

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

I AM resuming in the present number my observations of last month dealing with communications received by different methods from those who have passed over to the other side. My next instance is cited from the book from which I have already quoted, Dr. Paul Joire's *Phenonèmes Psychiques*, and contains a very noteworthy confirmation of a spirit message obtained by the only too-frequently unreliable method of automatic writing. The narrator, who was at the time at the Military College of Florence, was the son of a lady who had recently come to interest herself in psychical matters, and induced her son to sit with her and others for the purpose. The son, it appears, took kindly to automatic writing. "On one occasion," he states, "Mme P—— was present as well as my father, and a lawyer friend. I was sitting at a table, pencil in hand, and with some blank paper in front of me. After a few minutes my pencil wrote the following words in French:—

"Il y a une inimitié, que je ne puis comprendre, entre Madame et feu son mari." ("There is an enmity, which I cannot understand, between Madame and her late husband.")

My mother, convinced as she was, like all of us, of the perfect harmony

of this family, was disturbed at these words, pretended not to understand, in order to avoid repeating this phrase, and again asked if it was possible to enter into communication with Mrs. B. M.'s husband. And the pencil inexorably repeated the phrase :

" Il y a une inimitié, que je ne puis comprendre, entre Madame et feu son mari."

Mme. P. told us that Mrs. B. M. wished to know at all costs what had been written, and the phrase was translated by her into English.

None of us will ever forget the profound emotion which was experienced at seeing Mrs. B. M. stand up, and, looking very pale, cry out :

" What ! still ! "

It was truly a striking incident.

She then explained in English in a few words to Mme. P. that there had been very serious disagreements between her and her husband, but that she believed death had effaced all resentment in him towards her, since she had on her part forgiven him, and had executed his last wishes with the utmost faithfulness.

My mother then insisted on knowing if it would not be possible to have another more favourable communication.

My pencil then traced this strange sentence :

" Impossible ; he is in Negroland."

We were certainly quite mystified by this rebuff, and my mother wished at any cost to interrupt, being much perturbed at having to say such a foolish thing to this lady. But M. C. insisted, wishing to possess the key to this enigma, and asked :

" Why do you say he is in Negroland ? "

And the pencil wrote :

" He has a mission to try and bring about the abolition of slavery."

" Why has he such a mission ? "

" Because he is a negro."

My mother, very discouraged and losing all interest in the séance on receiving this unacceptable explanation, so offensive to the lady, took up the piece of paper quickly, thinking that she was not seen, crumpled it in her hands, and threw it on the floor.

But Mrs. B. M. had seen it, and cried out : " Madame, you have no right to do that. What is written on it is for me."

And she demanded the piece of paper, which was given to her. Then she straightened it out, and Mme. P. read what was written.

She immediately rose, appearing greatly moved, wished us " Good evening," and left.

We were much astonished and grieved at the impression this lady had received. My mother kept saying :

" It is the first time we have been thus mystified, because the last sentence is an ill-timed joke, but the first was very true and moved Mrs. B. M. greatly."

The following morning my father had a sitting with this lady. He returned home for luncheon, laughing heartily, and said to my mother at the top of his voice : " He was a negro ! He was a negro ! "

We could not understand it. Then he told us that Mrs. B. M. had related her story to him at length, and said that after her marriage her

family had discovered that her husband was of Indian origin—that is to say, a man of colour. It could scarcely be seen, but it was a very great *mésalliance* for an American. Thence the origin of this enmity which lasted for life, but which Mrs. B. M. believed had ended with death, because, she said, she had carried out all her husband's wishes.

As may readily be believed, the entirely unexpected nature of this communication and the absolute incredulity with which it was received added greatly to the impression it created upon those present when the explanation was forthcoming.

Dr. Joire gives numerous other communications received from the same circle, also of a strikingly evidential character. One of these was from a late president of the Republic of Ecuador, named Garcia Moreno, who was assassinated as the result of a political conspiracy. Here again the communication was very accurate as regards the facts given. Another control of less note was Henri Charles Montagne. This spirit stated as follows : " I was buried at Père Lachaise. I was clerk to the residency of Tonkin. My father was very well known in the literary world and occupied an important position in the *Société des Gens de Lettres*." He continued, in answer to questions with regard to the possibility of confirming his statements—" Ask my father's colleagues, the majority of whom were present at my funeral, which took place on November 26, 1896. I died on the previous July 9. You can inquire particularly of Daniel Riche. I was thirty-one years of age. I died in a tragic manner on the anniversary of my birth, mortally wounded by a tiger in carrying out an order I had received." On receipt of this communication application was made to Monsieur Daniel Riche at the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, and the following reply was received in due course.

PARIS, *October 15, 1906.*

DEAR SIR AND COLLEAGUE,—Yes, Henri Montagne was the son of a former delegate of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, Edouard Montagne, the immediate predecessor of M. de L. He was killed by a tiger at Nha-Trang (Annam), on July 9, 1896. His body was brought to Paris on September 26, and was buried on the 28th at Père Lachaise, in the family vault, etc.

It will be noted here that there is only one discrepancy. The communication gives the date of the funeral as November 26, when in reality it should be September 28. This is a very similar slip to the ones already noticed in the communications made through the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse. It may be remarked that the less well-known the communicating entity

the more evidential is the communication. The sitters, for instance, might have been familiar, to some extent, with the life history of a president of a South American Republic ; but in the case of a man of no special note, there is no reason to suppose

SPIRIT RE-
PUDIATES
CHARGE OF
SUICIDE.

previous cognisance of the facts. In another case, that of Henri Thomas, the communicating intelligence states that he had been dead two and a half years, and died at the age of twenty, as the result of an accident. He also gives the place of his birth, Demange aux Eaux, and the place where he lived, Gondrecourt, as well as his occupation, that of a teacher. Here, again, subsequent investigation confirms the statements made, again with one noteworthy difference. The people at Gondrecourt had satisfied themselves that it was a case of suicide, whereas the spirit said "Accident." The statement of the Director of the School at Gondrecourt runs as follows :

Thomas (Henri) was born at Demange-aux-Eaux (Meuse) on October 10, 1883. He entered the Normal School at Commercy on October 1, 1899, and left on July 20, 1902, with the higher certificate. On October 1 of that year he took the position of probationary teacher at Gondrecourt, about four miles away from his family. He was a very good, kind master, somewhat timid, conscientious, and of very good conduct. On Thursday, November 26, 1903, at 7 p.m., he placed himself in front of a train on the line from Bar to Neufchâteau. We learned of his tragic death on the following day. All who knew him were profoundly astonished by it.

(Signed) L., *Director of the School at
Gondrecourt.*

Among other controls a certain Augustin Cauchy, after giving his name, was asked to supply some fact which would enable the sitters to establish his identity. The answer came in the rather surprising shape of a Latin quotation from the Bible, "Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem" (Blessed is

A LATIN
CLUE TO
IDENTITY.

he who understands (sympathizes with) the needy and the poor.") On being asked why he made this quotation, the reply he gave was "It is the epitaph engraved on my tomb." Being asked where he was buried, he answered: "In the Scéaux Cemetery, on the road shaded by chestnut trees, which leads to the slope of Plesy Piquet." On being asked to give the date of his death, he gives May 17, 1857. The gentleman to whom Dr. Joire is indebted for these records thereupon wrote to the keeper of the Cemetery at Scéaux, and the following is a copy of the letter received in reply to his communication :—

SCÉAUX, *November 9, 1906.*

Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 3rd inst., I have the honour to inform you that I have made a search in the cemetery for the Cauchy tomb, which fortunately I found, and I have copied the following epitaph engraved on the tombstone, and which reads :—

AUGUSTIN-LOUIS
BARON CAUCHY
DIED AT SCÉAUX MAY 23, 1857
BEATUS QUI INTELLIGIT
SUPER EGENUM ET PAUPEREM

This abandoned grave is in a deplorable state, covered over by weeds ; it was necessary to clean it in order that I might send you the information asked for.

(Signed) VINCENT, *Keeper of the Cemetery at Scéaux,
174 Rue Houdan, Scéaux (Seine).*

This honest keeper added that the cleaning necessary to decipher the inscription took him about an hour. It had therefore been for a long time illegible to visitors, and we may ask how the Latin text and the translation could have come, unconsciously or otherwise, to the knowledge of any member of the circle.

Note here again the curious little discrepancy that the death actually took place on May 23, 1857. The spirit gives it as May 15, 1857. I cannot help feeling that this communication, in view of the difficulty of deciphering the Latin, is one of the most remarkable on record. Quite apart from this, a Latin inscription on a practically unknown grave would be about the last sort of fact which would be likely to come to the knowledge of the sitters at any circle. Another of the communicating intelligences, a Madame Duchêne, states that when she died she was a disbeliever in a future life. The following dialogue took place :—

- (Q.) You were doubtless astonished at finding yourself in the Beyond ?
(A.) Yes.
(Q.) What was your experience after death.
(A.) At first I seemed as though stunned.
(Q.) How long did this stupefaction last ?
(A.) Some weeks.
(Q.) When you could take cognisance of your situation, what did you feel ?
(A.) A sensation of deliverance.
(Q.) You were happy ?
(A.) Yes.

The above experience is worth citing as a very typical instance of the state of mind frequently recorded of themselves by those who have recently passed over. The stunned or stupefied condition following the first shock and afterwards a consciousness

of freedom and health, the consciousness of health being specially noted by those who have just escaped from the discomforts of a long or painful illness. Though individual conditions of course vary according to the nature of the death, the consensus of testimony as to immediate after-death conditions in the many cases of which we have record either through séances or otherwise is not a little remarkable.

Conversations with the dead, as I have already intimated in the previous issue, are not confined to those deliberately invited, by providing for them the requisite psychic conditions by means of a séance. There are also the rare cases in which an apparition has been seen and has engaged in conversation with a living person, with a view to securing a certain specific object or service to be done. An instance of this was recently brought to my notice by a lady who had been perusing a diary of a century ago, which has never yet been given the light of publicity.* The diary was kept by a young girl, a daughter of one of the Lord Arundels of Wardour, and was told to her by her brother's tutor, who was the lifelong friend of the person to whom the ghost appeared. The incident occurred on French soil, and the ghost who had been brought up in the Catholic religion was suffering the torments of Purgatory and sought for their alleviation through the ordinary means recognized by Catholics of having mass said for his soul.

The seer, on the present occasion, when quite a lad and studying at a Seminary for the priesthood, was one night startled by the sudden apparition of a man wrapped in flames, whom he instantly recognized as his elder brother, and who stood regarding him appealingly.

"Pray for me. I died this evening in Riga," he exclaimed, and incontinently vanished, leaving the boy alarmed and distressed and perplexed. For the vision might have emanated from the Father of Lies, and yet—if there should be any truth in it! Then again, he had no knowledge of his brother's whereabouts, but Riga sounded wholly unlikely. So it was a troubled and a heavy-eyed lad who approached the Novice Master the next morning, and confided in him the experience of the night. But Novice Masters being accustomed to confessions of hallucinations, visions, and all the manifold vagaries of youthful hysteria, this one contented himself with a sharp reproof and a warning against the folly of vain imaginings.

That night, however, the discredited vision reappeared, full of reproaches. "Why have you not prayed for me?" it demanded, "and had Mass said for my soul? I am in Purgatory."

Torn between doubt and fear the boy next morning timidly reported

* The diary was kept by one of the daughters of Lord Arundel of Wardour, where my correspondent found it a short time ago. All names were given, and the date was about 1815.

the recurrence of his experience, and received a still sharper reproof and a more stringent warning against allowing such follies to obtain a hold upon his mind. "Send your ghost on to me the next time," concluded the Master, "and I will deal with him."

And again a third time the apparition flamed into the boy's room and again reproached him with his neglect of the needs of the dead.

"Go to the Novice Master," he implored, mindful of the morning's injunction, "for indeed I can do nothing."

On the following morning it was the Novice Master who appeared looking pale and distraught; calling the boy aside he murmured hurriedly in Latin, "Send no more ghosts to me. But the Masses shall be said."

The ghost was seen no more, but some weeks later a letter arrived announcing the death of the brother at Riga on the date of the first apparition. The lad grew up and entered the priesthood, but he was always loath to speak of the curious incident, the truth of which was, however, vouched for by the narrator.

The course adopted in the present case of passing on the ghostly visitant to the sceptical master who refused to take the action demanded might be recommended in future instances of a similar character. Among stories of apparitions who have talked, few are more notable than that of the apparition of Lord Tyrone to Lady Beresford, which I see recorded once more in a new book on psychical matters, *Peeps into the Psychic World*,* by Mr. MacDermot Crawford. The story is a long one, but is appropriate enough in the present connection to recapitulate in an abbreviated form.

Lady Beresford and Lord Tyrone were friends in youth and both of a sceptical turn of mind, doubting the reality of a future state. They made the compact often made, but seldom kept, that whichever died first should, if there was such a thing as

LADY
BERES-
FORD'S
GHOST
STORY.

survival of the personality, appear to the other in evidence of the fact. Lord Tyrone did not live long, and one night or early morning Lady Beresford was suddenly aroused by seeing his figure sitting beside her bed. She did not know he was dead, and demanded to be informed why he had appeared in her bedroom at such a time of night. "Have you," he replied, "forgotten our promise to each other, which we pledged in early life? I died on Tuesday at 4 o'clock." He proceeded to inform her that she was then with child and would have a son who would marry his own daughter and heiress; that Sir Tristram, her husband, would not live long; that she would marry again, but would die from the effects of childbirth in her 47th year. She asked for some proof that she was not suffering from illusion,

* *Peeps into the Psychic World*. By M. McDermot Crawford. London: Eveleigh Nash.

whereupon he caused the hangings of the bed to be drawn in an unusual manner through an iron hook. She still asked for further evidence, whereupon he wrote his signature in her pocket book. As she was still not satisfied and asked for a third sign, he laid his hand, which she felt cold as marble, upon her wrist. The sinews shrank up, and ever after she wore a black band to conceal the mark left by the ghostly hand. Everything occurred as the ghost foretold, though Lady Beresford after her husband's death lived a very quiet life and avoided as far as possible the friendship of the other sex. In a weak moment, however, she yielded to the oft-repeated suit of Richard Georges, one of the few men with whom she still kept up an acquaintance. The marriage was not a happy one, and she was for a time parted from her husband, but a reconciliation took place, and she died as predicted at the birth of her last child on her 47th birthday.

The account of this incident has been handed down and is firmly believed by the family. It was written out by Lady Betty Cobb, the youngest daughter of Marcus, Earl of Tyrone, and granddaughter of the Lady Beresford who is the heroine of the story. A curious fatality overtook the portrait of this Lady Beresford. For many years there was an old painting of her at Tyrone House, Co. Dublin, representing her with the black ribbon round her wrist. When the Marquis of Waterford sold the old town residence of the family and its grounds to the Government, as the site of the Education Board, he directed Mr. Watkins, dealer in pictures, to collect the most important of these for removal to Curraghmore. This portrait was specially selected among the chosen few. When, however, the consignment arrived at Curraghmore, no such picture was to be found, and from that day to this, a period of some forty years, no hint of its existence has been received.

The more, I think, one reads of these apparently authentic psychic records, the more a feeling of the naturalness of the other world and the unreality of orthodox superstitions in connection with it is borne upon the mind. Almost every record seems to emphasize the fact, laid stress upon by one of the communicants cited in my previous issue, that the next world takes you up where this one leaves you, and that it is merely a change of carriages on the railway of existence. The ghostly visitant who appears to the psychic is no transmogrified counterfeit of his previous self. He is the very same man as he was known before on earth, with the same characteristics, and, as far as possible, subject to his new experiences, with the same stand-

point and even in many cases with the same beliefs. The sceptic on the subject of reincarnation remains a sceptic still, a believer a believer still. Even the Lord Tyrone, whose sensational visit to the earth after his death has just been recorded, bears testimony to the truth of the religion of his fathers, for the benefit of his

lady friend, though it may be doubted if he met with much on the other side to confirm such orthodox opinions. Probably we may attribute his statement rather to the reaction of an atheist who suddenly discovered that his sceptical attitude towards the other world was entirely without foundation. The broader-minded again will, like the author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, find themselves, on the other side, brought face to face with many people holding all shades of divergent views, and each limited in their perceptions by the narrowness of their own earthly standpoint. Even in worldly concerns it is wise to keep one's sympathies as wide as possible, but when brought in contact with the conditions of another life, the immeasurable advantage of this breadth of outlook is doubly apparent. A narrowed outlook and sectarian views have not merely a warping influence upon this world's activities, but from what we learn of the future state, they are shackles which can only be partially thrown off even when the risen spirit is brought face to face with the palpable evidence of their illusory nature. Let him who limits his outlook here beware lest as a punishment for his refusal to see on earth, he be condemned to walk for ever in blinkers in the eternal realms.

I have before me Mme de Thèbes' annual Almanac for the current year.* This has appeared somewhat late, as, on account of a sad bereavement, it had not been Mme de Thèbes' original intention to bring out an Almanac at all on the present occasion. As she states, she has not been interviewing clients as usual during the last year, and she has therefore not the usual documentary evidence to go upon, drawn from the numerous hands of notable people from different parts of the world which she has the opportunity of seeing under normal conditions. She has therefore on the present occasion only her own intuitive perception and psychic faculty on which to base her conclusions. As a consequence the predictive part of the 1916 Almanac is not so full as in ordinary years. Resting then purely on her intuitional

* Copies will be supplied by my Publishers, post free, 1s. 3d.

faculty, Mme de Thèbes likens the year 1916 to a heraldic shield, "black and red predominating on a ground of flaming gold." "We are," she says, "in the full cycle of Mars, and under the direct influence of that ruddy planet. This cycle commenced in 1909, and its end is not yet." "I perceive at the moment,"



MADAME DE THÈBES.

she continues, "the red tide commencing to ebb, but the flood does not seem yet definitely to subside. A period of five years is presented to my mind in which everything more or less is bathed in war. Indeed our planet will not recover relative calm until the influence of Mars has ceased to grow, some dozen years from now. This is the general Kabalistic Law."

Still, Mme de Thèbes seems to anticipate the termination of the present war before the end of 1916. She sees the return of the victors at the height of summer, even if at that time it is only a portion of them that return to their homes. "The battle raging then ceases suddenly. It appears terrible, a fearful clamour of thunder and of onsets of battle arises from the abyss, then all at once it is at an end." "The two principal moments promising a lull in the strife will be about March to April, or if the powers of destruction have their way and if the bloody tempest does not then cease, in next September. We may note the correspondence of this first period with the astrological aspect of the Sun directed to the sextile of Jupiter in the horoscope of the Austrian Emperor, which seems to offer at least some faint possibility of a settlement,* but the influences in the autumn are far more encouraging. Of the former aspect the editor of *Zadkiel's Almanack* observes that "it is calculated to make for peace and would afford a good opportunity for Austria to conclude peace if the Emperor and his ministers would but throw off the yoke of Germany." Our prophetess continues, "I foresee the disappearance of one of the principal authors responsible for the war. His death will bring about a change of all things. But which of these principals? I can ill distinguish." Mme de Thèbes predicts the survival of one son only of the Emperor William. "From one end to the other of that which was the German Empire there is division and misery, misery and division, revolts and massacres."

Mrs. Elsa Barker has some very interesting observations in *The Channel* for January-March in connection with her psychic experiences with the "Living Dead Man." She tells the story of how she came to write her books and how her acquaintance with Judge Hatch first arose. While she was writing in the summer of 1906 her novel *The Son of Mary Bethel*, which some reviewers have described as the story of a modern Jesus, Mrs. Barker noticed in the *New York Times* the advertisement of a book entitled *The Twentieth Century Christ*. Fearing that the author had forestalled her own ideas, she at once ordered the book, but found it not a work of fiction at all, but a series of essays. *The Twentieth Century Christ* bore the name of Paul Karishka and was copyrighted by David P. Hatch. Mrs. Barker wrote a letter to Paul Karishka, and received an answer

* But note the affliction of the Sun by Saturn stationary in this horoscope.

MRS. ELSA
BARKER
AND HER
BOOKS.

from David Hatch. This was the beginning of a correspondence which developed subsequently into a friendship based on a common interest in occultism. Mrs. Barker relates how frequently, when she was in difficulties, she wrote to Judge Hatch for advice, she being at the time at Los Angeles, and he in New York, and how constantly letters reached her from him, crossing her own and dispatched at the same time as hers, giving her the advice for which she asked. Of her first book Mrs. Barker says: "The immediate success of it astonished me. I was flooded with letters from all parts of the world. Already arrangements have been made for its translation into five languages, the Dutch translator, Dr. Frederick von Eeden, being the most famous writer in Holland. Many of the letters," she continues, "which I received, were pathetic in their gratitude. Several persons have told me that the book saved the life or reason of some friend. For months I did practically no work but answering letters. It has now become impossible for me to reply to all." With regard to the present war, Mrs. Barker tells how she was first brought in touch with the work of the forces which were planning it on the astral plane.

Toward the end of June, 1914, I arrived in Scandinavia. All was apparently quiet, within and without. Then the journals came containing the news of the murder of the Austrian Archduke. The tragedy did not profoundly impress me. I had never been in Austria or in Serbia. An important man had been killed; that was about all it meant to me.

But when I closed my eyes that night the psychic pandemonium began.

I saw worse devils than any of those described by "X" UNINVITED in the *War Letters*. And they attacked me, murderously.

GUESTS. Those horrors of sight, sound and physical violence continued for days. I had no rest, practically no sleep, for whenever I was about to doze off I would begin to see those menacing and truly horrible figures. I did not know what it all meant. It bewildered me, and made me ill.

At that time there was no talk of a possible great war; but considering the long proven verity of my astral sight, I felt justified in assuming that those new and frightful visions had objective as well as subjective meaning.

It was borne in upon me that I must get back to London at once, that I must change my environment. I was afraid—and not afraid to admit my fear.

I hoped that in recrossing the North Sea I should leave those astral horrors behind; but they were not left behind. They followed me to London, they followed me down into Surrey, and back again to London.

After the outbreak of war Mrs. Barker was less troubled by her astral visitants. She realized at last what they were about and what they meant, but she learned to know through painful experience that the astral door which had been open to her when she wrote *Letters from the Living Dead Man* was not to be closed

so easily as theorists might imagine. "I have now," she adds, "learned how to shut the door and bar it, but I shall never urge any one to cultivate their latent psychic faculties unless I am convinced that he or she has nerves at least as steady as my own." Miss Dorothy Kerin and a number of other psychics have narrated how frequently they have visited the battlefields in the present war to minister to the needs of the wounded and dying. Mrs. Barker gives an interesting experience of her own in this connection, which will serve as a further sidelight to illustrate the powers and limitations of a human being when travelling, as Theosophists phrase it, "in the astral."

Lying wide awake in my bed in London, I suddenly found myself on a dimly-lighted battlefield, strewn with the bodies of men dressed in the British khaki. Some of them were still, and some were—not so still. They were wounded, and no help was near. The face of one splendid fellow I shall never forget. He was lying on his face when I touched him. He turned and raised himself on his elbow, asking me for water. I went to a neighbouring stream, and, as I supposed, filled my hands with water (as a cup) and returned to give him drink; but when he bent his lips—there was nothing in my hands. Evidently my astral hands could not carry water that would quench the thirst of a wounded soldier. He looked at me in wonder, then he fell back on his face and *stretched himself out*.

Other wounded soldiers followed me with their eyes. Some looked right through me, apparently without seeing me. I heard their groans, and the words they said to themselves in their agony.

Suddenly I was back in my bed in London. I got up, turned on the electric light and walked the floor for an hour. I had experienced war as fully as one can without being oneself wounded.

Mrs. Barker repudiates in advance the criticism of the sceptical reader that she was dreaming. She was, she maintains, wide awake all the time. In any case it was the first occasion on which the British Army had been in battle, and the British public, generally speaking, did not know at the time that the British Army was on the Continent at all, the Censor having forbidden publication of the news.

Apropos of the problem of Reincarnation, stories frequently reach me in this connection, and one of the points that impresses me is the fact that in these stories there are a considerable percentage of cases in which the reincarnation recollections are children's memories merely, which gradually become obliterated as maturity is reached. The last instance I have heard of is that of a little boy who made the remark of an event of which he was told, "I knew

about that when I was in the world before. I have been here often, over and over again. Then I go back to heaven for a rest." As the lady who communicates the account to me observes: "This is a curious speech from a child." When the boy was asked why he thought he was born again so often, he remarked, "Perhaps heaven would get rather crowded if we all stayed there."

The following dream problem has been offered for solution by a correspondent of the Editor of *Practical Medicine* of Delhi, India—

A gentleman, [he writes], in sound health, both physically and mentally, is having one and the same dream almost every night, in which he addresses an assembly of men, the majority of whom are his friends and acquaintances. In his dream he explains to his friends that it is a dream and all the people before him are the creatures of his dream. Some of the audience ask him what proof he has to give them that he is right in what he asserts. The dreamer in his dream gives all the psychological and philosophical arguments at his command in support of his conviction, but his dream friends remain unconvinced. Now the dreamer, who is very much puzzled, wants to know how he should proceed to convince these creatures of his dream, during the dream state, that it is really a dream.

It is truly a most fascinating puzzle. It reminds me of
 A DREAM nothing so much as the case of the unfortunate
 PROBLEM. twins who were always being mistaken for each
 other. It may be remembered that one of them
 explains how—

I put the question fruitlessly

To every one I knew—

"What would you do if you were me

To prove that you were you?"

Mr. Hereward Carrington, in a recent article in this magazine, drew attention to the fact that the stories of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass* were based on dream phenomena, and it is certainly noteworthy that common-sense arguments when attempted by Alice failed entirely to appeal to the inhabitants of her dream world. Many of us will doubtless have noticed that there are certain members of the human race who are very similarly constituted. To appeal to these people from the point of view of reason or logic appears to be sheer waste of breath, and I would make the suggestion that in dealing with such people as well as with the dreamer's shadowy acquaintances, whom he seeks in vain to convince, the best plan to adopt is to do as the donkey did in the riddle of the donkey and the carrot, and "give it up."

A considerable number of dreams in connection with the war have reached me from various sources. Most of these have not appeared to me to be specially noteworthy. The subjoined record has, however, the merit of having been dreamed in the month of June before the war broke out, and having been carefully noted down on the following day. The dreamer, like Mrs. Elsa Barker, seems to have sensed vaguely the impending calamity on the astral plane two or three months before the actual storm broke out in the physical world. The following is the dream as it was originally written down—

It seemed that I was walking while many thousands of people pressed behind, and because of this pressure, my shoulders were often weighted—yet without hurt to my body—which seemed to be garbed in some soft and clinging robe such as women may have worn in the time of our Lord. My stature had become tall and gracious in its lines; on my left arm I carried bread and fruit, and with my right I led this multitude on. It also seemed that we reached a cross path. Hesitating, yet without turning, I bade the people to tread with great care, but without fear. Briers and huge branches almost hid our way, and always I knew these people were following, bowed with sorrow, and little children clung to my robe.

Suddenly my eyes beheld a straight line of beautiful country, but beyond its distant hills stood many gravestones high and clear against them; all were roughly hewn crosses or upright stones. Again I hesitated (always this vast number of people heard my voice). "This," I said, "is the city of the dead—yet they live," then turning I led them to the right, my spirit attuned to their sufferings. A sudden and deep shudder passing through these people swayed my body, yet still pressing on I did but glance over my left shoulder, and thus I saw regiments of mounted soldiers close by. "Have no fear," I said, "they are here but to protect us." Again fair country faced us, and then I saw a circle of people, their hands entwined, they were clad in scarlet, purple and gold, but looking past them to the country I said, "This is England, dear England." Suddenly a strange and beautiful light fell on my eyes, and I beheld Christ coming towards us, pitying love radiated His face, His dear hands outstretched. I fell on my knees and the vision passed.

I am asked to draw attention to the fact that Miss Florence Seth has an exhibition of her mystical paintings and decorative pottery now on view at 169 Piccadilly, London, W. Some of the pictures have been on view already, but others are for the first time exhibited to the public.

BLACK MAGIC IN ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT

BY IRENE E. TOYE-WARNER, *Société Astronomique de France*; Fellow of the *British Astronomical Association*, etc.

IN previous articles, written especially for the *OCCULT REVIEW*, I endeavoured to give some account of Black Magic as practised among the Voodoos of America, the West Indies, and the West Coast of Africa; also of the black art of the natives of South Africa. I now purpose giving some account of magic as used by the ancient Egyptians.

If we would seek the origin of this universal scourge, we must search far back into the most ancient records of the world's civilization, and in them we shall find a most elaborate system of magic both white and black, all having a decided general resemblance to the black art of to-day. Empires have arisen, had their day of power, and then declined and fallen, but still the working of evil by sympathetic, magnetic, and telepathic means has survived—indestructible it would seem as the Great Pyramid itself, mysterious as the Sphinx! Owing to the large amount of literature contained in the sacred books of the Egyptians, relating to religion and magic, we are enabled to get a very fair idea of their methods of working and the means they used to accomplish their desires. As Egypt has lately come before the public owing to the great European war, some remarks on their magic may be of interest.

There is no doubt, says Dr. Wallis Budge of the British Museum, that in ancient Egypt may be found most of the black magic known in the other countries of the world, and certain religious ideas held by heathen and Christian sects may be traced directly to this fascinating country. Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers refer to the Egyptians as experts in the occult sciences, and as the possessors of powers which could be employed to do either good or harm to man. The Hebrews greatly feared the magic of the Egyptians, and we find that, according to the Old Testament, Moses, the great law-giver, showed himself to be a thorough master of this dreaded art when he sprinkled ashes "toward heaven," and they became

boils and blains upon man and beast ; and when he stretched out his rod and there was " hail, and fire . . . very grievous, and the flax and the barley was smitten," and so on with all the other plagues mentioned in Exodus.

The Old Testament acknowledges that the magicians of Egypt could also perform wonders, for we are told " and the magicians did so also with their enchantments " (Exod. vii. 11). The one great distinction between the magic of Moses and that of the Egyptians—among whom he was brought up from babyhood and by whom he was educated—was that he wrought these marvels by the command of the God of the Hebrews, whereas the latter was done by the power of the gods of Egypt, *at the command of the magicians*. The whole object of Egyptian magic was to endow its votary with the power to compel both hostile and friendly gods and spirits to do what he wished, whether they were willing or not. Magic and religion flourished side by side from the most remote times in this wonderful land.

The real magician was said to possess almost boundless control over spirits, men, and the whole of Nature. He could work ruin on his enemies by means of the " words of power " which he had learned from the spirit world ; by their utterance the earth could be rent asunder, and even the course of the heavenly bodies could be altered by a word ! The past and the future alike were known, and neither time nor distance could limit his power !

In this article I must confine myself to a description of the grosser and more evil part of Egyptian magic, but this does not imply that the bulk of their magic was put to base uses, for such was not the case.

The use of *wax figures* seems to have been one of the most common methods of causing the removal or death of a victim of the black art. One of the earliest instances of this is recorded in the Westcar Papyrus, where it is narrated how Prince Khāf-Rā told Khufu (Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid of Gizeh) an event which took place in the reign of Neb-ka or Neb-kau-Rā, about B.C. 3830.

According to this story, a married woman fell in love with a soldier in the royal train when the king was visiting a high priestly official called Āba-aner. She sent her tire-woman to this soldier with a present, and the latter thereon met her by appointment in a small house on her husband's estate, where they both feasted and made merry for a whole day. When evening came the soldier went down to the river to bathe. Mean-

while the steward, who had prepared the house for their reception, thought he ought to tell his master (Āba-aner) everything that had happened, and this he accordingly did on the morning following. Āba-aner said nothing, but ordered the steward to bring him certain materials and a special box made of ebony and precious metal. From this box he took some wax and made a model of a crocodile seven spans in length, at the same time reciting over it certain magical words with the final order, "When the man cometh down to bathe in my waters seize thou him!" He then gave the wax model to the steward saying, "When the man, according to his daily wont, cometh down to wash in the water, thou shalt cast the crocodile in after him."

The man did as he was told, and the next evening, when the lover had entered the water, he threw in the crocodile, which immediately turned into the living animal about twelve feet long, and seizing the lover dragged him down into the river! The king stayed with Āba-aner for seven days, during which the soldier lover was under the water. On the seventh day Āba-aner invited his king to go for a walk by the river to see a most wonderful thing which, he said, had happened to a man. When they reached the water Āba-aner adjured the crocodile, saying, "Bring hither the man," and lo! the man was brought to his feet! The king remarked, "What a horrible monster is this?" Whereon, for answer, Āba-aner calmly stooped down and took it up in his hands, when it became the harmless wax figure again!

Then the king was told the whole story of the wife's infidelity, and after hearing it he turned to the crocodile and said, "Take that which is thine and begone!" The monster seized the man, sprang into the water and disappeared! The guilty wife was burnt, and her ashes cast into the river also! We learn from this remarkable story that a priestly official, such as Āba-aner, was evidently accustomed to this form of magic, as the tools, wax, etc., were in his possession *before* he heard of his wife's infidelity. This case does not seem to have been regarded as by any means unique.

About the year B.C. 1200 we find that wax figures were used by Hui, a high official at the court of Rameses III, to work harm to that monarch. It seems that Hui obtained a book from the king's library which contained formulæ of a magical nature and directions for working magic. By means of this book he obtained power and became able to cast spells upon his

enemies. He made figures of men in wax, and amulets inscribed with words of magical power, and these he succeeded in introducing into the palace. The idea was that by means of these waxen figures he could cause the human beings whom they represented to become paralysed and helpless. All who received the amulets were more or less under his own evil influence. Such an adept at the black art did he become that he found means for carrying out "horrible things and all the wickednesses which his heart could imagine," at length committing great crimes. He also wrote books or formulæ of magical incantation which could drive men mad. Fortunately the conspiracy against the king, in which Hui had become involved, was discovered in time, and he was tried and condemned to commit suicide.

It was the duty of certain priests in the Egyptian temples to recite formulæ and perform a service to free the sun-god Rā from the attacks of a monster called Āpep. Āpep was probably the dark storm clouds of the tempest, or the evil principle represented under the form of a serpent. The following are the directions given in the *Book of the Dead* for performing this ceremony:—"If thou wouldst destroy Āpep, thou shalt say this chapter over a figure of Āpep, which has been drawn in green colour upon a sheet of new papyrus, and *over a wax figure of Āpep upon which his name hath been cut and inlaid with green colour*; and thou shalt lay them upon the fire so that it may consume the enemy of Rā." Waxen emblems of Āpep had to be put on the fire at dawn, at noon, and at sunset, "when Rā setteth in the land of life"—also at midnight, at the eighth hour of the day, and towards evening. If still the monster raged, the figure was to be burnt every hour throughout the day and night, and on the days of the festivals more especially, when it was placed on the fire and spit upon several times each hour of the day "until the shadow turneth round."

By this means Āpep should be conquered and Rā would shine again with all his wonted strength and glory! Nor was this all, for after the burning of the waxen figures and the drawing of Āpep, the ashes were mixed with filth and thrown upon a fire at the "sixth hour of the night, and at dawn on the 15th day of the month." This would be just after the moon was full. All these ceremonies were to be performed when tempests raged in the east whilst the Sun was setting in the west—to prevent the storm clouds coming onward. Not only did these ancient Egyptians thus curse and seek to destroy Āpep, but much the same means were used to obtain the destruction of

the numerous fiends who followed in his train. To accomplish this, wax figures were made of all these demons with their names inscribed upon them. They were then tied up with black hair, cast on the ground and kicked with the left foot, pierced with a stone spear, and finally thrown into the fire!

Sometimes images or figures were made with their hands tied behind them. Appropriately enough these were called "children of inactivity." The reciter of these ceremonies was said to obtain great power both on the earth and in the underworld, and still more so if he had made the figure of a serpent with his tail in his mouth and having stuck a knife in his back, cast him down upon the ground, saying, "Āpep, fiend, Betet!" Also other serpents in wax were made, one with the face of a cat and with a knife stuck in his back; another with a crocodile's head; another with the face of a duck; and finally, one with the face of a white cat, which was to be tied and bound up tightly with a knife in his back and which was called "Āpep the enemy."

Wax seems to have been the substance par excellence for all evil magical purposes from time immemorial, as it readily changes its form under heat and pressure, and melts away in the fire like the victim was supposed to waste away by disease.

Nectanebus, the last native king of Egypt, about B.C. 358, was a skilled magician. Whenever he was threatened with invasion by sea or by land he is said to have destroyed the power of the enemy by the following means. On hearing of an enemy coming by sea, instead of sending out his navy as one would naturally suppose, he retired into a private room where he kept all the necessary implements of sorcery, and made wax figures of the enemy's men and ships, and also of his own men and ships. These models he put in a bowl of water, and having taken an ebony rod in his hand and "put on the cloak of an Egyptian prophet," he invoked the help of "the gods, the winds, and the subterranean demons, who straightway came to his aid." They caused the waxen models to become living beings who fought against one another until those representing the sailors of Nectanebus vanquished the enemy and sunk their ships! And "even as the models sank, so, far away on the sea, sank the actual hostile navy!" By this means, we are informed, Nectanebus maintained his supremacy in peace for many years.

But it happened one day that the king heard that many nations of the east were coming to war against him and were even then on their way. As on former occasions, Nectanebus retired into his secret chamber and performed his magical cere-

monies with the usual result, but, when he looked at the figures of men and ships, he saw that, "*the gods of Egypt were steering the enemies' ships* and leading their soldiers to war against himself." He then perceived that the end of his kingdom had come! So he quitted the chamber, shaved off his hair and beard, put on common dress, and fled to Macedonia, where he practised as an Egyptian soothsayer and physician.

Abu-Shâker, an Arab writer of the thirteenth century, relates a tradition derived from an Egyptian source. In this it is said that Aristotle gave Alexander the Great some wax figures which were supposed to represent the various kinds of armed men that the king would be likely to find opposed to him. All these were to be kept face downwards in a box which was fastened by a chain, and which Alexander was always to keep near him. Certain words were to be said over it every time it was taken up or put down, and by this means it was supposed the king's enemies would be vanquished and be powerless to work him harm.

Another Arab writer, Mas'ûdi, narrates that after the army of Pharaoh had been drowned in the Red Sea, "the women and slaves fearing that the kings of Syria and of the East would attack them," elected a wise woman called Dalûkah, who was skilled in magic, to be their queen. During her reign of thirty years she built many temples in Egypt in which she collected "all the secrets of nature and all the attracting or repelling powers which were contained in minerals, plants, and animals." Dalûkah performed her sorceries at a time indicated by the heavenly bodies as the most favourable. "And it came to pass," we are told, "that if an army set out from any part of Arabia or Syria to attack Egypt, the queen made the figures of its soldiers, and of the animals which they were riding, to disappear beneath the ground, *and the same fate immediately overtook the living*" beings whom they represented!

This tale, which shows how the Arabs regarded the wonderful stone sculptures and inscriptions of Egypt (i.e. as of magical import), is interesting for the light it throws on the methods of the modern Voodoo black magic, an account of which I gave in previous articles. Possibly the idea that images were connected with magic, had much to do with the Prophet Mohammed's stern prohibition of all forms of images and sculptures.

There is reason to believe that even in the earliest days of ancient Egypt it was thought that the heart-soul of a person could be bewitched out of him, after which the human heart

itself would die, together of course, with the body. In chapter xxvii. of the *Book of the Dead* the deceased scribe, Ani, entreats the "stealers and crushers of hearts" and "those who carry away hearts" not to judge him for the things he may have done in his life on earth, or else he would not be master of his own body in the new life beyond the grave, in which the Egyptians had so firm a faith.

Dr. Budge tells us that in ancient Egypt when a man wished to drive away the effects of every kind of sorcery, he might do so by cutting off the head and wings of a large beetle which he boiled and laid in oil. The head and wings were then warmed up and steeped in the oil of the āpnent serpent, and when they had been once more boiled, the man drank the mixture. The beetle was an emblem of the sun-god Khepera and the resurrection. Certain kinds of oil were also used by the witches to effect transformations into birds and animals! Lucian relates that a woman changed herself into a night-raven by rubbing her body with oil from head to foot, beginning with the ends of the nails. "Suddenly," we are told, "feathers and wings began to grow upon her, and a hooked, horny beak took the place of her nose. In a very short time she resembled a bird in every respect, and when she saw that she was feathered she flew upwards and uttering the cry of a night-raven, disappeared through the window!"

After Egypt had become influenced by Greek thought, an Egyptian who wished to make an enemy powerless to do him harm, would "take an ass's head, smear his feet with clay, and seat himself opposite the sun with the ass's head between his feet," at the same time anointing his hands and mouth with the animal's blood and placing his right hand in front and the other behind, saying, "I invoke thee . . . Typhon Set! I perform thy exorcism, for I invoke thee by thy powerful name by which thou canst not refuse to hear . . . come to me and approach and *strike down such a man, or such a woman, with cold and fever.* He has wronged me, and has shed the blood of Typhon . . . therefore I do these things."

In the eighth century A.D. Egyptian magic had sunk very low indeed, being employed, amongst other things, to bewitch dogs and loosen fetters off such as had been put in prison for various crimes! And when Egypt became a dependency of Turkey, and was, therefore, under Moslem rule, magic both black and white still flourished. True magic, called Er-Roohānee, is divided into two kinds—*'ilwee* (or high) and *suflee* (or

low)—also called *rahmánée* or divine, and *sheytánée* or satanic.

As we are only dealing with the black art, I must confine my remarks to the *suflee* or low magic. This is supposed to depend on the agency of the devil and other evil genii, and to be used for bad purposes by evil men and women. A branch of it is called *es-sehr*, meaning wicked enchantment, and its practisers, "darb-el-mendel," profess to gain their power from evil genii. I am indebted to Lane's book on *Modern Egyptians* for the following interesting and typical case of black magic, which bears a strong resemblance to the evil work of the Voodoos.

It appears that a chief secretary in the Kádee's court in Cairo was dismissed from his office and succeeded by a person named Mustaf'a. The former sent a petition to the Básha begging to be reinstated, but was immediately attacked by a severe illness which he believed to be caused by evil magic. He accused Mustaf'a, who was thereupon brought before the Básha and confessed that he had done so and named the sorcerer he had employed. The latter was arrested and thrown into prison until it was seen whether the sick man would die. He was locked up in a small cell and two soldiers were placed on guard at the door. Now when one guard had fallen asleep the other heard strange noises proceeding from the cell, and on looking through a crack in the door, saw the sorcerer sitting in the middle of the door muttering words which the soldier could not understand. Then the candle was extinguished and four others appeared, one in each corner of the cell! The magician at once arose and knocked his forehead three times against the walls, whereon at each knock they opened and a man appeared. After conversing some minutes with these three men he had thus summoned to his help, he caused them to disappear and the candles also went out, and the one in the midst of the cell was lighted once more, whereupon the magician resumed his position on the floor and all was quiet! Thus the spell that was to have killed the secretary was dissolved, and he rapidly recovered, the magician being banished from Egypt. Magicians were often employed to find out the culprit when a theft had been committed, and even to charm a girl to be affected by an irresistible love for the man who employed them!

More could be said on the later aspects of Egyptian magic, but the above sketch should be sufficient to illustrate the remarkable continuity and similarity of methods in the working of the black art, from the dawn of history to the present time.

“ THE SEVENTH CHILD OF A SEVENTH CHILD ”

BY KATHARINE COX

IT is in Scotland, I believe, that the superstition as to the second-sight faculties possessed by the “ Seventh Child of a Seventh Child ” is most prevalent, but there are many people in other parts of the world who share the superstition.

Now I personally am not the “ Seventh Child of a Seventh Child,” and, so far as I am aware at present, not possessed of any occult powers whatsoever, but it has been my lot to know intimately two “ Seventh Children of Seventh Children,” and some of their experiences which they have related to me have proved to my mind, at any rate, that there is beyond all doubt some truth in the quaint old superstition !

Of these two “ Seventh Children,” one was a near relative, the other a very dear friend, and I may as well explain at once that neither was in the least imaginative, hysterical, hyper-sensitive, or any other “ hyper ” that would-be mockers of stories of the occult would possibly like to prove them. Both were absolutely reliable in their statements, and I am as certain as I can be of anything that what they were good enough to tell me as to their occult experiences was perfectly true.

The experiences which befell the friend—whom I will here, for the purposes of this narrative, call Mary Fraser, though that was not her real name—were perhaps the more striking, and I will therefore give them the first place in my story.

Now, Mary was a young woman in perfect health, with very high spirits, and although all her life she had been accustomed to have premonitions, curious dreams, which afterwards came true, and various “ second-sight ” experiences of more or less importance and interest, it was not until the occurrence of the episode which I am now about to relate that she actually saw an apparition.

A Bayswater boarding-house does not sound the most likely place in the world in which to encounter a ghost, and yet, if it was not a visitant from the other world which my friend Mary Fraser saw while she was staying in one, it is difficult to say what else it could have been !

In the winter of 190— Mary was up in London for a few months to pursue a course of study, and stayed at a boarding-house in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens. I know the number of the house and have been in it myself, but for various reasons cannot now be more explicit regarding it. Suffice it to say that it was the usual kind of boarding-house, with the usual kind of boarders—some were students, like Mary herself, a few were retired Service men, living on small pensions, a great many were spinsters of uncertain age and limited incomes. Mary being a young woman of considerable personal charm, and possessed of the happy knack of easily making friends, got on excellently with everybody, and if she occasionally found the old half-pay colonels prosy, and the poor old spinsters dull, she had the tact and kind-heartedness not to show it. All the same, whenever an opportunity did occur for her to have a sitting-room to herself, instead of sharing it with perhaps twenty others, she welcomed it, and when one cold Saturday afternoon in January the proprietress of the boarding-house—whom I will call Mrs. Kirk—told her that she might sit in her own private sanctum at three o'clock, as she herself was going out, Mary was delighted, and exactly at the time appointed ran off to fetch a novel. There was a splendid fire in Mrs. Kirk's room, she knew, and anticipating a delightful afternoon spent in reading she opened the door of the private sitting-room—and, to her intense disappointment, saw an elderly lady, dressed in outdoor garments, sitting by the window.

“Some one has called to see Mrs. Kirk! how annoying!” were her immediate thoughts, and with a murmured “I beg your pardon” to the figure in the window, withdrew, and spent the afternoon after all in the society of the half-pay colonels and spinsters.

At dinner, in the evening, Mrs. Kirk asked Mary how she had enjoyed her afternoon, and Mary, a little surprised, answered that she had not been able to use the private sitting-room on account of Mrs. Kirk's visitor. Mrs. Kirk, however, had heard nothing of any caller coming to see her that afternoon, and somewhat annoyed, upbraided the head-waiter for not having told her that one had been. The man indignantly protested that no one had been to call on Mrs. Kirk, at least no one to whom he had answered the front-door, at any rate! The second waiter was interviewed, then the maid-servants, and each one had the same reply—none of them had answered the front-door that afternoon to anybody! “But,” said Mary, “I am

positive that I saw a lady sitting by the window—and now that I think of it again, I remember that I was rather surprised that she should be sitting by the window instead of by the fire, as it was so very cold!" Mrs. Kirk, growing more and more mystified, asked Mary to tell her exactly what the lady had been like. Mary commenced telling her, and as she described the lady's personal appearance minutely—for she was of an observant disposition, and had taken in every detail—she noticed Mrs. Kirk turning very pale. "Why; what is the matter?" asked Mary in alarm. "Nothing—nothing!" stammered Mrs. Kirk. Then drawing Mary agitatedly to another part of the room, out of earshot, she whispered, "I cannot understand it, but the description you have given is exactly that of my sister! She lives in Denmark, and when she was staying with me here, a few years ago, she was very fond of that room and always sat in it—*generally in the window!*"

Half an hour later the waiter brought Mrs. Kirk a telegram which had just arrived. It was from Denmark, and stated that her sister had died suddenly that afternoon at three o'clock—practically the exact time that Mary had seen her sitting by the window in the private room.

Now Mary had never in her life seen Mrs. Kirk's sister, or a photograph of her, and did not even know of her existence. She could not have been thinking of her, therefore, when she walked with her novel into the private sitting-room, so the apparition she undoubtedly saw could not possibly have been conjured up by her own imagination. She told me when describing it, that it was perfectly clearly defined, and solid—not in the least vague or shadowy, and consequently she had not the faintest idea at the time that there was anything uncanny or supernatural about the rather commonplace-looking lady sitting, for all the world, just like the ordinary afternoon caller, in the window.

I will now relate one of Mary's dreams from among the large number which she has told me.

Coming home one night from a ball, tired but happy, Mary slipped off her pretty shoes and satin frock, and got into bed—to commence dreaming at once of dancing, flowers and music. But the dream suddenly changed. Instead of the previous happiness, a feeling of tragedy, of disaster, assailed her. She seemed to be standing on the pavement of a street which she knew very well—a street indeed, which is well-known to any one with even the slightest knowledge of London. But instead

of being crowded with traffic, the street was empty, and then, somewhere in the distance, Mary seemed to see a sombre procession approaching. Five hearses, drawn by black horses, drew up outside the doors of a large emporium—this establishment, though I do not give the name here, is as well-known as the street—and presently the great doors swung open, and five coffins were carried out in solemn procession. . . . At that moment Mary awoke, trembling all over, bathed in perspiration, and with the same terrible sense of depression assailing her that she had felt in her dream. However, she tried to shake it off, and went down to breakfast—and when she opened the morning paper, the first thing which met her eye was an account, under large black headlines, of a terrible fire which had taken place the night before at the very emporium which she had seen in her dream, and at which five of the work-girls had been burnt to death!

So much for some of the experiences of my friend Mary Fraser. I will now relate one or two of the dreams of my other friend—also the Seventh Child of a Seventh Child—whom I will call Beryl Harrison.

Beryl, like Mary, was a healthy, merry, high-spirited girl, of anything but a neurotic temperament. She was a member of a large family, and for each of her brothers and sisters she possessed a strong, warm-hearted affection. But perhaps the best-beloved of all was the sister who came nearest to her in age—there was just one year between them—and whom, for the purpose of this narrative, I will call Alice. The two sisters, as quite tiny children, were sent away to boarding-school together; they slept in the same room, sat next to each other in the classrooms and at meals—in short, were inseparable companions, and it was a matter of great grief to Beryl when Alice, at the age of seventeen, left the old school where they had spent so many happy years together and joined their parents, who were living abroad. However, with the marvellously recuperative powers of youth, Beryl soon began to forget some of her grief and to look forward to the time, every day growing nearer, when she, too, would be old enough to leave the school-books behind and join her family.

One night, about six months after Alice had gone away, she was lying asleep in bed, in the same old room which her sister had shared with her when she, too, had been at school. She was asleep, she was convinced, she told me when afterwards relating the story, and yet it seemed to her all the time that

she was awake, and presently the door opened and Alice—of whom, by the by, she had not been thinking at all that evening—came slowly into the room. Beryl told me that her chief sensation on seeing Alice was one of the keenest pleasure, and she sprang up in bed, ready to fling her arms round her sister's neck and clasp her in a close embrace. Alice, however, stood a little away from the bed, and regarding her lovingly, but sadly, told her that she could not stay, but had come to say good-bye as she was going on a long journey. Having spoken thus, Alice then vanished—not out of the room, but apparently into thin air—and Beryl, her sense of joy leaving her, became suddenly very nervous and depressed. Directly the morning came she got up and dressed, and going to the head-mistress's room, told her of her dream, adding tearfully, that she was sure something had happened to her dear sister Alice, and she would soon hear bad news. The head-mistress tried her utmost to soothe the girl, telling her not to be so foolish about a mere dream, but Beryl would not be comforted, persisting that something had happened to Alice, and a few hours later, a cable from abroad was received [by the head-mistress, telling her to break to Beryl the news that her sister had died the day before of typhoid fever.

Another dream of Beryl Harrison's—which happily, did not have such a sad sequel—also made a great impression on me, and this, too, was connected with her school-days. Beryl was, as I have already said, of a very affectionate nature, and in her teens, lavished upon one of her school-fellows some of that ardent love and admiration which romantic schoolgirls sometimes do lavish upon one another. And the affection was returned. Beryl corresponded with her friend regularly during the holidays, and even after she had left school for good—as things turned out, she did not join her parents abroad, after all, as her sister Alice had done—kept up the correspondence. Her friend soon afterwards left the school also, and, through a curious chain of circumstances, Beryl lost sight of her, and was unable to obtain her address. She also on her side was prevented from writing to Beryl (I cannot go into the reason fully here, but it is sufficient to say that the two friends had been unjustly separated by the machinations of various mischief-makers), and all this was a terrible grief to Beryl. She brooded over the matter in the day-time, and constantly dreamt at night of the friend she had lost.

Then one night, as she lay in her bed asleep, it seemed to her

that a sweet, clear voice suddenly whispered in her ear her friend's name, and after it an address. She looked up and could see nothing, but again she heard that sweet compelling voice. Then it seemed to her that although asleep, she got out of bed and, moving to the writing-table, wrote the address down. . . . This was a dream, she assured me, in relating the story afterwards ; and yet, when she woke up the next morning and went to her writing-table, there was the name of her lost friend and an address under it, neatly inscribed in her own handwriting on her little writing-block !

The sequel, as I have already said, was a happy one. Beryl lost no time in writing to her friend at the address which some strange, unknown power had given her in her dream, and it proved correct. She received a delighted reply by return of post, the misunderstanding was cleared up, and the old sweet friendship, destined to last until death itself acted as the next separator, was renewed !

These are but a few out of the many interesting occult experiences of my two friends, the "Seventh Children of Seventh Children." Were I to relate all of which they told me, I should fill a good-sized book, but I fancy that even these few, chosen at random, prove that there is something in the old superstition.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

BY G. H. GRUBB

REVOLUTION produces new conditions, mental and physical. Direction changes, and the route is entirely different to the one that had been followed in pre-revolution times. By the law of the survival of the fittest, in its hundreds of grades, adjustment takes place in every conscious mind, in some form or another, in a variety of ways, according to environment; and from this there can be no escape. It proves conclusively that nothing, finite or infinite, stands still. We little think it, but inanimate objects move. An instance, and the most difficult: the mountain, in common parlance, is immovable. Is it? The face of the mountain changes; perhaps one stone a day moves towards the foot. But it *does* move. It may take billions of years to accomplish the entire removal. Yet there is eternity—not the whole of eternity, for there is no boundary—in which the process may be concluded.

When the day of the declaration of war came to hand, in 1914, thought, word and action all changed in a twinkling. No better word describes the happening but that the mental alteration was, and has continued to be, violent. *We shall never be the same again.* We have refocussed our spiritual camera, we have irrevocably readjusted the lens. It is, however, our deep, bounden duty to pierce the morass, and find, even though much rough ground has to be over-trod, a better picture, a clearer landscape, and a more perfect environment; otherwise, we shall rot in that compound of mess which is nauseous, sickening, and deadening. We were hustled into it by a force, the parts of which we little understand. Destiny, say some. But why? Rather the result of man's decision. A thousand years since, it was not a justifiable conclusion that the destiny of Europe in 1914 was an Armageddon, the like of which would not be equalled. No: rather that such a destiny *might* overtake a nation, or nations, if the rulers of those nations so ordered, or so misordered the affairs of their country, as should encompass their land in the haze and maze of those tremendous and horrible decisions of 1914. England was compelled to accept the gage. But where were we, when it was taken up? For the time, we

slipped : lost our footing, floundered, groped in darkness, clutched at straws, gasped and panted in mental darkness. But the race in whose blood is the salt of the seas, on whose lips is the spray of the dashing waves, by intuition, and by great fortitude, in which there was a large measure of quiet philosophy, eventually secured a firm hold of a friendly rock, and the drowning was averted. It was the rock of new thinking, a revised psychology ; and the foundation was strong. All our previous ideas had been swamped. In Dr. Schofield's new and powerful book,* in which there are a great number of thoughtful reflections, worthy of the deepest and most careful consideration by all who desire to face the new facts of to-day, and to prepare for the new mental conditions, fast wending their way towards us, we read, what exactly describes the point reached, that "Men have already cast on the scrap-heap much that formerly occupied their thoughts, and are everywhere seeking the true, the real, the lasting. Self-satisfied indifference that flourished in the poisonous days of luxurious ease, with pagan outlook that shamed this Christian land, is gone." These words are accurate. It is truth, and it is reality that are being aimed at, and they are being achieved. They cannot be missed, if the determination is sufficiently real, the fortitude sufficiently engraven in us, the desire for truth sufficiently deep.

Not only will the present upheaval produce greater spirituality, and eventual greater mentality, but it will, at least in the next generation, if not earlier, combine in the new life, even in the immediate future of present manhood, a new physical force which will harmonize and synchronize with the new psychological forces. There will be a quick move forward towards a more definite life-view, a distinct object, and a real goal. Virility will be supreme. Whither, say some, are we tending? This is not difficult to answer. Though the way be misty at the moment, beyond the present fog-bank there is a marvellous clearness. The longer as we keep before us the one definite, simple view of the need of a greater advance towards idealism, the sooner shall we attain that end.

Sentiment has ousted sentimentalism. Almost, it seems, the angels have donned a new garb. Death has become familiar, and has almost revealed itself to us. It no longer brings a cold chill to the average being. We have a finer and a broader view

* *The Goal of the Race : A Study in New Thought.* By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 1915. Price 3s. 6d. net.

about it. War has, God knows, its frightful side, but the new life will compensate the nation for its past agony. That it will appease the sorrow of the suffering bereft, is too much to expect. Time alone will assuage that grief. But the progression towards the Divine end will be definite. "The leading attributes of this beautiful life are 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.'" This aftermath of the present tempest will be worth while.

Sometimes it seems as if England belies its reputation for calm; for underneath its icy steadiness there is a boiling sentiment, an immeasurable emotion, which fires that outward stillness into a vital force, which nothing can withstand. It is the basis of our determination to carry on, and win. It is the unconquerable, unquenchable spirit, and an immovable belief that right is might, which must be fought for, and died for, if needs be. It is the "Higher Command" of which the Rev. R. J. Campbell has written. And what a victory it will be! The devil's alliance will be broken, split asunder, crushed. There will be, there *can* be no slipping back, now that we are possessed by the new forces. We are in the new renaissance—the great spiritual renaissance of the twentieth century, sprung out of a violent, physical revolution against all the canons of civilization.

Truth and sincerity will be among our new possessions. Idealism will begin to be a reality. "The Goal of the race is beyond question the most absorbing subject on earth."* This new life will show us fresh vistas of glorious wealds, and while earthly possessions will always be attractive, spiritual things will be sought for with increased avidity. As to the wealth of this world, "once the desire of 'having' is gone, one has great liberty and peace, and breadth and depth and height, and one begins to give out in will and love—a loving stretching out to God and man."* A better environment will be found in the home, and it is idle to introduce the hypothesis that the quiet home-life is a thing of the past. It will be stronger than ever. "Love will abound: out of the ashes of this war will rise a pinnacle of tenderness. Love never wearies; it forgives seventy times seven; it is never vexed, never tired, never puffed up, Nothing is too great and nothing is too small for the love which begins with the Cross and ends in common kindness."*

* *Ibid.*

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA IN HERODOTUS

BY J. ARTHUR HILL

THE study of modern psychical phenomena is, so to speak, retroactive. It makes many old books almost new again. In the days of our materialistic blindness—our sojourn in Egypt—we hardly read, and certainly did not take seriously such stories as the clairvoyance of Samuel (1 Sam. ix. 10), of Elisha (2 Kings v. 26), or the levitations in the Lives of the Saints. We put them down as myths, natural enough in an ignorant and credulous age. As to greater things such as the seeing of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration, various associations perhaps commanded our respect and even reverence; but we did not really believe that such things had happened objectively. Subjective hallucination, perhaps. Or the whole thing was a mystery-teaching, not meant to be taken literally. And so on.

But, now that all these phenomena are paralleled in our own times, and may be experienced and investigated by almost any one who has sufficient interest and patience, the old stories take on a different complexion. They become at least possibly true, in their literalness. The Bible in particular becomes a new Book, far more interesting than before; and though we still have to class some things as poetry or legend—e.g., the universal Flood, the sun and moon standing still while Joshua smote the Amorites—we find that the great majority of the psychical happenings have become credible. The Witch of Endor is not as remarkable as Eusapia Palladino; the detection of Gehazi is less wonderful than the communications of "G. P." All the New Testament miracles become possible enough—indeed, the very moderation of the narratives impresses us as an added evidence of their actual truth.

So with other books, for example, Herodotus. We can read him again with keen interest in the parts which formerly we passed over with a smile; and we feel a certain shame that we should have acquiesced in the usual scholastic judgment that the father of Greek history is unreliable, that he is always drawn towards "the most romantic and poetic version of each story" (Rawlinson's note). Herodotus did not swallow everything. Concerning the first circumnavigators of Africa, who said

that in part of the journey westward they had the sun on their right hand, he quaintly says : " I, for my part, do not believe them, but perhaps others may " ; and when seeking knowledge from the Egyptian priests he very circumspectly went to Heliopolis and Thebes, in order to see if the opinions of the priests there were in accord with those of the priests at Memphis. This shows his legal type of mind ; though indeed it is obvious throughout, from his frequent balancing of evidence. " Of many tales, this is the one which seems to me most worthy of credence," he will say. Or of something else : " Whether this is true, I cannot say for certain ; I only repeat what I was told." On the whole it seems likely that Herodotus was far more reliable than we have thought. " The Greeks tell many tales without due investigation," he says : and, knowing the national failing, he guarded himself against it. Naturally, we cannot expect him to reach the evidential standard of the S.P.R. ; but, for his time, he was certainly an exceptionally careful investigator.

Perhaps his best " case " is the fairly well-known one of the clairvoyance relating to Croesus. This potentate, being alarmed by the growth of Persian power, contemplated attack while there was yet time. Being a prudent man, he desired the opinion of the oracles before attacking. And, being a *very* prudent man, he wished to test the oracles' powers first on some smaller matter. So he sent messengers to seven different shrines, the question to be put, at the same time in all, being : What is the King doing at this present moment ? He did not decide what to do until after the messengers started, in order that theories of involuntary hints or telepathy—short-range telepathy, at least—might be forestalled and excluded. Then, cudgelling his brains for the most wildly unlikely thing to do, he decided on the extraordinary performance of cutting up a tortoise and a lamb, and boiling them together in a brass vessel with a brass lid. This he did, with his own hands. Six of the oracle-replies are not recorded : apparently five were not " veridical," and the one at Amphiaraus only partly so ; but the Delphic oracle, *replying before the question was put*, as a modern medical medium will diagnose before being asked or told anything, was correct :—

I can count the sands, and I can measure the ocean ;
 I have ears for the silent, and know what the dumb man meaneth ;
 Lo ! on my sense there striketh the smell of a shell-covered tortoise,
 Boiling now on a fire, with the flesh of a lamb, in a cauldron,—
 Brass is the vessel below, and brass the cover above it.

Croesus was impressed, naturally. He sent valuable gifts to

the shrine, and made huge sacrifices to the god Apollo. Then he put his question about war, and was assured that if he attacked, he would destroy a mighty empire. He attacked, was beaten, and himself put in irons; whereupon he asked his conqueror for a favour, viz., that he might send one of his fetters to the Delphian Apollo, with a question whether the god was not ashamed of himself for so deceiving him—after all those gifts, too. To which the oracle replied that Cræsus ought to have asked *which* empire would be destroyed,—his own, or Cyrus's. All which shows that even a very prudent man may allow his judgment to be blinded by his desires. "The wish is father to the thought."

One of the best-authenticated psychic faculties, thanks to the admirable researches of Sir William Barrett, is that of the "dowser." It seems certain that some people have the power of locating not only underground streams, but also metallic veins or hidden articles. Herodotus tells one little story which seems to be a mixture of "dowsing" and of a haunt or impression left on the metetherial environment by the stressful incident of murder. The Carthaginians, having stoned to death a large number of Phocæan captives, "afterwards, when sheep, or oxen, or even men of the district of Agylla passed by the spot where the murdered Phocæans lay, their bodies became distorted, or they were seized with palsy, or they lost the use of some of their limbs."

A curious remark of Herodotus' is that it was the general practice of the Persians to deliberate upon affairs of weight when drunk; recognizing, perhaps, that this was one way of putting subliminal powers—in Professor James's irreverent phrase—"on tap." But next morning, when sober, they weighed the decision again, and revoked it, if it seemed unwise. Tacitus attributed to the Germans a similar practice, when deciding on peace or war. One wonders whether it still continues.

Concerning the werewolf or *loup-garou*, Herodotus was sceptical. He relates that the Scythians said that every Neurian became a wolf for a few days every year; "not that I believe this," says he. Neither will he believe in a one-eyed race of men (Bk. iii. ch. 116), in goat-footed men, or a race who sleep half the year (Lapps? Bk. iv., ch. 25), in the Babylonian deity-materialization—which he misunderstood, for it was either a symbolic Eros and Psyche story or a metaphor like Jehovah "dwelling in his holy hill"—or in the Nile's inundations being caused by melting snow, "for rain and frost are unknown" in the hot regions whence it flows. He erred on the side of incredulity also about other geographical and commercial points: "I do not allow that there is any river, to which the barbarians give the name of Eridanus,

emptying itself into the northern sea, whence (as the tale goes) amber is procured." The northern sea is the Baltic, the shores of which are still one of the best amber-regions ; and the name Eridanus lingers in the Rhodaune, near Danzig : the name was given by the early inhabitants of Europe to any strong-running river. Sometimes our historian, without expressing disbelief, yet succeeds in showing us his opinion in a delicately-quaint fashion : " at length the Magians, by offering victims to the Winds, and charming them with the help of conjurers, while at the same time they sacrificed to Thetis and the Nereids, succeeded in laying the storm four days after it first began ; or perhaps it ceased of itself."

In almost all war-history we find stories of supernatural help, and the recent discussion of the " Angels of Mons " shows that such supposed happenings are not confined to earlier and more credulous times. Indeed Herodotus, for instance, chronicles surprisingly few. He describes one at the battle of Marathon, but it is on a small scale : an Athenian named Epizelus was confronted by a gigantic ghostly warrior with a huge beard, who, however, passing by Epizelus, killed the next man. But Epizelus was struck blind by the psychic influence of the apparition, though untouched by sword or dart, and remained blind all his life. Plutarch similarly mentions that Theseus was seen by a great number of Athenians, fighting on the side of the Greeks. Herodotus must have heard and rejected many such stories as not sufficiently evidenced, for in his day they are sure to have been common, the Homeric poems—only a few hundred years earlier—being full of such incidents.

With regard to the Mysteries—that subject of perennial interest which probably will never be fully understood—Herodotus gives indications, but not much more. Being an initiate, silence as to the principal secrets was imposed on him. But he makes it clear that the Greek rites were imported from Egypt, and that in the latter country they represented, in a night performance " his sufferings, whose name I refrain from mentioning"—viz., Osiris. Probably it was something very like the Oberammergau Passion Play, on an even more impressive scale ; perhaps with the addition of psychical happenings such as mediumistic control, and physical theophanies of Osiris himself. Readers may be referred to Frazer's *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, but the bare objective facts are only the dry bones of the subject ; one needs to clothe them with a whole philosophical system of meanings. And these, being the essence of the sacred part, neither Herodotus nor any other initiate gives.

RENUNCIATION

By FREDERICK JAMES

BELOVED, I have loosed thee from the thrall
And magic of the will ; now thou art free—
I will not seek thee till the mystic call
Of my love's pleading shall awaken thee :
I will but vow that I have given all !

All that a human soul can ever give :
The adoration, deepening into sin ;
My thought is vibrant with the power to live
On buoyancy of hope that it shall win
A rhythmic wave, however fugitive.

Yet off in rapturous clasp I've held thee bound,
And pressed upon thy lips my kiss of fire,
In fond delusion that in this I'd found
The consummation of my tense desire,—
And then the web of scarlet was unwound.

It left me cold and trembling on the brink
Of that dread pool in madness of despair ;
The throng of elementals urged me drink,
And for a dreamless sleep disdain to wear
Life's precious vestment, staying not to think

The soul when free in hell can agonize
With lust unquenchable, till love and hate
And anguish steeped in tears and mortal sighs,
Fade as the playthings of a child's estate,
Which man hath set aside for greater prize.

But through the veil of passion gleamed the light,
And from my heart sped forth the silent prayer
To the Great Presence for the clearer sight,
Which pierced the mists of pain, and so I dare
Renounce thee now and pass into the night.

A night of loneliness, content to wait
Till my great love awaken in thy breast
The lotus bloom that blossoms at the gate
Of sympathy, in gorgeous raiment dressed—
The emblem of a pure initiate.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES AT KNIGHTON GORGES, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1915-16

BY ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

TWO years ago my sister, three villagers and myself walked from Newchurch to Knighton Gorges, where we had the experiences related in an article I afterwards wrote for the OCCULT REVIEW, published in October 1914. Briefly the witnessing of vivid lights between the trees, then the sound of a lady's voice singing a song to the music of a spinet and harpsichord, followed by a duet with tenor or baritone, part songs, and some very dainty and refined minuet airs. The old gate opened and shut during the music, and as the old year passed away. The new year was heralded by the flashing of many lights, dogs yapping, a rumbling noise resembling the wheels of a coach. The gate re-opened, footsteps as of people leaving a party were next heard, and curiously enough the discordant report of several shots.

I have previously also given the history of Knighton Manor, the ancient ivy covered building formerly standing on the site, and only demolished stone by stone to verify the oath of a Mr. Bisset who swore that his nephew, the next on the entail, should never enter his dwelling. Now all that remains of the beautiful estate where once John Wilkes, David Garrick, his wife and other Georgian wits enjoyed the generous hospitality of a cultured host, is the original gate posts, a few stones and an arbour.

This New Year's Eve I determined to revisit the spot with a friend who had never been there before. We timed ourselves to arrive about 9 p.m. The night was fine and star-lit with no sound except the wind rustling through the trees. There were few lights in the cottages, and already the world seemed asleep.

As we approached Knighton vivid lights were reflected from behind our shoulders, so vivid that we could discern our shadows in dark relief against the weirdly-lighted roadway. I had the sensation that people were following us, but when I looked back, the gloom was unbroken except for the twinkling of the stars, and there was not a soul about. Dead silence reigned, although a few minutes earlier I had heard the bleating of sheep on the hills, and *distant music* and singing. I never mentioned this happening to my friend till next day, when I found that she had been quite unaware of it.

Eventually we settled ourselves at the old gates to await the trend of events, but a vague feeling of discomfort, and that I was sitting in some one's way obsessed me, so I suggested that we should move to another gate across the road. This gate led into a broad expanse of field merging into the long range of downs.

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The field was aglow with light apparently reflected from the windows of a house, and my friend observed that it was probably the identical hour when late arrivals were wont to hurry to the Knighton festivities of long ago. She could hear the deep baying of house dogs, and the shriller yap of a King Charles or Blenheim spaniel.

As the door opened to admit the guests my friend plainly saw the rest of the building, a square white house *with ivy covering the lower storey* and leaded diamond paned windows, and she recognized the sounds of welcome, kindly greetings—a confused murmur of voices till they were drowned by the music of a flute and violin.

Silence followed, and she was spell-bound at the sight of a man's form standing at one of the windows, dressed in eighteenth-century costume, black small clothes, frilled shirt, white silk stockings, and his dark hair tied back with a black ribbon. We both heard cheering and clapping of hands. I did not hear the ensuing burst of music; she could distinguish the sound of a drum amongst other instruments. For a time there were no manifestations beyond an occasional burst of music and fainter moving lights spread over a large area, and they intensified on the other side of the road, till one could see even the twigs of the bare hawthorn bushes in the straggling hedge.

It was bitterly cold, and to keep warm I walked up and down the highway, and when I thought to rejoin my friend, who was again sitting on the gate leading into the field, twice I turned towards the wrong opening misled by the powerful light.

At twenty minutes to twelve, the very moment I had listened entranced to the music two years before, we were standing near the railings in front of the phantom house.

Miss G—— heard as though from an open door, a rich tenor voice lustily singing "God rest you merrie gentlemen," and the chorus was taken up by the whole party.

At length the lights of the house became so dim one could see nothing, though curiously enough the reflections over the field remained most vivid. We heard nothing more but two sounds which my friend thought to be the hoot of a motor. I took them as the call for a belated coach, but on this occasion my clairaudience appeared to have been partial, while Miss G—— my friend had not only heard even the words of the last song, but had seen the phantom of the old manor house, and its host of over a hundred and fifty years ago.

Evidently the revels closed with the advent of the New Year, and we hastened to take our departure, for we had a lonely walk of five miles across country through winding Isle of Wight lanes and a wind-swept stretch of high road before we gained the steep hill between Lake and Sandown.

It was worth while, we both declared, although we did not reach our destination until after 2 a.m.!

FAMILY DEATH WARNINGS

BY WILLIAM GILLESPIE

NOT a few old families pride themselves upon inheriting certain omens whereby they are warned of death's approach. Some are warned by a meteor's light ; some by melancholy streams of music floating from the mansion to die away in the woods. A mysterious knocking never heard at any other time tells the Lords of Bampton that one of their race is bound for the silent land. A stamping of unseen feet on the palace floor predicts a death in the family of the ducal house of Modena.

The strange appearance of a white breasted bird was long held to be a warning of death to the Oxenham family of Devonshire. A local ballad relates how, on the bridal eve of Margaret, heiress of the brave Sir James Oxenham, a silver-breasted bird flew over the wedding guests, just as Sir James rose to acknowledge their congratulations. The next day the bride fell dead at the altar, stabbed by a discarded lover :

“ Now marry me, proud maid,” he cried,
“ Thy blood with mine shall wed.”
He dashed the dagger in his side,
And at her feet fell dead.
Poor Margaret, too, grows cold with death,
And round her hovering flies
The phantom bird for her last breath
To bear it to the skies.

Howell mentions having seen a tombstone in a stone cutter's shop in London in 1632, inscribed with the names of sundry persons, who thereby attested the fact that John Oxenham, Mary his sister, James his son, and Elizabeth his mother, had each and all died with a white-breasted bird fluttering above their heads.

For some days before the death of the heir of the Breretons the trunk of a tree is to be seen floating on the lake near the family mansion. With this curious tradition may be compared one connected with the Edgewell oak which is commonly reported to indicate the coming death of an inmate of Castle Dalhousie by the fate of one of its branches. Equally strange is the omen with which the family of Clifton of Clifton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, is forewarned of the death of one of its members.

It seems that the omen in this case takes the form of a sturgeon, which is seen forcing itself up the River Trent, on whose bank Clifton Hall is situated. Whenever two owls are seen perched on the mansion of the family of Arundel of Wardour it is said that one of the members will shortly die.

In Chartley Park, near Lichfield, has till recently been preserved the breed of the indigenous cattle of sand-white colour. In the battle of Burton Bridge, a black calf was born, and the year of the downfall of the house of Ferrers happening about the same time, gave birth to the tradition that a birth of the parti-coloured calf from the wild herd in Chartley Park is a sure sign of death within the same year to one of the family of the Lords of Chartley.

Most of the great families in Scotland had their death omens. Thus it is said the family of Grant of Rothiemurchus had the Bodrah-am-clun, otherwise the ghost of the hill, and the Kin-cardines the Lham-dearg or the spectre of the bloody hand. Concerning the latter, mention is thus made of it in an old MS. : "There is much talk of a spirit called Ly-seg who frequents the Glenmore. He appears with a red hand in the habit of a soldier and challenges men to fight with him. As lately as the year 1669 he fought with three brothers one after another, who immediately died therefrom."

Opposite the dining-room at Gordon Castle is a large and massive willow tree, the history of which is somewhat singular. Duke Alexander, when four years of age, planted this willow in a tub filled with earth. The tub floated about in a marshy piece of land, till the shrub, expanding, struck root in the earth below. Here it grew and prospered till it attained the present goodly size. The Duke regarded the tree with a kind of superstitious concern, half-believing there was some mysterious affinity between its fortunes and his own. If an accident happened to the one by storm or by lightning, some misfortune was not long in befalling the other.

It is a well-known tradition that before the death of a member of the Airlie family a drum is always heard to beat in one of the corridors of Cortachy Castle. In reference to this a lady relates the following story :—

"Early in the year 1845, I went to Cortachy Castle in attendance upon Miss Margaret Dalrymple, who was paying a two-days' visit to the Earl and Countess of Airlie. We arrived late in the evening, and Miss Dalrymple had only just time to dress for dinner. As she rested for a short time on a sofa, however (this she told me after we had left the castle), she heard distinctly,

as if immediately beneath the floor, the sound of pipes, and afterwards the beating of a drum. At dinner she remarked to Lord Airlie, who sat next her, 'What is that strange music you have about the house? You assuredly have an excellent piper.' Lord Airlie, without replying, dropped his fork and knife and retired from the dining-room. Later in the evening the place seemed to be all in confusion, and I learnt that Lord Airlie, after leaving the table, went to the library and dined in solitude.

"The next morning while the family were at breakfast I was quite alone in Miss Dalrymple's rooms, and as I stood before the fire I heard, as I thought, a carriage drive up and stop directly under my feet. Immediately there followed the sound of another carriage driving up, and stopping exactly in the same manner. And then, as if following the vehicles, came the tramp, tramp of marching soldiers. Then I heard some shrill notes of the fife so distinctly that I looked round instinctively, expecting to see a piper in the room. In another moment I was still more startled by the beating of a drum. About this, there was something indescribably disagreeable; it seemed as if the drummer were making his way through the floor. Being a perfect stranger to the place I thought there might be a coach road and an entrance door to the castle near the room in which I stood, and that some distinguished guests were arriving or departing. On looking out of the window, however, I found there was no door or coach road near and not a human being was to be seen. I concluded, therefore, that the sounds must have been echoed from a distance. The next morning before our departure Lady Airlie came to the door of Miss Dalrymple's room to give her a five pound note for an orphan school in which she was interested. Neither of us ever saw the Countess again."

Lady Airlie died very suddenly at Brighton a short time afterwards.

Whenever any member of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn in Dumfries-shire was about to die, a swan that was never seen but on such occasions was sure to make its appearance upon the lake surrounding Closeburn Castle, coming no one knew whence and passing away mysteriously when the predicted death had taken place. In connection with this omen the following legend is told: In days gone by the lake was the favourite resort during the summer season of a pair of swans, their arrival always being welcome to the family at the castle, from a long-established belief that they were ominous of good fortune to the Kirkpatricks. "No matter what mischance might have before impended, it was

sure to cease at their coming, and so suddenly as well as constantly that it required no very ardent superstition to connect the two events as cause and effect.

But a century and a half had passed away, when it happened that the young heir of Closeburn, a lad about thirteen years of age, in one of his visits to Edinburgh, attended a performance of "The Merchants of Venice" at the theatre. In the course of the play he was surprised to hear Portia say of Bassanio that he would

Make a swanlike end,
Fading to music.

Wondering whether swans really sang before dying, he determined at the first opportunity to test the truth of the words for himself. On his return home he was one day walking by the lake, when the swans came rushing majestically towards him, and at once reminded him of Portia's remark. Without a moment's thought he lodged in the breast of the foremost one a bolt from his crossbow, killing it instantly. Frightened at what he had done he made up his mind that it should not be known, and as the dead body of the bird drifted towards the shore he lifted it and buried it deep in the ground.

No small surprise, however, was created in the neighbourhood when for several years no swans made their annual appearance. As time passed it was thought that they must have died, but one day, many years later, much excitement was caused by the appearance of a single swan with a deep blood-red stain upon its breast. As might be expected, this unlooked-for occurrence occasioned grave suspicions even among those who had no great faith in omens; and that such fears were not groundless was soon abundantly clear, for in less than a week the Lord of Closeburn Castle died suddenly. Thereupon the swan vanished and was seen no more for some years, when it again appeared to announce the loss of one of the house by shipwreck.

The last recorded appearance of the bird was at the third nuptials of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, the first baronet of that name. On the wedding day his son Roger was walking by the lake, when, on a sudden, as if it had emerged from the waters, the swan with the bleeding breast appeared. Roger had heard of the mysterious swan, and although his father's wedding bells were ringing merrily, he himself returned to the castle a sorrowful man, for he felt convinced that some evil was hanging over him. On that very night the son died, and here ends the strange story of the swans of Closeburn.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE SEXES HEREAFTER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—“Unity’s” letter in your last issue commenting on¹ Mr. Hereward Carrington’s article falls rather short of accuracy, according to my own experience.

Roughly speaking human beings retain their sex within the bounds of the form worlds, i.e., the earth, the astral or desire world, and the mental plane of heaven world. Generally speaking it will be found that the sex relations on many of the lower subdivisions of the astral or desire world are severe in their action and reaction. Thus the attraction and pleasure is heightened greatly, and the resulting disappointment is more bitter than that met with on earth, so that after some time the person will remember this and will so abstain from following after illusory pleasures. Later on if the person is capable of appreciating the opposite sex simply from the beauty or form standpoint, he or she will pass on to the mental plane of heaven world, where ideal forms may be met with or created in varying grades of perfection according to the strength of one’s mental conceptions of such. Remember, however, that this pleasure is only a little more permanent than that of the astral plane, but it is a higher grade, quite free from sexual desire and serves its purpose very well, as the average person only stays out of incarnation from 200 to 300 years.

Without wishing to appear presumptuous, I may add that in studying certain details of reincarnation, one has to stand aside quite apart from the personality at times, and apart from it sex does not exist. For example, if William A. and Mary B. were functioning in any state of consciousness beyond the mental plane or heaven world, they would have ceased to use forms which included any species of sex consciousness whatever. In other words, the human consciousness, soul or spirit, call it what you will, is sexless, and simply uses forms of varying sex in the transitory form worlds. If this was borne well in mind and studied, it would kill a lot of sloppy sentiment, and save many from such foolish things as thoughts of superiority in men or women, and many serious sex attachments.

If we only knew the object of creation, we might see some sense in sex attachments, as it is, I suppose, the outcome of the terribly submerged knowledge that the consciousness of both the man and the

woman are exactly the same, but the form being transitory, impedes the proper expression of the reality.

"Unity" seems to indulge in very curious flights concerning half or twin souls, or human beings becoming angels, and I think it is well known that the angel type of evolution has never had human experience (a striking piece of good fortune!)

Yours faithfully,

6 TREWINCE ROAD, ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*The Apocalypse Unsealed* (Watkins, London, and Pryse, New York), by Mr. James M. Pryse, contains the following statement which may not have come under the notice of some of your readers interested in the above subject:—

"It cannot be too emphatically reiterated that the sex-function exists only in the physical and psychic worlds; and the impure forces related to it are not employed in any way or for any purpose whatever by the followers of the Gnosis. The abuse of this function is the most terrible of all crimes, the 'blasphemy against the holy Pnuma,' and the 'unpardonable sin'—the punishment of which by natural law is the annihilation of the individuality, the 'second death.' It is only the celibates who preserve the utmost purity of mind and body, thereby regaining the complete innocence of 'little children,' who can hope to 'enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

Until this level of purity in mind and body is reached, Mr. Pryse's contention is, man reincarnates, and is not united to his Bride, Solar Body or Fire Body, and does not become Two-in-One with her, forming a Third—the Divine Man.

But see Matt. xix. 11, 12.

H. W. Percival in an article on "The Zodiac," in *The Word*, writes as follows: "To beget another physical body is a duty all human beings who can produce healthy offspring owe to their kind, unless they decide to devote their lives to the good of mankind or to bend all efforts to the building of an immortal body." Further on he writes: "Any use of this power (sex function) for gratification or lust is an abuse; it is the unpardonable sin."

Yours sincerely,

W. T. HORTON.

IMPERTINENT SPOOKS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of your correspondent upon "Impertinent Spooks" encourages me to lay before you the case of a "musical spook" which not long since came under my notice.

Two sisters, very nearly of the same age and sharing the same

P

bedroom have been, for three years past, disturbed by nightly rappings on the side of their dressing-table, as soon as the light was extinguished. Knowing nothing of psychic phenomena, they were, at first, much alarmed, sent for the police to investigate, and finally their mother decided to remove to another house. However, the same occurrence took place here. The spook, if addressed, answered by raps, and, if ridiculed or ignored, evinced displeasure by furious and prolonged knockings. It also amused them by rapping out tunes which they readily recognized and airs that they sometimes sang about the house. At last a friend advised the use of the alphabetical code, and by this means frequent conversations were held with the invisible visitor, whom one of the girls came to regard as a friend, while the other has never overcome her nervousness. Now and again they have asked and received advice regarding business matters which has proved useful. The entity is kindly disposed, though inclined to temper and childishness, and it seems necessary to humour it in order to keep it from disturbing their rest.

It is only able to manifest in this way when the girls are *together*.
 Could any of your readers advise as to treatment?

Yours truly,
 INQUIRER.

TWO APPARITIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following account of two apparitions may be of interest to your readers. Neither occurred to me personally (although I have more than once witnessed similar happenings), but the *bona fides* of the narrators is in each case beyond all question. I say this as I am requested not to give the names of those concerned.

One afternoon of October, 1914, a friend of mine and his wife were walking down the long avenue which runs parallel with the garden wall of Ham House, nearly opposite Twickenham Ferry, when they saw advancing at a little distance from them the figure of a man. There was nothing of course to attract attention in this, but they were considerably startled a few moments later to perceive the figure turn off the path and walk right through the garden wall, which offered no obstacle to its passage. My friend then exclaimed, "Why, it must be a ghost!" The incident was related to me shortly after it took place, and I made a note of it, but it was not until I was re-reading Dr. F. G. Lee's *Sights and Shadows*, chap. ii., pp. 32-36, that I came across a full account of what would appear to be the same apparition. It is there described as appearing in a costume *temp.* Charles I., and spoken of as "the old cavalier ghost." My friend tells me that he and his wife saw a figure which seemed to be a man clad in ordinary clothes of to-day. There may, of course, be two (and more) distinct

and separate apparitions. The fields adjacent to Ham House were, it is well known, a notorious rendezvous for duellists, and localities where fatal duels have taken place are almost invariably haunted. It is little realized perhaps to-day how heinous a crime, morally and spiritually, duelling is. The Catholic Church in the confessional regards a duel as a "reserved case."

The second case is as follows:—

An old family servant, who some four or five years ago, was staying at a house in one of the best known streets in Bath, had taken a slight chill, and perforce spent a day in bed. About three o'clock in the afternoon she says that the room suddenly became intensely cold, and a strong earthy smell, most odious and repulsive, penetrated the atmosphere. The door opened, and to her surprise there entered an old lady, very tall and erect, with silver hair, dressed in the fashion of fifty or sixty years ago. The figure held what seemed to be a roll of papers. She advanced to the bedside, and after looking at the occupant for a moment or two, retired as suddenly as she came. The room then gradually became warmer, but the offensive smell lingered, and was noticed by several persons. The narrator gives many details of the rich black satin dress worn by the apparition, and also of the costly lace fichu crossed over the shoulders. She did not mention the occurrence to any other person in the house, but several members of the family, for no apparent reason, expressed their dislike of the upper stories. A maid refused to enter the bedroom by herself, saying that she felt she was being followed. The daughter-in-law, an intensely matter-of-fact unemotional lady, who had intended to ask friends to stay with her, and who was much looking forward to their visit, suddenly announced that she would rather they did not come there. She said there was something "unpleasant" about the house, and repeatedly declared that as she came down stairs she was being "watched by somebody from above." By common consent, the family only occupied the house a very short time, and it is, I believe, still to let. So far as I have been able to discover there is no story or tradition attached to it, but it is almost always empty.

It would seem in this case as though the apparition had some message, and it should, if possible, have been adjured and addressed.

Yours faithfully,

MONTAGUE J. SUMMERS.

THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A certain reviewer, who with well calculated purpose hides himself behind two very suggestive initials, has seen fit to review a small and quite unpretentious book of mine, recently issued by the Power-Book Company.

Summoning to his aid all the supercilious airs of his craft, he gives ample evidence that he has not sat at the feet of the lamented Pecksniff in vain.

At the suggestion of many friends, I undertake this rejoinder, with great diffidence, not so much for my own sake, as that of my publisher. For my own part I have little to lose on account of the personal, and to say the least, vulgar attack your reviewer so cheerfully undertakes.

Those who have read my books are well aware of the kind of matter I have published from time to time. I have only to refer your readers to the review of this same book which appeared in your November issue, and to others, notably *T.P.'s Weekly*, and also *The Psychic Gazette*, etc.

The review in the February issue is to me an excellent example of both "frightfulness" and "kultur."

True, I do not expect to find a great demand at the circulating libraries for my little book. It was written for plain people—certainly not for such a literary mandarin as your reviewer obviously is. I wonder what the gentleman really means by the phrases "false counsels" and "he is neither a genuine thinker nor a genuine writer." I am not out for controversy, but such observations come ill from the mouth of one who adopts so pontifical a manner, while at the same time he writes with the petulance of a schoolboy. I will commend to him a very small book in a well-known cheap series, called "Psychology or the Study of Behaviour."

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

6 ST. CLAIR MANSIONS, W.

HENRY CHELLEW.

[I confess that after having read the book my sympathies are with the author of *Concentration*. The reviewer's criticism seems to me to be hardly fair on the book. I think I ought to explain that the book had been previously reviewed (and favourably), but through some error a second review copy was received at the office of the OCCULT REVIEW some time after the first notice had appeared. The book, arriving in the ordinary course, was passed on without question to a reviewer who proved to be exceptionally unsympathetic to the author's standpoint. Of course every reviewer is entitled to his own opinions on a book, and, as regards this, the author must take his chance; but it is always fairer to criticize the book rather than the writer, and I cannot help feeling, as Dr. Chellew intimates, that there are observations in the review which themselves stand in need of explanation. I make these remarks the more readily as in the haste of going to press the reviews were not passed by myself personally. Had this been done I should certainly not have inserted the notice in question.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AMONG the chief periodical exponents of New Thought in America *Eternal Progress* occupies a considerable position. It is admirably produced, and has commenced its fifteenth volume. While it sounds the distinguishing New Thought note in all its articles, they are characterized by a saner outlook and a more cultured form of expression than are found in several lesser publications dedicated to the same subjects. There is evidence of careful editing, and altogether the undertaking may be said to earn the success which it seems to enjoy. The New Thought gospel at large is summarized by a recent article on "The Light of your own Soul." The way which leads into light is termed an open door ; the guide beyond the door is not only always in the same place, but is unailing in the sense that its direction never errs. We may thank God for the wisdom and illumination which each prophet has brought into the world, but we must follow our own light and no other. The secret of true advancement lies herein. But where exactly within us the open door stands and the light shines, what it reveals to the eye which is turned within, and how it is distinguished from those false lights which also flash in the darkness, the writer does not say. Such a gospel is comfortable on the surface, for it is nice to feel that we have an infallible criterion, but the perplexities of human minds on great subjects and their problems are not less marked at the present strenuous epoch than they were in other generations, and here is a pregnant commentary on this kind of preaching. The alleged light shines in a mist of generalities. At the same time there are counsels here and there in the pages of *Eternal Progress* which may be taken into the hearts of all, and within its own measures it is doing good work in the world.

Having regard to the principles of New Thought, some of which have just been unfolded from America's standpoint, an incorporated society to represent anything so exceedingly individual may seem antecedently improbable. However, such a "Truth Centre" or "Temple of Truth" exists at Sydney in New South Wales, and issues an official organ entitled *The Revealer*. We are somewhat late in noticing the first number of its new series, but the kind of interest which attaches to such ventures is of to-morrow as well as yesterday. Its particular gospel calls to be understood far away from the foot of the letter,

for it regards the present day as the early morning of Easter. Now only the light of the risen Christ is beginning to shine in the East. All this and much more is expressed winningly and sweetly in an editorial, which is of course the work of a woman. For her the New Magdalene is the purified soul at the entrance of the rock-hewn sepulchre, looking for the Lord and Master. On the faith of these images, we wish the editor God-speed in her aim "to reach all hearts that hunger for love, all minds that are earnestly seeking the light, and all souls that thirst for the Living Waters of Truth." It would seem that Australian New Thought has special features which distinguish it from other creations under this loosely descriptive name. *The Revealer* gives an esoteric exposition of Genesis, in which Noah signifies the soul, while his sacrifice after the Flood symbolizes the "first conscious ascent of the soul out of matter." Several points are suggestive; but the interpretation as a whole illustrates the obvious fact that texts which are supposed to be written within and without can be made to unfold anything. Here is probably the hundred and first inner meaning of Genesis, unlike all its precursors, and the only person to whom it can carry conviction is the person who discovers it.

The Vedanti Kesari represents the Ramakrishna Mission in Madras, and is now in its second volume. The relief work of the mission during the recent famine shows strenuous endeavour to alleviate unimaginable misery with very slender resources at hand. We have been impressed otherwise by a brief essay on Eastern and Western standpoints regarding the destiny of man. It embodies a plea for subordinating the critico-historical method to that which it calls psychological in the study of sacred literatures, especially those of the East. Distinguishing certain broad mental types in humanity, it counsels Hindus to regard the highest purpose of their manhood rather than assimilate wholesale the material knowledge of the West and its methods. They should realize that the Indian problem is not that of raising brute or savage to the status of humanity, but the human being towards a divine status. . . . *The Vedic Magazine* has a striking variety of contents, including a paper by Princess Karadja on the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is identified with misuse of spiritual power. It is a curious speculation, reflecting from several sources, yet embodying original elements which may be called a neognostic view of Trinitarian doctrine. Another woman writer offers a plea for the spiritual basis of life, in considering the vast field for reconstruction which will lie before Europe and America

after the Great War. The chief desideratum will be a broader outlook on religion and education. Nothing, however, is offered that can be called new in matter or aspect. The recommendations are liberalism in religion and spiritual thought in education. We may respect both suggestions, but they can mean anything while they remain in the vague realm of generalities. An article of far other interest compares the metaphysics of Plato, Aristotle and Dyanand, but we are concerned only with noting that, according to the Indian teacher, God, the soul and elementary matter are eternal entities. So also are space and time. The relation between God and the soul is that the Supreme Being has "from all eternity" been teaching human souls "the true knowledge of things through the revelation of the Veda," which revelation is His own eternal knowledge. . . . While still upon the subject of Indian magazines, we note that *The Kalpaka* has reverted to its original form of publication as a monthly of convenient shape. It gives short lessons on the *Gita*, instructions on breathing, and selections on hypnotic experiments and hypnosis as a therapeutic agent. . . . Several issues of *United India* have been remarkable for certain prose poems—after the manner of Tagore, as translated into English. They are by "an Indian Flower-Gatherer," and comprise an address of the Higher to the Lower Self, a vision of the Divine Advent in the night "when the heart seemed still," a revelation of the Divine Mother in a fisherman's daughter, and one translation from Ramalinga, called "The Fulness of Grief," which tells how the soul and her Beloved met in a forest-wild, and of that which followed thereon. They are very beautiful and full of new images—to us at least in the West.

A sermon of Eckehart on the Grades of Renunciation is a point of interest in *The Seeker*. It is a comparison of love and death, in the sense of the text that "love is strong as death." Incidentally it throws light on the eschatology of the German mystic in a way which will disconcert some who have connected him with "liberal theology" and grave difference from catholic doctrinal teaching. Eckehart affirms that after death no man can move a hair's breadth farther towards the Kingdom of Heaven, that those who are in hell "die an eternal death," and are "utterly shut out" from love. The writer, who calls himself Brother Resignation, tells a strange story of his daughter, who died in early childhood, having never belonged to the world. He saw the Latin cross traced on her forehead and the stigmata on other parts of her body. Mr. Wilmshurst explains the two

feedings of the multitude—recorded by St. Mark—in his peculiar suggestive manner, which yet reminds us of *The Revealer* on the inner meaning of Noah and the Flood. Man is sevenfold, and each of his seven principles must be evolved separately through enormous periods of time, corresponding to the week of creation. The present epoch is the fourth day, in which spirituality has come to birth. Albeit in the fourth day, we are, however, the fifth race, symbolized by the 5,000 fed in the desert. The 4,000 who were fed at a later period represented the fourth race which preceded us. The significance of the twelve and seven baskets of fragments is elucidated and so are other points of the narratives. When the disciples were told to cross the lake and go to the other side, this meant “the hidden supra-sensual side of things.” So also, in connexion with “arcane arithmetic,” we learn that the twelve zodiacal signs are “the limits of the extension of the phenomenal universe,” which, we must confess, was unknown to us previously. The warrant of these things is in the writer’s inner consciousness, and there is also the value. In connexion with the fifth race, now drawing to its close, there is of course allusion to the present crisis, and Mr. Wilmshurst finds it regrettable that some people who call themselves mystics should question the relation between Mysticism and the War. Elsewhere in this issue he regrets also that any one should doubt whether true Mysticism is concerned with theories of the physical universe. Those who know that the mystical path is the most individual of all paths, that it is travelled alone, and that down it the individual soul returns alone to God, know that it has nothing to do with cosmology or with war in this or another planet. As students, scientists, politicians, men in the world, or what not, mystics may and can be concerned greatly in cosmology and the present Armageddon, but as followers of the inward path, in this its real sense, the decision is still No, and Mr. Wilmshurst’s taking but not too happily conceived esoteric commentary on the two miracles will lead no one to change his view. The characteristic of such exegesis is utter artificiality. It may be that with all his seriousness and true intent he has still to realize what Mysticism truly is; at present he is a little out of focus, and this in several directions. . . . The current *Co-Mason* is interesting, though scarcely representative as “a quarterly devoted to the investigation of Freemasonry.” The second of two papers on the Rite of Memphis is negligible as a study of that unwieldy system. The best article is on Roger Bacon

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REVIEWS

THE NEW SCIENCE OF COLOUR. By Beatrice Irwin. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

MISS BEATRICE IRWIN has written a most beautiful and valuable book. I remember her poems, "The Pagan Trinity" with pleasure, but in this volume she has contributed to both modern science and advanced thought as well.

Miss Irwin, who realizes the spiritual forces that wage in this world-war, also comprehends that the outcome will be one of higher evolution, mental advancement, an understanding of the things of the spirit, an adjustment of matter to its proper place in the scale of human values. Hence she rightly deems that the time is ripe for her to expound the possibilities of colour.

For the past five years she has advocated the importance of expounding colour and of founding a theatre and a college of colour. She has written dramas for the correct grouping of colour, and found a musician whose music fulfills her theories on this entrancing subject. The marriage of colour to sounds, numbers and perfumes, is one of the ancient secrets of Eastern wisdom. When studying Quabalah and certain Persian books on numbers in the British Museum, as well as the folio in the British Archaeological Society on "The Symbolism of Colour" rendered from the French, I was struck by the vastness of this unexplored field; one which will yet yield us many revelations and artistic joys hitherto unknown.

Whatever criticisms one may pass on Miss Irwin's book, it is impossible to deny it the merit of originality. The ground has been so little covered by other authors that there is ample room on this subject for the advancing of fresh points of view, which, even when they strike us as extravagant, fascinate us by the new light in which they make us see almost every side of human life. Thus, the author says, with regard to the colour sense of children, that "it is either dormant or restricted to bright mental colours, while the trained mind, on the contrary, demands either a concentration of colour, or many gradations that combine in a subtle symphony of one tint." "The colours," she adds, "which chiefly affect animals, are scarlet, saffron, and grass green." She advances the daring opinion that the very decided response to a few tints on the part of animals is due to the fact that they hear as well as see the vibrations of colour.

Very interesting is the author's analysis of the attitude of the different nations towards colour harmonies. Extensive travel has enabled Miss Irwin to study the colour temperament of many races on the spot, and this greatly adds to the value of her fascinating treatise. A colour chart is given as a frontispiece to the book, but it is contended that this chart is by no means of service to all and sundry. It is the author's own chart from her own personal point of view, and she observes, "I should always prefer to assist a student to discover his own chart rather than work it out for him myself." To those who ask "How can this working out be accomplished?" she replies that the first step which it is necessary to

take is to meditate on colour in nature and to note and tabulate the results. "In any land-, sky-, or sea-scape," she observes, "you can find large pools of colour in which you must immerse your consciousness. During this process of concentration, remaining quiescent, let thought and deduction come after; but for the moment just fix your attention on the colour you desire to understand." Miss Irwin looks forward to a time when the human race will be in a position to converse in terms of colour harmonies. This is doubtless looking into the dim and distant future, but in the meantime there is more than enough in this daringly original book which is suggestive for practical use on lines never heretofore contemplated, in connexion with the daily routine of life; and, in addition to this, for the study of its bearing in its effects on the spiritual, mental, and physical constitution of every race of mankind.

R. M. B.

THE DRAMA OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Annie Lyman Sears. 8vo, pp. xxvi. + 495. London and New York: Macmillan. Price 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is a book which is massive in weight and appearance, important in matter, competent and of high seriousness in treatment. In America—her own country—it should and perhaps will place Miss Sears in a rank of consequence among women-writers on religious problems of the time. It has an introductory note by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, who was once the author's teacher. He seeks to eliminate undue notions of his own influence in its pages, while heartily commending the work as "a statement of the great needs and issues of life," an analysis of religious ideas and a collection of experiences drawn from many sources. On her own part, Miss Sears explains in the preface that she has followed the method of James in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, but using different materials and reaching a different outcome. We have therefore varieties and more varieties, some of them drawn from pre-Christian sources, some from the Christian mystics of past centuries, though the vital concern is with modern views, and it is modern ways above all which are marshalled before us, to justify specific conclusions in each section. The fact of religious experience is affirmed and is held to imply the ideality of religion, longing for an ideal good. In so far as this has not been attained, there is consciousness of incompleteness, evil, sin, with all connoted thereby. Out of these comes the notion of a path leading to the desired goal, a way of salvation in God. The course followed must be, however, the individual's own choice, for there is no ultimate in social authority, the social consciousness being "a growing thing" and "not on a level with its own highest products." In a sense, individual judgment is bound up with social judgment, but in their opposition the inner light must be followed. There is no need to say that the authority of teaching religious bodies goes adrift with this thesis. The nature, sources and forms of the course or way of life as they have unrolled through the ages are examined in three chapters, comprised in 330 pages, and the final answer is that the way is love, that God is the way and end because God is love, in Whom—according to Hegel—is "the distinction of Himself from the other," with an ultimate obliteration of distinction, or the integration of that multiplex "other" in the Divine Self. For Miss Sears, however, in this incorporation of particulars in the whole their distinction remains in the whole. "It is

many in One," she tells us, and "the fully realized life of every unique and morally free individual." Unfortunately, in the volume itself, the love thus insisted on does not communicate the fire and life of love: it seems to stand self-poised on an intellectual height, though as such it is excellent.

A. E. WAITE.

THE EXTRA DAY. By Algernon Blackwood, Author of "John Silence," "A Prisoner in Fairyland," etc. Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London and New York. 1915. Price 6s.

THE thanks of every prisoner locked within the four-and-twenty hours of material conceptions, are due to Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the inspired revealer of "The Extra Day." In this, his latest book, he gives us glimpses of the etheric conditions "behind time." The wonderful Extra Day began and ended in the etheric realm, where Time, as it seemed, stood still, according to the hands of Uncle Felix's watch. The "extra day" is, in short, not a day of earth at all, it is lived in that wonder-region which some call Dreamland, bounded by that sea which breaks "upon the coastline of another world." Life in the Kingdom of the Extra Day is so full of wonder that all things on earth, trees, flowers, sky, are felt in their reality; all are beautiful with the same divine beauty, and the opalescence of dawn, the blue glint of a dragon-fly, the radiance of the rainbow, the farewell glow of sunset, even the iridescence of a snail's shell, are scintillations of the One Light. Each is a sign.

Three happy children, with the happiest of uncles, share the secret, and hold the key to the Great Adventure. Uncle Felix has the rare faculty of being "ten years young as well as forty years old." The children are in their everyday life natural and charming "survivals in an age when education considers childhood a disease to be cured as hurriedly as possible." They have not yet lost the "trailing clouds of glory" which are the true birth-gift of every child when first it enters life upon the sorrowful star. . . . The chapter concerning Daisies—"the common people of the flower-world"—contains some of the most beautiful passages on Nature-Mysticism ever penned since Ruskin enchanted us with "Fronde Agrestes." . . . Nor must that wonderful tramp be forgotten who became the Leader of those joyous questers; the tramp who smelt of new-mown hay, and who "smiled just like a multitude." In whose heart wild flowers grew and robins sang!

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MEANING AND VALUE OF MYSTICISM. By E. Herman. Demy 8vo, pp. xvi+394. London: James Clarke & Co. Price 6s. *net.*

IN this luminous and excellent work, a main characteristic of which is an almost sovereign reasonableness, Mrs. Herman has made a contribution of lasting consequence, not only to modern mystical literature, but—as I feel assured—to the growth of concern therein. There are various informed and cultured women at work in this rich field—Dr. Geraldine Hodgson, Miss Evelyn Underhill and others—and I hope that I am making no invidious comparison with their several degrees of merit by saying that she is in the first rank of all. She appears to me as rooted in conviction as she is acute and lucid in criticism, and although I incline to think that it is

the critical part of her book which is of more permanent value, there is scarcely a passage which—assuming the writer's standpoint—I could wish to be cancelled or corrected. On the critical side, there is nothing sounder than her findings on current false contrasts between intuition and thought, intuition for her being the crown of the larger reasoning, that reason which she enthrones as supreme being distinct from "the logic-chopping activity of the discursive understanding." As the literature of true Mysticism unfolds in the coming years, I believe that we shall see more clearly that "anti-intellectualism is"—as Mrs. Herman says—"in the long run the death of Mysticism." To what may be called, I suppose, the constructive side of her volume I can do no justice whatever in this brief notice, and a mere enumeration of sectional titles would communicate little to my readers. I will only draw special attention to two chapters on asceticism and symbolism in their relation to Mysticism and Nature. I have mentioned Mrs. Herman's point of view. It is that of Christ and communion with Christ "as the indispensable condition" of the soul's life in God. If she recognizes anything outside Christendom as in correspondence with her meaning in the use of the term mystical, it is at so far a distance that the question does not enter her province. She affirms rightly that Mysticism has a history and a background, and it is precisely because of this that, to many thoughtful and generally sympathetic minds, it may seem that she occupies a somewhat restricted field. In the last resource it must be admitted, as regards background and history, that they are not exclusively Christian. The same experiment has been performed, and the same results appear to have been reached in many times and places of the world; and when as a Christian mystic, in common with Mrs. Herman, I hold that Christ is the Gate and the Way, I know that ultimately we shall have to justify this conviction much more fully than any one has yet attempted, in the light of mystical experience and its records in other great religions.

A. E. WAITE.

SPIRITUAL JOURNAL OF LUCIE CHRISTINE. Edited by the Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. Translated from the French. Cr. 8vo, pp. xvi + 360. Kegan Paul. Price 5s. net.

THOSE who are unacquainted with Father Poulain's *Graces of Interior Prayer*, admirable in the original French and excellent in its English translation, are not adequately conversant with modern mystical literature. When he says in his preface to the present work that its pages "offer a lesson full of holiness," as the record of a soul inflamed by the love of God and the love of suffering," we may accept the testimony in the fullest sense of the Catholic Church. "Lucie Christine" is a pseudonym devised by the editor to conceal the identity of a French lady described as "living in the world and the mother of a family." She was born in 1844, the *Journal* begins in her twenty-seventh year and continues to 1908, being the year of her death. It must be understood that the present volume is only a series of extracts, as the complete MS. extends to about 2,600 pages, containing many repetitions and much matter belonging to family life. So far as it is possible to judge, the selection has been done with loving care and with that ripe experience which is connected with the name of Father Poulain. His one object is "to excite the love

of God in souls of good will." We are told that Lucie Christine had been receiving "extraordinary graces" for nearly ten years prior to the first date in her *Journal*, and that she began to record them methodically by the recommendation of her spiritual advisers, which she regarded as a Divine command. As a memorial of manifold experiences belonging primarily to the order of interior vision but passing continually into deeper states, there is no contemporary record with which it can be compared. I know of none so arresting for its openings into the mysteries of grace communicated through the Holy Eucharist under the ægis of the Latin Church. It is otherwise brilliant by innumerable intimations belonging to the intellectual order. Her gifts, her graces, her attainments notwithstanding, the inner life of Lucie Christine continued year after year, from the beginning apparently to the end, "without her family and her friends suspecting anything, or seeing any more in her than a very pious and charitable person." There is nothing more wonderful than this in the annals of sanctity.

A. E. WAITE.

WOMEN WHO HAVE ENNOBLED LIFE. By Lilian Whiting. 8 ins. × 5½ ins., pp. 260 + 18 plates. Philadelphia: The Union Press, 1816 Chestnut Street. Price \$1.50 net.

LILIAN WHITING is the fortunate possessor of a charming literary style, which she uses to excellent effect in the present volume; and if the title should convey any suggestion of triteness in a prospective reader's mind, he will be pleasantly disillusioned when he reads the book.

The women whose careers Miss Whiting graphically sketches are, with the exception of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, all Americans, and naturally the book will make a special appeal to American readers, but if we who live this side of the Atlantic have been hitherto unacquainted with some of the women of Miss Whiting's book, it is indeed well that we should gain acquaintance with them—acquaintance which cannot but be followed by admiration—by her aid.

I am personally especially glad that the life of Harriet Hosmer is here included. It is so often alleged as proof of the inferiority of women that they have failed to achieve anything of value in the realm of art. The real question, however, is whether man's predominance in art is due to inherent incapacity on the part of woman, or the lack of opportunity under which she has suffered. Harriet Hosmer, as the first great woman sculptor, may be said to have been the first to demonstrate, so far, at least, as the plastic arts are concerned, the truth of the second alternative.

Miss Whiting's account of the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is of particular interest. How sane a mystic she was! ". . . I am what many people call a 'mystic,' " she writes to Ruskin, "and what I call a 'realist,' because I consider that every slip of the foot, or stroke of the pen here has some real connexion with and result in the hereafter. . . . I believe in a perpetual sequence according to God's will, in what Swedenborg calls a 'correspondence' between the natural world and the spiritual."

The get-up of the book, I may say in conclusion, is in every way excellent; and the volume should prove a most acceptable gift-book.

H. S. REDGROVE.