation, believes in the deity who created Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and who is still at his same old childish occupation in this present twentieth century. For such a man, evolution is a meaningless term, and the laws of nature merely a phrase used to tabulate for convenience sake the monstrous chaos of the universe.

THE VALUE OF MEMORY.

"The value of memory," as the author of *Human Immortality and Pre-existence* * well says, "is that by its means the past may serve the wisdom, the virtue, and the love of the present. If the past can help the present in a like manner without the aid of memory, the absence of memory need not destroy the chance of an improvement spreading over many lives." . . . Wisdom is not merely, or chiefly, amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind qualified to deal with facts, and to form judgments. Now the acquisition of knowledge and experience, if wisely conducted, may strengthen the mind. Of that we have sufficient evidence in this life. And so a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived indeed of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first.

"Most progress is like the advance of a tide, whose waves advance and retreat, but do not retreat as far as they advance. And is not even this loss really a gain? For the mere accumulation of knowledge, if memory never ceased, would soon become overwhelming, and worse than useless. What better fate could we wish for than to leave such accumulations behind us, preserving their greatest value in the mental faculties which have been strengthened by their acquisition?

"With virtue the point is perhaps clearer. For the memory of moral experiences is of no value to virtue except in so far as it helps to form the moral character, and, if this is done, the loss of the memory would be no loss to virtue."

* *Human Immortality and Pre-existence.* By J. McTaggart E. McTaggart, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Edward Arnold. 1915. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

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Professor McTaggart proceeds to argue that we are entitled to draw deductions from what we know even of our present lives. The majority of the good or evil deeds which we have done in this life have actually been forgotten, yet their effect on our character is undoubted. They have all left their traces upon it, they have all served to modify it. If this is so clearly discernible even within the short span of a single life, how can we doubt that the process, continuing through successive existences, has been the active agency in moulding our characters and leading us to the point in evolution at which we stand to-day? Do not these considerations compel us to admit that evolution is no one-sided affair on the physical plane, and that spiritual evolution is at least as clearly established on the one side as the Darwinian theory on the other?

There are those who will tell us that successive lives without memory as a link are not in reality successive lives at all—that they are, in fact, each separate existences of isolated individuals; that continued memory, in short, constitutes identity; and that if it is impossible to remember your past, you might as well have had no past at all. If a man is what he has made himself; if he is, in short, using a phrase I have already employed, his own ancestor, this contention is sufficiently refuted. If a man regards immortality on these terms as valueless, what price, we may ask, does he put on those qualities and capacities which in their complex combination constitute his individuality? Unearned as they appear to him to be, they do not rightly belong to him at all. His very self is a shadow and a sham. To attribute to him character is merely a misuse of language. Inasmuch as his creation could only be attributed to a sudden whim of deity, so, we must logically anticipate, the cessation of his being must partake of a like nature. The acceptance of the hypothesis almost necessarily involves the denial of the survival of the personality.

DOES MEMORY CONSTITUTE IDENTITY?

A somewhat curious and subtle question arises for those who accept the doctrine of immortality but reject pre-existence. If no man existed before the formation of his present body, we are confronted with the problem how he became connected with a body of such a kind that his character, as it usually does, resembles the character of the ancestors of the body. From the materialist's point of view there is a simple answer. The character of the person born is the product of the body. This hypothesis assumes that the parents create the new being in

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generating the body. But from the point of view of all religion, Christian or otherwise, there is something positively blasphemous in this assumption. If we adopt the alternative hypothesis, we have here again to deny the reign of law in the universe, and to invoke in each case the absurd theory of a special act of divine interposition. If, however, we accept pre-existence, and postulate the descent into generation of previously existing human monads, we may assume a law of attraction on parallel lines to that of chemical affinity, by means of which the ego is drawn to the parents most qualified to provide it with the most fitting vehicle for its self-expression. On this supposition the soul may select its own parents, not so much consciously as by some law of affinity and instinctive attraction which determines the choice. A man's character, in this case, would be decided by his previous life history, and not by the character of the ancestors of his new body. But it would be the character of the ancestors of the new body and their similarity to his character which would determine the fact that he was reborn in that body rather than in another. The past, then, if these arguments are valid, is not necessarily preserved separately in the memory, but it nevertheless exists in a concentrated form, in the present life, where "all that was before a mass of hard-earned acquisitions, has been merged in the unity of a developed character."

DIFFICULTIES ARISING FROM A DENIAL OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

A valued correspondent of the OCCULT REVIEW, well known in the sporting world, who prefers to remain anonymous, sends me the following interesting dream record.

My father (he writes) died on the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee day. I took seats for the view of the procession months before at the hospital opposite Hyde Park Corner. At the time I took them my father was in good health. Some two months before my father died my wife told me she had a dream that she was sitting in one of the seats I had hired for the procession, and when it came along it proved to be a funeral instead. She said she woke up crying, as she realized that it was a funeral of one of the family, but she did not know which. My father died early on the morning of the Jubilee day. Naturally my wife did not go to see the Jubilee procession, but my father's funeral passed that way, amid flowers and decorations, and underneath an arch inscribed "Welcome to your old home." The inscription was of course put up for Queen Victoria's pro-

TELEPATHIC DREAMS.

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cession. On another occasion a lunatic came suddenly and threatened to kill me, when my wife rushed in. The diversion thus created enabled me to get the man arrested. On asking my wife why she appeared at that juncture, she said she had dreamed the night before that I was attacked by some one, and hearing the man's voice when she was upstairs she at once rushed to my assistance, feeling that her dream had come true.

The questions of " directing " for the purpose of timing the events of a lifetime and the fortunate and unfortunate periods has ever been a vexed question with the astrologer, and it may be added that it is likely to remain so for many a long year to come. Whoever is successful in throwing some further light on this difficult and intricate problem deserves the thanks of every student of the science.

Sepharial's latest work * is a step in the right direction. He gives clear instructions as well as mathematical formulæ for arriving as nearly as is practicable at the fall of the various arcs of direction in a lifetime, the method considered being that usually termed Placidian, though the instructions for obtaining the results are not confined to the semi-arc method taught in *Placidus's Primum Mobile.*

DIRECTIONAL ASTROLOGY.

There has been what seems to me a somewhat regrettable tendency among astrologers to set different methods of directing in astrology in opposition to each other. Like the early Christians, the astrologers of the present day tend to exclaim " I am of Paul ! " or " I am of Apollos ! " as the case may be, and this tendency has perhaps been accentuated by the unfortunate description of one class of directions as primary and another class as secondary, the former expression being used by its exponents for the Placidian system and the latter for the Chaldean or day-for-a-year system. We may indeed describe the former as the degree-for-a-year system in contradistinction to the Chaldean day-for-a-year system. But there are points at which the two systems at least partially overlap, though the theories on which they are based are essentially different. The day-for-a-year system, as the merest tyro in astrology is aware, treats every day after birth as equivalent to a year in the life of the subject of the horoscope, the aspects formed in the twentieth day after

* *Directional Astrology, to which is added a Discussion of Problematic Points and a complete set of Tables necessary for the calculation of Arcs of Direction.* By Sepharial. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5*s.* net.

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birth thus corresponding to the events in the twentieth year of life. The Placidian directions, on the other hand, are all formed within a few hours after birth. Here everything depends on the diurnal rotation of the earth, which brings the radical positions of the horoscope into various relations with each other by the apparent rotation of the ambient, due, of course, to the actual rotation of the earth. Inasmuch as the circuit of the heavens corresponds to 360 degrees, the diurnal rotation of the earth, when completed, will give, in the measure of time, 360 years. We may, therefore, say that even for a life of 90 years all directions will have been formed in the course of the six hours succeeding birth, twenty-four hours according to this method corresponding to 360 degrees. A man of the age of 45, therefore, will be experiencing the effects of the directions formed three hours after the minute of his birth. It is easy to see how, working on this hypothesis, the apparently revolving motion of the heavens will bring up the planets one after another, and also the angles of the horoscope itself, to different relative positions as regards their radical places at the moment of birth. The theory in fact is simple enough—quite as simple as the day-for-a-year system—but in practice the working out of the aspects is a more complex matter. The planets are not all travelling over the same arcs, in illustration of which we may instance the small arc of the Sun above the earth in winter time, and its correspondingly large arc below. In other words, though the complete circuit of every planet represents 360 degrees, it is a rare thing for any particular planet to take an equivalent number of degrees in its passage above and below the earth, inasmuch as to do so its position must coincide with one of the equinoctial points. Hence the necessity for proportional calculations. These are most readily calculated by proportional logarithms, and though this method sometimes frightens those who are not used to it, when once grasped it is simple and plain sailing enough. The calculation of directions to the angles of a horoscope involves less difficulty than those between the Sun and Moon and the planets, the ascendant being directed by oblique ascension, and the mid-heaven by right ascension, and thus only requiring a simple sum in subtraction.

DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF DIRECTING.

The directions of the planets and their aspects to the Sun and Moon have usually been computed proportionally according to the relative size of their semi-arcs, and this is the method taught not only in the present work but in many other approved works,

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such as Pearce's *Text-book of Astrology*. It has, however, its drawbacks from the point of view of accuracy, and this especially is the case where either of the lights occupies a position close to an angle of the horoscope at birth, the motion of the heavenly bodies not being uniform throughout the whole of their diurnal or nocturnal course. It is for this reason that certain well-known astrologers, such as Mr. R. C. Smith, the first editor of *Raphael's Almanack*, preferred the method of directing a significator under its own pole. This method is recognized in the case of directions to the ascendant, the ascendant being directed by oblique ascension; in other words under the pole of the place at birth. This process of calculating has, I think, the merit of more uniform accuracy than the other, though it is not equally applicable to all directions, and is more useful for zodiacal than mundane aspects.

DRAWBACKS OF THE SEMI-ARC SYSTEM.

The merit of the Chaldean system lies undoubtedly in the fact that mathematical exactitude is obtainable by its use to a much greater extent than by any other system, but many have come to grief through an attempt to make predictions on the basis of this system alone. Whereas the solar aspects in the Chaldean system are doubtless of considerable importance, the lunar directions by their very nature are extremely evanescent, and unless they correspond with powerful transits or important primary directions their value may readily be over-estimated. In most cases they come and go leaving little or no mark on the life. It is not this system, which has been fully expounded in Alan Leo's, Raphael's and other manuals, which forms the subject matter of the present treatise. It is none the less necessary to remember that methods of timing incidents in the life are not of one character only, and that those who ignore any one of the four principal astrological sign-posts, namely, the Placidian and Chaldean systems of directing, the transits of the major planets over important radical positions at birth, and the revolutionary (or birth day) figures, are leaving out of account an active stellar agency which may well vitiate the most carefully drawn conclusions.

Sepharial has given us an illuminating disquisition on a system, which, whatever may be its exact value in proportion to the others, has undoubtedly an important bearing on the determination of the dates of the principal events of a lifetime.

The subjoined curious photograph has been sent me by a correspondent. The photograph itself is of the writer, taken

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by his wife. The shadowy little figure on his left, which I may mention comes out more clearly in the original, is, he states, that of his little daughter, although she was not by him when the photograph was taken. She was very anxious to be taken at the time, but as a matter of fact was standing with her mother. This is not all. The clothes in which she appears were not being worn by her, but represent clothes which she had worn some time before. The

A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

father adds that his daughter is of a very psychic temperament, though he himself is not so. Over the right shoulder of the portrait may be detected a face with a military cap which might be put down as that of a soldier. It is small in proportion, but comes out in better focus than the central figure. It may perhaps be ascribed to an accidental combination of foliage, but it is singularly clear and definite. These curiosities in photography are probably more numerous than the average man quite realizes.

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CHRISTMAS DAY, 1915

By MEREDITH STARR

THE World is plunged in grief and gloom;
  Shrouded in darkness dawns the Sun;
For never since Atlantis' doom
  Hath Death such bloody trophies won.

The whole earth groans in travail dire;
  Satanic spite has burst its bars.
Arès hath set the world on fire;
  The grim god battles with the stars.

Natheless, on this most holy day,
  Do we invoke Thee, Lord of Light;
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way—
  Darkness must melt before Thy might.

Yea, Thou dost hear: Thou art not far:
  The world shall yet acclaim Thee King,
When all these evil clouds that mar
  Thy shining shall have taken wing.

O Love, more potent than man's hate!
  O Life no death can ever slay!
Breathe balm upon our piteous state,
  Now, on this ancient Holy Day.

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SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRENTICE MULFORD

By ONE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS

PRENTICE MULFORD'S STORY,* the "Personal Narrative" of his adventures by land and sea—as sailor, miner, prospector, schoolmaster, journalist, lecturer, editor, and what besides?—which his own hand gave to the world, closes with his arrival in New York, on his way to London, where I met him first in the February of 1873.

He was one of the many "Men from the West" who were then making London their head-quarters on their tour of Europe—men who swept like a strong sea-breeze from the Pacific into our more conventional life, and when they passed on their erratic way left the London sky duller and greyer than we had recognized it was before.

"More than one and more than two" of these world-wanderers who came and went were "Chiels amang us takin' notes." Prentice Mulford was one of them. As he had lived and "prospected" solitary in the wilds of the great West, and camped solitary in the waste of a white world of snow, so he wandered solitary about the highways and byways of our great city, and took notes of his impressions for the *San Francisco Bulletin*. I remember he found some redeeming features even in a London fog. He told us once how in its murkiest hours he liked to linger round the old statues of Nelson and Wellington and fancy "the old heroes were looking through the smoke of battle again."

But it was not on first meeting that he confided these impressions. He was at first the quietest, shyest, most reserved of all the Brotherhood with whom we formed the "Fraternity of East and West." Indeed he described himself in one of the humorous passages of his *San Francisco Bulletin* letters.

> I am in company a shy, nervous person, born with a dread of being a bore to somebody, anybody, everybody. Consequently, on being introduced to a stranger, my first thought is, How can I do this lady or gentleman the kindness of getting away from them as soon as possible and freeing them from my annoying presence?

But this thin glazing of shyness and reserve was but a hoar frost that soon melted away in friendly company. First, his inexhaustible fund of quiet humour revealed itself, to our infinite enjoyment; then by degrees as he became more at home with

* London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

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us (and let me observe here that there was no man with whom, once "at home," one felt more perfectly and peacefully *en rapport*), we drifted into discussing most things in the heavens above and the earth beneath.

Closing in round the fire in the twilight of winter afternoons, strolling in the shade of the garden trees in summer sunshine, he told us stories of his adventurous past, or as often regaled us with a series of anecdotes of strange things not "dreamt of in our philosophy," and we speculated on the unknown future beyond the Borderland.

The days of the "White Cross Library" were in the distant years of the future then; yet perhaps even at that time the seed was germinating in the darkness that was to bear rich fruit, and in the *Gift of the Spirit* on page after page I recognize theories which he who "Being dead, yet speaks" set forth to us in those far-off unforgotten days.

Like most of the "Men from the West," he had his moods of taciturnity, but except on the rare occasions when he was under shadow of these, never was there a more genial companion. Always fair-minded, tolerant and broad of view, he never seemed to enjoy a discussion more than when we met across a wide gulf of difference of opinion, provided it was sincere conviction or honest questioning with which he had to argue. Born and bred in worlds far apart, we naturally took opposite views of many matters, but he wrote to me once, "Let us never cease to fight our battles or we may cease to be friends. It is by the collision of mind we strike the light of truth."

One question on which we were divided was that of spiritual phenomena. While agreeing on the possibility of communications from other worlds, *I* thought *him* too ready to give credence to "manifestations" on what seemed to me insufficient evidence; while *he* thought *me* too sceptical. He wrote to me:—

> A few words on the subject mentioned in your last letter. I wish to define my position on phenomenal spiritualism. Pardon me now if I seem abrupt and dogmatic. I am not much interested in these phenomena, be they real or tricks. Had you, like myself, been for the last nine years a looker-on in this matter, passed through various stages of interest, seen the true and the false mixed together, and at last lived down a wonder, you could better realize my condition of mind in this matter.
>
> But to me there is not the least doubt that Invisible Intelligence can for a time materialize itself to earthly sense. It has been done time and time again. The particular instance to which you refer may be a deception. The sense and judgment of the company who witnessed it would best determine whether or no. In America I might say in thousands of instances and in private circles, fruit, flowers, and articles metallic and woven,

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have been produced in a manner surprising and unaccountable. These things have been seen by the most intelligent. In reality none of us can prove that it is the work of what we call Spirit. We can only say, such developments emanate from some unseen source and power. Perhaps it is neither more nor less wonderful than the tricks of professed jugglers. I do not in the remotest degree seek to proselyte you to any shade of this belief. Conviction is a matter dependent on the cognizance of the sense rather than on argument. But I suggest this, If you say certain results cannot be produced by Invisible Intelligence you may be placing yourself in the same category as the many who but forty years since sneered at the idea of instantaneous communication of news between Europe and America. If Mind does exist outside of what we term matter, is it not reasonable to suppose that it must know more of nature's laws than mind in the form? Allowing it to have any power at all, may it not for a certain purpose and by the combination of certain elements effect some surprising results even as the chemist does here?

There! On looking over this would-be profound argument I conclude that I have made my cause rather weaker than before. I think it's the last time I'll attempt either by pen or tongue to defend Phenomenal Spiritualism. I do believe in the possibility of such things, but I wouldn't walk half-a-mile to see a dozen ghosts clothed in flesh and blood.

Another question, far apart from spiritualism, on which I remember we once joined issue, was the character of the London crowd. It was on the night of the State entry of the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride that a small party of us, who had been too late to witness the procession pass by day, sallied forth by night to see the illuminations. Prentice Mulford was one of us, and I remember noting his views of the occasion. There were one or two "ugly rushes" of converging streams at street corners; some men were calling out more or less chaffing remarks, which he considered disrespectful in the presence of ladies, and some accidents were reported next day.

When we talked it over I endeavoured to convince him that the London crowd, notwithstanding a small percentage of the "rough" element, was in the main unoffending, easy-going, and good-humoured. "Oh yes, quite harmless," he rejoined. "Only three children trampled. Only one old man crushed. Only roughs shouting rowdy remarks in ladies' ears. Only men pushing and elbowing women."

His disgust at this lack of chivalry, of the respect due to the weaker sex, proved too deep-rooted for my pleading in favour for the orderly and good-humoured majority of the crowd, to eradicate it. His views on womanhood were precisely what might have been expected of him. We did not trouble ourselves much about the suffrage problem in those early days, but I surmise what his attitude in regard to the burning question would probably have

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been when I turn back to a passage from a lecture of his on "The Coming Woman," delivered near that time.

> We accord not to the Coming Woman any elevation, spiritual or intellectual, above the Coming Man. Perfect equality, perfect inter-dependence, woman's aspiration, man's strength, these to us seem the platforms of masculine and feminine union. Between the masculine and feminine elements the scales of equality must be evenly balanced. Where is the beauty of their union if one be for ever kicking the beam? It is Woman that designs the model of the most perfect manhood; it is the masculine will and strength that chisels such design from the rugged block.

There was no more pure and thorough democrat than Prentice Mulford; yet I remember his once extracting from his pocket —with tentative slowness which revealed him ready at the faintest even suspected failing of response to draw back and shut himself up in his shell—a much worn and tattered paper, yellow with age, which proved to be the coat-of-arms of his mother's family.

One of his familiar friends and compatriots, with whom he made a trip in England, wrote in a reminiscent article:—

> Although the Mulfords were of a proud old English stock, the only things I ever knew him to care for in the way of ancestry or family traditions was the yellow and stained old Continental discharge of his grandfather and a flattering and laudatory letter from his commander-in-chief. I once went with Prentice Mulford to the old family estate and "castle." He asked and obtained permission for the day to roam the grounds and haunt the ruins, and do entirely as he pleased. He was very happy for this privilege. And when the stiff but kindly forty-second cousin turned back to the modern residence and left Prentice to meditate amid the mossy ruins that lay strewn about under the noble oaks, he fell on his knees there beneath a noble ancestral tree, struck a match, made a fire, unrolled a little pack and broiled a beefsteak.

N.B.—I never heard Prentice Mulford make the most distant allusion to a family "castle" or kinsfolk then in England.

It was only slowly that his true self revealed itself even to intimate friends. We learned early that his broad charity was not merely mercy that pitied poor human nature, but faith that believed in it. Tolerant of the weakness that fell even to the depths, he never doubted the potentiality of rising to the heights.

Later we learnt his unconquerable tendency to interpret the physical in the light of the spiritual. While he walked among us, with us, one of us, his aspiring spirit was always looking beyond. After one of our long twilight talks I wrote, "I always feel that P. M., quiet as he is, is so immeasurably above me." If his shyness on first acquaintance was merely superficial, the vein of inherent modesty which underlay it was deep and true. By his

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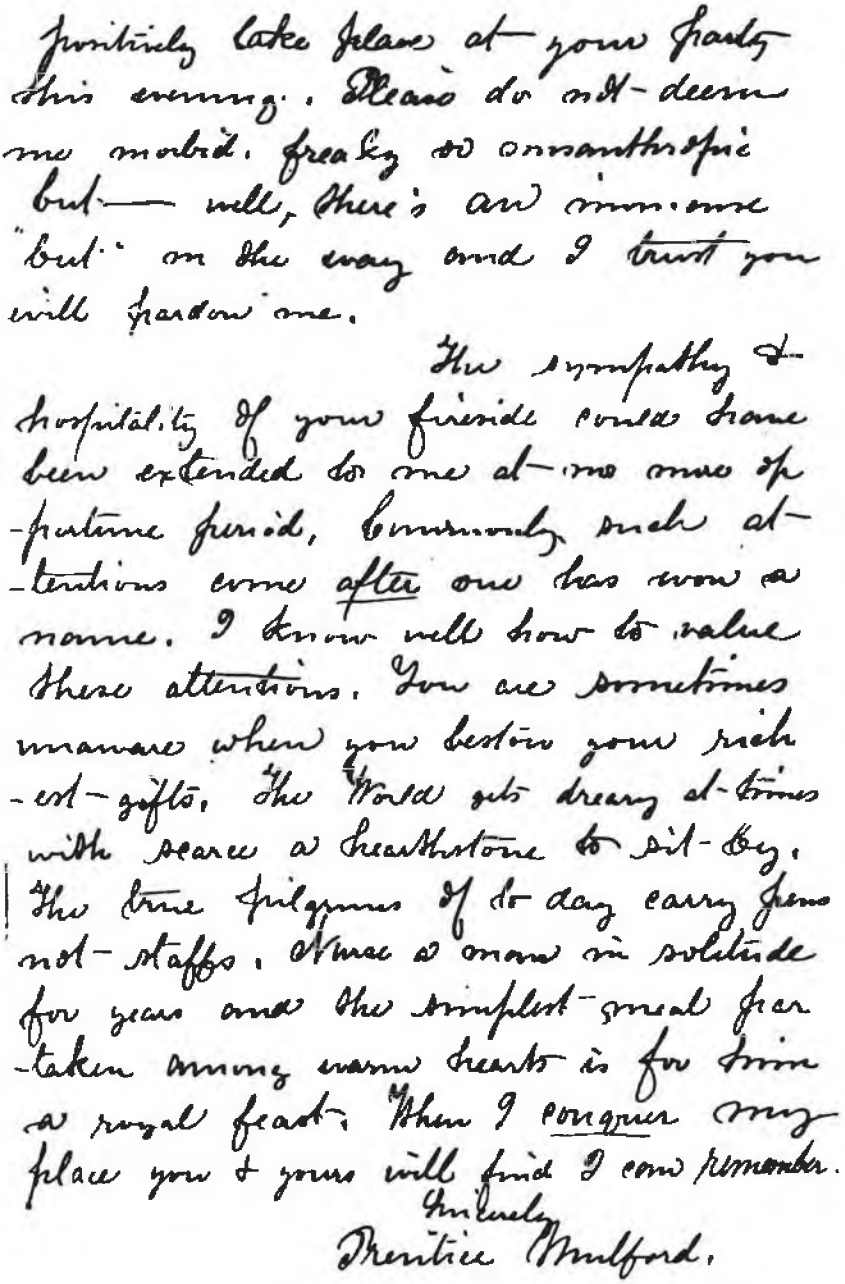
own self-respect he respected the opinions of others. Yet beneath his modest reserve lay an absolute confidence in his


Positively take please at your party this evening. Please do not deem me morbid, freaky or misanthropic but — well, there's an immense "but" on the way and I trust you will pardon one.

The sympathy & hospitality of your fireside could have been extended to me at no more opportune period, Commonly such attentions come after one has won a name. I know well how to value these attentions. You are sometimes unaware when you bestow your richest gifts. The World gets weary at times with scarce a heartstone to sit by. The true pilgrims of to day carry iron not staffs. A man is alone in solitude for years and the simplest meal partaken among warm hearts is for him a royal feast. When I conquer my place you & yours will find I can remember.

Sincerely
Prentice Mulford.

own future. Both by the spoken and the written word again and again he expressed his conviction that he should " find his place " and conquer.

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Only those who were fortunate enough to enter into the inner circle of his confidence were able to appreciate his staunch integrity and honesty of purpose, the highly developed conscientiousness which impelled him irresistibly to unveil rather than screen any shortcoming of his own—to explain himself to himself, and sometimes to some trusted and familar friend—to persist in a painstaking endeavour to disentangle his own motives and decide just how far they might be inspired by his own interests. And his intimates were certainly the only ones to discover the extreme sensitiveness that made him perhaps over keenly conscious of any slightest omission or failing toward him, on the part of any he held in regard.

His positive, pure and simple faith in the world unseen might have led one sometimes to imagine him lacking in sympathy with the sorrows of bereavement. I remember once, at a later season than the first of our friendship, I felt almost annoyed by what I deemed his callousness in speaking of the news that had just reached us of the death of a dear mutual friend. He was smiling as at a pleasant thought, and I demanded rather reproachfully, what he found to smile at?

"Why," he answered in his quiet gentle way, with the same meditative smile, "I'm thinking how J—— always doubted whether there was another world. And I'm just picturing him walking about there to-day and wondering at all he sees."

It was at this same season, when the little circle who had loitered together in the London garden and gathered round the fire in the London fog, met and foregathered again in the sunny September of New York that I wrote in a little sketch, in which I did not mention his name:—

> P. M. and his pretty little wife joined us in our wanderings about the city that was draped from the Fifth Avenue mansions to the squatter's shanty in the trappings and the suits of woe in mourning for the death of President Garfield. P. M. used to look round on the display of crape and bunting in a silence that with him need not necessarily have implied disapproval, as he was not always addicted to conversation. He professed to disbelieve in any grief that expressed itself in "customary suits of solemn black." "Oh, come and mourn," the little wife would coax him. "We're going to take the stage down Broadway. Come with us and mourn!"
>
> "I *have* mourned," he answered gravely. "I have mourned in a crape-hung lager-beer saloon: I have mourned in a funereal street-car; I have ridden up town behind a mourning locomotive, and I have eaten black candy at a candy store. I think it was coloured with ink." Sometimes I wonder whether his apathy in the presence of all this stirring manifestation of a nation's grief, is due entirely to his dislike of all public demonstration and display, or whether in the depths of his democratic soul there

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lurks a doubt whether this centralization of the national feeling may not be dangerous to the pure principles of Democracy. But maybe this is entirely my own fancy, for P. M.'s dispassionate and philosophic equanimity would, under no circumstances, be a condition to be disturbed by the death of a king or a president. To him there is no such thing as Death ; he does not see how it can matter much whether he or you or I are living in this world or in the next. If Garfield began a noble work here, he is no doubt continuing it in the next world. Here or there, what matters it ? It's work and it's life, whatever planet it is in, is his creed.

But I have run on in advance by some years of that season of 1873–4, of which I began to write. To return to those earlier

PRENTICE MULFORD AND HIS WIFE.

days, and to London where they passed. That spring a change was near, which proved less great a transformation scene than at first we thought it promised to be.

There came an evening—one of our 'At-home' evenings, when I observed that Prentice Mulford seemed unusually bright and animated ; more than that, there was a sort of radiance in his expression as if from some inner light, a look I had never seen on his face before. I noted, and wondered.

The next time he came the secret was out. He was in love with a young English girl, and proposed to marry her in the summer and take her back with him to America. On a former occasion, in one of his moods of confidence, he had talked to me of his first love of the long ago days, and now the remembrance

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of this confidence stirred in both my mind and in his, and rose to our lips. "I have loved before," he said. "This girl knows that. She does not mind, she is above it. Does the memory of a past love interfere with the present? Say, can a man love only once to all eternity?" Those words I have never forgotten.

The next development was his bringing his bride-elect to us—a child-woman with a baby brow under soft dark curls—an awakening soul in soft wistful wondering eyes—a fair child who played like a kitten and ran wild like a fawn about the garden, and then sat still gravely listening or seriously joining in our talks "up in the skies and down in the depths." He wrote amusingly of the difficulties of effecting arrangements for marriage with a Catholic girl under age, whose father hesitated in his consent to her union with a man who was neither of her religion nor her country.

All the old ways went on unchanged, the only difference being that there was one more in the circle. And when, after a few weeks, the gold ring gleamed on the little bride's finger, still everything seemed to go on just as it had done before.

Love and marriage wrought no essential change in Prentice Mulford, only seemed to bring out the best of him; and now the perfecting of earthly happiness by the mating of man and woman in true union became a favourite theme of his.

Late in the summer, or about two months after their marriage the wedded pair sailed for New York, with an empty purse and a heart-full of hope. It was only shortly before they sailed that he wrote, "She seems made and formed to be my helpmate in the great work before me." For never did his faith fail in his future.

Some four years or more elapsed before they came back to England, and then the years past seemed yesterday, and the yesterday had become to-day. They were on their way to, and later from, Paris on a business trip. He seemed quite fascinated with Paris, from which he wrote :—

I am a fortunate man. The reality of Paris far exceeds the anticipation. It brings closer to me the genius and greatness of the two Napoleons, and I have realized clearer than ever the truth of the remark once made me by a beautiful Intelligence who said "France! La Belle France! Her history is a grand Epic." I have plunged into French life. I live French, eat French, read French, speak French, and *such* French! I have for the last few days lived in both past and present. I have as it were felt the Revolutionary surges which since "96" have convulsed this race, and the walls still blackened and shattered of the Louvre speak more forcibly than words. Hardly knowing, or as yet caring, to know localities, I wander about among palaces, gardens, arches, columns, as one in a stupendous and delightful dream.

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In grey November, after another week with us in London, which he described as " a white week in our lives," they returned to New York, where he resumed his regular duties on the *Daily Graphic* of that city. And in less than another year, in the mid-September blaze of light and heat in New York, our little circle met and foregathered again " in the old, old fashion." Albeit in another hemisphere there seemed to be little of change amongst us. Prentice was just the same, with the ever ready twinkle of humour in his eyes, the slow quiet smile, the soft laugh that yet had such a hearty ring, at our mildest jokes ; and we laughed and jested a good deal in pure light-heartedness and pleasure of re-union. His young wife had only changed from bud to hardly yet fully unfolded blossom ; her girlish grace had ripened to fuller yet not less lovely maturity ; her mental and intellectual capacities had developed ; she formed her own judgments, held her own convictions. As of old we talked of the " things of heaven and earth " in sympathy even when in opposition ; only now, instead of in a London garden, or a London fog, it was in the woodland ways of the Hudson River or Staten Island that we wandered in sociable communion. To those woods at other times he resorted alone, as in the time of his solitary Western wanderings ; only in these later days instead of camping outfit he took a pencil and a paper pad, generally returning with the sheets of the latter covered with his close clear writing. While other men sat down to write at the library table, his study was the wilderness. As to the library shelf, a friend of his wrote of him truly :—

> In his earlier years he was afraid of reading many books. He wished to receive all his impressions at first hand and not to confuse his mind with the individual ideas and impressions of many others. In order that he might remain thus uncontaminated, as it were, he often sought solitude, where he might commune alone with Nature.

Later he got a little sailing boat, and as he had wandered solitary in the woods, so he sailed solitary on the sea he loved.

So that season passed, and I returned to England and home, only to cross the Atlantic again the next year, and yet again, and each time to resume those ever welcome associations of earlier days. Then came a day in New York when I bade Prentice Mulford a good-bye I did not dream was the last, for it seemed to me so sure that one or other of us would be crossing the Atlantic again, and that on one side or other of the ocean we should meet once more. But the years waxed and waned, and though he wrote me accounts of his life from time to time, there was only once an allusion to " possible " return to England " some day."

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His letters were indicative of the development of his views on the lines of the doctrines he set forth in the "White Cross" pamphlets. In earlier days I never remember having perceived any leaning on his part to vegetarianism or to the theories of Re-incarnation, to which later he became a convert. The passages I give here seem to me to convey a good idea of his mental position and movements.

He wrote in answer to a letter of mine in which I had drawn his attention to the Theosophical movement.

That theosophical theory of "shell" and "soul" principles seems too abstruse, vague and misty for me. It may have in it truth, but I am not able to discern it. Your London Theosophists seem much like ours of New York. To me they seem searching after something wonderful, a "sign in the heavens," and neglecting the wonderful under their feet in every grain of visible matter about them. It doesn't so much concern me what may become of my soul or Being hereafter, as what to do with it *now*. I think one grand secret, if not the pivot of the grand secret, is to learn how to live in the *Now*. You may deem me wild—and perhaps I may be as wild as the Theosophists—but I think that when the laws of spirit intercourse are better known, that is, when the laws of Nature are better known, the race will learn far better how to live—that they, perhaps *we*, may learn how to preserve strength and vigour to very advanced years, that disease of all kinds will vanish—that bodies will retain symmetry, and all that renders them attractive, to what now we term great age—that Death will be a translation rather than a sad and dreaded ending. Cultivation and retention of physical vigour is now a study with me, and I am surprised at the results. I may say now that I never take cold; I walk many miles without fatigue; I enjoy exercise as I never did before; and I sleep as I recollect sleeping when a child.

Thoughts are things, agencies and powers.

Beautiful minds should make beautiful bodies. Growing minds and newer thought may effect a constant renewal of the physical body. There may be such a thing as regards food, drink, and physical habit, as a growing out of a grosser life into a finer one which may bring organizations so renewed into *rapport* and into the assimilation and absorption of the finer and more powerful elements about us.

I am now fully satisfied that people who can live without eating meat, and who subsist on grains and fruits, are stronger, have more endurance, and are more free from disease, than the meat-eaters. I think the life of the future is to be a more spiritualized life than that of the present, in that it will enable the body to absorb, assimilate, and be nourished by finer and more subtle elements which cannot affect or enter into the grosser organization.

I am aware that in the above I can be picked up, criticized, analysed, and pulled all to pieces by the critically scornful. Don't *you* do it! Leave your intuition free to pick out the germs of truth amid the errors which may envelop the above ideas.

This world, this race, this universe, is a growing world, a growing universe. And, generation taken after generation, a growing race. We

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are a great improvement on the people of one hundred years ago. You, I am sure, are far too sensible and clear-sighted to say that there shall be a stop anywhere to the possibilities of humanity.

"*There are no finalities.*"

PRENTICE MULFORD.

When later on, he sent me the first (Boston) edition of the *White Cross Library*, I was still hoping that "some day" he would come over to our side of the Atlantic once more, and we should meet and plunge deep into the old discussions on his newest theories. But it was a wider ocean he was to cross; and it was written that on this side of the Veil we should meet no more.

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After an unusually long silence the news came to me of his strange passing over the border.

As he had lived so much of his life alone, so in silence and alone he sailed on his last voyage in his boat, *The White Cross*—sailed out of earthly ken. When they found him, he lay tranquilly as if asleep, a tarpaulin spread over him covering him from head to foot, and by his side his inseparable inanimate companions, pencil and paper, within reach of his hand.

It was then three days since he had passed through the change of Life that we call Death.

THE CHOSEN CHILD

By B. C. HARDY

THE chosen child must ever be
Misfortunate in his degree;
The loves of earth betray, forsake,
The tired heart is like to break,
The world his grief with scorn regards,
And coldly all his hope discards:
Their bitter looks let him forget,
For midst the stars his way is set.

The distant glory reaches him,
Though all the nearer paths be dim;
His feet are torn by rock and brier,
His eyes ashine with heavenly fire;
Though limbs be cold and garments thin,
The mystic vision glows within;
From worldly joys his face upturns
To where the immortal spirit burns.

Calamity may cloud his sky,
Riches and honour pass him by;
Lonely he climbs the hills of day,
The shining west gleams far away;
Though empires fall, yet to his eyes
The secret flame shall still arise;
While in his heart as holy ground
The place of peace is ever found.

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THE OLD WORLD CULTURE AND THE NEW

By W. GORN OLD

IF you have ever seen the sun rising over the snow-clad tops of the Himavats, if you have sat under the pepul trees and watched the stars with their flashing lights sailing through the ebon depths of the Indian skies, or the planets hanging down like lamps from the measureless vault of heaven, or if you have even breathed the incense-laden air of the common streets, you will have caught some infection of that loftiness, iridescence, grandeur, complexity and subtlety which characterizes Indian thought. More, you will have known something of that fullness of life and feeling which inspired the sage to say: *Ātmavat sarva-bhuteshu yah pasyati sa Panditah*—He who regards all living things as himself is indeed a sage.

Let us admit for the moment the conclusion of the learned that the chief function of religion has been to regulate the desire for life and to combat the fear of death and thus, as Metchnikoff observes, to co-ordinate the chief disharmony of our nature. Religion in this sense may be regarded as an anodyne, and its merits will depend wholly on its power to alleviate the pains which arise from either inordinate desire or inability to fulfil the functions of life; in a word, the pains of life and of death. But this is merely an animistic view of a primitive conception of man's nature and of his inherent belief in survival of bodily death, and is far removed from the higher functions of religion as we know it to-day. And I think it is permissible to say that all of religion that we approve has had its rise and development in the oriental mind. To what extent and with what measure of expediency we can apply purely humanistic reforms to a people whose very breath of life is religion, is a problem that needs careful consideration.

In this connection Mr. R. W. Fraser has something to say in his recent work on *Indian Thought, Past and Present,** which should not escape our attention.

* *Indian Thought, Past and Present*, by R. W. Fraser, LL.B., C.E., I.C.S. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Price 10s. 6*d*. net.

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In this work it is shown that the underlying thought of India, with which she has striven through the ages to compass the problems of the universe and of man's relation thereto, and which have so far impressed the mature minds of the West as to have become a matter of official recognition in the Legislative Council of India, is so ultramontane, so dissimilar to European thought, and yet so fundamental to all that we may regard as religion, that the loyal participation of the people of India in the great world struggle in which we are engaged is almost in the nature of an anachronism, and certainly anomalous. For in this account of the thought investing the social and religious positions in India it is seen that there are old hereditary beliefs and usages which are directly dependent on Indian beliefs regarding the nature of man and the universe, and of the relations of both to Deity, which "cannot be disturbed by the hasty introduction of western civilization without the most disastrous results which, in the best interests of the empire, might well be avoided." And yet, if we rightly regard the religious instinct, we shall probably recognize that it is homologous of all forms of civilization and not peculiarly the outcome of any one of them, whether oriental or occidental, and rather than regard it as the cement which holds the parti-coloured bricks of the social edifice together, we should more properly hold it to be the animating principle which permeates the organic fabric of the social constitution and induces the active co-operation of all its parts in the common functions of daily life. For religion cannot entertain the relations of man to God and the universe without considering the bond of brotherhood between man and man. This unity of life in the One Being has already been quoted as a concept of the enlightened religious thought of India, and we have the western concept to match it in the words of St. Paul: "We are all members of one body, whose head is Christ. . . . There should be no schism in the body, but its members should have equal care for one another, so that if one suffer, all the members suffer with it, and if one be honoured, all the members are rejoiced with it."

But whereas in the West the religious idea is an adjunct of thought, in the East it is the very foundation of thought itself. This however does not prevent diversity of view-point, and in effect we have several distinct systems of religious belief which claim adherents in all parts of the peninsula. The Vedas, which may be regarded as the voicing of the nascent religious concept, are fundamental to all later developments. A thousand years

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before the dawn of Christianity, these hymns of the Vedas had been collected and sung and the priestly caste of the Brahmans became the hereditary custodians of them all, the words, the metre and the intonation being their exclusive study. If these Vedic songs have voiced that animism of which we have heard so much of late, be it understood that they were not the nursery ditties of an infant race, but rather the spiritual laudations of

BODDHI SATTVA.
(By kind permission of MESSRS. T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.)

divine power as manifest in the elements of earth and sea and sky and wind and rain, direct from the devout hearts of a highly intelligent people. And what of God has ever been revealed that did not come to us *through* Nature and through Man, but never a whit *from* either? "What!" exclaimed St. Paul in the same spirit, "Came the word of God out *from* you? or came it *unto* you?" Humbly we must acknowledge that it came unto us by and through Nature, and became articulate through Man.

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Consequently we find that after the Vedas with their apostrophes of God in Nature, the Indian religious idea speedily involved Man as revelator and ascribed to him the honour of being God's interpreter. This cult is represented by the Bráhmanas, wherein the functions of the priest and the sacrifice are embodied. In these prose books of ritual we have the whole cult of sacerdotalism in its intellectual expression, "turning to account," it has been said, "the instincts of a gifted and naturally devout race" by transforming a nature-religion into a priestly vocation. Henceforth there were two kinds of gods, the celestial and the human, and true devotion was only to be shown by two kinds of sacrifice—oblations to the gods of the elements, and gifts to the gods of the sacred robe. But along with this overgrowth of sacerdotalism, there was persistent doctrine, and underlying all academic problems of life and mind, two concepts formed the concrete of Indian religious belief. These were the doctrines of *Karma* or retributive justice, and *Purnajanma* or Rebirth.

LORD MAITREYA.
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In this idea of rebirth there was not merely a specialized animism which involved no relation to merit or demerit, to reward or punishment. On the contrary, the idea of rebirth was indissolubly connected with that of karma or past actions, and prospectively to the progress and development of the individual soul or ego. It was a concept which linked together the laws of Nature and the laws of Man. It lay at the root of the Indian moral code. "The full Indian doctrine of transmigrations of the soul into new existences as retributive justice," says our author, "is evidently distinct from, and was not borrowed from, the surrounding animistic beliefs of the aborigines." This doctrine, with its correlative doctrine of karma, was fully

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developed in the philosophical commentaries upon the Vedas known as the Upanishads, for which, I think, we may find an

SEATED BUDDHA.
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origin about the fifth century B.C. And whereas we find this teaching reflected in the philosophy of Pythagoras, together with the postulate of the five elements, also of Vedic origin, we find no

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correlate in the Shintoism of China, although the five elements (*wu hing*) are everywhere employed by their earliest writers.

The philosophical epoch represented by the Upanishads doubtless did much towards satisfying that religious spirit of contemplation which mere ritualism could not effect, and while it had a broadening effect on the devout mind, it probably also had a restraining influence over sacerdotalism. For about this time the great cult of Buddhism began to make its way into recognition, and the peripatetic philosophers of India became as numerous as they were at a later date in Greece. Out of the leaven of religio-philosophical thought which was thus instituted, there arose a pure mysticism known as the Vedánta. It was a Path of Liberation akin to that which earlier had been offered by Buddhism, but was based upon the teachings of the Vedas, and in itself was designed to be the end or conclusion of them. Śankara taught that inasmuch as God was not apprehended by the senses, religious thought had no connection with any other form of knowledge. Meditation and devotion were the only means by which these supersensuous knowledges could come to man. Vedánta thus neither argued nor affirmed nor denied. It merely propounded that which it held to be revealed religion, and pondered it in the heart. Thus the Brahmanism of later times was tinctured with the teachings of Vedánta and Yoga.*

In the rise of Brahmanism against the incursion of Buddhism in the eighth century A.D., transcendental Monotheism took the place of the Polytheism and Pantheism of earlier Vedic times, and Sánkarácharya undertook the work of proving that "Buddhism was opposed to the entire revelation of the Vedas and afforded no basis for a metaphysical conception of the universe." Buddhism taught that life was an endless wheel of pain and torture, from which only Nirvàna could set one free. Vedántism, on the other hand, sought to prove that suffering and sorrow, disease, old age, and death, were delusions of the mind, and that they were dissolved and co-ordinated in the consciousness of God as the spiritual Soul of the Universe. But this straining after metaphysical differences caused Śankara to be accused of being a Buddhist monk in disguise. From the point of view of a universal spirit, all these differences and imperfections would disappear, said Śankara. But this concept of a *detached* Deity ill accorded with the pantheism of the Vedas wherein the *immanence* of Deity appears to be insistent. Śankara, however,

* E.g. *The Yoga of Yama, from the Kathopanishad,* By W. Gorn Old. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. net.

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taught that all delusions were due to ignorance of the Only Existent, and only two things were necessary to pass beyond Maya or the magic circle of illusion; these were knowledge (*gnánam*) and devotion (*bhakti*). Hence arose the later school of Yoga under Patánjali. The practice of Yoga was by him divided into two kinds: Hatha yoga, which sought to co-ordinate the functions of the body and bring its automatism under conscious control; and Ráj yoga, which was designed to effect the same result in the sphere of the mind. As the name yoga (*yuj*, to join) suggests, it was essentially a religious system, aiming at the union of the individual soul with the universal soul. Out of it arose those austerities of *tapas* (asceticism), and *virágya* (passionlessness) which have rendered the system so repugnant to the western mind, but apart from which, the system of Yoga, as rationally conceived and practised, appears to have given birth to a whole medley of beliefs and practices associated with New Thought and Advance Thought movements in the West.

It is to these ancient systems of thought and religious practice that we propose to bring the leaven of western civilization and sociology. Apart from the well-known admonition concerning the danger of "putting new wine into old bottles," especially when bottles are of the oriental kind and made of skins, and in this case human, we have the certain knowledge that any legislation which cuts at the root of Vedic authority is doomed to arouse the strongest resentment. For, as I have indicated in this survey of Mr. Fraser's capable work, the religious idea is inherent in and fundamental to all Indian thought and polity, and not accidental to them as in the West. In quite recent years Swami Dayananda affirmed that all knowledge was embodied in the Vedas. To the credit of our rulers it should be observed that they have never disputed the point in any official sense, nor sought to impose aught of western thought and custom upon the Hindu community. But with the schoolhouse door wide open they have not disguised the truth, and from listening at the doorpost the later generations of Hindus have come to their places in our colleges and academies, so that in these days there is observed to be a great conflict of thought between those of the old school of Vedic authority and those of the new school of scientific authority, and the question before us is whether it were not better to leave India to "weave into their social organization all that they may find suited to their racial and climatic conditions" in what we can bring to them of scientific thought and social polity.

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At the present time we ourselves are seeking a new religious expression, a system of thought which shall bring the highest religious concepts into accord with the facts of science and present them as a utilitarian system in which all human endeavour is dedicated to the service of the race. Such a Humanism may well be the outcome of this fusion of eastern and western thought which we have been considering, and out of it may come an amalgam which for resilience and durability will surpass the dogmatic teachings of all the ages and serve to bridge the gulf which now separates man from fellow man. Diversity of thought and feeling, of observance and practice, these are the excrescences of religion, they are no vital part of it, and can well be eliminated from any attempt we may make to define its true functions. What we lack is co-ordination of religious, scientific and political thought. In that Humanism of the future to which we look forward, whether it be proclaimed by the Lord Maitreya according to the expectancy of the Buddhists, or in the Voice of the Silence speaking in the heart of man, the authority of all religious and scientific teaching will be "Good-will towards man." Nothing that is higher or better than this was ever set before the mind of the Christian, nor has all the wisdom of the East contributed anything of greater worth to the sum of human weal.

CHRIST OF THE NIGHT

By TERESA HOOLEY

THE great trees shout hosannas in the dark,
Tremble, and bend in adoration—hark!
Along the sky
(Swift, swift His feet to follow and to find!)
The Master passes by,
Walking the waves, the restless waves of wind,
As once on Galilee
He walked the sea.

Above a world of weariness and sleep
He with the stars His ancient watch doth keep,
And, near as air
(Swift, swift His hands to pardon and to bless!),
His voice comes everywhere,
One with the night's eternal loveliness,
O'er forest, vale and hill:
Peace, peace, be still!

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SORCERY AND MAGIC

By P. S. WELLBY

FROM the fateful moment in mythical history when the arch-sorcerer promised mankind that they should be "as gods, knowing good and evil," the lure of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has drawn the mind and imagination of the human race. It might be stated that in this desire to discover and enjoy the springs of knowledge lay the chief impetus towards progress and development of the individual throughout the ages. From the earliest times we find that those men who dominated the common people were either endowed with unusual powers above their fellows, or had such powers ascribed to them. Such powers were supposedly derived directly from the Deity, or indirectly from superior instructors who were the guardians of a secret knowledge communicated to a privileged class. Kings, priests, and magicians always maintained their position by a claim to a knowledge of things which were hidden from the people. By oracles, prophecies, omens, and wonders they held undisputed sway over the unenlightened masses.

At length, at the end of the long tale of centuries, man is beginning to grasp the scope and range of his own mental powers, and to discover with astonishment that the fruits of the Tree of Knowledge, however strongly guarded, may possibly be within reach of all who prove capable of plucking them. The veil of the temple is rent, the riddle of the Sphinx is no longer unanswerable, the former things have passed away. In *The Romance of Sorcery*,* by Sax Rohmer, the author has presented the lives and achievements of many notable sorcerers, magicians, and adepts. It is a volume of extraordinary interest, ranging from the divine heights attained by the sage Appolonius of Tyana, to the infernal depths of perversion depicted in the Witches' Sabbath. Having read the work from end to end, the conclusion forced upon one is that if a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, much knowledge is immeasurably more dangerous. If man has within him the power to aspire to and attain to spheres of intellectual illumination, and enjoy the gifts of an enlightened understanding of forces behind and above the material universe, he has also the faculty of descending to abysses of unnamable degradation by

* *The Romance of Sorcery*. By Sax Rohmer. Methuen & Co., Ltd. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

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the perversion of that very same power. Man is therefore set midway between realms of light and darkness, and the guardian of the threshold says, "Take what you will and pay the price." At the present moment in the development of man upon the earth he has realized this position. In the pages of Mr. Rohmer's book we can glean what kind of price has to be paid if he exercises his privilege of choice. There is the *via media* along which the majority will still prefer to travel. They will not devote their potential energies to the exploration of one region or the other. They do not "desire in any way to vary from the kindly race of men"—but there have ever been some, and now are many of those who would grasp the gifts the gods themselves cannot recall. These have realized that in the words of Paracelsus "The spirit is the master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material."

Once a man forms the determination to assert the control and management of his own faculties, and be ruler in his own house, there are innumerable doors to be opened, but the labours of Hercules are not more arduous than those necessary to their opening. It is for this reason that wonders are so scarce, though they will never cease. At the outset, man is confronted with the lamentable fact that his present condition is one of inversion; his highest faculty, the creative faculty, is coupled to the lowest one, to the procreative faculty—and herein lie the alternatives of the life of sanctity, and the life of sorcery. Concentration may easily result in congestion, and at every step towards the heights is a fresh danger from the abyss. The very realization of mastery, far from making a man exempt from temptation, increases its power tenfold. *Humanum est errare*, and there is only a difference in kind between the visions of enlightened faith in the Palace of the King, and the orgies of nakedness and lechery on an astral Brocken. In astrological symbolism is to be found the explanation of many vital mysteries, and no more striking example is afforded in this connection than the sign Libra, the Balance, which being the sign governing the process and functions of generation is polarized by Aries, which governs the brain and the roots of the nervous system, the whole being comprised in the encephalon. In the cosmic scheme Aries holds the superior position and relates to the highest planes, while Libra is at the opposite or nadir point. Libra is thus at the root of the Tree of Life but it reaches its flower and fruit in the intellectual region symbolized by Aries. Desire which begins and ends in Libra is akin to a ground root which never penetrates

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THE WITCHES' SABBATH.

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to the light of heaven, while the spiritualized desire transmuted into love is like an upspringing tree whose crown reaches to midmost heaven, and whose golden fruit falls only to the service of mankind.

The enormities of the Obeeyah rites of Africa and of Voodoism among the negroes derive their efficacy from an understanding of the magical potency of the blood and other magnetic fluids of the human body—and the ichor of celestial beings is not dissimilar from the regenerated substance of the illumined philosopher and saint. It is in the constitution of man, therefore, that the beginning and end of magic is to be sought and found, for according to the Hermetic axiom, "God never speaks to men except through men, nor does he effect anything in Nature save only through the laws of Nature" (*The Mysteries of Magic*, A. E. Waite, p. 424).

Thus it happened that the sorcerer was one to whom it was evident that the proper study of mankind is man, and that the whole realm of Nature is a book which may be read in the light of Nature. The essential difference between magic and sorcery lies in the direction of the force of will and imagination towards the higher or lower principles of man standing between the realms of light and darkness—the higher principles of the intellect and development of the spiritual powers, and the lower principles of the animal senses, their appetities and desires. On the one hand in the past century we have had amongst us Madame Blavatsky, as an exponent of the higher principles; and as an example of the contrary, I would cite a remarkable account of witchcraft contained in historical records and set forth in the story of Isobel Goudie, *The Devil's Mistress*, recently written by J. W. Brodie Innes.

What, then, is the present state of our knowledge of Man and of Nature? In the concluding chapter of *The Romance of Sorcery*, the following statement made by Sir Oliver Lodge at Birmingham, in 1913, is of interest:—

> The evidence, to my mind, goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of *a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence*, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm.

Still more significant to those who set out to investigate the position of man in relation to the universe is the following passage from a work entitled *Problems of The Borderland*, by J. Herbert Slater:—

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As the world exists at present, the broadening out of these spiritual conceptions is in the hands of the comparative few who have learned the elementary truth that there are, at least, two great spheres—one of the fourth dimension, so called, though it comprises many phases, and one of three dimensions in which we live and move for the present. Both exist in the same space, the former interpenetrating the latter, and both are solid and substantial in the experience of those who function in them, each containing things which can be seen and handled, but which are, nevertheless, only of a temporary character. Of these dimensions the fourth is the more enduring and the more substantial.

If such a statement should strike the reader of this page as a monstrous absurdity, I would refer him to the book from which it is extracted, and, to quote further from the same work, " until he is able to sense the reality which lies within all material manifestations he will never become aware how greatly he is mistaken " as to the field of life's activities.

It is then with this " larger, perhaps ethereal, existence," the nature of which according to Sir Oliver Lodge we may hope to gradually attain some understanding, and with this " fourth dimensional sphere " to which Mr. Slater directs our attention that so-called magic and its perversion, sorcery, are concerned.

The means and methods of establishing intercourse across the chasm are numerous, and cannot well be detailed within the compass of a magazine article, but the axiom holds good in this intercourse as elsewhere that " like attracts like."

In conclusion it only remains to reiterate the truth that the greater the power the greater the temptation to misuse it. From the earliest times to this day, those who have had the keys to the mysteries by which man is surrounded have spared no effort to warn those who would follow their steps in the pursuit of knowledge, that the way is beset with many and great dangers. In the perversion of those faculties by which man is able to apprehend the forces at his command lies the greatest danger of all, and for this reason it is easy to understand the command from Mount Sinai, " Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

But to turn to the reverse of the picture :—

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her ; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

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THE CALF PATH

By EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

ONE day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should,

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then three hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;

And thro' this winding woodway stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.

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And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead

They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.

For thus such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind;

And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh:
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

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A DREAM IN TWO PARTS

[THE following psychic record has already appeared in print in *Broad Views* for August, 1908, but I have the kind permission of Mr. A. P. Sinnett to reproduce it in the present number. The record may be taken as perfectly *bona fide*, though the lady and gentleman whose dream experiences it narrates do not wish their names made public. The duel to which reference is made occurred in the time of Charles I, and the incident narrated in December, 1902.—ED.]

About two years ago I was staying with the Jack M——s for a week-end late in December, at their old house down in the fen country. Only one other guest was there, and he, like myself, was an *habitué*, on intimate terms with our host and hostess. Every one was in the best of spirits, a cheerier square party than ourselves could hardly have been found, and Saturday and Sunday passed with all the speed of pleasant, uneventful hours. On Sunday evening we had a good deal of music, a varied programme, I remember, that began with Gounod and ended with the latest ditty of opera-bouffe. Soon after eleven the men adjourned to the smoking-room, and Mrs. Jack came upstairs with me, and stayed for a final gossip while I brushed my hair.

We were all to disperse next morning to spend Christmas in various directions, my own destination being on the further side of the Channel, and my hostess lavished all the commiseration of an indifferent sailor upon me as we listened to the ominous sounds of a rising wind. I, however, am too hardened a traveller to worry over the prospect of a rough crossing, and had other and more cheerful subjects for meditation as I made a leisurely toilet beside the blazing wood fire.

I love the night, for, as a rule, I have delicious dreams, sometimes of colour, more often of music, but constantly of a degree of joy seldom attainable in waking hours. That night I slept peacefully at first, then came that well-known weird sensation of a dream within a dream. It was full of trouble and vague anxiety that grew clearer and more acute, until it seemed that I awoke and found myself standing in an empty room in another part of the house. I knew the room quite well—I had slept there on a previous visit—it was a large room, and between it

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and the one next it was a wide cupboard or powder-closet with doors on either side. The further room could thus be used as a dressing-room, or shut off, as needed; it was often given to bachelor visitors, and on this occasion was occupied by Mr. F——, the fourth member of our party.

In my dream I was standing near the door that led from the larger room into the powder-closet, listening with anxious horror to the sound of angry voices in the adjoining room. Two men were evidently engaged in hot dispute; presently there was a scuffle, the thrust of steel, a heavy fall and a stifled, inarticulate cry from one who was badly hurt—something between a curse and a groan—and all at once I realized that some one very dear to me lay wounded, perhaps dying, in that room. I rushed to open the door—it was locked on the inner side. I shook it, tried to wrench it open, but in vain; in overwhelming distress I shrieked aloud and begged to be let in, but no answer came. Then I woke—in earnest this time—to find I was sitting up in bed in my own quarters, saying, "I must get in, I must get in."

When I could collect my scattered senses I turned on the electric light, and looked about for any possible cause of alarm. Somewhere a clock struck four. There was a storm blowing of which I, in the north-west corner of the building, got the entire force, and I tried to persuade myself that this was enough to account for the terrors of my dream. But to lie awake in the small hours listening to the weird sounds that the wind wakes in an old house, is hardly soothing to ruffled nerves, and I soon began to imagine footsteps and voices in the passage—another ten minutes and I became convinced there were burglars in the house. I slipped on a dressing-gown and sallied forth to wake Jack.

The house is of typical Elizabethan design, E-shaped, with a centre hall facing south, a gallery above running the length of the house from east to west, from which the principal bedrooms open, and at either end a short passage at right angles leads to the projecting wings. My room, as I already have said, was in the north-west corner; a baize door shut off the little passage to it from the main corridor. Passing through this, the first rooms on the south side were those of my host and hostess, then came two bath-rooms, and beyond these again the rooms of my dream. Everything was still and peaceful as I moved down the corridor; the thick walls and rooms on either side shut out the storm completely; at the far end the light, which was always

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left burning, showed nothing unusual. I hesitated outside Jack's door; should I knock and send him to see if his guest was safe and well? It seemed so ridiculous—besides I should have to risk waking Mrs. Jack, a nervous and somewhat irritable lady. I stole softly on as far as the head of the staircase, and looked down into the hall—not a creature stirring! I left my worthy host's slumbers undisturbed, crept back to bed, and, after a time, slept again.

Next morning I was rather late for breakfast; Jack had nearly finished, Mrs. Jack was breakfasting in her room. Presently Mr. F—— appeared, looking distinctly sorry for himself, and when Jack had been called off to interview a keeper, asked me, with unusual solicitude, how I had slept. I parried the question and returned it. He leant his elbows on the table, and his head in his hands. "I never had such a night in my life," he said, "I had an awful dream, so clear I could have sworn it really happened. Some fellow came into my room between three and four o'clock, and insisted on having a row with me about——" he pulled himself up abruptly—"I can't tell you what it was all about, but he was furiously angry and we came to blows. We fought with swords, and he soon got the best of it and stabbed me, and I fell back with something between a curse and a groan, and at that moment a woman screamed, and tried to get in through the door of that cupboard place, from the next room."

"That was me," I broke in, and then I told my share of the dream.

Here is the story, literally faithful as to incidents, although, for obvious reasons, I do not give the names of place or people concerned. Let those who can, supply an explanation. This much light can be thrown on the subject. A duel did once take place in the dead of night in the room that was the scene of this curious illusion. The cause of the quarrel was carefully hushed up, but some clue to it may be suspected in the small white satin slipper that was found, together with a stained rapier, in a secret cupboard of another room to which the wounded man was removed, and in which he died. No definite "ghost stories" exist about the place; the village vaguely says the old Manor is haunted, but cannot produce any one who has seen or heard of any apparition. The father of the present owner bought the property some thirty years ago, and during the time of their possession both have steadily suppressed any talk of what they call "obsolete superstitions," even discouraging stories of

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traditions of bygone proprietors. Such scanty information as I have been able to glean concerning the place has been partly from a book on the history of the neighbourhood, and partly from a collateral descendant of the former lords of the manor. She it was who told me of the duel—long afterwards.

But, even granting the story of the duel, how was it that two people, who neither of them knew it, should re-enact, as it were, the tragedy in their own personalities? Mr. F—— holds the previous existence theory, and believes that we had, that winter's night, a glimpse of ourselves in a former life. But I would rather not claim that satin shoe, and prefer to seek another possible explanation in telepathy, which in my belief is the secret of many illusions of sight and sound.

The best authenticated ghost stories are nearly all connected, as was our double dream, with violence and tragedy; nearly always the sights or sounds repeat the incidents, and the apparition is that of the victim. It is opposed to every instinct of justice and of mercy to imagine that one who has suffered, often innocently, should not rest in peace. Is it not more probable that it is the soul of the criminal that cannot escape from the pain he himself caused—that with the mental reverberation of any great shock, his own deeds repeat themselves to his consciousness, and that in realizing their full significance his purgatory is achieved? For there is no heavier punishment for any sin or mistake, than to realize it completely for what it is, and yet in that recognition alone lies the hope of better things. And if, when the guilty soul conjures up the scene and circumstances of his crime, some human being is near whose telepathic powers are sufficiently sensitive, he sees and hears what passes before the spirit consciousness of the other. This would account for much of the vivid horror caused by these visions.

In our case the principal actor, Mr. F——, is possessed of an unusual degree of magnetism. It may be that he received the impression of the quarrel so clearly as to identify himself with its victim, and then that his telepathic powers transmitted the impression in turn to me. Who knows? But often much comfort lies in what we can least explain. Soul and body are so closely connected that the materialistic arguments that would make them identical, and attribute all sensations and ideas to physical causes, are plausible at times. To find a sense that transcends material limits, a link of spirit that holds good through time and space, is to snatch a glimpse of immortality.

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THE VAMPIRE SUPERSTITION

By CAPT. VERE D. SHORTT, Author of "Lost Sheep."

THE belief in the Vampire or "Vroncolaca," as it is called in Eastern Europe, is one of the most ancient in the world. In bald terms a Vampire according to the belief of Eastern Europe is the physical body of a dead person, male or female, which maintains itself in a sort of half life in the grave by returning to its former haunts and nourishing itself on the blood of living persons. Now, this belief to the average English mind seems of course to be fantastic absurdity, but before taking this point of view let us look at the subject in a tolerant and dispassionate light, and remember that under *all* primitive beliefs, no matter how apparently wild, is a certain substratum, infinitely small perhaps, but still there, of truth. I propose in this article to give some instances—some attested, and some mere legend, of this belief, and also some theories on the probable cause of this kind of haunting.

As I have said above, the Vampire, "Oupire," or "Vroncolaca," of Eastern Europe is a person long or lately dead, who manifests himself in physical form generally by sucking the blood of living persons, but occasionally by killing animals, and making apparently motiveless disturbances (always in his former home) after the manner of the Poltergeist.

The causes of this form of haunting are various. According to local belief the bodies of suicides, persons who have lived an ill life, or have indulged in the practice of black magic, are specially liable to this form of Possession—for Possession it is. It must be clearly understood that it is not the *soul* of the deceased person which animates his corpse, but an outside Influence—that is to say an evil elemental or demon—which animates the body at periodical intervals, and keeps it from decay by the transfusion of living blood from human victims. The only case in which a Vampire may be animated by the spirit of the deceased is in that of a professor of black magic. Under certain circumstances the latter may learn enough to keep his body in a semi-cataleptic trance, and his soul attached to it, and therefore out of the sphere of punishment which he has earned.

In this case (as in all others of Vampirism) the remedy is

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to disinter the body of the supposed Vampire, and either burn it, or drive a stake through the heart and cut off the head.

There can be no doubt that the practice in vogue in England up to comparatively recent times of burying the body of a suicide at four cross-roads with a stake driven through it, was due to a survival of this belief, which was in ancient times held in this country as elsewhere. William of Malmesbury mentions that in England the bodies of persons who had died in mortal sin were liable to be animated by demons. William of Newbridge, who lived and wrote about the middle of the twelfth century, among other cases relates that of a man who was buried at Berwick-on-Tweed, who came out of his grave, and assailed his former friends by biting them at night. However, ten young men, braver than the other inhabitants of Berwick, disinterred the corpse, tore out the heart, pierced it with a stake and consumed the body to ashes, after which the hauntings ceased.

But the belief in the bodily return of the dead for evil purposes is far older than mediæval times. The ancient Greeks called this form of demon *lamia*, and believed that they devoured children. The Romans had the same belief, and called them *strigæ*. The prophet Isaiah in foretelling the ruin of Babylon, according to the Vulgate, says that "she shall become the abode of satyrs, *lamiæ* and *strigæ*." In the laws which the Emperor Charlemagne gave to the Saxons he condemns to death those who believe that men are sorcerers (*striges esse*) and eat living men. He also condemns to death those who have the bodies of reputed wizards burnt, or give their flesh to others to eat, or eat of it themselves. In this latter connexion in Russia until quite recently one method of rendering oneself immune from the attacks of a Vampire, was to eat a portion of the flesh of the corpse of the suspected person, and also to eat a small portion of rye bread kneaded with his blood. Thus it will be seen that the belief in the return of the bodies of the dead, animated by a malignant ghost or demon, is of an extreme antiquity.

Our Scandinavian forefathers also held this belief, but in a modified form. They believed that in certain cases the bodies of the dead, and especially the bodies of dead heroes and warriors, were animated in this way, and roamed the countryside attacking and killing men and animals. In other cases when a warrior was buried in a cairn with his arms and treasure, the corpse was supposed to become animated for the purpose of guarding the latter against thieves. In the Saga of Grettir the Strong two instances are given of this. The first of his fight with Karr the

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Old in the tomb whither Grettir had penetrated for the purpose of taking the dead chieftain's sword, and the second in Grettir's fight with the spirit of Glam the Thrall.

In this second case, a certain farmer's homestead was haunted by the animated corpse of a deceased shepherd, which was in the habit of killing men, horses, and sheep. Grettir, who was known to be utterly fearless, was asked to lay the appearance, and consented to do so. While Grettir was sleeping in the farmer's house the vivified corpse forced its way into the hall by tearing down the door, and Grettir grappled with it. After a long struggle Grettir got the mastery, and proceeded to lay the visitant by cutting off its head and laying it beside its thigh (the Norse method of laying anything supernatural). Before he could do so, however, the body spoke to him, and foretold that as long as he lived he would never get rid of the sight of its eyes.

Now Grettir was an historical personage, and it is on record from various sources, that after this incident that he could never bear to be alone because he complained of being continually plagued by a pair of eyes. Grettir was outlawed for most of his life, and always preferred the company of even a probable traitor in his places of refuge to his own.

In recent times, however, the Vampire legend has been almost exclusively confined to Eastern Europe, and is supported by a mass of corroborative evidence. To explain the huge number of cases of Vampirism there, it must be remembered that according to the local belief, every victim of a Vampire became a Vampire in his turn, and so the ranks of these beings were recruited from an ever-widening circle. In the seventeenth century the devil was supposed to hold a school of black magic on the Scolomanca Mountain in Hungary, and as his fee claimed every tenth pupil, who at his death became a Vampire. There are many details extant of the attributes of Vampires, some evidently pure invention, and some which seem to have a deeper significance. The principal attributes of a person—or rather body—in this state of life-in-death, are extreme pallor, canine teeth unnaturally long and sharp, and very fœtid breath. The Vampire during his visits to the upper world would also throw no shadow, whether on the ground or in a looking-glass, and is never seen to eat or drink.

The conditions of this existence seem to vary according to different cases, but in all cases it seems to be a condition that the Vampire must pass a certain portion of each twenty-four hours in his grave. It also appears to be an undecided point as to how the Vampire leaves and re-enters his grave. The general con-

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sensus of opinion seems to be that the body leaves the grave without making any disturbance, which would seem to point to a Vampire being able to de-materialize and re-incarnate at will. The belief that locked doors and windows are no bar to the visits of a Vampire would also seem to support this theory.

In Eastern Europe the great danger from a Vampire seems to be in the latter attacking those who did not know him in life. His former acquaintances would of course know him, and take proper precautions, but as a Vampire is, except in minor details, exactly like a human being, strangers would not have this advantage, and in consequence the visitant could go on supporting his horrible half-life amongst them, and use them as a means of prolonging it.

There are several amulets which are supposed to be of sovereign virtue against the attacks of the Vampire. A crucifix, a consecrated picture or " ikon," and above all, garlic flowers, are supposed to be the most efficacious.

Absolutely wild and improbable as this belief seems to be, there are scores of cases vouched for by hundreds of witnesses. One or two of these may be of interest to those interested in the occult, and also to the general reader.

The first took place in the year 1736. In this year a soldier was billeted in the house of a Hungarian peasant close to the Austrian frontier. One day, as he was seated at table with several other people, a stranger entered and sat down at table. The soldier thinking this was an acquaintance of his host, took no notice, but the latter appeared to be extremely disturbed and frightened. The peasant, the owner of the house, was found dead in bed the next morning, and the soldier was informed that the visitor of the previous day was his host's father, who had been dead and buried for over ten years, and who had come back and killed his son. The soldier informed his colonel, who in turn informed the general commanding the district, who ordered an inquiry. Accordingly, the Count de Cabreras, colonel of the regiment of Alendetti infantry, proceeded to the scene of the alleged haunting, accompanied by the regimental surgeon and several other officers, and took the depositions of the other people in the house. These attested unanimously that what the soldier had reported was the exact truth, and this was confirmed by the other inhabitants of the village. The colonel accordingly had the corpse exhumed, when it was found to be in all respects like a living man in a deep sleep. The Count had the body decapitated and re-interred, and he also did the same with the bodies of

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several reputed victims of the first Vampire. These proceedings were reported to the general, and through him to the Emperor, who approved of them officially.

Now in this case to the ordinary mind, the evidence for and against the supposition of Vampirism seems to be about equally balanced. We have the natural superstition of ignorant peasants, probably born and brought up in an atmosphere of credulity, to consider, and also the evidence of a private soldier, who may have wished for a change of quarters, and may have worked on the superstition of the peasants for that reason. Again, he may have invented the whole story as a joke, but in this case what becomes of the peasants' evidence? *They* at least would hardly invent such a story, and have their graveyard profaned from a misdirected sense of humour. Then we must remember that the Count de Cabreras and his officers were probably educated men, and little likely to take action on what they considered peasants' babble, much less to insult the intelligence of their general by making a report to him, unless the case presented to them clear proof of Vampirism. The sceptic may dismiss the evidence of the peasants and soldier as unworthy of credence, but I do not see how that of the officers can be so treated.

An almost precisely similar case took place in the village of Kisilova in Servia in September 1738. An old man of sixty-two having died appeared three days after his death to his son, and asked him for something to eat, on being supplied with which he disappeared. The next night but one the dead man was seen by several people in the village going towards his son's house, and in the morning the latter was found dead, bearing all the marks of strangulation. After this at intervals several men of the village were found dead in the same manner, and at last the village mayor reported the matter to the Parliament at Belgrade, who dispatched several officers and an executioner to hold an inquiry. The alleged Vampire was exhumed, and as in the preceding case, showed all the characteristics of a living man. The executioner cut off his head, and the body was reduced to ashes. No marks of Vampirism, however, were found on the body of the son, or the other people who had died or been murdered.

Now in this case there is no evidence of Vampirism except that of peasants. The Parliament at Belgrade, knowing the intense excitement caused in lonely countrysides and villages by stories of Vampirism, probably sent down the commission with orders to allay the peasants' fears, which they proceeded to do by destroying the body of the alleged Vampire in the time-honoured way.

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The freshness of the corpse in this case after six weeks' burial may be ascribed to some preservative quality in the soil of the churchyard, and the story of respiration, etc., by the corpse, as either invention or more probably delusion.

To turn to more modern instances, Madame Blavatsky relates the story of a Russian official, who returned and was seen by many people after his death (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. 1, p. 454), and the late Doctor Franz Hartmann has contributed an account of an authenticated case of Vampirism to the OCCULT REVIEW.

Both Mr. Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*, and the late Sheridan Le Fanu's story *Carmilla*, are woven round this theme, and although fiction, give a mass of detail on this subject.

According to many authorities, Vampires, although subject to many restrictions, such as having to pass a certain portion of each day in their tomb, and being subject to exorcism and the power of amulets, also enjoy the use of many powers which enable them to deceive their intended victims. Chief among these is the power enjoyed by them of changing their shape at will, and entering locked, barred, and bolted houses. According to many accounts, they also use what, for want of a better word, may be termed stage-accessories, such as carriages, horses, servants, etc., which seem to have no *real* existence, but to be simply illusions, which these beings are permitted by some other power to use in order to forward their ends. However, both the Vampire's restrictions and powers seem to be subject to well-defined laws of which we know nothing, and which are probably those of another plane impinging on this.

In countries where cremation is the rule Vampirism is almost unknown, for the reason that the destruction of the physical body deprives the creature of its *raison d'être*. In India, where the natives believe in a multitude of ghosts and demons, the belief in Vampirism is almost absent. The nearest approach to the Vampire in Hindû folk-lore is the *Churel*, or ghost of a woman who has died in child-birth, who haunts lonely roads, and leads men to destruction. Her feet are turned the wrong way round on the ankles so that she may be recognized. In Mohammedan countries where burial is the rule the belief in blood-sucking ghosts under various names has always prevailed.

However, Vampirism, which most probably had its origin in an infinitely older epoch and race than ours, is now happily extremely rare, and bids fair in the near future, with the evolution of the human race, to become entirely extinct.

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RELIGION AND SOCIOLOGY*

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE is a science of sociology moving somewhere in the world for the benefit of those who seek instruction in the nature and development of society and the history of social institutions; and as these subjects have attained the dignity which attaches to the word science, I have no doubt that there is a serious and important body of thought ingarnered within the particular circle of research. I do not know whether its exponents have conceived prior to Professor Durkheim the notion that religion is the pre-eminent expression of social life, or that the reality and the universal and eternal objective cause of religion is, in one word, society. I can imagine that some of my readers will conclude out of hand that such a thesis is not worth examination, more especially when it occupies in translation over 450 closely-printed pages and is written in a tedious style, without any relief from the light of literature. They will make a mistake, however, for it is an important work, *fortement documenté*, and elaborated with exceeding care. Moreover, it is not without moment to hear the last word which has been said on our own subject by a qualified speaker belonging to an opposite camp, while, on the other hand, those who are attracted by myth, custom and rite among so-called primitive people will find a mass of interesting material drawn from authoritative sources and capable, at need, of being considered apart from the thesis which it has been brought together to justify.

Owing to a diffuse method, it takes overlong to get at the idea of religion in the mind of the writer. He calls it "a more or less complex system of myths, dogmas, rites and ceremonies," and more fully "a unified system of beliefs and practices relative to sacred things, that is to say, things "set apart and forbidden" —beliefs and practices which "unite into one single moral community, called a Church, all those who adhere to them." It is to religion thus conceived that scientific sociology is an alleged

* *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life: A Study in Religious Sociology*. By Emile Durkheim. Translated from the French by Joseph Ward Swain, M.A., 8vo, pp. xi. + 456. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Price 15*s*. net.

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key; of this kind of faith it is said that it "has its origin in society"; the "fundamental notions of science" originate therein; the very categories of thought, the processes of the logical understanding have their source in religion when this is reduced to a synonym for society; and society in fine is that one reality which religious thought expresses. It embodies "all that is necessary to arouse the sensation of the divine in minds," and it provides that conviction of "a perpetual dependence" which is produced otherwise by the idea of God, Who is a figurative expression of society.

Such is the thesis, and its evidences are drawn from "the most primitive and simple religion," practised by "very humble societies," for in these Professor Durkheim believes that he has discovered elements out of which "the most fundamental religious notions are made up." It follows that religion is judged throughout on the basis of its most savage characteristics, and by far the larger part of the book is a study of totemism. Why is the appeal made to Australian, American and Melanesian aborigines as most likely to furnish the real elements? The answer is that the whole consideration postulates evolution and the barbarous beginnings of humanity. Having reached this *terminus a quo* we can look from our own standpoint at this "last thing" which has been set up against all that is called God. We know that the hypothesis of *The Vestiges of Creation* came and went, that natural selection followed and filled a high throne for brief period, but it has fallen with its titles. Of evolution it can be said only that it is on its trial and is not without signs of passing into the melting-pot, with so many other of our explanatory notions of the universe. One has a right to suspect any thesis which takes it for granted unconditionally and depends therefrom. But when such thesis tells us that the reality behind all religions is that which we call society, and when the argument —for all that I know—is tolerable on evolutionary grounds, we who are mystics and we who are even occultists may well set about revising our values in respect of evolution—if we can be said to have declared any. It is as if the House of Prayer had again become a den of thieves.

Professor Durkheim reviews certain defunct explanations of religion without ever conceiving on his own part that which it is in reality. He has forgotten the one thing needful. The Key of religion is God. It arises from Him and in Him attains its end. It manifests with all its processes in man by virtue of a need of nature, and this nature is the soul of man. It is not

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belief merely but experience, and it has a state of being as its object. The attainment of such state is a work of love, and the state itself is that union which is consciousness in God. All this is equivalent to saying that religion at its highest is religion as understood by the mystics, and between it and science there is none of that conflict to which Professor Durkheim alludes in some luminous and pregnant sentences. Its subject-matter is the eternal, universal, catholic knowledge, wherein are the warrants of all sciences connected with and arising therefrom. If $2 \times 2 = 4$ this is because of the truth of God and its sovereign reason. Behind us, who cleave hereto, is the testimony of the saints of all ages and all religions—that God is and that He recompenses those who seek Him out. I do not know whether the human race began in pure barbarism. I think that barbarism and civilization have co-existed as far back as there are any vestiges of history. But it does not matter. I know at least that the great thoughts of the great men are found through immemorial time. Before Ruysbroeck and Eckehart there was he who is called Dionysius, before Dionysius Plotinus, and before Plotinus there was Plato, while the East stood behind Plato, and therein are the spiritual giants of the mighty Vedic faith. I know also and therefore that even as alchemical processes are not a criterion for the judgment of modern chemistry, so surviving aboriginal religions, even if we knew that they were primitive and not degraded forms, are no standard by which we can pronounce upon religion—understood in its deepest essence and realized in its highest development. The totem is not the sacrament, nor are certain concomitants of old ritual human sacrifices the root-matter of the Eucharist. Finally, the so-called immortality of society—which might be swallowed up in any cataclysm—is no working substitute for the soul which knows not death, nor is Professor Durkheim's clouded doctrine of personality the real side of the life in God. It may be, notwithstanding, that he sees the vestige of a truth and that the concept which he calls society—like the Church, as defined by theology—not apart from individuals and yet, as he tells us, more than the sum of these, is a far-off catching at the integration of souls in God. He may continue to satisfy himself by terming it society rather than the Church militant on earth and triumphant beyond in God's union. I know in any case that it has one formula—and this is "life in God and union there."

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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.]

NATIONAL KARMA.

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With regard to the interesting point of "the validity of national karma," raised in "Notes of the Month" (November), perhaps I may be allowed to point out that modern theosophical teaching has always insisted on the factor of collective or national karma. Mrs. Besant writes in *Karma*, "It appears that while nothing can befall a man that is not in his karma, as an individual, advantage may be taken of, say, a national or a seismic catastrophe to enable him to work off a piece of bad karma which would not normally have fallen into the life-span through which he is passing."

Again in her *A Study in Karma*, I find Mrs. Besant writing: "Let us think of the collective karma of a nation. Face to face with this, the individual is comparatively helpless, for nothing he can do can free him from this, and he must trim his sails to it as best he can. Even a Master can but slightly modify national karma, or change the national atmosphere.

The rise or fall of nations are brought about by collective karma. Acts of national righteousness or of national criminality, led up to by noble or base thinking, largely directed by national ideals, bring about national ascent or national descent. . . .

As with a family, so with a nation, to a much greater degree, will there be an atmosphere created by the nation's past, and national traditions, customs, view-points, will exercise a vast influence on all who dwell within the nation. . . .

When a man finds himself in the grip of a national karma which he cannot resist—say that he is a member of a conquered nation—he should calmly study the causes which have led to the national subjugation, and should set to work to remedy them, endeavouring to influence public opinion along lines which will eradicate these causes."

While, I think, most people agree that Belgium's agony is due to karma generated in the Congo, I am not so sure about Mr. Trefusis' theory that the present generation of Germans are the reincarnated Congo inhabitants, though it is rather a tempting hypothesis to believers in national karma. But, personally, I doubt if these Congo tribes were sufficiently intellectually advanced to take advantage—

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as the present Germans have taken advantage—of the thorough system of German education.

I should think the national German thought, always occupied for the last forty years with the subject of war and conquest, taking delight in the thought of war itself, seeing war as a worthy end in itself, is enough to account for the birth into the nation of morally undeveloped souls, ready when the opportunity presents itself to put theory into practice. The German system of military training seems so brutal that it is easy probably for soldiers so trained to commit acts of savagery at which civilized nations shudder.

Mrs. Besant regards the war as a great quickener of national and individual karma preparing the way for a fairer civilization. Mr. Sinnett on the other hand says in his *Spiritual Powers and the War*: "The sufferings of Belgium are not karmic in any sense worth talking of. It is due entirely to the great effort of the dark powers to upset civilization. In the same way the other nations who are suffering in various ways through the war, collectively or individually, are being afflicted with trouble they have not karmically earned." That is, Mr. Sinnett acknowledges the existence of national karma, but attributes the present war and Belgium's share in it to other causes. He also teaches that a fairer civilization will succeed the war and that "collective compensation" will be afforded to the world for the horrors through which it has passed when the war is over.

As many writers have pointed out since the war began, in peace time the civilian population of Germany commit frequent and appalling crimes of lust or assault which meet often with comparatively slight legal punishment. The German spirit of savageness and cruelty seems to be too universal to be accounted for by reincarnated Congo inhabitants, it seems to me. ELISABETH SEVERS.

PHOPHECIES OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As I am not even a student of Astrology I cannot fairly attack it. But, as a critic, may I not suggest that the prophecies based on astrology are so general in their nature that at times some of them must, by the law of average, be approximately successful?

I myself and many others prophesied in August, 1914, that any lengthy war must probably end in a civil revolution in Prussia or even Germany; and now one is very fully assured that there will be revolution. But will it take place before or after the end of the war? Will the pressure of finance, social and physical suffering or revolt against the tyranny of a class lead to the revolution? Or will all these, as conjoint causes, be followed by the effect? It would appear astrology does not consider such details, and if reason can prophesy as generally as astrology, the magic of astrology seems difficult to arrive at.

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The prophecies of Bobola and the monk Kosmas would appear not to have emanated from astrologers? They are certainly remarkable, especially the reference in Bobola's to Pinsk as a definite place and to the rising again of Poland as a kingdom as a definite fact. Is it possible that the Kaiser's last offer has been made from his knowledge of the prophecy and desire on his part to *read it* in his own favour? The probability looks like a great *German* defeat round Pinsk, some time in the new year. But I think the prophecy is silent as to which side wins?

One prophecy, perhaps based on astrology, has not, I think, been referred to by you. It was extant before June, 1914, for I then wrote to the editor of *Light* referring to it. It stated definitely that July, 1914 *or* 1915, would be a time of great peril for the German emperor and his dynasty.

" Just for the fun of the thing " may I offer you a prophecy drawn from imagination?

Peace will be signed between April and October, 1916. About February there will be movements in Prussia and perhaps Saxony towards a social revolution resulting from physical social suffering and rise in prices. This will affect the German army because so many men of intellectual occupation will be in the ranks who will feel especially the brutalities of their officers. These movements will culminate in revolution just before or after peace is concluded. Part of Serbia will be overrun by the Germans, but the Allied troops will prevent a full flood of munitions and supplies for Constantinople, which will fall about March or April. In the west the Germans will make no advance: the Allies will hold them and advance slightly. On the east Germany may shortly take Riga and Dwinsk, and there will be stalemate till the spring, when the Russians will advance in force. Germany will be bled near death: that will be the cause of peace. Bobola's remarkable prophecy points to a great battle round Pinsk which *may* take place shortly or in the coming spring.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I must congratulate " X " upon his review of Mr. Lea's book, *A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science.*

He is perfectly right in what he says, criticism cannot but help if it is rightly met. The difficulty is that, as a rule when we are criticized, instead of thinking carefully over the criticism, seeing where it applies, and, if it is just, altering our views accordingly, we take it as a personal matter and get upset. If your ideas are right, the more you are criticized, and the more you are run down, the better it is for yourself and every one else if you know how to think rightly.

G G

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The reviewer says: "There is much in Christian Science which we deeply respect; much which we accept; much which we deplore and reject. Mayhap, we are wrong." When I was making a professional examination into mental healing for the *Daily Express*, they asked me specially to look into Christian Science; at first I practically could get no information from the Christian Scientists, they thought that I was going to do as others had done, make a cursory examination and then bring out a report full of misconceptions of their teaching.

Christian Science is the Christ Science, the Science of God and man. This is what we all want to understand. You will probably find that what "X" "deplores and rejects" is a false idea that he has entertained of Christian Science. Unfortunately, people mix up Christian Science and Christian Scientists. We do not blame Christianity on account of so-called Christians, nor do we blame the principle of mathematics because the schoolboy does not do his sum. There is no proof of any theory but results. From the study of Mrs. Eddy's textbook *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, I obtained a knowledge of the Bible which, I am sure, I could not have obtained in any other way. At first I could not understand her meaning, as she was a metaphysician, whereas I had been trained as a scientific man. It was not until the third time of reading that I began really to understand what she meant. I have read it through from 50 to 100 times, and every time I have read it through I have found from 100 to 200 things that I did not understand before. I was not far enough on to understand them.

Mrs. Eddy's main teachings are as old as the hills. They are that man is a spiritual being in heaven now; that matter is not a reality, and that what are called phenomena, that is to say, the changes of the material world, are only the result of a false illusory sense. What Mrs. Eddy has given to the world, which is new, is the practical method in which Jesus performed his miracles, and has given it to the world in a way that enables each man, who conscientiously determines to get at the bottom of her teachings, to perform miracles in the way that Jesus the Christ taught and demonstrated.

By the study of *Science and Health* I found that my idea of God had changed from somebody that had to be supplicated, to the God that is All-in-all; the only Ego; Life itself; Love itself; Truth itself; Mind which gives all the mental activity; Soul which gives infinite wisdom and knowledge; Spirit which gives all the goodness and holiness; substance that gives all permanence; intelligence; and Principle, the Principle of good, that always acts if only we stop thinking wrongly and think rightly, when it destroys the evil that is attacking us or our patient.

For three and a half years I used to give between half an hour to an hour a day to merely thinking of God in the above main forms and all the derivatives therefrom, namely, the synonyms and attri-

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butes of God, of which I ultimately found over 220 in the Bible and in Mrs. Eddy's writings.

The result of this increased knowledge of God so gained is that by the mere realization of God, and without thinking of anything else, a person can be healed instantaneously of sin or disease. If you can habitually instantaneously heal sin and disease by the mere realization of God, then you have a good working practical knowledge of God. If you cannot help your fellow men in this way, then you cannot have much understanding of God.

All so-called religions are systems of enabling us to help our fellow men better, different religions being differentiated by their different views of God. The only proof of a man's knowledge of God is results. Every thought that we think has an effect either for good or for evil. "Watch and pray" and "pray without ceasing" is the basis of what Mrs. Eddy has taught. When you think good, however, you must not think so called good; that is to say, you must not, if you have a headache, think you have not got one, this is a lie; whereas Jesus said: "Know the truth and the truth will set you free." Buddha said: "Ignorance of the truth is the cause of all misery. Come to me and I will teach you the truth, and the truth will dispel your sorrows."

Pilate said, "What is truth." It is the truth about God and man; that is to say, when you think good, you must not think of the material world, you must think of God and heaven, then this truth that you are realizing sets you free.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. RAWSON.

90 REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

INVISIBLE HELPERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On page 298 Mr. Turner states that an invisible helper, with permission, can assume almost any appearance he likes (why masculine) even to masquerading as Christ. If that is the truth, I should be glad if he could enlighten me as to whether this vision of the Christ is an impersonation or simply the result of thought. In February, 1912, I accepted an invitation to a spiritualist séance. When it was over and the sitters had gone, I remained in the room with a friend, because the conditions were good; chatting and giving each other descriptions of what we could see clairvoyantly. Just as I thought of leaving, there appeared about six feet away and three feet above the floor, a life-sized figure of Jesus, or the Christ, in white robes (details not necessary). It appeared as though there was an extraordinary strong yellow light inside the head, brighter in the forehead, which caused a halo around the head. The same effect is produced by a light in a fog. I cannot describe the eyes, but I could read

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them. It remained longer than any vision I have seen. Result, found that which I had lost, Hope. Yours sincerely,

HEREFORD. IGNORAMUS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Permit me to reply very briefly to Mr. Tennant. He does not touch the point raised in my letter, but indulges in vague generalities which befog and confuse the earnest student of the Bible. However, Mr. Tennant makes one definite statement which is in direct opposition to what Jesus Himself declared. Jesus did not heal by the use of animal magnetism, mere force or pure energy as Mr. Lovell asserts. How is this dictum to tally with the following: "And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched Me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me"? As I said before, "virtue" means nothing else than "nerve-energy," which has definite laws governing its action entirely apart from mental influence of suggestion.

That is the crux of the problem. The influence of the mind is undoubted, and was acknowledged long before Mrs. Eddy wrote her book. What Mrs. Eddy and her followers seem to take a perverse delight in remaining ignorant of is the deciding factor in health and disease —nerve energy. The Bible acknowledges this force. The Apostles healed by charging with nerve energy certain articles which they touched with their hands or breathed upon, in order to impregnate them with their personal "virtue." If Mr. Tennant is not aware of the fact he is very deficient in knowledge of the Bible. Nerve force acts at a distance, but not anywhere near so strong as by actual presence either with or without contact. I am well acquainted with Mrs. Eddy's ideas, and know her good points as well as "errors of her mortal mind." The world requires truth at all costs, not a mixture, however plausible and high sounding, of truth and error. In a nutshell, my contention is that the original Christian doctrine has been grossly misrepresented both by orthodoxy as well as by Mrs. Eddy.

Yours etc.,

94 PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE MEANING OF A DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The meaning of the strange dream related by your correspondent, Frances E. Dyer, in your November issue might surely be this, if it has any meaning at all:—

The petrified fish may mean the petrified Christianity, or "Christ," with which we are all only too familiar. We may now be near the days when that petrified fish will come to life again, re-born in agony.

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Your correspondent says "the fish had nothing to do with the rest of the picture." The link, however, is plain, especially as it was supposed to be painted in the time of Christ, when the fish was a familiar symbol of Him.

Yours truly,

S. RUTH CANTON.

LYCEUM CLUB,
128 PICCADILLY, W.

THE DURATION OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just read the OCCULT REVIEW for October, page 197, "Duration of the War."

I entirely agree with you.

I thought of writing to call attention to the passage of ♃ and ☿ through ♈, but you have now done it.

In confirmation will you kindly look at Gen. French's Horoscope (in Raphael's Ephemeris for 1916); in my opinion it shows high honours for him in February and March, 1916. Apparently he is now under ☉ ✶ ♃ progressive. Another point is: England will not suffer great depression after the War is over, rather with ♃ and ☿ in ♈ there should be a boom!

Yours truly,

W. A. B. CULPEPER-CLAYTON.

November, 1915. 40 years' Student in Astrology.

P.S.—I think by the end of March the War should be over.

Transits.

18th Feb. ☿ over ☽
13th March ♃ over ☽ } Gen. French's Horoscope.
15th March ♃ Parl. ☉

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the letter of N. D. K. in your November issue, I am almost ready to cry *peccavi*. A wise man changes his mind according to the facts which he experiences; a fool doesn't, having no mind to change. I admit that my opinions have changed since writing that article, which was some years old. Perhaps I ought to have revised or suppressed it. But it was truth to me when written, and I thought it might help those who are where I was then. Later experience has brought me to a more spiritualistic position. I now definitely believe that some communications are from human beings on the other side, who retain their personality, in an enlarged form. (See my article in the *Quiver* for October.)

Yours faithfully,

J. ARTHUR HILL.

[Further Correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Channel is a new undertaking in American periodical literature, and we shall watch its development with interest. In the matter of form and style of production, we have seen nothing to compare with it among occult journals on the other side of the Atlantic. The contents also are promising. It appears at Los Angeles under the editorship of Marie Russak, a well-known and experienced psycho-therapist, who has a distinct literary gift, assisted by Mr. Vance Thompson, with whose name we have not become acquainted previously. It is termed an international quarterly, devoted to "the spiritual philosophy of life and the science of super-physical facts." It has no official connection with any sect, society or creed, and it seeks to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought. Here is a sound programme, temperately expressed. For evidence of Mrs. Russak's personal ability there is no need to go farther than her opening chapters on "The Science of Occult Healing." These are autobiographical in character, and it is long since we read more entertaining pages of psychical reminiscence than the history of her early adventures in the Eddy school of Christian Science. Out of this school she came into wider fields, much as Saint-Martin left that of his teacher, Pasqually; but amidst all its restrictions and intolerance she remembers the good within it, as Saint-Martin remembered also the better side of his first spiritual training. Our comparison is incidental only, for we are by no means suggesting that Mrs. Russak has a distinct and highly individual message like the French mystic; but her memorials of experience in psychotherapy and its practice will, as we anticipate, be worth following, and one likely to be a landmark in the recent story of occult healing—as it is unfortunately called. Among several other articles in the first number a good word should be said for a short paper on the physical basis of dreams, ending with this pregnant sentence: "There are dark corridors in the dream-world, which are still unexplored." In conclusion, two things may be offered by way of recommendation: continued stories, whatever their merits, are a mistake in quarterly magazines, while the distribution of a very large number of pages between a very few contributors, if continued, will make *The Channel*

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a personal note-book rather than an " international quarterly." This is a grave error of the initial issue, and might be fatal to that success which seems otherwise assured.

The Vedic Magazine commands our sympathy when it registers a strong protest against the attempt of native thinkers, and those especially who have " no knowledge of their sacred language," to go in quest of scientific interpretations respecting their religion and its mythology. The disposition is to modernize the old symbolism and bring it up-to-date by forcing everything into the groove of evolution theories. Our contemporary points out very truly that it is not merely idle but mischievous to make an arbitrary blend of systems which differ generically. The ten incarnations of Vishnu do not signify stages in the evolution of civilized man, and it is idle to present them as such. This kind of exegesis is comparable to the efforts of a previous epoch which explained every pantheon and its denizens by means of solar mythology. The sun-gods had their day and are now in the evening twilight of comparatively rare allusion. They have given place, more or less, to vegetation deities and to evolution symbols which would have startled the simple and practical mind of Darwin, as *The Vedic Magazine* mentions. It adds that the evolution theory is as yet " only a doubtful hypothesis " ; but, however this may be, to explain mythology by its aid, and especially that of India, is a piece of uncritical extravagance which —on occasion—seems even to presuppose acquaintance with the hypothesis on the part of those who created the pantheons of old.

The disposition in question is not only characteristic of the high places of scholarship, but has been reflected downward from these to the lower walks of speculation which are apart from adequate knowledge. A writer in *New Thought Truth*, after discussing alleged correspondences between the Temple of Solomon and the physical body of man, concludes from the considerations presented that " biblical authors were very familiar with what is now known as the theory of evolution," and that the building genius of Israel embodied it in a concrete form with the object of preserving and transmitting the doctrine. . . . " A sidelight on that doctrine, but quite of a different order, occurs spotaneously in *The Open Court*. When Dr. Paul Carus is not writing mendacious articles on the War, to illustrate the German dedications of that laborious periodical, and when he can renounce an over-ready faculty for filling large pages with blank verse of bad quality, he still finds time for his proper office, which is to adorn a monograph with pictures which are generally well

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chosen. We have, therefore, one on "the origin of woman" in the current issue. The letterpress is moderately negligible, being a simple resumption of old myths; but the pictures—from the Alcuin Bible, Ghilberti, Michael Angelo and others down to Gustave Doré and von Carolsfeld—are a historical pageant of Paradise and the Fall of Man. They are a pleasant memorial on the art side, but they leap suddenly into prominence of another kind in their contrast with the last reproduction, being that of a painting entitled Primitive Man, by Gabriel Max, representing a male and female animal removed from the ape by two or three degrees only. Here is evolutionary doctrine giving out its message unawares in the silent eloquence of form and colour. The work appears to be admirable, and there is nothing so speaking as the unintended contrast with things that have preceded. It must be said that we prefer man made in the likeness of the Elohim and portrayed by Michael Angelo, or even by Doré.

Evolution of a far other kind is naturally the concern of *The Seeker*, and "Love is its fulfilling," as we are told in an article on "The Everlasting Child," which appears in the last issue over the signature of Catherine Walker. There are other striking passages, and it will repay sympathetic reading, though it is marred by an arbitrary treatment of questions which are reasonably controversial as if they had been determined once and for all in that manner which is one chief point of debate. The evolution is that of the mystical and inward Christ, which is regarded as the central concern of the old Instituted Mysteries and the secret instruction given by Jesus of Nazareth to his more favoured disciples, by whom it was transmitted presumably to the early Church, there to be overwhelmed and buried by a majority which did not know "the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God." The paper claims to reconstruct these mysteries from the birth of the Christ within us as "a self-conscious unit of the Spirit of God." The pageant of this symbolism has, however, been developed fully in Christian mystical literature, so that we know its measures and its limits. We know that it does not connect with the doctrine that "God becomes self-conscious in man"; it does not say that Christ founded a "mystery-cult," having a better sense of literature; it does not mix the images by talking of "the evolution" of something "dormant within us," for it knew that the proper word is "awakening"; and it had no views on consciousness in minerals or on the voluntary sacrifice of animals when they are devoured by other animals. . . . *The Seeker* also contains a posthumous article by G. W. Allen,

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which will interest his many admirers. It deals with modern developments in man's consciousness of the Divine, and regards knowledge of God as progressive—that is to say, evolutionary, the evolution of an organ of vision. . . . We miss the luminous contributions of Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst in this number, and the chief place is occupied by an unhappy substitute. It is one of those ill-starred articles, helped out by a diagram, proceeding on the assumption that we can improve in the comprehension of old cosmogonies by a process of mixing them up. The vision of Ezekiel, Rabbinical speculation and Hindu views on the macrocosm are thrown into the melting-pot, with a spice of neoplatonism, and are brought forth with a Christian frame or setting. The word *Tarot* is explained by supposing that some of its letters are Hebrew and some Greek, while its transposition in the form of *Rato* is found to signify the number 13, which represents Christ and His apostles.

The Sufi continues to raise in respect of its title, those expectations which are not fulfilled by its contents; but we desire to deal considerately with a new and not too easy experiment. We shall, therefore, give expression only to a hope that later on it will do something to justify its position as the official organ of a Society which—according to one of its expressed objects—exists "to bring forth Sufi literature." In the last issue there is an account of Moula Bax, the father of Inayat Khan and a composer, who is termed the Beethoven of India. He is described further as "a national benefactor," who raised Indian music from "the great degeneration into which it had fallen."

We are indebted to *The Builder* for a reminder that on May 29, 1915, the German Grand Lodge at Berlin severed in the first place all relations with Italian and French Freemasonry, and subsequently affirmed a decision, "adopted at an earlier date," by which communion with the various Grand Bodies in hostile lands was suspended from the outbreak of hostilities. Our contemporary quotes the "Resolution" in full, and attention will be directed naturally to the vagueness of the second point. In all our Masonic experience we have not met with a minute of proceedings worded in so loose a manner by any Grand Body, or indeed the humblest Lodge, and in view of the action which has been taken by the Grand Lodge of England in respect of German Masons now resident here, it may be interesting and perhaps instructive to learn further concerning that problematical "earlier date." We have authority for fixing it definitely on January 10, 1915.

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An unusual interest attaches to two articles in *The Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Mr. A. P. Sinnett. Their publication in our foremost monthly review is a sign of the times. They are entitled respectively "Our Unseen Enemies and Allies" and "When the Dark Hosts are Vanquished." It is impossible to trace here the considerations leading up to the main points of the thesis. Like the root-matter of the thesis, they are, broadly speaking, familiar in theosophical circles; but Mr. Sinnett's presentation is exceedingly strong and lucid. He postulates a Divine Hierarchy reaching up to infinity, and a Dark Host "wedded to evil" and "in arms against the Divine progress of human evolution." The powers of evil are at work in the present war, using vast prepared instruments—that is to say, nations—to wreck the whole scheme of evolution. It follows that on the part of the Allies "this is a Holy War," however it ends. But the end itself is certain, for there is a law in the universe which "ensures the ultimate supremacy" of Divine purpose, and the right therefore must triumph. As regards the future awaiting the civilized world "when the dark hosts are vanquished," the keynote of the vision is in the word "love" replacing those counter-words '"jealousy, distrust and hatred." The recommendation meanwhile to all is to concentrate on the victory of right, as if this depended only on our collective courage and determination. It does not so depend, or at the least utterly, for God fulfils Himself. But we can help within our own measures, and thus co-operate with the Divine.

Recent issues of *Light* contain the report of a lecture by Dr. Vanstone, delivered to the London Spiritualist Alliance, the subject being "Alchemy and Alchemists." Dr. Vanstone, who regards himself as a student only, recognizes that there were transcendental aspects of alchemy and suggests that its adepts were aided in their quest by spirit intercourse and telepathy. He is concerned, however, with the physical and historical side, of which his lecture is a brief resumption, well suited to an audience in whom no special knowledge could be supposed. A few points are naturally open to correction. We have no evidence for this Egyptian origin of alchemy, our first records being those of Byzantium. There is none also for the transmission of alchemical knowledge from Arabia to Egypt in the seventh century. On the contrary there is full evidence that Arabian and Syriac alchemists drew from Greek writings. It may be added that the texts attributed to Albertus Magnus, Aquinas and Lully are ascribed falsely.

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REVIEWS

THE BUILDING OF WHISPERS: BEING THE HISTORY OF THE MAKING AND ENDING OF A HOME. By the author of "Leaves from a Life," etc., etc. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd., Fleet Lane, E.C. Price 6*s*.

THIS novel, with its alluring title, holds the reader in its grip from first to last, for it is an eerie and terrible story, told with much power. Two young people, blest with an abundance of the good things of this life, build the stately Georgian mansion known as "Whispers," and settle down in it to their married life, more than a hundred years ago. After the first novelty of delight, the husband would fain fare forth into the wider world and take his share in the storm and stress of the political life of those troublous days. But Molly, his wife, obstinately sets her face against his ambitions. She will never leave her beloved "Whispers," she declares. It is her "Treasure upon earth"; and the whole of the appalling story turns upon the pivot of this idolatry. Humphrey, her husband, in bitter silence stifles his longings and sinks into the commonplace country squire. As the years pass the "little rift within the lute" grows ever slowly wider, till, one dark day, tragedy closes the door on love. Not even when at long last she must give up her earthly possessions does the mistress of "Whispers" leave the house to which her heart's love was enchained. In the long years that follow her earth-bound spirit wanders from room to room, watching generation after generation of her descendants come and go, and mourning over the inevitable havoc wrought by time amongst her beloved possessions. Not one glimpse was vouchsafed to her of the children she had tenderly loved after her narrow and selfish fashion. Of her husband once but a fleeting vision. One cannot help feeling compassion for this weary, restless soul, whose only faults had been the defects of her qualities, and whom Solomon of old would have probably eulogized as far above rubies!

Are we to understand that the author really conceives of the Borderland as tenanted merely by bodiless wraiths and "wisps of mist"? That this is not so all who have the blessing of intercommunion know full well. . . . But perhaps it was her utter loneliness that made this poor sad spirit feel herself as it were the mere shadow of a vision, even when "Whispers" died, and so broke the spell of her incredible infatuation. And surely human love, even though latent, forges a link from whose vibrations a soul, however earth-bound, may travel upward.

EDITH K. HARPER.

ECLIPSES IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By "Sepharial." 7¼ ins. + 4¾ ins., pp. 112. London: W. Foulsham & Co., 5 Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

IN this slim little volume, "Sepharial," the well-known authority on matters astrological, treats of solar and lunar eclipses from both the

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astronomical and astrological points of view. The style is lucid, and the reader ought to put down the book with a clear idea of what an eclipse is and of what astrology claims it to signify, though some knowledge of astronomical terms is necessary, and a nodding acquaintance with spherical trigonometry will be found useful. There are some tables at the end, which in connexion with the author's *Astrological Ready Reckoner*, will enable the student to calculate eclipses.

"Sepharial" is by no means prepared to accept *in toto* the schemes of astrological significations attached to eclipses by the ancients, which schemes are, indeed, obviously based upon *a priori* reasoning. But, at the same time, he considers that there is sufficient evidence to establish a connexion between eclipses and mundane disasters, the nature of the disaster being, as a rule, in harmony with that of the planet or planets transmitting the point of the eclipse during its period of astrological activity. Several remarkable instances are given. It ought to be possible to determine the matter beyond dispute by means of an extended historical survey: an arduous task, indeed, but a necessary one if negative instances are to be given due weight as well as positive ones.

"Sepharial" upholds the doctrine of freewill, regarding the celestial bodies, etc., as signicative, not causative, of mundane happenings, which are produced through the will of men. But the position involves a great difficulty in view of the periodicity of celestial phenomena, especially marked in the case of eclipses. Must men ever continue to will that which will end in disaster, and at this time, that and no other? At any rate the questions that astrology raises are ones not lightly to be dismissed. The subject is one worth attention and a warm welcome will, it may be hoped, be extended to this further and very interesting contribution by "Sepharial" thereto. H. S. REDGROVE.

BACK OF THE FRONT. By Phyllis Campbell. London: George Newnes, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

UNDER the title of *Back of the Front*, Miss Campbell has given us a very vivid narrative of her experiences in France at the time of the commencement of the Great War. The phenomena of the angels of Mons naturally fill a place in her volume, but not a conspicuous one. The book is rather a picturesque narrative of the experiences of an observant girl who happened to be in France at one of the most dramatic periods of France's history, and who did her part in nursing the wounded soldiers during the first stirring months of the campaign at a hospital which was at one moment within an ace of being overrun by the advance guard of the victorious Germans. The narrative is so freshly and dramatically told that it constitutes in effect a series of pen pictures of various characteristic incidents of those early days, and gives to the reader the feeling of living among the scenes and people of whom it is written. The French attitude towards the German invaders, and the intensity of their loathing and contempt towards their relentless foe, is vividly portrayed. From the French standpoint it has been a war of revenge against a savage and barbarous race. All remember incidents of the war of 1870, or have heard them from the lips of their parents. All realize that the hour of retribution has come. The enormities perpetrated did not come upon them as upon other European nations, with the shock of surprise. They

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knew the *Boches* of old, and what they are doing to-day is precisely what they expected of them. They were under no illusions in this respect. The book is full of little characteristic incidents. There is the story, for instance, of Peter and the little black Persian kitten. The Germans had got hold of it. One of its eyes had been gouged out, one tiny fluffy paw was broken, and hanging helplessly.

"I killed him," said Peter, with a satisfied indrawing of his breath, "I killed the dirty pig who did it to the little animal. Andre, my big son, had a German rifle—good! I killed the *Boche*—he had tied the little animal to a tree, would you believe it? and was torturing it. Oh, I assure you, he died thoroughly, that one! Yes, I thought always the good God would compensate me for having a wife who prayed all day! And the little cat will be a beauty, *pansez* its little hand, Mdlle Mees—the eye I have attended to myself—so—courage now, my dear friends! I will make you coffee and all will be well."

Such a descriptive incident as this will give the atmosphere of the book better than any number of pages of review.

R. S.

THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS. By George Frederick Kunz. London and Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price 21s. net.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ has written a work, published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia and London, on the *Magic of Jewels and Charms*. The subject matter of the book ranges from records of meteoric showers, to snake stones, precious stones to which a healing property is attributed, amulets ancient, mediæval and oriental, and stones to which tradition has accorded the power of bringing good or evil fortune. The curious Abracadabra charm which, written in the form of a triangle or inverted pyramid, was supposed to possess certain occult powers, is, says the writer, first alluded to in a Latin medical poem, written by Serenus Simmonicus, who lived in the third century A.D. The poem recommends this talisman as a sovereign remedy for the demi-tertian fever, if it is written on a piece of paper and hung by a linen thread round the neck of the patient. Apparently from a statement of De Foe this talisman was still used in his time, and was employed by numerous people in the effort to avert infection in the Great Plague of London.

Of meteoric showers there are many curious records. The fact that the stones apparently descended from heaven gave them in the eyes of the ancients a specially sacred character. The scientists of a later age got rid of the whole question by denying their existence, using the argument that, as there were no stones in the sky, they could not fall upon the earth. Later investigation established their genuine meteoric nature. The most curious historic record in connection with this superstition, is that connected with the goddess Cybele. A conical mass bearing a resemblance to the human head fell apparently near the Asiatic town of Pessimus, and was subsequently placed in the temple of Cybele and worshipped as her image. Periods of war notoriously tend to the growth of superstition, nor is the present European War any exception to the rule. In the crisis of Rome's fate in the Second Punic War during Hannibal's prolonged invasion of Italy, the peril of an immediate downfall of the entire Roman State was imminent. The Roman priests of the day consulted the Sybilline books,

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and discovered that a foreign enemy could be driven from Italy if the Idaean mother was brought to Rome. The Idaean mother was obviously Cybele, and accordingly an embassy was sent to King Attalus, of Pergamos, to request his consent to the transfer of the stone. At first he refused, but on the occurrence of a violent earthquake, which he took as a symbol of the divine wrath, he realized that it was the will of the gods, and consented to give it up. "Rome," he is stated to have said, "is a worthy place for any god." The image, subsequently transferred to the temple of the Great Mother of the gods, was long an object of Roman worship, remaining there, it is said, for a period of 500 years. What has become of it now no one knows. But doubtless it might be maintained that the downfall of the Roman Empire was coincident with its disappearance. We have similar superstitions to-day with regard to the Coronation Stone of Scone, which still rests beneath the chair on which all the Sovereigns of England are crowned. Some danger threatened this ancient relic at the hands of the suffragettes, not long before the present war, and the chair was actually seriously damaged. What would happen if the stone itself were ever removed, one hardly dares to contemplate.

The stories of precious stones changing their colour and losing or recovering their brilliancy, according to the health or, as some say, the prosperity, of the wearer, is still maintained by many as based on something more than mere superstition. An early seventeenth century writer, alluding to this idea, says that a true wife should be "like a turquoise stone, clear in heart in her husband's health, and cloudy in his sickness." Mr. Kunz's book is a veritable compendium of strange lore and superstition relative to this and kindred subjects. The illustrations of this handsome volume are very numerous and brilliantly reproduced, and include seven very fine colour plates.

R. S.

DREAMS IN WAR TIME: A FAITHFUL RECORD. By E. M. Martin, Author of "Wayside Wisdom." Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press. 1915.

As its title says, the episodes related in this book of dreams are a faithful record of facts and not mere fancies. This of course immensely adds to their interest and value. Mr. E. M. Martin, the author and dreamer of these dreams, wisely noted down each detail on awakening in the morning. Would that every wanderer in that kingdom of visions, whose gates the night-time opens, would do the same, then indeed we might have a rare record of remembered experiences vouchsafed to the highly favoured, a veritable book of faerie-lore, the more delightful because true. The dreams are six, including a mystical dream poem, "The Four Winds." In "The Unwilling Guide" the sleeper awakes in an agony of uncertainty; torn with doubt over the solution of a problem as distracting in its complexity as Frank Stockton's tantalizing tale "The Lady and the Tiger." "King John and the Tiles" is curiously suggestive—of what, readers must learn for themselves.

I heartily commend this weirdly interesting little volume to all who love to penetrate the "World behind the World."

EDITH K. HARPER.

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