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**THE  
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**EDITED BY**

**RALPH SHIRLEY**

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# 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 favourite topic of nineteenth century discussion was the vaunted triumphs of our modern civilization. It will be many years after the present war has ceased before these pæans of the boastful self-complacency of the modern man will make themselves heard once more. For the war is man's own grimmest satire on man's achievements and man's boasted progress. It was the dream of one of our great poets that mankind was

IS GOD  
DEAD?      advancing surely, if slowly, to "some far-off divine event." To-day we seem further than ever from any such consummation, and are plunged instead into the horrors of an Armageddon, which is worse in its realities than the dreams of the gloomiest and most pessimistic of the prophets. No wonder men ask, "Is God dead?" No wonder they cease from asking—knowing the answer too well in their own hearts: "Has Christianity proved a failure?"

And yet there is no doubt that there has been progress—progress at least of a sort. In the realm of science there has

been progress, greater during the last hundred years than in the preceding thousand. In the acquisition of knowledge there has been progress. In commerce, and in all the facilities of life for which commerce stands, there has been progress. In the development of the world's resources there has been progress. In the social and political realms—in the growth of independence for the individual man and for the individual woman—there has been great progress. We have been in the habit of boasting that there has been a corresponding advance in the moral world as well. The present war has made us reconsider our opinion as regards this last assertion. It has made those of us who were blind to the fact before see that material and intellectual progress have been out of all proportion to any corresponding moral development. Man, in short, has enormously increased his own powers, but with the increase of these powers there has been no corresponding growth of that moral conscience which would make him hesitate to use them to the disadvantage of his fellow men. Man's increased power for good has not been used to bring about the millenium. His increased power for evil has been used to precipitate the present cataclysm. As the poet Shelley lamented:—

PROGRESS  
WHITHER?

The good want power, the powerful goodness want.

The strong have proved themselves to be not on the side of the angels, but on the side of the powers of hell, and each step upward that the race has made in its path of so-called progress has made the danger of a fall more imminent and more fraught with fatal consequences. Even the closer relationship between the astral and the physical worlds has added to the peril of the time. The power of great rulers, receptive to the promptings of the evil forces of the unseen world, is itself the direct menace to civilization. A nation and ruler drunk with self-conceit have fallen a ready prey to those "principalities and powers" who have but whispered to them what was most welcome to their ears, who have but encouraged them to throw down the gauntlet as became the supermen that they flattered themselves they were, and to leave it to the "inferior races" of mankind, if they dared, to take it up.

The author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man* in his new volume \* well enforces this argument. "It is," he says, "because

\* *War Letters from the Living Dead Man*, written down by Elsa Barker. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

man has not made moral progress corresponding to his material progress that the evil elemental beings who fear for their rule in the elemental kingdom have come so near to succeeding in their attacks upon the human race." "It is not," he adds, "merely in material ways that man has progressed with such amazing rapidity, for some of his inventions and discoveries touch the invisible regions. The doors of men's minds are opening on the untracked spaces of ether in which these beings live. Man is chaining the elements, and to chain the elements *may* be to chain the elementals. One man in America has come so near to a great and dangerous secret that his eyes have had to be veiled by those who fear for man's too rapid progress."

The danger, in short, indicated here is the danger of black magic; i.e., the use for selfish purposes of the forces of the unseen world. "Deutschland über Alles" may be the motto of the German soldiery, but it is not the motto of the forces who have taken Germany in tow in order to ensure their own victory—the victory of the powers of evil in the world which

we inhabit. The motto of these forces is purely and simply the triumph of evil over good. And it is for this reason that this titanic struggle falls into a category by itself and is thus differentiated from all other struggles between the different war-

ring nations of the world. The victory of Germany, in short, would mean, not merely the triumph of the German ideal, with its militaristic conceptions, and its notion of one dominant civilization to form the pattern to which all nations of the earth should conform, but the triumph of the spiritual inspirers of German policy who have moulded the German Empire to be a chosen vessel for the enforcement of their system. It would mean, indeed, the dominance of those powers on the astral plane who have mastered the Kaiser and German militarism for their own purposes, and who propose to use them for the advancement of that diabolical "hierarchy" under whose

banner they fight, and the triumph of whose aims is their sole object. This triumph would mean the triumph of the material over the spiritual, the victory of force and of matter over light and the higher wisdom, throughout the earth. It would mean, in short, the capture of at least one planet in the cosmic scheme for the cause of the dark forces who are for ever striving for the mastery against the divine governance of the universe. From the scientific point of

WHAT GER-  
MANY'S VIC-  
TORY WOULD  
MEAN.

THE CAPTURE  
OF A PLANET.

view it would mean the definite setting back of the clock of evolution.\*

There are those who will tell us, there are, indeed, those who have told us already, that such an eventuality is not within the bounds of the possible. It would, they say, be in effect, a defeat of God, and God is all-powerful in spite of the apparent temporary triumphs of evil. The obvious reply is that we cannot know this. We know that in many lands and in many ages evil has, for the time being at least, secured a triumph. How far consistent with the divine purposes such triumph, temporary if you will, may be, it is impossible for us with our limited knowledge to be able to gauge.

The great flaw in Milton's *Paradise Lost* has always appeared to me to lie in the extreme inequality of the combatants. Satan, indeed, made a brave fight, but in actual fact Milton's Divinity had an easy walk over. He was merely *playing* with his adversary. It may have been Theology from the point of view of Milton's contemporaries, but it certainly was not *cricket*, to employ a suggestive colloquialism. Those who are confronted with the realities of the present tremendous struggle can easily realize how evenly matched, at least on the plane of our own planet, the forces of good and evil may prove themselves to be, and how little assured the onlooker may feel, at its most critical moments, to which side the balance may eventually incline.

To the student of history the result of all great world struggles appears in the light of an inevitable conclusion. We think of the war between Carthage and Rome and, realizing the actual upshot, we find it impossible to put ourselves in the position of the Roman citizens, shut up within the walls of their capital, whilst the thrice-victorious army of Hannibal had the run of the whole Italian peninsula. We think indeed of Rome from an historical standpoint as destined within another two centuries to be the mistress of the then known world, and we look upon Hannibal pitting his puny strength against this mighty giant much as Milton looked upon Satan defying the Almighty Master of the Universe. So, too, in the struggle between Britain and the might of Napoleon, we fail to realize for how many years the scales inclined against the whole might of the British race, vainly supporting nation after nation on the Continent in their efforts to resist the tyranny of the French Emperor; while one after another was shattered

\* See two very interesting articles on this subject, by A. P. Sinnett, in the October and November issues of *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

in succession before the invincible legions of France. Looking at the event from the standpoint of history, we are apt to forget how even the indomitable Pitt finally sank to his grave in despair, worn out by the titanic struggle after the crushing blow of Austerlitz.

We are thus always too much inclined to regard the great events of history as in their essence inevitable, and to lose sight of the fact that some apparently slight mistake of the conqueror, or some supreme effort of the side that was well nigh vanquished, may have turned the scales even at the eleventh hour and transformed victory into defeat and defeat into victory. Even Wellington admitted that his final triumph, the Battle of Waterloo, was within an ace of proving a disastrous reverse. So, too, the result of the present conflict from the standpoint of a later generation will doubtless appear in the light of a foregone conclusion. The doubts and fears of the victors before they had won, the waves of pessimism which passed like chill winds over the countries of Europe when premature hopes were dashed to the ground and the legions of the enemy appeared to be carrying all before them after a succession of unlooked for triumphs, all these will have passed into oblivion. At most a later age will see in the reverses of the victorious side the mere temporary set-backs inevitable in every great campaign, and evidences of the desperate struggle of those predestined to failure against their inevitable doom,

So it has always been. The onlooker at the time can never see the incidents of a world struggle in the light of the perspective of history. The difference is the same as between the reader of a novel who looks at the last chapter first, to see how everything "pans out" in the end, and the more conscientious reader who is content to follow the sequence of the plot without seeking an unfair knowledge of the clue to its *dénouement*. There are those who have argued that the conviction among Germans of German superiority would in itself prove to be the means of ensuring their triumph; that their faith in themselves might act as an auto-suggestion that would lead them on to victory. There is something in the teachings of Christian Science that tends to bear out such an hypothesis. As the author of the book under consideration intimates, the argument has been advanced that a false assertion by being powerfully and continuously postulated may overcome the facts; that a powerful concept, in short, despite its falsity, may in the end succeed in making the facts conform to it. "Affirmation and denial," he states, "are used with

telling effect by a modern school of thinkers who disregard utterly the facts of nature." Germany, he admits, has made herself into a great nation by postulating her greatness and superiority in all things. "Her mistake," he adds, "has consisted in trying to prove it. In trying to prove a statement you tacitly admit for the time that the opposite assumption may have some basis, and if you are not able to demonstrate your contention you are lost. . . . There is another race known to history which declared itself to be the chosen people of God, and for that arrogant assumption is now scattered over the face of the earth a homeless people, no longer even a nation."

The belief on the part of any one nation in their universal superiority is indeed only another form of lunacy. The lunatic asylums are crammed with egoists. The poet asserted that "Great wits to madness sure are near allied." It would be truer to state that the man of overweening conceit has already got one foot within the walls of the asylum. "Lunatic asylums," says the *Living Dead Man*, "are full of men who assert that they are kings, and an occasional inmate declares himself the King of kings. These patients are even more fully convinced than the Germans who assert their kingship. If assertion alone can transcend fact, these men *are* kings. Are they? To themselves they are, and the Germans are just as surely over all as are the straw-crowned kings in the asylums." Such illusions are liable to bring about a rude awakening. The result of such madness in the present instance, is the world war into which we have been plunged. The result of this world war, it may be anticipated, will be a strait-waistcoat for the royal lunatic who brought it about: if not in the more literal sense, at least in such a practical manner as shall render it impossible for him ever again to endanger the lives of others by his own outbreaks of lunacy. "Who dares to say," continues our author, "that a state has no morals? Is a state spiritually inferior to a man any more than a planetary spirit is inferior to a state? There is a cosmic morality, and whoever goes against it, whether a state or a man, will meet the day of reckoning. Karma is a law."

One of the texts on which Judge Hatch (if indeed Judge Hatch it be) waxes eloquent, is the development of the "Sixth Race" upon the earth, and the preaching of the Gospel of Universal Brotherhood. The Sixth Race, he thinks, is being prepared for in the United States out of the congeries of all the European

races from which it is being blended. America, indeed, is the melting pot of the nations. People have been in the habit of regarding the Americans as a single race, though there are many Americans who would disabuse them on the point. The present war in any case has come in time to show how far from the facts any such conception actually is. The Americans are *not yet* blended into a single race. Time indeed is required before any such consummation could be possible. Hence, we still see, despite all the efforts of the central government, that the sympathies of many Americans are rather with their parents' Fatherland than with their own adopted country. We could not, in truth, expect it to be otherwise. In this vast crucible it is inevitable that there should be too much of one ingredient and too little of another. Our author would gladly see more Frenchmen in the United States. "For France," he says, "has more to teach the new race than has any other nation—France the inspired prophet, and most of all France the critic."

"When the Sixth Race is fully incarnate," continues our author, "all men and women of real development will be able to see in the astral world and to hear unspoken words and to read the thoughts of others. . . . Its schoolmaster will be curiosity and its play will be the sciences and arts of peace. Its cradle-song will be a chant of Brotherhood. . . . Recover the memory of past births, you pioneers of the Sixth Race! You can do it: it is part of the heritage of that race."

One of the most curious chapters in a very curious book is headed "The Superman." It is in the nature of a conversation between Nietzsche and the author.

In one of the upper regions of the astral world—not in the region of pure mind, but near it—I met a man last night who passed to and fro with his head bowed in thought. "What troubles you, friend?" I asked, as I stood beside him. He paused in his restless walk and gazed at me.

"Who are you?" he inquired listlessly.

"I am a judge," I answered.

His eyes brightened with interest.

"You must have come at the call of my thought," he said, "for I have need of a judge."

"On whom do you wish me to pass judgment?" I asked, half smiling at his strange words.

"I would like you to pass judgment on me."

"And your offence?"

"My offence—if it is an offence, and on that you shall give your opinion—is having led a nation to its undoing."

"With malice aforethought?" I queried.

"With malice, perhaps," he answered, "but not in the sense of your question. I never believed they had spirit enough to believe me."

"You pique my curiosity," I said. "Who are they? And in what did they believe you?"

"They are the Germans," he answered, "the Germans whom I despised, and they believed my theory that man becomes supreme by doing what he wills to do."

The criticism of Nietzsche by his judge makes good reading, but it must be read in full to be appreciated. Finally the judge comes to the climax. He charges Nietzsche with teaching his people falsehood. "The supreme falsehood, that they could become Beyond Man. They are not ready for Beyond Man."

"But man must be surpassed."

"Man must surpass himself," I answered. "You see, there is a difference."

"What should I have taught them?"

"That beyond man is the servant of man, not the bully and the tyrant."

"But they would not have understood."

"Be not too sure of that. Some few have understood the Son of Man."

"Oh, him!"

"Whom you repudiated."

"But he taught men to be slaves."

"A good servant maketh a good master, and he that is greatest among you let him be servant of all."

"Oh, if you are going to quote scripture——"

"I quote *the* Beyond Man."

"And you believe——"

"I believe that you have repudiated the only *well-known* example of your own ideal."

Finally Nietzsche protests that he asked his new acquaintance to be his judge and not his executioner, to which the latter retorts, "You have been your own executioner, and the executioner of your people." Nietzsche then inquires what would the judge bid him do now. "'Go back,' he tells him, 'Go back to the earth and teach mankind how man can surpass himself. Go back to the earth and teach man to follow the Carpenter's Son whom you taught them to despise.' And the soul of Nietzsche passed on. Was it toward the gate of rebirth?"

Captain Vere Dawson Shortt, whose last article I published in the Christmas Number of the OCCULT REVIEW, was, I regret to say, killed in action on September 27. The following brief biographical note, which I am able to insert by the courtesy of his sister, Mrs. Mathews, unfortunately reached me too late for



inclusion in the issue containing his article. Captain Shortt was born at Moorfield, Mountrath, Queen's County, in 1874. He was the only son of the late James Fitzmaurice Shortt, and grand-nephew of the late Vere Shortt, of Larchhill, Queen's County.

At his father's death in 1882 he was placed by his guardians at Chesterfield School, Birr, with Dr. Ewing, and later on at



CAPTAIN VERE DAWSON SHORTT.

Galway Grammar School under the late Dr. Biggs. He was from his childhood very keen on soldiering, and on leaving school wished to enter the Army. Having been left a small property in Queen's County, his guardians wished him to take up farming for a livelihood, but tiring of this he enlisted as a trooper in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and spent five years in South Africa, serving

through the Pondoland campaign. He then returned home, but on the outbreak of the Boer War accepted a commission in Steinacker's Horse and served through the war, obtaining the South African medal with two clasps.

He made his first essay at literary work about three years ago, publishing several articles on "Fairy Faith in Ireland," "Algerian Magic," etc., in the OCCULT REVIEW. He also published many short stories in numerous magazines, but while doing so, was chiefly occupied upon a novel, "Lost Sheep," which was published in January, 1914, by John Lane and exceedingly well reviewed.

At the outbreak of the present war he was gazetted Captain in the 7th Northamptonshire Regiment, and went to France with his regiment at the end of August last. He was wounded leading a charge on the 27th, but went on fighting and cheering on his men until killed by shrapnel.

He had nearly half-finished another novel when the war broke out, but found it impossible to complete it owing to his regimental work.

The opening scenes of this story are laid in Ireland, and are partly autobiographical. From thence the scene passes to Paris. Had the author been able to finish it, it would doubtless have marked an advance on his earlier work.

In view of further inquiries relating to the Monk Kosmas, whose prophecy I have already quoted, having regard to its apparent appositeness to the present situation in the Balkans, it may be well to state here that Kosmas was born in 1778 at the village of Apocoron. He is stated to be now venerated as a saint in the Greek Orthodox Church. After a journey to Constantinople he returned to his own country to console the Greeks who were then groaning under the oppression of the Turkish yoke. He believed himself to be the recipient of certain spiritual

THE  
PROPHECY  
OF KOSMAS  
AGAIN.

communications with regard to their future destiny, and made the following statement with regard to the revelations which he received. "The Ionian Islands will be delivered before Epirus. . . . When ye shall see a multitude of ships assembled on the coast of Greece, women and children and old men will be forced to flee to the mountains to escape the sword of Antichrist, until the day when the allied Christian Kings shall march on Constantinople. Then blood shall flow in such torrents that a lamb might swim in it. Happy will those be who survive these horrors. The Turks will be divided into three parts—one of

which will perish in the war, the second retreat to Asia, and the third remain in Europe and embrace Christianity. None of those who hear me will see that day, but their children may live to do so." Kosmas is also credited with various other predictions of a more general kind, such as that "the day will come when men will converse by means of a wire, those in Russia speaking to those in London as if they were in adjoining rooms." Also that "a carriage will be invented which will outstrip the hare in swiftness." Details of these predictions were given in the issue of *Light* on August 21, 1915, also in the *OCCULT REVIEW* of November, 1914, and I understand as well in the *Journal des Débats*, but I do not know in which number. Readers will, I trust, forgive me for recapitulating the prophecy in fuller detail than it has yet been given, in view of the interest aroused.

With regard to *Dreams in War Time*, by Mr. A. H. Bullen, published by the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, I am asked to state that the price of this book, which was omitted in the notice, is 2s. 6d. net.

## GOLDEN WINGS

BY GERALD ARUNDEL

IN a dream of the night I was soaring in air,  
 On pinions of gold all-resplendently fair,  
 Now slow, and now swift as an eagle's quick eye—  
 O the joy and the wonder in Dreamland to fly!  
 I played with the Clouds; the lithe Rainbow I wooed;  
 The wings of the swallow I tracked and pursued,  
 Out-flying the sparrow, the lark and the wren,  
 And scorning the domes of earth-limited men.  
 I paused and looked down on the heads of the trees;  
 I basked in a sunbeam and bathed in the breeze;  
 I drank the rare life of fine ether on high—  
 O the joy and the wonder in Dreamland to fly!  
 Then, more than a son of Mortality's race,  
 I learnt all the innermost secrets of Space,—  
 I moved in a quick, super-psychical spell—  
 What poet may sing or expounder may tell?

C

The worlds beyond number within and around,  
 Unknown to the spectrum, sensation and sound,—  
 The marvels unborn in the bosom of Fate—  
 The wondrously small and the startlingly great,—  
 I felt them—I grasped them, enjoyed them, and knew  
 The Light behind light all-impervious to view.  
 I saw fairest Dreams, and the Dreams in those Dreams,  
 The meanings of Shadows, of Glooms and of Gleams ;  
 I read all the symbols below and above ;  
 I learnt what is thought and I felt what is love.  
 The circles of circles, th' ellipses sublime,  
 The illusory fabrics of Distance and Time ;—  
 All forms of all life, and the forms in those forms,  
 The colours of motive, the silence and storms—  
 The unspeakable Mysteries ;—these were to me  
 As plain as the plainest of stories can be.  
 With my pinions of gold I had baffled young Earth,  
 Had escaped from the cobwebs of Death and of Birth,  
 Had grasped the deep centre of centres—the root  
 Of Life, with the sap, blossoms, foliage and fruit.  
 I was still, yet I moved swift as glance of an eye—  
 O the glory in regions of glory to fly !  
 See, now I'm awake, and I feel 'twas a dream.  
 Yet while I was dreaming, that dreaming did seem  
 As true as this waking. Anon I shall be  
 In Dreamland again, there to think, feel and see.  
 Do I dream I'm awake ? Did I dream I was flying ?  
 Shall I wake from both dreams, or dream dreams after dying ?

# THE ASTRAL PLANE

By DR. HELEN BOURCHIER, Author of "The Crown of Asphodels"

THERE appears to be a certain amount of confusion, in the matter of what may be generally called "Apparitions," between the astral bodies of human beings whose soul, or real Ego, has passed out of its physical body, and the elementals who have never been human, and whose destiny is different and apart from that of the human race.

In séances we have manifestations of both these orders of immaterial entities.

The elementals belong to a race which is entirely distinct from the human. They came into existence at the beginning of this Kalpa, and their existence is continuous all through the Kalpa. They neither die nor are born, but their existence, as separate entities, ceases with the end of the Kalpa. They are then swept up, as it were, like used, waste material, into a general cauldron, from which they will be employed for the making of a new crowd of elementals at the beginning of the next Kalpa, or period of activity of the Logos.

Of this order are the kingdoms of Indra and Siva and the hosts of other Devas whose lives seem like a changeless eternity compared with the short lives, the single incarnations, of human beings. This deathless, age-long existence, through the Kalpa, has, we are told, in some rare cases of advanced occultists, proved so great a temptation that they have been willing to give up their own true immortality for a long, unbroken reign among the Devas. It is probably from this little understood mystery of those occultists, who might perhaps be described as "black magicians," that the old legend of selling one's soul to the devil has arisen. Although it is not so simple or so easy a thing as it would appear to be from those same old legends, now unjustly discredited, it is an accepted fact in occultism, that cases have existed in which a man, deeply versed in the laws that govern both the astral and the physical planes, has been tempted to sell his human soul for a seat beside Indra on his throne in deathless Devachan. He would commence by the worship of one of the Devas, which would go on through successive incarnations,

marked by a mad ambition, and filled with the practice of unholy rites, and forbidden studies, begun at first, probably, for the sake of acquiring power over his fellows on the physical plane, until after many incarnations devoted to occult studies, there came a moment when he was made aware that it was within his power to give up his human destiny of death and reincarnation, and of final reunion with the Logos, to "sell his soul to the Devil," for the price of a long, deathless, changeless reign through the æons to the end of the Kalpa. The putting aside of his humanity did not entail the commission of any special crimes or sins; he was not required to live a wicked life. He simply ceased to reincarnate on the physical plane, or to hold any intercourse with the mortals who dwell thereon. It seems incredible that any human being should be willing to give up his own splendid heritage for any promise of power on the astral plane. For, having made that choice, there is no turning back. The decision once made is irrevocable. There is no place there of repentance. And this, we are taught by the Adepts, is the only way in which a human soul can lose its immortality. It appears that there are records of such a bargain being made. The temptation comes, not from without, for it is a matter of the purest indifference to the Devas themselves that any mortal should join them in their deathless reign in Devachan. The desire and its fulfilment can arise only in the man's own soul, out of the madness of an overweening love of power and an immeasurable egotism.

The elementals inhabiting the astral plane may be roughly divided into those who are friendly towards us, and those who are inimical. At the same time both the friends and the enemies are absolutely indifferent to the mass of human beings on the physical plane, are, perhaps not even aware of their existence, until they begin to interest themselves in questions of occultism. Directly a man takes up this study, in any form whatever, either reading, or concentration, séances, or table-turning, or the development of the psychic senses, a lamp is lighted on the astral plane which attracts the attention of the dwellers there. It may be, and in the beginning it generally is, a hostile attention. It is for this reason that the teachers always warn beginners that the pursuit of occult knowledge is not without danger. It is for this reason that the disciple is advised from the beginning to learn and follow the four rules: Kill out Anger, Fear, Desire, and Confusion of Mind. The disciple is not warned not to enter on the path of knowledge on account of its danger,

he is advised to arm himself to fight the dangers, and go forth boldly, taking the risks without fear.

In these astral kingdoms of the elementals there are vast groups which, when they are seen in visions have the appearance of great armies, all clothed alike and marching together, although their functions are certainly not always warlike. There is, for instance, one of these groups or armies which has to do with everything connected with the art of healing, and they are able to give most valuable assistance in difficult cases to those healers who have been able to get into communication with them. They can suggest diagnoses, they can prompt the mind of the healer as to the best means of treatment in certain obscure cases. They give him a powerful magnetic influence over his patient, which tends to strengthen the treatment. And they help him to develop the curative mesmeric power which is inherent in every human being, but which is rarely developed among the western peoples. This group is absolutely friendly to human beings, and ready to lend their powers to those mortals who have tried to come into touch with them. The extraordinary, almost miraculous, powers of healing possessed by some natives of India are, no doubt, created by the help of these elementals.

It is probable that in the present day, in Europe and America, the remarkable results which are undeniably obtained by the Christian Science methods and by other kindred bodies are due to the help of these elementals, who exercise their healing powers, not on the physical bodies directly, but through the astral body, on that plane where mind influences mind.

I have seen two of these groups of elementals in visions, being quite wide awake and conscious at the time. The first was an army of brown men, dressed in a brown uniform and mounted on brown horses. They galloped across a great bare plain, sweeping up from the far distance in countless hordes. They came at the séance at which I was first able to communicate with the Seer, whose pupil I had been while he was alive, but whom I had never been able to meet after his death. He had once told me of a certain group of elementals who were friendly to him, and who were in some way connected with his work. I have never seen them since, although I have very frequently met him in the Hall of Learning.

The other group I have seen as a very splendid army clothed in white, riding white horses. I have never seen anything grander or more beautiful than the charge of that gallant army, sweeping over the downs. I have seen them very frequently

and always under the same conditions. They appeared to me first some years ago, at a séance. The Seer came with them. They appeared suddenly on a stretch of downs, on the top of a cliff, with which I was already acquainted. Then, in a sort of breathless sweep they tore along the cliff to a certain spot where they drew rein. I looked down over the edge of the cliff, and saw the city of London below. There was the dome of St. Paul's standing out very distinctly, with the crowded jumble of irregular streets below it. There were flames bursting forth in every direction. A white flag waved from the top of St. Paul's. A great clamour of cries and shouts rose up from the city, giving the impression of a very delirium of victory. Then the army melted away, the vision faded, and I was back in the séance room. This vision was repeated a great number of times, always with the same breathless charge along the downs, always with the burning city and the shouts of victory. It is now some years since I last saw the vision, and I have never at any time received any explanation of its meaning. I was only given to understand that that beautiful host was an army of the elementals who are friendly to the human race.

Among the friendly elementals are those who give warnings of possible disaster : such, for instance, as the placing sometimes annoying obstacles in the way, which prevent one's travelling by ship or train which is doomed to wreck and loss. The instances of this kind of benevolent interference are countless. There is hardly anyone one meets who has not known of at least one such instance of averted disaster.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." All events that happen on the physical plane, happen first on the astral plane. So that any clairvoyant who is a genuine clairvoyant; and can go on to the astral plane, either in trance or otherwise, can see there the things that are going to happen on this plane. All really genuine fortune-telling, by palmistry, crystal gazing, or any other method, depends actually on the power of the fortune-teller to transport himself on to the astral plane, and to see what is happening there.

I remember a rather interesting instance of the foretelling of future events which happened in Madras some years ago. There was at that time a Brahmin patient in one of the wards of the General Hospital in Madras. One morning in the month of August the doctor was going round the wards when he stopped at the bed where the Brahmin was lying. "All these Brahmins can foretell the future," he said. "What have you to tell me, Punditjee?"



The Brahmin looked at him. "I see, sir," he said, "that you will go home to England in October."

The doctor laughed and passed on. "I am certainly not going home in October," he said, "and anyhow, I don't believe in fortune-telling."

The matron had stayed behind to speak to the Brahmin. "The doctor is not going home in October, you know," she said.

The Brahmin added explanations he had not cared to give to the doctor himself. "He will be very sick," he said, "and he will die on the voyage home, and he will be buried at sea."

No one thought any more of the Brahmin and his prophecy, but in October the doctor had a very bad attack of dysentery and was ordered home. He died in the Red Sea, and was buried there. I can vouch for the truth of this particular prophecy, for I was in Madras at the time and was told of the prophecy, and afterwards I heard how it was fulfilled.

Among the hordes of dwellers on the astral plane there are many who are inimical to the human race, and many of what one may call the lower orders of spooks, who simply delight in tiresome tricks, and in frightening those who, having lighted their lamp on the astral plane, have called their attention. One of the powers possessed by the most ordinary spook is that of being able to see into the mind of any mortal, and to judge, from what he sees there, of the best way to frighten or annoy him. He will, perhaps, for instance show himself as a great eye without any body, or as a grasping hand. Or he will blow a cold breath, or produce uncanny knockings in empty rooms and dark passages. Any serious student of occultism knows that he has only to order the impertinent spook to be gone, and the annoyance will cease, but some of those people who are merely dabbling with the unknown are apt to be unnecessarily alarmed by these tricks.

Among the malignant elementals who are inimical to men there are, however, some who are very powerful for evil. There is a recognized group which seeks to enter into and "possess" the physical body of human beings, for what purpose is not apparent, for they are quite distinct from that other group which seeks to obtain mortal birth, and equally distinct from the infamous group known as the Incubi and Succubi. Those elementals who strive to obtain possession of the physical body seem to have no other purpose than to use the body for violent and murderous actions, either upon the bodies they have captured or others. The story of the Gadarene swine, when Christ

drove out the devil that possessed the man among the tombs, is a typical example of this kind of elemental. While he was still in the body of the man, he drove him to cut himself with stones, and when he was allowed to go into the swine those possessed creatures "ran violently down a steep place into the sea." In this case the elemental occupied the man's body while the human soul still remained in it, keeping the soul in subjection. But in some cases the elemental drives out the human soul and keeps entire possession of the physical body.

This is the real danger and risk of séances. An elemental who is present at a séance may find an opportunity of entering the loosely-held personality of one of the sitters, from whom afterwards he cannot be exorcized. I have known of one very sad instance of this taking possession at a séance. A young lady attended sittings with a notorious medium who was known to be surrounded by bad influences. The young lady and her friends who took her there were, of course, quite ignorant of this. This girl, from being a gentle, amiable, well-bred lady, became suddenly a coarse, vulgar virago, and she took on the outward appearance of a bloated, drunken woman of the lowest order, considerably older in age than herself. This possession was permanent, and the unfortunate girl never recovered her own personality. Many people, on this account, are afraid, and rightly, to attend séances. If they are only going to sit for the amusement of the moment, to get a new sensation, or out of idle curiosity, they are risking to pay a heavy price for no adequate gain. Where the serious student of occultism or the disciple is concerned it is a different thing. He must face the danger, having already learnt to "kill out fear," which, perhaps more than anything else, gives its opportunity to the elemental. I heard a curious story many years ago of an attempt to obtain this kind of possession. A doctor, who was a student of occultism and a member of the Theosophical Society, was sitting one day, alone, in the library at Adyar, when he looked up and saw a dark shadow in one corner: it became thicker and blacker, but it had no defined shape; it was like a black, shapeless lump. As he looked at it he became aware of a powerful malignity, and then of being drawn out of himself. He described it as a sensation of fainting. With great difficulty he managed to get up out of his chair and to drag himself out of the room. He felt that if he waited a moment longer he would faint away, and be at the mercy of that dangerous intruder.

There is a curious spook story which is probably known to

some of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, but which I will repeat here as it has a bearing on this point. It was the case of a Russian gentleman who committed suicide by cutting his throat. After the tragedy one of his friends went to the house and was shown into the dining-room. There he saw a stranger sitting at the end of the table. The stranger invited him to sit down near him and began to talk. The friend took him to be some relation of the dead man, and sat down at the corner of the table. While the stranger was talking, he happened to glance into a mirror at the other end of the room, opposite to the place where the other man was sitting. In the glass, he saw, to his horror, that the stranger had his throat cut, and that he had the features of the Russian suicide. He sprang up, just as the other was in the act of springing upon him, and made his escape, which, certainly if it had not been for the accident of the mirror, he would never have been able to do. Mirrors have this extraordinary quality, I may remark in passing, that they will not reflect *maya* or illusion. The elemental on this occasion had, no doubt, caused the unfortunate Russian gentleman to cut his own throat, and had prepared himself, by taking on the *maya* of a friend of his victim's, to obtain possession of a new subject. It would appear from this story that the elemental, having destroyed the physical body of the Russian, was still able to make use of the astral body, which would bear the imprint of the violence by which the physical body had been destroyed. This is indeed an accepted attribute of the astral body, independent of any question of elementals. In all stories of hauntings, where the physical body has been destroyed suddenly by violence, the "ghost" has appeared with the signs of that death upon it. The drowned ghost comes with dripping hair and face and closed eyes, with seaweed and sand hanging about it. The ghost of the suicide who has hanged himself comes back with the end of rope round his neck, with the dreadful purple, bloated face of the corpse.

On the astral plane there are some inhabitants who are not satisfied with their lot of one long, deathless incarnation, ending in nothingness. They would become human and take on mortality and immortality. Of such is the lovely myth of Undine, and many another poetic fancy which has been received as pure imagination, instead of a matter of truth and fact.

The other order of apparitions consists of the astral bodies of human beings, generally of those who have died sudden and violent deaths, or who at the moment of passing have been

obsessed by some passionate desire or fear. The simplest form of division of the human entity is that given by St. Paul, "body, soul and spirit." Or, as it is described by Eastern teachers, the physical, the astral, and the spiritual body. When the Spirit, which is the real Ego, passes away from this plane, the physical body with which it had clothed itself decays and disintegrates very quickly. The astral body, which formed, as it were, a link between the spiritual and the physical, also dies, but being of a more ethereal substance is much longer before it is entirely dissipated; the length of time for which it is possible for the astral body to remain has been reckoned at twenty years. The suddenness of the death and departure of the spirit is an important factor in deciding the length of existence of the astral body. At the time of the great fire in the People's Park, in Madras, when a great number of people were burnt to death, among them quite young and strong men and women, it was said that the cries and screams and voices would be heard there for the next twenty years, the astral bodies being unable to get away from the scene of the disaster. They would probably also be seen by any one who was at all clairvoyant.

These astral shapes have no mind or individuality, they are like empty shells, but they would appear to have the power of going on repeating what they had done when they were guided by the spirit long after the spirit has departed. The fact of their having no independent mind or sense is very aptly shown in a story I remember reading some years ago, of a haunted inn. There was a room in the inn which had an inner door that was never opened. The room was a bedroom, and all the people who had ever slept in it complained that there were strange noises and knockings to be heard there, so much so that it fell into disuse, and was never given to any one unless the inn was full. One night the room was given to a stranger, who heard the usual knockings on the door that was never opened. He was not content to listen and go away, but burst open the door. There was a blast of cold air and a sighing rush, and the outer door of the room was thrown open and flung shut again. In the inner room which had been shut and locked for thirty years, they found the mummified skeleton of a man sitting at a table where two people had been playing cards. The man had been stabbed by his companion, who had then locked him into the room and made his escape.

It was typical of the astral body that, although it was immaterial and could therefore pass through the door without any

difficulty, it had not sufficient initiative to pass through the door and leave the room, but remained there for thirty years, knocking on the door for some one to open and let it out.

The stories of apparitions haunting the places where they have lived, where they have committed crimes, or where the secrets of their lives are hidden, show how deeply the astral shell is marked by the emotions and habits of the spirit both at the moment of its passing, and during its lifetime.

The great advantage of séances, which makes it worth while to risk the dangers that undeniably threaten the disciple in this form of study, is that by concentration, in darkness and silence, in company with other minds also concentrating in a great effort, it is possible to produce conditions in which the conscious Ego is enabled to pass on to the ethereal plane where the disembodied spirits are able to meet him. These spirits are unable to descend on to the physical plane which they have left, as we are unable to rise into the spiritual plane which is now their dwelling place, but we can meet, by a mutual effort, on that neutral ground of the ethereal plane.

## LA MAGIE

BY HELEN BEATRICE ALLAN

I SAW her dance !  
And ev'ry little leaf about her feet,  
Stirred by the wind which blew it from the bough,  
Yet never moved so lightly or so fleet.

I heard her sing !  
And ev'ry bird that flutters on the tree,  
When piping to his lover in the Spring  
Yet never tuned his throat so full and free.

I saw her smile !  
And never gleam of sunlight through the rain  
Or magic of a moonbeam in the dew,  
Has seemed so wondrous fair to me again !

# THE PILGRIM'S WAY

By HARRY J. STRUTTON

Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest  
Cannot confound nor doubt him nor deny :  
Yea, with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,  
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

F. W. H. Myers.

THE chief characteristic of the occultist is a thirst for Knowledge. Says the Teacher who inspired the writer of *Light on the Path*, "To all who are interested seriously in Occultism I say first—take Knowledge." The distinguishing feature of the Mystic, on the other hand, is the longing for Union with the Divine. Whilst the one is enamoured of Wisdom, the other is enamoured of God. Union with the Beloved alone can satisfy the longing of the mystic. He is sick with the divine nostalgia. Wealth, ambition, power pass the mystic by unheeded ; for him they are no allurements. True, the Occultist and Mystic have this in common, that they both affirm the reality of the Unseen world or worlds. But whereas the efforts of the Occultist are directed chiefly towards the cultivation of the astral powers, and psychic experience is sought in the world of images, the experience of true Mysticism is in the deep "which gives up no form." To quote Mr. Waite, in his recently published work *The Way of Divine Union*,\* "To the mystic the evidence of psychical research is of no value whatever, of no import ; his knowledge is from another source, and it comes by another path. He has no need of the soul's manifestations externally, by the way of what is called power, who has the higher certitudes of the soul within." The writer at this point has to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Waite's new volume, and to point out that unless otherwise stated it is from this source that the quoted matter in this article is taken. On the subject of Christian Mysticism Mr. Waite may be considered a pre-eminent authority, and his latest work as the crown of his life-long study and experience along this path.

Throughout his study of the subject the author of *The Way of Divine Union* emphasizes the fact of Love being the key to the mystical life. It is, in fact, both the key to open the portals to the hidden life and the compass to guide the mystic on his way.

\* *The Way of Divine Union*, by Arthur Edward Waite. Price 7s. 6d. net. London : Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 1915.

Both the aim and method of the mystic are comprehended in the one word Love. "The beginning of all is in the loving thought of God; the continuance of the work is in the loving thought of God; and out of that loving thought does the work never move."

It is a hidden and interior work. "There are no conventional



*Photo*]

[ELLIOTT & FRY.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

ordinances and no practices. Love has no part in formalities." For the Mystic that hidden life is the one reality; this it is which strikes the keynote of his every thought and action; on the reality of this inner life it is, rather than on the outer environment, that the Mystic pins his faith, and whence he draws his strength.

But in saying that the life of the Mystic is a hidden life, it

must be understood that there is no question of secrecy either in regard to the Way or the end and consummation. The Way of Attainment is open to all "who are drawn to self-culture on the spiritual side and are either God's lovers or desire to be written down in their own hearts as such." And the end of the path, the consummation of mystical love, is secret only in so far as it partakes of the ineffable character of any other first-hand experience. True it may be that the Mystic's experience is so far above ordinary experience that it is proportionately difficult to describe it in the limits of ordinary language. But the mere fact that realized certitude is difficult of attainment in itself gives no ground for challenging the testimony of the Mystic. It is open to all to essay the great adventure and realize for themselves. "He who tastes and sees that the Lord is sweet may bear witness to that sweetness, but cannot thereby enable others to see or taste." Mr. Waite, in a chapter on Ineffable Experience, deals at length with this question. The emotional mystic may tend to become restive under this exposure of the most sublime of all experiences to the cold light of reason; but nothing is lost—in fact just the reverse—by bringing to bear upon the subject the steady light of critical analysis.

But it is not only within the limits of the Christian religion that the Mystic is found. The testimony of the religious genius throughout the world, whether Christian, Buddhist, Vedantist or Sufi, is unanimous in regard to the reality of Union with the Divine. The realization by the Mystic of the Eternal Self may take place within the confines of any religion. That longing for union which manifests itself in the purest and noblest human souls, that thirst after God which nothing on earth may quench, is universal. It is the fundamental witness to the reality of the divine origin of mankind; and the saint and mystic are indeed the elder brothers of the race, foreshadowing the heights to which humanity may at last attain. They are, as Dean Inge in his work on *Christian Mysticism* puts it, "anticipations of the evolutionary process." Mysticism is, therefore, the vital principle within all religions, and has no concern with creed or ritual. It is, indeed, characteristic of the mystics that they contribute nothing to the doctrinal side of their faith. The mystical realization of the Buddhist leaves him still a Buddhist, and the Christian Mystic remains a Christian still.

Divine Union, then, is a fact of consciousness, and since the vital need of the soul must be filled within the limits of any given religion, it is obvious that the Mystic may approach his Beloved



through widely varying mental and emotional atmospheres. The approach of the worshipper of Christ and Kali respectively are from totally different angles, yet is the goal identical. All paths lead to God. The need of the Mystic adapts itself to its intellectual environment, and this is seen even in the doctrinal modifications of the Christian religion. From the time of Luther, when the Scriptures were thrown open to the study of the world at large, the sphere of mystical thought began to shift "from the cloister to the hearth of the layman." And one of the firstfruits of this emancipation is seen in the new form of scriptural exegesis which then sprang up. It is here that we meet the greatest of the non-Catholic mystics, a conspicuously outstanding figure among the post-Reformation writers, Jacob Boehme, undoubtedly a religious genius, but markedly psychic. In discussing this point Mr. Waite remarks upon the remarkable change that takes place in post-Reformation as compared with Latin mysticism. The central truth is overlaid with endless accretions of dream hypotheses and cosmic schemes. And referring to Boehme, he continues: "The particular qualities of the Teuton's own arcane philosophy, his own cosmogenesis, his own Way to Christ, are reflected through his various successors." Boehme may be regarded as the fount and origin of the great school of protestant theosophy. His visions and revelations, of course, are of the psychic realm; but apart from this, his seership was without question of the highest order.

In the same way that post-Reformation Mysticism became in great part tinged and burdened with psychic philosophy, so was the mysticism of the cloister burdened in other ways, and amongst other things with a false asceticism. Suppression took the place of transmutation. The three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience were interpreted according to the letter instead of in the spirit, whereby the Mystic embraces "voluntary poverty, because love empties itself, is filled and empties again for ever. It possesses all things in its own attained state of being, and gives all things always as the condition of that possession. Perpetual chastity, because the soul can have no other spouse than God, and in that mystical marriage can alone fulfil the valid earthly unions. Entire obedience, which is the direction of the will towards union and the performance of its covenants." At the same time we owe it to the author of the *Way of Divine Union* to state that he, for his part, fully recognizes the value of asceticism and what was attained along this path, and in one of the many illuminative foot-notes in his work calls attention to the "most peculiar work

—of which we as yet understand too little—accomplished by the transfer of repressed and starved sexuality to a spiritual plane.”

This sacramentalism of the inner nature characterizes the whole of the Way of Divine Union. To the Mystic the whole of life is a sacrament. Everything speaks to him of the Beloved. But the perception of the Immanence of the Divine is not the End of the Path. The consummation of the Mystic's love is nothing less than conscious union with the Divine Life which is veiled by material Nature. “The ultimate mystical process has for its object to place the self-knowing part alone with God—that intent being held attainable in a supreme state of loving stillness. Part of the method resides in self-emptying of all images, suspension of the working of the mind and realization of the Presence in love.” But the tremendous difficulty of the mystical act lies in the fact that the self-idea is the very root of separateness. Space will not permit of our going deeply into the metaphysical aspects of the problem. The serious student, of course, will wish to study the question for himself, and in this connection we refer him to the chapter in Mr. Waite's treatise dealing with the mystical experiment considered in the light of consciousness. It must suffice at the moment to quote the following passage: “Our inevitable limitation is that, antecedent to active self-realization, there is and must be a passage from subject to object.” It connotes a state of separation.” But “if the consciousness can be held in a simple, empty, indefinable mode, apart from object—the self-object included—and if in such mode the wordless, imageless love concept of God be maintained, it may be that the immediacy of union will then be realized.” Put more simply, if less exactly: When, in the stillness of the mind and senses, the longing of the soul mounts upwards in a steady flame of aspiration, that may take place whereby man may realize that he is more than what he seems, the veil of separateness may fall away, and the soul come to realize that it is one with the Divine. But how may lips utter, how may pen describe, the wonder of that blissful consummation? A sense of helplessness overpowers one and inhibits the effort to impart to others that which they have never felt, and may fail even to dimly comprehend. Suffice it to say that at length the Mystic comes to feel and know, without a shadow of doubt, with a conviction that no logic may shake, what is the nature of that great Reality of which he is part, and to echo the passionate avowal of the poet's *St. Paul* with which this article is headed.

## WITCHES IN SUSSEX

BY G. A. L. W.

ABOUT forty miles from London, and some mile and a half from a railway station, the natives of a little Sussex village still believe in witches. It may to some seem impossible, but the fact remains, for I have had the following tales at first hand from the country people.

Within the last four or five years there lived in this village a family who could one tell of strange doings, which they themselves certainly had the firmest belief in. The family was a poor one, and they had gipsy blood in their veins. It was said that an occasional rabbit found its way into the pot that had no right there, also the father of the family kept a dog which was neither collie nor greyhound, but a cross between the two. This animal was in the habit of accompanying its master on his country walks, which as often as not were taken by moonlight. One afternoon—it was still broad daylight—the man was taking a short cut across a field with a friend—by the public footpath as it so happened—and the dog was with them, when of a sudden they saw the dog, which had run on ahead as dogs will, come over the top of the hedge! Now the hedge was some ten feet high, and very thick; the dog had got to the other side by creeping under the stile, and then run a little way down the far side of the hedge-row; its master and his friend both saw the dog, as they said “put right over top of the 'edge, and down on 'is feet t'other side.”

The creature seemed very frightened, and ran whimpering to its master's heels; the master ran to the stile and looked over, and there right in the pathway sat a large hare! When the hare saw the man it hopped off, but without hurrying much. I should have mentioned before that the man carried a gun which was loaded; so as the fine large hare went off, he raised his gun and fired, but although he was certain that he had hit it, the hare only broke into a run and disappeared. The man was surprised, also he was frightened, so when he went home, although he was very poor he took a shilling, melted it down, and made a silver bullet.

With the silver bullet in his pocket, and his gun under his arm, he went the next day to the same spot where he had seen

the hare and waited, but no hare came. After waiting a long time he thought it was no good, and turned to go home, when what should run across the path just in front of him but the same large hare that he had seen the day before. He fired, but in spite of the short range, *and* the silver bullet, the hare got away, only this time he knew that he really had wounded it, for he saw that it limped as it ran.

What was his terror the next day, though he could not say his surprise, when he learned that a certain old woman who lived in the neighbourhood had suddenly and mysteriously—at least it was mysterious to every one but him, and his family, and the friend—become lame in the night! The neighbours who told them said, “She’s a ‘opping round just as though she’d been shot in the leg, and won’t say nothing as ‘ow it ‘appened.” The country people avow that when a witch wishes to take her walks abroad unobserved she can take the form of a hare, also the only way to kill a hare such as that, is to use a silver bullet; this, however, is probably known to every one who knows anything at all on the subject of witchcraft.

Perhaps the thing that is of most interest of all the queer tales I have ever been told by the country people here, is how to prevent a witch from getting a power over you,” and how to find out for certain that the person you suspect of being one is really in very truth a witch. What the power is that they do get over one, I could never find out, but it would seem a thing very much to be dreaded. If one has any idea that a person is a witch, on no account must one accept any kind of present from them, no matter how small it may be, or if one cannot avoid doing so—and of course it is never wise to offend a witch—be sure to make one in return at once, or they will get a power over you. Should the suspected one come to your house, a simple way to make sure that your surmise about her is correct is this: When you see her coming, or hear her knock at your door, quickly put a cushion on the seat of a chair, and place a knife under it; then when the old woman—it is always an old woman in these parts—comes in, ask her to sit in that particular chair. If she truly be a witch, nothing will persuade her to do so; on the other hand, should you be mistaken, she will sit on the chair without hesitation, and know nothing of what is hidden under the cushion. Suppose, however, that you prove that there is a witch in the neighbourhood, and you know her name, the great thing is then to break her power as soon as may be.

Now when I was told the following, it was whispered to me

with closed doors, and the word "witch" was so carefully avoided that the meaning of the tale was not always too clear, therefore I interrupted, not realizing quite the seriousness of the occasion, and asked in my natural voice, "Why do you never say the word 'witch'?" Upon which remark my informant seized me by the arm, and with white face and frightened eyes whispered, "For heaven's sake don't name one, Miss; it's most unlucky"; then with a quick glance at the open window she added, "and you never know what, or who may not hear you." Now this made me think that there was supposed to be a witch in the district, and at once asked if this were the case, but though the young woman looked troubled, nothing would persuade her to tell me then or at any other time. But she took great care to impress upon me how to break the power of any one who I might suspect and prove to be practising the undesirable craft. And this is what one must do. Buy three ounces of bright new pins, and put them in a bottle, which must then be filled with water (?) and corked tightly; make up a big fire on the hearth, and lock the door, bolt the window, then take rags, and stuff up the crack under the door, the key-hole, and also round the windows, and any other chinks, no matter how small. As the clock strikes midnight thrust the bottle into the very heart of the fire, and as you do so call the witch loudly by name, and then wait. Soon you will hear her at the door or window craving admittance, wildly she will cry to you to let her in, humbly she will beg you not to keep an old woman out in the cold and dark, but woe betide you if you take any notice until the bottle has burst. When that happens her power is gone for ever, but should you be prevailed on to open to her before the bottle has burst, you are for ever in her power! And so, and only so, may their power be taken from them. Also remember that though it is far from safe to offend one, it is also far from safe to feel too much sympathy for a witch, so the country people round here still look askance at any very old woman who lives alone, especially should she happen to keep a black cat! And yet, as I have said, London is only forty miles away, a large seaside town is indeed within eighteen miles, and the railway close at hand. Surely it takes a long time for what is generally called civilization to penetrate our Sussex mud.

## THE SEXES HEREAFTER: DO THEY CONTINUE TO EXIST?

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

WHETHER men or women continue to be such in the next life—whether their relations to one another are the same as they are now, or whether these relations are changed—is a question which every thoughtful man puts to himself, doubtless, at one time or another. If we accepted the religion of the Turks, Heaven would be one large harem—but then, women do not play any part in their religion. On the other hand, we have the Christian belief, that “there shall be neither marriage nor giving in marriage” in the next sphere; and if this be interpreted in a certain manner, it would seem to indicate the cessation of the present relationship between the sexes. As we know, there is much dispute, at the present time, as to the sex of Angels—some contending that they are male, and others that they must be female; while a third sect prefers to believe that they are neither the one nor the other, but rather a nondescript sort of being, which combines and unifies the two qualities in one being. If that were true universally, there would be, of course, an end to all relations of the present kind between the sexes in any future state of existence. In this question, every man and woman is necessarily entitled to a hearing—to an opinion. Reader, what do *you* think?

To some minds it may appear “sacrilegious” to discuss a question of this sort—whether or not beings in the next sphere of life possess sex; but after all, why should we not? If we are going to be one of them some day ourselves, we naturally want to know what is “coming to us,” as well as we can, and what we are going to be! Again, the worthy fathers of the Church discussed many facts no more odd than this—for instance, how many angels can dance upon the point of a needle—if they occupy no space. (And if they occupy space, they must be material, it was argued.) Disputes of this kind have always arisen, and, in this age of free-thinking, it is not to be wondered at that we should ask ourselves this vital question—which so intimately concerns ourselves. Will there be, then, sex in the next life, or shall we be bisexual beings—having the qualities and attributes of both male and female within ourselves?

The first question which arises within the mind, of course, is this: There being no material or physical bodies in the next life, how can sex be possible? The male and the female sexes, as we know, are represented and symbolized—very largely at least—by the corporeal peculiarities of the sexes; and, in addition to the mental differences, these are so distinctive that many cannot think of them as being otherwise than they are—and keep the idea of male and female apart in their minds.

But there are two answers to this! In the first place, there are several schools which contend that, in the next sphere of activity—whatever that may be—we have a sort of astral or etheric body, exactly resembling the physical body in all its internal and external aspects, and if this were true, of course the present status of the sexes would remain. Even St. Paul, as we know, said that we have a material body and a “spiritual body” and where is the actual detail to end, if this be true? If every part of the body has a symbolic, spiritual counterpart—as we contend—then the strictly physical body of man and woman must be duplicated in *all* its detail in the next life; and in that case, life there would be very much the same as it is here—which a large number of religious and psychic students believe to be the case.

In the second place, there is a way of looking at the facts which does not necessitate this view. According to this theory, the essential polarity between the sexes would still be maintained, in all essentials, but the physical counterparts would necessarily be lacking. To make this clearer:

A woman is not only a female human being, she is also feminine in all her tastes, points of view, and in her attitude to life. She is a woman throughout, mentally and spiritually, no less than bodily. The same is true of a man. He is masculine throughout. No man can ever look at the world as a woman does; and no woman can see it in the same light as a man. This is the reason why the sexes are fundamentally opposite, and do not understand each other better than they do. Women think that men ought to see things as they do, and *vice versa*. Only when this fundamental distinction between the sexes is recognized, will this be overcome.

Granting this extreme difference, then—this “sexual polarity”—we can see why men and women are attracted to one another—*independent* of the actual physical magnetism which may be present at the time. They admire one another, because of their mental and spiritual differences. The love-nature of one flows

toward the other in a sort of stream ; and this is, likewise, returned. Accompanying this interchange of vital, magnetic currents, the feelings of love penetrate the very heart and soul of the lover and the beloved ; and the stronger these vital, magnetic interchanges become, the greater the feelings of love, the more rapturous the thrills that race through the veins, at the proximity of the loved one. It is the interchange of these life love-currents which does this. Here, on the physical plane, where matter impedes the outflow of the spirit, material contact may be necessary to bring about this rapturous exchange of reciprocal emotion ; but once this physical barricade be removed, then all the rapture of the most perfect love may be exchanged, without the tinge of animality which is here associated with it.

Years ago, Swedenborg wrote words of wisdom upon this subject, when he said :—

I also spake with the angels concerning conjugal love, or that which exists between two conjugal partners who love one another, that it is the innermost of all loves, and such that partner sees partner in mind and spirit,—so that each partner has the other in himself or herself, that is, that the image, nay, the likeness of the husband is in the mind of the wife, and the image and likeness of the wife in the mind of the husband, so that one sees the other in himself, and thus they sexually come together in their inmosts. . . . This was represented by angelic ideas, which cannot be expressed by words. . . .

Dr. W. H. Holcombe, of London, who has written a profound treatise on this subject of the relations of the sexes hereafter, says, in emphasizing his views of the essential “polarity” between the sexes, and the form of its expression :—

Sex, love and marriage are universal and eternal ; and the ideal universe is a universe perfectly married or equilibrated in its male and female elements.

The Lord infuses love or spiritual heat through the feminine form, and wisdom and spiritual light through the masculine form. Heat alone, or light alone, is powerless ; combined or married, they produce all things. . . .

Every male form in the universe has a female form, its complement, its eternal and necessary counterpart ; and these forms, having specific affinities, are ever striving for union.

The Lord has instituted the marriage of one man and one woman as a means whereby the love of the sex into which we are born shall be changed into the love of one of the sex only, and the marriage of spiritual heat and light, of love and wisdom, be effected in the soul. . . .

An unmarried man receives influx into his love principle from the whole sphere of the female sex, which generates in him the love of the sex. However sweet, tender and elevating this civilized sphere may be, it cannot have the effect, the power of the concentrated love-current of some one woman, absorbing from him his corresponding wisdom-element, and



returning it to him—through undiscoverable avenues—vivified and utilized for a noble life. . . .

Marriage is an institution which brings new influences to bear, which causes a direct and reciprocal and powerful spiritual current from one sex to the other, capable of producing incalculable evil or incalculable good. If the parties discharge their duties toward each other with conscientious fidelity, they enjoy immense advantages over those not married. For there is a constant interchange of properties, which tends continually to elevate them and unite them together. They take on each other's mental states. The woman absorbs the interior will of the man and blends it with her own; and the man elevates her understanding into a spiritual light into which his own mind has penetrated by loving. . . . They grow more and more alike interiorly, increasing their spiritual power and perception by the union. The man rises into higher stages of wisdom, the woman into higher states of love; and so, by mutual help and inspiration, they approach ever nearer and nearer the Source, the Fountain of all love and all wisdom.

There are marriages in Heaven, then, we are assured—not formal marriages, as we understand them, perhaps, but their spiritual counterparts. Two souls which have a direct and powerful affinity for one another are conjoined together in life and light; they come together; theirs is a "marriage of souls." But it is more than that! They also experience all the thrills, the pangs, the emotions of love which we experience here upon the physical plane, by reason of the vital, magnetic currents which flow from one to the other, and which in turn generate the feelings and the emotions associated with the highest love. They are as truly "married" as any one here can be—and as fully. They live together, by themselves; they love, they are happy!

Are there children in the spiritual world, then, as the result of these marriages? Seers who have studied this question most deeply tell us that there are no children in our sense of the word—for these must be born in the material world, according to its laws—but there are "spiritual proliferations," or increments in love and wisdom, and the delights that flow therefrom, as the result of their love; and that these correspond—upon the spiritual plane—with children in our earth life. Thus the relation of the sexes is maintained, and they become ever more blended and united to one another, through the power and the bonds of true love—which exists as truly hereafter as it does now!

# BRITAIN BEYOND THE GRAVE

BY EUSTACE MILES

THOUSANDS have lost their loved ones lately, the best and the bravest, and are mourning without real consolation. The other day there came to us the news of one of the bravest and best having passed over, at the Front. When the announcement came, I felt the "aching void," in spite of my own beliefs. For new beliefs are often not very deeply or widely rooted in us, and a sudden emergency finds the old idea in possession at the time. It was terrible at first; but now I feel differently; and I want to submit to others a belief that has helped me.

Instead of saying to ourselves, "How awful it is!" can we not consider another possibility? It is true that we do not see those who have passed over; but this would be equally true, if they were living happily on a distant island. And, to the objection that those who have passed over cannot come to us, we can at least answer that soon we may be able to go to them.

Where are those who were obviously with us? What are they doing now?

We were brought up in the old-fashioned idea. It might be illustrated by the following verses from two well-known hymns. I remember so well how we used to sing the first hymn, at school, with perfect belief in its correctness—

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the Resurrection Day.

and this verse—

A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest,  
Asleep within the tomb.

The orthodox idea is that, first, there is death; then a long sleep; then the Resurrection of the Body (though Science tells us, distinctly, that the "gross" body is broken up, and its different parts become parts of many different things, of the earth, of plants, and so forth); then the Judgment Day; then, either eternal life in Heaven, or, as we used to think, eternal life in Hell; but, as most people think now, a certain amount of life, or life for a period, not in Heaven, but say in Hades or somewhere else.

In other words, the orthodox still believe that those who have passed over are dead and asleep, and unable to communicate with us.

Now it is not proved scientifically that *we* die, whatever the "gross" body may do; it is proved scientifically that, when we pass over, the gross body does not account for all of us; that the gross body does not weigh as much as it did before we had passed over, but something, or (I should prefer to say) "some one," leaves it; there is a distinct loss of weight.

Here I will discuss not the ultimate end, but the immediate "now," of those who have passed over. For my own part, I believe in Reincarnation, as I have explained in my book, *Life after Life*. I cannot see any other interpretation of the passages in the New Testament, referred to in that book.

Millions and millions of people all over the world believe in Reincarnation, or the principle of one life after another. The Hindus have believed this for thousands of years. I find the Re-incarnation theory of the greatest help, being the only way of making clear to me the justice of God, the full responsibility of men; and being, pre-eminently, the theory which makes every good act worth while; but I cannot deal with this topic. Here I must confine myself to considering the immediate "now."

To me the orthodox view is comfortless. It is largely based on misunderstandings, and especially on misunderstanding of the word mistranslated by "Hell," with the word which should have been translated "Hades," or the Intermediate World or State.

Years ago there came, as a glorious revelation to the public, that marvellous work, *Our Life After Death*, by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. Not long ago he spoke to a crowded meeting in our place in Chandos Street, and I shall never forget how he helped the audience from the first word to the last, and how irresistible his arguments sounded to the people, who represented almost every shade of opinion.

Those who read his book, almost invariably find at once that it is, on the one hand, rational; on the other hand, comforting and inspiring. Here is a partial summary of his Propositions and Deductions:—

PROPOSITION I.—That a person, although dissociated from his earthly body in passing through the experience which we call "death," still continues to live as a *Conscious Personality*.

PROPOSITION II.—That a person, while maintaining his Conscious Personality in and through the incident of death, does not *then* continue his existence in either *Heaven* or *Hell*.

PROPOSITION III.—That a person, maintaining his Conscious Personality

in and through death, enters at once into an *Intermediate* or *Hades-life*.

DEDUCTION 1.—That there will be no break in the continuity of our existence in passing from the Earth-life to the Hades-life. The bearing of this Deduction upon Christian thought and experience :—It is calculated to dispel much of the terror with which Death is regarded by even sincere Christians.

DEDUCTION 2.—That, in the Hades-life, we shall recognize, and be brought into relationship with, those whom we have previously known in the Earth-life. The bearing of this Deduction :—It mitigates the pain which attends separation, by Death, from those we love.

DEDUCTION 3.—That there are different spheres of experience in the Hades-life. The bearing of this Deduction :—It will impress upon us, as no other consideration will, the vast importance of cultivating, *in this life*, our character and spirit.

DEDUCTION 4.—That a work of perfecting and developing will go on in the Hades-life. The bearing of this Deduction :—

(a) It imparts a reasonableness to our Faith.

(b) It invests the *Intermediate-life* with increased interest.

Mr. W. T. Stead also gave, in one of our salons, an equally wonderful address on "Julia's Bureau." I shall never forget how strikingly he began his talk. He said that, if we were going to visit a strange land, we should find out what were the conditions of life in that land beforehand; we should find out how we could communicate with our dear ones in this land, and how they could communicate with us. We should get ready, so that, in that land, we should not be lost, or miserable, or unhealthy. Then he went on to speak of Julia's Bureau, and the object with which it had been founded—namely, to enable people to communicate with their loved ones.

"Julia's Bureau" has come in for a great deal of abuse; but just lose a dear friend, and then think of it. You cannot but admit that a Bureau which should enable you to communicate with that friend would be an inestimable blessing.

Where are those who have passed over? What are they doing? Can we reach them? These are questions which perhaps do not interest us so much, till one of our dear ones has passed over.

Here I shall not deal with the further question—namely, if we can reach them, how can we reach them? There are plenty of people in this life who are studying this subject, and giving valuable information on it. I know quite a number who do not consider it waste of time to study this problem deeply.

I suppose every one has read Phillips Oppenheim's novel, where, just at the end, it describes how the man, whose wife had passed over, told how he went into one of his rooms and brought flowers to her there, and met her and talked with her,

as he had done when she was with him. The man maintained that his wife was really there, still listening to him. It is one of the most impressive chapters that Oppenheim ever wrote.

But the question which I would discuss here is, "Where are those who have passed over, and what are they doing?"

Mr. Robert King (a great friend of Mr. W. T. Stead), and others, have described the first moment after the passing over. He has described how, on the battle-field, sometimes those who have died, possessed with a fever for slaying the enemy, take some little time to be relieved from this state; that they are, as it were, in a swirl; but that, in time, they cease to be in the grip of this passion. And at times they can hardly realise that they have passed over at all; they think they are still just as they were before they were struck.

And so many have seen visions of a glorious figure—sometimes with wounded hands—on the battle-field, helping the wounded and comforting them, that we cannot fairly consider that all these visions are mere hallucinations.

Now, where should we expect people to be when they have passed over? What should we expect them to be doing? As to the body they possess when they have passed over, we need not discuss that. Science seems to be pointing in this direction: that those who have passed over possess a body less gross, rather more subtle (I do not like the word astral, which suggests stars); but we may call it, perhaps, a less-material body.

The answer to the question must surely be obvious. Those who have passed over are likely to be following the interests which were dominant during their years of life here.

The first impression of those who have passed over, according to the supposed revelations received from them, often seems to be that they are not dead. Then they find that the people around them will not listen to them at all; they cannot make themselves seen or heard. They are strangers, though they see and hear all that is going on.

Where are they? Probably where they would be if they were alive (in the ordinary sense of the word). They are probably—for example—here, or on the battle-field; for undoubtedly the less-material body must be capable of very rapid movement, and cannot be hindered, to the same extent, by the ordinary obstacles—such as walls, doors, or distance. There is an interesting little book called *As It Is to Be*, in which it is stated that when people have passed over, there is no great difference between thought and actuality; between desire and possession. If they

think of a star, they are in the star ; if they think of a house, they are in the house. There is just the minimum of material obstacle.

What are they doing ? Probably much the same things as they would be doing if they were "alive."

One activity seems to be extremely probable. Those who have passed over must find it extremely hard to affect those who are awake ; but it is well established that, during hypnosis, or during sleep, the sub-conscious mind is more inclined to listen. Therefore, probably, those who have passed over are comforting those who are sorrowing at home, and are helping the wounded on the battle-field and in the trenches abroad, especially during sleep.

Here I recall the striking case of a friend of mine whose wife could get no sleep at night. He asked my wife and myself to help him, and, following out the idea of T. J. Hudson's book, *Psychic Phenomena*, we waited till the night, and then, through our sub-conscious mind, my wife and I sent out thoughts of sleep and calm rest to this woman, trying to reach her, so to speak, through her sub-conscious mind. The effect was almost immediate ; at least, we considered it to be the effect—namely, that the woman had splendid sleep for several nights, and became quite well again. It was interesting that my friend, in return, went through a similar treatment for others, when they were suffering, or when they were labouring under some fault (or even vice), in several cases. Without saying a word to them, he similarly treated them, telling them to do the right thing, or telling them they were doing the right thing, and that they were all right. He did not mention the ailments and troubles ; he simply insisted on the right state as being already within them ; and in every case, he assured me, he got good results—one person, for example, being cured of a chronic trouble of a gouty nature, and another being cured of a very bad habit.

It must be noticed that his treatment was at night, when the people were asleep, and that the people knew nothing whatever about it. Had they been asked what had cured them, they could not possibly have said ; they did not know.

Now, suppose that those who have passed over are at work in such ways—does their work accomplish anything, or is it entirely barren ? For, it will be said, surely this work is only in imagination and thought ! It is not in reality and deed !

Yes, it is imagination and thought, but it is also reality and deed. *There is no reality and deed without imagination and thought.* A cathedral is reality and deed, but it would have

been impossible had not imagination and thought first created it.

I believe that a great mass of our work, for which we praise ourselves and one another, is due to those who have passed over.

Several theories are possible. One is that those who have passed over start certain vibrations, which, as it were, are caught up, and used to reinforce similar vibrations among us. The chief condition is to be in tune with that vibration; it need not, I think, be the same note; it may, so to speak, be an octave higher or lower, or only a note in harmony with the first one, forming a chord with it; or it may be that the living person, who eventually carries out the ideas, is merely receptive, and serves as a channel.

Now the reason for the title of my article will, I think, be obvious.

Thousands have passed over already. Those who have passed over, gave up their lives for Britain and the Empire, for freedom, for peace, and also for their family and friends. They gave up perhaps, besides, their business and their fortune, their home and their family itself! Whatever their particular forms of selfishness and their mistakes were during their life here, yet, when they passed over (if we ignore the possible temporary fever to slay) they had, for some time, been unselfish and patriotic.

Now we can guess what they are doing, most of those thousands. Some may be back at their old studies, even at their old games; but the majority are probably helping to form a Britain or Empire beyond the grave, a better Britain or Empire than exists now on the material plane. They are probably helping to form what may be called an imaginary or "thought" Britain or Empire, which, if their ideas and work beyond the grave are powerful enough, will materialise. The thought-vibrations will be taken up by our own wireless receivers, which will convert them into an actual Britain and Empire, with better workers, better homes, better morals, better intelligence, better health than now.

May we not, *until it is proved to the contrary*, assume that those who have passed over are still in touch with us, and still doing work that is valuable to them, to us, and to posterity?

You who have lost some dear one, as we ourselves just have, think this over, open-mindedly.

We do not *know*; we all have a perfect right to *theorise*.

And you will agree that the best theory to hold may be the one that is most cheering and most inspiring, and most likely to held us to help ourselves and others.

# STUDIES IN TRANSFORMATION\*

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

IN his work on the theory and practice of *Transcendental Magic*, the chief master of occult interpretation, Éliphas Lévi, offers a characteristic theory to explain the recurring stories of wer-wolves and a multitude of other transformations. Put shortly, all the supposed phenomena of this order are referable to a temporal separation of astral and physical body. "A wer-wolf is no other than the sidereal body of a man whose savage and sanguinary instincts are typified by the wolf." Such a person is really asleep in his bed, while his phantom—in "that form which corresponds to his evil disposition," and to the dreams with which he is afflicted—"is wandering through the country-side." Éliphas Lévi affirms further that a wer-wolf may be pursued and wounded, but is never killed on the spot; and that, owing to the correspondence between the physical and psychical body, "hurts inflicted on the wer-wolf really injure the sleeping person." †

If it be asked why the spiritual body of a savage and sanguinary person should assume the guise of a wolf, or should be normally in that form, the answer—of course, within the measures of the theory—is that "animal forms communicate their sympathetic impressions to the astral bodies of humanity." But if it be demanded further why savagery is represented more typically by the beast in question rather than some other wild creatures, it is unquestionable that Éliphas Lévi would have explained—plausibly enough—that the wolf was the commonest of sanguinary animals in those regions where lycanthropy was a supposed recurrent phenomenon in past centuries. The thesis would be simply: No native wolf, no lycanthropy; but in its place Lion and Tiger Men, with other wonders of which there is full and graphic account in that feast of marvels which Miss Frank Hamel has provided in *Human Animals*. Seeing,

\* *Human Animals*. By Frank Hamel. Demy 8vo, pp. xii. + 301. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 1915. Price 6s. net.

† The last statement is true in the records of sorcery trials as well as in legend, but in legend wer-wolves are recorded to kill one another. Lévi states also that "no one has ever been killed by a wer-wolf, except by suffocation, without effusion of blood and without wounds"; but this is contradicted equally by myths and old records of trials.



however, that—to the credit of our race—it is neither exclusively nor largely composed of the savage and the thirster for blood, there are many other transformations in legend, and as an occult philosopher at large in *le monde ensorcelé*, our French *magus* had no difficulty in accounting for all and sundry by a single typical example. “A man of intelligent and passive mildness assumes the inert physiognomy and ways of a sheep, but in somnambulism it is a sheep that is seen and not a man merely with a sheepish countenance.” On the whole it is a fantastic interpretation, contradicted on every side by the history of human apparitions. It is quoted by Miss Hamel, but with guarded words of introduction, and I should not think that she regards it seriously. Her book is not otherwise hampered with much explanatory hypothesis—of her own or others—and this is one of its advantages. It is mainly content with simple classification, and does not offer contributions towards a science of folk-lore.

There is something to be said for the science as a thing in process of evolution, but at present it is without any settled canon of judgment or certain landmarks, while it has a confirmed habit of getting on the wrong side and there abiding. On the comparatively rare occasions when Miss Hamel makes brief excursions into speculative regions, it is not to be expected, and does not prove in fact, that she offers better satisfaction than authoritative comparative mythologists, more especially when they generalize freely. She hazards a hypothesis that belief in animal transformations “originates in the theory that all things are created from one substance, mind or spirit,” and that it is “as old as life itself.” C. G. Leland is quoted as affirming that “men were as animals and animals as men” at the beginning of things. I do not believe for a moment that primeval savagery possessed a doctrine of pan-psychism, any more than it held the identity of the universe with God. These things are subtleties of a later period, if it be assumed that the human race originated in barbarism and that there was a time when the missing link was somewhere in the world, combined product of evolution and natural selection. It is the counter-assumption only which, from my standpoint, will give us a true science of folk-lore. But I speak as a mystic who holds that we have come from the heights or—in the alternative of spiritual symbolism—from a Divine Centre of things; that the Garden of Eden is a myth having science behind it, and this is a science of memory, in contradistinction to the unceasing variations of mythological hypothesis and the scientific folk-lore of the clod. I hold that we are approxi-

mating more nearly to the true genesis of man if we believe that our progenitors were manifested in the physical world, not in primeval barbarism, but "trailing clouds of glory," and it was afterwards only that this glory faded into "the light of common day," like the remembrances of that psychic state before man was clothed in skins. The clouds gathered over his sanctuary, and he who had been priest of the mysteries was licensed no longer to open the Holy of Holies, were it even once a year. But I question whether he was in doubt through any of the past ages as to his paramount position in animate creation, or that he regarded his own status as interchangeable with that of the beasts until man in various places, at one and another epoch, lapsed into savagery. I believe that he possessed always, as he possesses now, a "shaping spirit of imagination," and this spirit was of the light which enlightened his darkness. It gave him also many semblances and many inventions of mind. In the degradation of peoples which brought savagery to pass, the creations of imaginative mind became superstitious beliefs, and the beliefs produced practices. The practices in their turn opened many doors to deception and self-deception, and man entered the world of hallucination. It is to such periods and conditions that animal transformations belong, and in so far as there is colourable evidence of wer-wolves *et hoc genus omne*, the explanatory theory is not one of astral imitation, or Lamb's assertion of "metaphor," but of imagination in the vortex of disease. On the other hand, the explanatory theory of mythological transformations, like those of Egyptian religions, is one of pure allegory, which had a "shaping spirit of its own."

I am conscious, however, that I have passed far into the debatable region which I have praised Miss Hamel for having foreborne to enter. In conclusion, therefore, I will mention her titles of excellence, which are titles of wonder-stories. You can forget Frazer and his *Golden Bough*, Grimm and his *Teutonic Mythology*, all the *Demonomania of Sorcerers*, not excepting my own contribution as a counterblast to the "science of folk-lore"; and in the successive chapters of *Human Animals* you can read about Wer-Foxes and Wer-Vixens, beautiful Bird-Women, Cockatrices and Lamias, and the very curious Mouse-Maiden. Whether you believe or not that re-embodiments are universal in nature, you will find that transformations are universal in the mind's imaginings, all the wide world over; and many, as I think, will be grateful that I have brought them to the covers of this pleasant book concerning Human Animals.

# MATHA OF KREMNA, A SERBIAN SEER

BY COUNT CHEDDO MIYATOVICH

THAT the future events in the life of an individual can be foreseen and foretold, is now generally admitted. Palmistry is raising itself into the rank of an exact science. Clairvoyance is a wonderful faculty of some specially privileged men and women, which undoubtedly—I say so from my long personal knowledge—can see the coming events in the life of individuals. But the nations as such cannot show their palms to the palmist, nor transmit their vibrations to the psychic senses of the clairvoyants. Yet the events in the life of nations, their future history, has been often foreseen and foretold! How is it possible? It is one of the deeply interesting problems deserving the most earnest investigation and study.

I propose to-day to give a contribution to the records of authentic cases, in which the political and other events in the life of a nation have been foretold.

One day in the month of May, 1875, I, as the senior member of the Cabinet, had, in the absence of the Prime Minister, to read the decree by which our Sovereign, Prince Milan, dissolved the House of Deputies (Narodna Skupshtina). It was the first dissolution in the Parliamentary history of Serbia. Most of the deputies came to the Ministers' table to shake hands with me. The deputy for the town of Ujitsa said to me: "My friend, do you see how every item of the predictions of Matha of Kremna gets its confirmation?" I answered him that I had never heard anything about those predictions. "Do you think His Highness knows about them? If not, he *ought* to know all about them, because they concern him, his dynasty and our country!"

Dining that evening at the palace I reported to the Prince what the deputy for Ujitsa said to me. The Prince immediately ordered one of his equerries to go and bring Mr. Alex Popovich (that was the name of the deputy of Ujitsa) at once to the palace. When he arrived the Prince took him and me to his private working room, and there Mr. Popovich told us the following story:

"Three or four miles from the town of Ujitsa—[I may here add that the district of Ujitsa is adjoining the Sandjak of Novi Pazar, and is the most mountainous part of Serbia, a sort of Serbian Scotland]—lies the small village Kremna. On the afternoon of May 29, 1868, a peasant of that village came in a

great hurry to Ujitsa, the district's principal town, and, running through the streets and the market, shouted in great agitation : ' Help, O brethren, help ! They are murdering our Prince ! ' The police, thinking that he must have gone mad, or was drunk, arrested him. Two hours later a telegram arrived from Belgrade announcing the assassination of Prince Michael in the Park of Topchidere on that afternoon. The police then thought the peasant—whose Christian name was Matha—must have known something of the conspiracy to assassinate the Prince, and commenced criminal proceedings against him. The poor fellow swore that he did not know anything about the conspiracy, but he explained that he suffered from a ' peculiar malady,' which caused him from time to time to see visions, which visions, sooner or later, became confirmed by real happenings. Asked if he had visions concerning further events in Serbia, he answered affirmatively, and at the request of the President of the Court of Justice and the Prefect of the District, he described what visions he had, his descriptions being taken down in writing by the Secretary of the Court. The original minutes of his statements are still preserved in the Archives of the Court of Justice at Ujitsa."

I do not wish to take much of your valuable space to tell your readers all the details, which Prince Milan and I heard related on that occasion by the former deputy of Ujitsa. But I can assure you that the peasant clairvoyant has correctly described all the principal events which really happened in Serbia since the year 1868 ! Only three statements I think I ought to mention to-day.

I. Matha of Kremna continuing his depositions said : " I see the King sitting in the palace in Belgrade, and talking with the Prefect of Nish, who is sitting in his office in that town."

He was interrupted by both the President of the Court and the Prefect : " What are you talking about ? You know we have no King, but a Prince ; and Nish is in Turkey, not in Serbia ! "

" Of course I know all that," Matha answered ; " but all that will be changed, our Prince will become a King, and Nish will be ours ! "

" But how do you say the King in Belgrade, the Prefect in Nish, and that they are talking to each other ? You mean probably they are telegraphing to each other ? " the Prefect remarked.

" Oh, no, no ! It is not telegraphing ! I tell you the King is in his palace in Belgrade, the Prefect in his office in Nish, and

they *talk* to each other! I see them doing it, but I cannot explain it!"

Is it not remarkable this vision of the coming telephone, described by a Serbian peasant in the Serbian mountains in the year 1868?

II. He correctly foretold the restless activity of King Milan, his wars with Turkey and Bulgaria, his divorce from his wife, his abdication of the throne, his exile and his dying broken-hearted abroad.

In the beginning of the year 1889 I happened to be the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of the venerable Nichola Christich (whose daughter-in-law, Mme. Elizabeth Christich, and the grand-daughters Miss Anna Christich and Miss Jane Christich, are well known as Serbian patriotic ladies in London society, and in journalistic circles). Now I must tell here an historical episode.

On February 19, 1889, the Prime Minister called all the Ministers to a sitting of the Council, and to our utter astonishment and dismay, told us that the King had expressed to him his firm resolution to abdicate the crown on the occasion of the national festival on February 22, that is to say in three days! On my proposal we went at once *in corpore* to the palace to try to dissuade the King from this fatal and unworthy intention. Every Minister spoke, and implored the King to abandon so unfortunate a decision. I, who had been not only a loyal subject but also a personal friend to the King, spoke with undisguised indignation. Having exhausted all the arguments, the Ministers waited to hear what the King had to say. King Milan then replied, thanking the Ministers for their loyalty to him, and acknowledged that their arguments were unanswerable, but that he had been considering abdication from all points, and came to the conclusion that he could not do otherwise than abdicate! Then he added: "I am not surprised, gentlemen, at your endeavours to dissuade me from the contemplated step, but I am astonished that Miyatovich talks with such violence, when he knows, as well as I do, that my abdication *must* take place!"

The moment we left the King's presence the Prime Minister invited us to come to his room for consultation. There he addressed the Ministers somewhat in these words: "Gentlemen, you have all heard the King say that Mr. Miyatovich knows, as well as he does, that the abdication has to take place. I think we have a right to ask our colleague to explain why he never said a word to any one of us with regard to the King's intention to abdicate?"

I then told them that fourteen years before King Milan and I heard together many details of the prophecy of Matha of Kremna, that among those details the abdication of King Milan was also foretold, and that the King's remark referred to that prophecy. The Minister of Public Education, Dr. Vladan Gyorgyevich, protested against such a ridiculous explanation on my part, and said that probably Matha of Kremna and his prophecy never existed.

Then, to my own pleasant surprise, our old and universally-respected Prime Minister took up my defence against Dr. Vladan. "You will remember, gentlemen [he said], that in 1868 I had the misfortune of being the Home Minister, when Prince Michael was assassinated. The Prefect of Ujitsa reported to me about the strange visions of the peasant Matha of Kremna, and it was I myself who ordered the Prefect to take down formal minutes of the statements of this peasant concerning his visions of coming events. A copy of these minutes has been forwarded to me, I have read it myself, and I believe it will be found here in the next room, among the documents of the Secret Archives of that year (1868)."

Thus the existence of the prophecy of Matha of Kremna was confirmed by the Prime Minister Christich, a man well known for his earnestness, cool judgment, and absolute honesty.

III. The third statement of Matha of Kremna concerns the present events in Serbia. Having said that after the assassination of the last "Obrenovich," and the accession to the Serbian throne of "Peter Karagyorgyevich" (mentioning him by name), he proceeded :

"During the reign of King Peter a foreign army will invade Serbia, and occupy all the country. The people will be most unhappy and suffer terribly, so much, indeed, that men and women passing a churchyard will exclaim : ' Oh, how happy you are, who are dead, and do not suffer as we do now ! ' But after some time a man will arise in the midst of the people, will drive away the foreign army, and then unite all the Serbian countries into one state. An era of prosperity and happiness will then ensue, so that men and women passing a churchyard will exclaim : ' What a pity you died, and are not living to share this happiness which we now enjoy ! ' "

When in June, 1903, King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated in their palace in Belgrade, I drew the attention of the reporters of the London papers to the remarkable fact that Mrs. Julia Burchell, of Bradford, had, after a dinner which the

late W. T. Stead gave to some friends here in London, described that assassination in all its principal features three months before the assassination took place! The Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research came then to see me, and asked me if I knew of some other prediction for which the time of realization had not yet come, but which was still waiting fulfilment. I thereupon sat down and wrote out the vision of Matha of Kremna concerning the occupation of Serbia by a foreign army, put it in an envelope, sealed it with my own seal, and gave it to the Secretary to keep it in a pigeon-hole of the Society until I invited him to open it. I cannot invite the Secretary to do so at present, because I wrote down certain other details in connection with the occupation of Serbia by a foreign army which were mentioned by Matha of Kremna as destined to happen, but which it would be inadvisable to publish now, as long as they are not fulfilled.

## THE DARK HOST

BY MAY KENDALL

WHERE'ER they range are death and pain,  
 And wrong, and every evil chance :  
 There is no monarch can restrain  
 Their dark allegiance.

But every scutcheon they would blot,  
 And every flag they would control :  
 With flesh and blood they wrestle not,  
 But with the human soul.

And deep their poisoned weapons go,  
 That strike the spirit's inner life :  
 They gather even from the foe  
 Munitions for the strife.

The mean desire, the hidden lie,  
 The fears that coward hearts appal,  
 Our hatred and our jealousy,  
 Renew their arsenal.

But still their keenest shafts they prove  
 On those who all their wrath resist,  
 Who build of hope and faith and love  
 The arsenal of Christ.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### A VISION IN HOSPITAL.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—While in hospital, after a severe operation, I had a somewhat extraordinary experience which I think may be of some interest to record.

I was in a state of extreme exhaustion bordering on collapse, and this probably accounts for the incident, the main features of which are as follows:—I passed into a semi-conscious state (this was in the daytime, and was not merely an ordinary sleep); this condition deepened into what may perhaps be called a vision, or into what may have been something more.

Before me was a vast fathomless stream, clear as crystal, the waters of which shone with all the colours of the rainbow; the current was swift and strong, notwithstanding its depth, and I thought to myself at once, "This is either the river of life or of death." I was attracted towards this mysterious river and immediately got caught in the current. The sensation was beyond my powers of description; I realized that my life was a mere drop in the ocean, as it were, and that my individuality faded into utter insignificance, and I drifted on into the great unknown and resigned myself to whatever God might have in store for me. Suddenly, however, some unseen power pushed me out of the current so that I remained on the bank of the river, and after that I returned to consciousness.

It is difficult to interpret the meaning of this strange experience, but, in my humble opinion, for a short space of time I crossed the borderline between this world and the next, and possibly was actually dying, when Providence decided that there was yet work for me to do on this earth, and accordingly sent me back.

Yours faithfully,

E. H.

### THE RETURN OF THE CHRIST.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that your editorial note appended to the record of the dream of "The figure of Christ and the petrified fish" in your November number of the review does not wholly explain what was symbolized in this particular instance?



While it is true that the fish in early Christian lines was a symbolic cryptogram of the Christ and more particularly of the Christian's creed concerning the Man of Nazareth, I have found in my own experience of psychic vision that the fish is also a symbol of the human soul. I incline to think that it is a symbol of this in the dream in question.

My interpretation, therefore, of the dream is that it sets forth the truth that "The coming of the Christ is the waking of the soul."

It pictures an inward experience. I venture to suggest that in the instance of this dreamer it is prophetic of the approaching awaking of her soul through the presence and power of the Divine Master.

Yours sincerely,

J. BRUNTON AITKEN.

### DREAMS THAT DOVETAILED.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Last night I had one of the ordinary confused dreams where one sees many people unknown to one. I forgot the plot of the dream and only remembered there was a middle-aged woman with a slightly roman nose, pale complexion and a double chin.

This afternoon I was in a motor-car, and was blocked at a turning.

I happened to look at two people, a man and a woman, walking along the pavement; the profile of the woman seemed familiar. She at that moment turned and stared at me with an inquiring, frightened face, and kept staring for some moments till the car started again.

It was the woman of my dream!

From the way she looked she must have recognized me as "the man of her dream."

Yours faithfully,

M. W.

### OMENS OF WAR.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have read much about omens and prophecies of the present war, and I very much wish to write to you about a little Highland story which I heard some time ago, and to ask you whether or not you can see any connection between it and the present events.

I am not absolutely sure of the dates, but it must have been in 1911 or 1912, in the autumn, that I was talking to a young man who had been staying for part of his holidays (he was missionary in a little north country village near my house) in Argyllshire. Our talk often touched on folklore and the so-called superstitions of the country people, and he told me the following—as something which would interest me. When he was in Argyllshire a shooting party was assembled in a Lodge in the neighbourhood. They were one morning

at breakfast when suddenly all present heard the sound of a regimental band passing below the house—drums and pipes. They were much interested and sent a servant at once down to the village to ask what regiment was passing through. He returned to say that there were no soldiers in the place, nor had been.

This was all the story, and I asked my friend if he knew whether there was any family or local tradition which would give a meaning to the experience. He did not know, but promised when he went to the place at Christmas to make inquiries on the subject. After Christmas he told me that he had asked the country people what the particular visitation meant. They said that it had *always* been understood to foretell war.

When no war came we thought the omen had failed, but again remembered it when the threat arose of civil war in Ireland. Could it have meant this? we said to one another. Argyllshire and Ulster had so many ties, old and new.

There was no war in Ireland, but the storm burst after all. Would the lapse of those three years or so disconnect prophecy and fulfilment or not?

I have often wondered if other similar "signs" foretold this war in the parts of the country where psychic forces are strong, and would much like to know if others have noticed those "drums and pipes."

I am, Sir, yours truly,

B. B. M.

#### NATIONAL KARMA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With reference to Miss Severs' otherwise excellent letter, I would like to say that I consider the quotations from Mr. A. P. Sinnett entirely without justification. If the over-running of Belgium by the Germans and the whole war is outside Karma, how could the war have been foretold by astrologers? Again, allowing that the Lords of the dark face are real, did not He who emanated the universe, and with it the "white" and "black" brotherhoods, allow these contrasts—like all others—for the purpose of stimulating our attitude towards progress and the further evolution of human consciousness? While the earth remains and evolution is necessary contrasts will not cease.

Assuming that the Belgian public benefited by the Congo atrocities, the recent Belgian *débacle* is the Karmic result of the indifference of the Belgian public to the natives' agony. Anything relatively terrible in the way of Karma always acts fairly quickly.

If the egos of the slaughtered natives had incarnated in German bodies, they would have only killed the individual Belgians who persecuted them. The Karmic law is not inconsistent, like some black brotherhood enthusiasts.

Yours faithfully,

E. E.

## HOW DID JESUS HEAL ?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Mr. Lovell, writing in your issue for December, quotes me as saying, "Jesus did not heal by the use of animal magnetism, nerve force or pure energy." What I did say was "Jesus did not heal by the use of animal magnetism, nerve force or nerve energy." This is not in opposition to the teaching of Jesus, as our critic suggests, for our Master declared that he healed by the Spirit of God, the finger of God (the power of God), which is certainly not so-called nerve energy. It was the spirituality of Jesus which enabled him to discern the mental call for help of the woman who touched the "hem of his garment." His disciples, owing to their materiality, were surprised that he should ask, "Who touched me?" seeing that the multitude thronged him. When the woman told Jesus what she had done, he said, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." Christian Science is the return of primitive Christianity, "confirming the word with signs following."

Your other correspondent, Mr. F. L. Rawson, is not a Christian Scientist, and is in no way connected with the Christian Science movement.

Yours truly,

TALBOT HOUSE,

ARUNDEL STREET,

STRAND, W.C.

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to see Mr. F. L. Rawson's letter in the December number of the OCCULT REVIEW. I have not the pleasure of knowing him, so I speak impersonally when I say that I have found in his *Life Understood* and *Man's Powers and Work*, etc., the clearest and most practical method of applying Christian Science teaching that I have come across on the subject. The inquirer, I think, should read Mr. Lea's book, *A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science*, and then take up the study of Christian Science, trying to get at the spirit of it and troubling not so much about the letter. Also Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health, Miscellaneous Writings, No and Yes, Rudimental Divine Science*, etc.; also Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson's *Reminiscences*, where much of the history, varying views and inner meaning of the Christian Science movement can be found, as well as the insistence on the everlasting individuality of man. In *No and Yes* (page 34) Mrs. Eddy writes: "Man is not absorbed in Deity; for he is forever individual; but what this everlasting individuality is remains to be learned. Mortals have not seen it. Study the literature of the last, as well as the Bible, Boehme, Swedenborg and Blake.

Mr. Rawson's cinematograph pictures are Blake's "Vegetable Glass of Nature" and a happy description of mortal things. They are also, as Mr. Rawson says, Nietzsche's "eternal return." I remember when all hope was given up and I was believed to be dying of typhoid fever, I saw the whole of my past life in small pictures dropped rapidly, one by one, before my eyes.

The images in my *Book of Images* (Unicorn Press) and *The Way of the Soul* (Rider) are merely symbols of the spiritual individualities mentioned by Mrs. Eddy, as well as by Blake and other seers. They do not represent mortal things, or bodies, but the things of the spirit; man's *present* eternal individuality clothed in symbol for the better understanding and representation of ideas in images instead of words. Every man, as well as everything, is a different and individual idea of God so far as it is good, beautiful and true, *not* otherwise.

The other night I was meditating on the perfection of God when I saw, suddenly, in the darkness a vast sphere of light and of colour formed by myriads of flowers of different tints, mostly light red. The sphere slowly turned, and I saw that it was made up of many other spheres of like size which turned in different directions, interpenetrating one another yet all unbroken and all within and of the same size as the containing sphere. A friend, another day, meditating likewise on the perfection of God, was suddenly caught away, in spirit, for a time by an indescribable force of intense love, joy and beauty, during which time full consciousness was kept.

I am not a Christian Scientist, and have no label.

Yours sincerely,

W. T. HORTON.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—The several dogmatic assertions made by Mr. C. W. J. Tennant on behalf of "Christian Science"—a pretended power claimed by the worshippers of the late Mrs. Eddy as being specially bestowed upon them by Jesus Christ, through Mrs. Eddy—and to the disparagement of Animal Magnetism, "having nothing to do with the process of healing at a distance," in addition to the false statement by Mrs. Eddy in "Science and Health" that "Animal Magnetism has no scientific principle," need active refutation by those qualified to do so by knowledge and experience.

It may hardly be true that Mrs. Eddy has drawn the distinction between the "Divine Mind" and the carnal or mortal mind, as no one before her has ever done, for the simple reason that millions of people have exhausted their minds in prose and poetic phrases in dwelling on Mind—or intelligence—in connection with what Mrs. Eddy calls "the Divine Mind," in referring to "the Spirit of Life." Her definition is therefore crude and blundering, and had far better never have

been made. Hundreds of millions of spiritualists alive to-day in the far East, as well as several millions in England and America, know that the mind when freed from carnality is the spiritual intelligence and activity. What we know of the healing power of Jesus is distinctly personal, and by contact! He spat on the ground and made a paste for healing the blind man. He went in alone and brought back to life the dead woman. The woman with the issue of blood touched his garment, and Jesus exclaimed, "Who hath touched Me, that virtue hath gone out of Me?" So far from proving that nerve force has nothing to do with it, as Mr. Tennant says, it proves exactly the reverse, as every gifted magnetizer all over the world knows by actual experience. As one who has successfully practised the Divine Gift of Animal Magnetism, which also requires scientific application in addition to a knowledge of psychic physiology, for many years, I claim the right to speak; and I further say, there is not living any professional Christian Scientist who can prove their individual efforts have resulted in authenticated cures either at a distance or by immediate contact, to the number or variety of those which I can prove by personal letters. Magnetic force, to which Mesmer gave the name of Animal Magnetism, because the force he found himself gifted with had the property of the magnet, viz., attraction and repulsion, is the force I have always used. Dr. Braid discovered he could transmit this force to substances by means of his will through the medium of his hands and eyes. I have also the same powers in common with others so gifted, as proved in a letter from a lady in Honolulu whose daughter was in great danger of suicide from melancholia. At her mother's request I undertook her case. I powerfully magnetized a sponge and sent it out as I was instructed to do by my spirit control. The mother's letter says the effect was marvellous, and she is now bright and all her troubles have ceased. I have conducted free treatments for months twice per week at a hired hall in Peckham and have had as many as twenty-one patients to treat in one evening. To each patient I gave correct diagnosis without inquiry and located the seat of injury, and in many cases the remote cause.

Owing to the fraud of Christian Science we, *the real healers*, are driven out of business.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. EDWARDS.

6 WYNELL ROAD,  
FOREST HILL.

### INVISIBLE HELPERS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I reply to "Ignoramus" I would say that if he was or had been in some extreme spiritual difficulty before he saw what appeared to be the Master Jesus, the appearance was genuine. On the other hand, if he was not in need of some help which would prove of vital importance to his evolution, or had contemplated the Master as He

appeared, or even if the Master had been associated in thought with the inquirer by someone else, the vision was most probably the result of thought. Another point which tends to bear out the latter suggestion is that the appearance does not seem to have given any message.

From my own experience, when a Master helps personally he always gives advice or a message. In one extreme case which I have in mind, where an occultist in face of apparently unbearable karma was about to commit suicide in order to spread the said karma over some four future lives and so bear it better, a Master appeared to him while he was actually walking home for possibly the last time, and not only gave him a message but told him of the coming rescue, which, I may add, materialized the same evening.

The happy side to your correspondent's experience is, as is always the case I think, that his vision served its purpose, no matter whether it was a thought form, representation, or the "Great Companion" Himself.

Yours faithfully,

6 TREWANCE ROAD,  
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—N. D. K. quotes Mr. J. A. Hill, saying that "the true explanation of psychical phenomena is still unfound." This is not so. *Life Understood*, by Mr. F. L. Rawson, sets out the scientific reason, not only for phenomena, but for everything connected with the material world and with the real world called heaven. Mr. Rawson gives his facts and draws his deductions and points out the method in which his statements can be proved; in fact, he says that no one need believe a word he says, as every one can prove it for themselves.

I must say that I was very sceptical when I started to read his book, but gradually, as I went on, I found that I had entirely to change my old ideas. He himself points out that when he was retained by the *Daily Express* to make a professional examination for them into mental healing, he thought he knew a good deal, but he had to turn his old ideas topsy-turvy—there was not one of them that was right. Mr. Rawson was then only learning what most of your readers have known for years. Then, having got the ordinary knowledge that your readers have, he started to get at the scientific reason for the results. At the end of a year he says he thought he knew a great deal, as he had healed instantaneously a number of people and was able to get marvellous results of all kinds, but six months later he found he was only on the fringe of knowledge, and it took him another two years, viz., three and half years from the start, until he felt on thoroughly safe ground—that is to say, until he had cleared up the natural science reasons for all forms of occult phenomena.

If his was a mere theory I would not trouble to write this letter, but I find it works. He points out that God is not a better class man;

He is the Principle of Good, and directly a man stops thinking wrongly and thinks rightly, the Principle of Good acts and destroys the evil. Matter, he shows metaphysically, is merely a concept of thought, but he carries his view into the natural science field and points out that these thoughts are the lines of force of which the ether is composed. His view of matter is now pretty generally recognized by the scientific world as correct ; that is, that the electrons are formed by the lines of force at the points of conjunction. He shows that matter can be caused to appear and disappear in two different ways : one, the way in which Jesus worked whereby the lines of force are short circuited, and the so-called cause of the matter destroyed ; the other, the way in which the sorcerers and those using the human mind work, viz., by the alteration of the electrical tension.

As Mr. Rawson points out, theory is not the slightest bit of use except from the results obtained, and I for one have found that by working in the way he shows, my life is being completely changed from one of worry and struggle to one of peace and happiness.

Yours faithfully,

VERA FIELD.

#### LATENT PSYCHIC POWERS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,— I am an earnest student of the sciences dealt with in your magazine ; but hitherto my study has been confined to the reading of theory, and of other people's experiences. That such phenomena as clairvoyance, auto-writing, etc., are incontestable, I am convinced (though their exact cause may be open to discussion). But I would like to know through you, or the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, how exponents have discovered their powers. Are they hit upon by accident ? Can they be cultivated ? How is one to know their presence ? I know, of course, that some people will never meet with success in such ways—they are not constituted in such a way as to succeed. In others, however, may not there be such powers latent, but difficult of development owing to the extreme self-consciousness of the individual ?

Yours very truly,

NESCIO QUIS.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A SINGULAR interest has attached to successive issues of *The Word* during many months. Our readers should be reminded that it appears at New York, and we may mention that it is now in the twenty-second volume. We believe that there are people among us, within and without Theosophy, and apart from controversial questions, who will be interested in an extended reminiscence of W. Q. Judge, recently published and accompanied by a striking portrait. The paper is anonymous, but is the work of an old friend, and outside the subject-in-chief, it recalls many familiar personalities of our own past in England—Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland, A. P. Sinnett, and that excellent intellectual mystic, C. C. Massey. But, stretching back through the twenty-first volume there have been two series of papers which it has been scarcely possible to speak of while they were only in progress. There were firstly those on the Swastika in its relation to Plato's Atlantis and the Mexican Pyramid of Xochicalco. The accounts of the latter monument are of singular interest and are illustrated by important plates and diagrams. There has been secondly the translation of Baron Hellenbach's work on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, though it has not been always easy to detach the text from the translator's commentary and interlinear remarks. The German philosopher was at one period well known to transcendental students in England by his very suggestive work on *Birth and Death as a Change in the Form of Perception*, which was translated some thirty years since. It has been long out of print, and we are disposed to think that it would again be welcomed by many at the present day.

We learn with very much regret that the current issue of *Healthward Ho* is the last which will come into our hands till the War is over. It will be replaced for the time being by a monthly *Programme* in the form of a booklet. We have read with sympathy and interest the editor's forewords, explaining with utter sincerity that the magazine has been carried on for six years at a loss. One is confident that a considerable—though unfortunately not remunerative—circle will miss the brightest representative of food-reform in the annals of the periodical press, and we can hope only that Mr. Eustace Miles will see his way to recommence its issue at the dawn of the day of peace.

As some of our readers may be interested in Mahayana



or Northern Buddhism, or may wish to be instructed concerning it, we have pleasure in drawing attention to *The Mahayanist*, an official organ of the Mahayana Association, recently established at Kyoto, Japan. It appears in English, and although at present of small dimensions, it gives much information in concise and intelligible form. Mahayana represents the positive and active side of Buddhistic development, while Hinayana is the reflective and ascetic side. Until recently it was the latter only which attracted the attention of European scholars. The Buddhistic sects of Japan belong to the former school, and of this it is claimed that Mahayana is "the great missing link of the religious and philosophical world"; that it combines a system which may be said to verge on materialism with one "easily mistaken for Christian orthodoxy." We make no pretence of understanding the precise purport of the last statement, and we do not believe that Northern or any other Buddhism has the kind of future before it which connotes a world-religion, as appears to be implied here. We are, however, quite certain that its study is of prime importance and interest. This is shown by several short articles in the issue before us. There is one on the nature of the Buddhist Trinity, concerning which there are two schools of doctrine. Another is on the fundamental idea of Buddhistic philosophy, being that of cosmic unreality. This paper contravenes the prevailing European notion that Buddhism is based upon nihilism, or universal emptiness and negation. Lastly, a third article gives particulars of the Shin sect, which originated at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its central doctrine is Divine Mercy, and that for which it covenants is faith in the Divine Name.

*Theosophy in Scotland* passes somewhat outside the limits of its usual concern by the insertion of two curious literary articles. One is on *The Magic Flute* of Mozart, and on its inner aspect. Having stated that the great musician was a keen and devout member of the Masonic fraternity, it proceeds to interpret the opera as "a veiled protest against the persecution to which Freemasonry was being subjected in Austria at that time." The Queen of Night is thought to represent the Empress Maria Theresa, while Sarastro—High Priest of the Temple of Isis—is "a distinguished metallurgist who had founded a Lodge in Vienna." The interpretation is more curious than convincing, but we infer that the notion of a Masonic intention behind the composition did not originate with the present writer. The second article is on Blake, who is said to stand side by side with Paracelsus, Jacob Böhme, "and the great mystics of all

ages." Various points of the paper are illustrated by suggestive quotations, chiefly from Blake's poems.

*The Builder* has completed its first volume, and a year of honourable work reaches its termination in the twelfth issue, which is accompanied by an excellent index. The issue itself is, taken altogether, perhaps the best that we have seen. One would say that it almost embraces the whole field of the subject-general which brought the undertaking into being. Current Masonic history is represented by an article describing a Meeting of the Ancient and Accepted Rite at the *Temple of Heaven* in Peking. The building was lent for the purpose by the Chinese Government, and the 4th to the 32nd Degrees were communicated on the memorable occasion, which marks an epoch in the Masonry of the Celestial Empire. An editorial describes the great Home of the Scottish Rite, in its Southern Jurisdiction, and gives an impressive picture of this House of the Temple, together with certain interiors. Doctrine is represented by a suggestive essay on immortality, and symbolism by a study of the Hiramic Legend. The Quest of the Word in Masonry is touched upon here, of that Word which is a Word of Life. But as life is continued hereafter for ever and ever it is really a Quest of Life—that is to say, of life in perfection and in Union with the Divine. In this spirit a briefer paper tells us that in Speculative Masonry the true Building Design is not of houses made with hands but of Temples eternal in the heavens. The key-note is that of St. Paul, when he says that we are Temples of God, and the plan is therefore that we may be each of us builded up within, as a place of the Divine Presence. It is a memorable number and *finis coronat opus*; but such *opus* is the work of the first volume, and we look for greater things to come.

With this new and living voice of Masonry one is led to compare *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, being the Transactions of a learned Lodge in English Freemasonry. They appear quarterly, are sumptuously produced, and care is taken in the editing. They are now in their twenty-eighth volume, and there is no question that in older days they contained matters of great importance in the domain of Masonic research. That day is practically of the past. Of the four quarterly issues one is a mere list of members, while another is the memorial of an "annual outing." It is enriched by profuse illustrations, but it is topographical in character and devoid of Masonic interest. Of the issues remaining over an example will be found in that which appeared recently. One of its contributors has thought it worth while to discuss the question whether Craft Masonry is lineally descended from

the Essenes. He makes extracts from Philo, Josephus, Pliny, and so forward, but they are nothing to the purpose of the negative which he designs to maintain. He falls, moreover, into confusion respecting the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, a modern imposture, and Kenneth Mackenzie's fictitious Hermetic Brothers of Egypt, mentioned in his Masonic Cyclopædia. *The Builder* is alive, as we have said: *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum* died of ill-digested learning a good many years ago.

We note with satisfaction—by a report in *The Freemason*—that the Rev. W. P. Besley, Sub-Dean of St. Paul's, preaching at a Masonic service, describes Freemasonry as "a deeply religious thing," "the handmaid of Religion," and a plan of building for God. The fact is worth mentioning because there are still sporadic reissues of the old fiction that Masonry is not Religion, against which assertion its doctrine and symbolism protest eloquently. *The Freemason* contains also in another issue an article by Mr. F. Armitage on the present position of Freemasonry among the Allied Nations. France, Belgium, Serbia, Italy, and Russia are excluded from communion with the Grand Lodge of England. The reason in respect of France is of world-wide knowledge, being the question of faith in God, and Mr. Armitage shows little familiarity with this part of his subject. But we agree with him that the non-recognition of Brethren belonging to the other countries is in several respects anomalous, and we hope also with him that—when there is peace once more in the world—a basis of *rapprochement* may be found.

Among other periodicals, we may mention *Theosophy in Australia*, which contains a suggestive article on "The Supernal Vision," a kind of Christmas message on the birth of Christ in the heart. . . . *The Divine Life* affirms that modern theosophy is hindered by its following of external masters, while that of the old school looks only to the master within. The lady who edits this periodical mentions that she has attained *Samadhi*, being Logos-consciousness and union with the Higher Self or Christos. She seems to have founded an Independent Theosophical Society of America. . . . *Le Theosophe*, whose editor is on active service, regards the War as in no sense a judgment of God but of our own making and in our own likeness. It is an outcome of the hate-force distilled from the ignorance, wickedness and criminality of mankind. When the great ordeal is over there will be a new departure in human thought.

## REVIEWS

TALKS BY ABDUL BAHÁ. Second edition, with additions. F'cap 8vo, pp. 171. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Price (paper) 2s. net; (cloth) 2s. 6d. net.

WHEN we are in a position to estimate certain final values in respect of the Bahai movement—possibly in two or three generations—that which will remain among us as permanent in importance and interest will include the personality, personal work and history of Abdul Baha, rather than anything that has been said or written by him. There is scarcely a page in this little volume which does not win us by its kindness, simplicity and utter sincerity. There is scarcely a page which contains a new thought or an utterance from a new standpoint. One is hearing the familiar parlance of all our altruistic synods and societies for amelioration and freedom in religious belief. I am by no means stating this in a spirit of condemnation; I am scarcely offering criticism. All of us who are dedicated to the true things, and who write ourselves down in humility as *servi servorum Dei*, can not only take the utterances into our hearts, but every word having the seal of truth herein is written in our hearts already. They are the commonplaces of eternal life. They have been said and written among us a thousand times. But if there and here—very rarely—it happens that there is something which does not engage our sympathy and command concurrence, this is because the venerable speaker has in the haste of a moment taken either some false step in mere logic or has offered an opinion for which the warrants seem wanting. It is good on any calculation to have the present memorial of Abdul Baha's visit to the western world. He has earned admiration and affection wherever he has been; and if we miss in his translated utterances the word which makes all things new. I am very sure that this volume—for all who can accept its messages—will do yeoman service towards the reign of peace on earth and universal good will.

A. E. WAITE,

THE FURTHER GOAL. By Gilbert Thomas. London. Erskine Macdonald. Price 1s.

IN this little volume of verse to which that quiet scholar, Mr. Arthur Waugh, contributes a sympathetic preface, Mr. Gilbert Thomas, author of *The Wayside Altar*, fulfils its earlier promise.

Classical in tone as these poems are, a current of war and of thoughts inspired by the drama of battle, runs through the themes of the book. In "The Unconquered Hope" it rises and quivers, in "Not Peace—But a Sword" it attains to the heights of passionate denunciation. Mr. Thomas is atmospheric, for he is successfully effective in quite simple subjects, as witness his poems, "The Pavement Artist," and to "Some Birds Singing on a Mild Morning in Mid-Winter."

In "The Looms of Love" he strikes a deeper note of beauty:

All the flaming planets, all the trembling flowers;  
All the sweet and holy, wild and evil powers;  
All the hells beneath us, all the heavens above:  
What are these but threads for the looms of Love?

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.